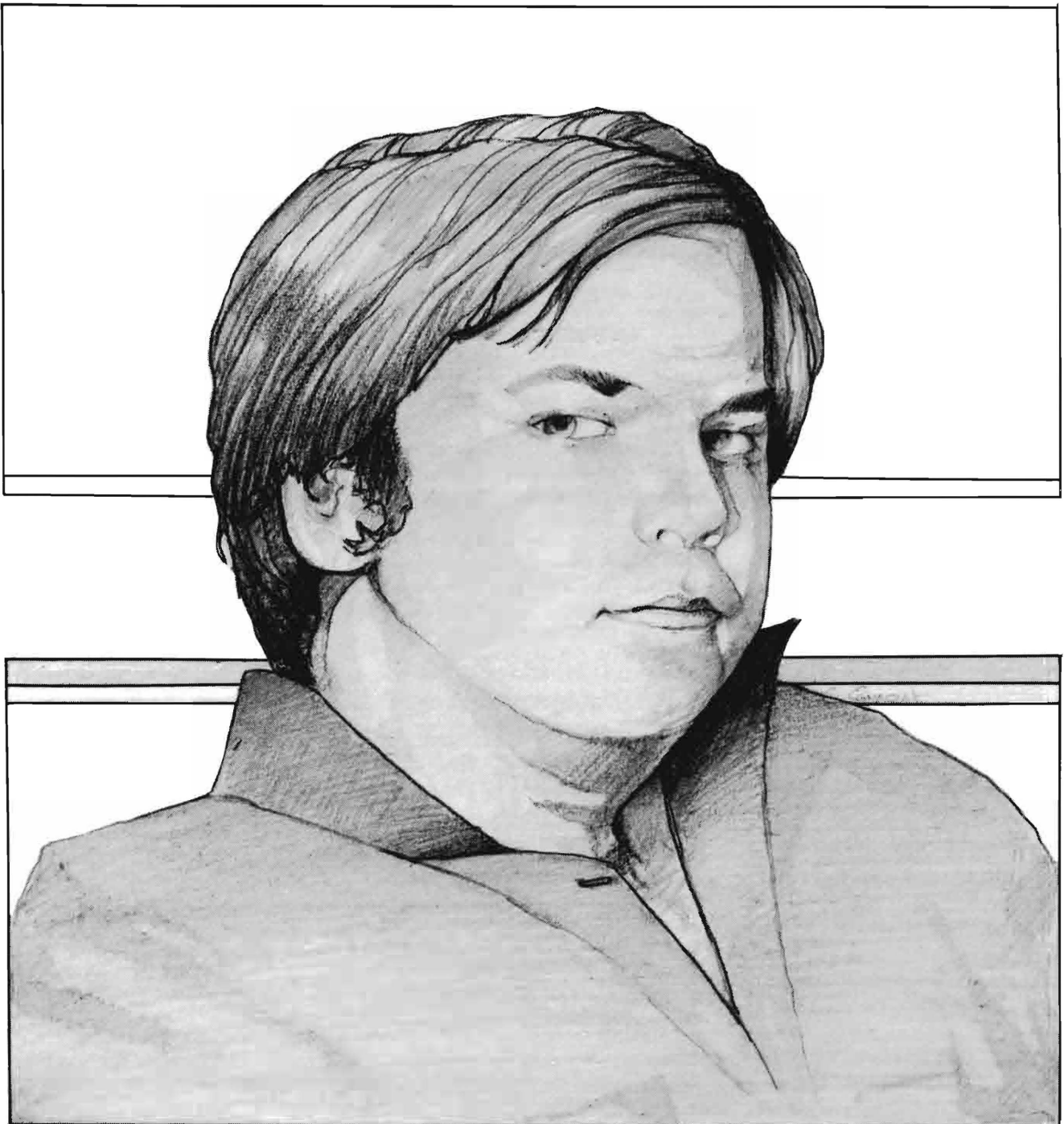


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 6 NO. 8

JULY 1981



WHO IS HINCKLEY?

The Safety Valve

In keeping with *Instauration's* policy of anonymity, communicants will only be identified by the first three digits of their zip codes.

☐ The only reason Majority women, the pretty ones, are more often seen with non-Majority partners than Majority males is that women naturally tend to give themselves to the victor -- the security thing, you know. But their preference in sexual matters is for Majority males, and blond ones at that.

821

☐ I agree that Reagan is a great change for the better over the Carter regime, if only because nothing at all would be better than Carter and his utterly crazy equal human rights in so unequal a world. The vote for Reagan represents an awakening of the American, genuine American, people, notwithstanding their massive media brainwashing. They want America to be strong and respected, not just a milch cow to be kicked around by the world's teeming mud peoples. They are beginning to vote as a racial bloc at last, as their *Untermenschen* do. No doubt our Masters also want America to be strong, now that Old Mother Russia is being so nasty to them.

British subscriber

☐ Deliberately overwritten, possessed of a denigrative afterword, generally "minoritized," Norman Spinrad's tale of fascism in the future, *The Iron Dream*, is still powerful enough to gravitate any science fiction fan out of his easy chair. The following gives you an idea of the contents:

Feric Jaggat, mighty hero with fists of iron and the blue eyes and blond hair that mark all true men, leads his small band of genetically pure humans in a fierce, exalted struggle!

741

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Wilmot Robertson, Editor

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☐ The trouble with the Lebanese situation is that the Israelis are supporting the very people that would have my support -- the rightist, even fascist, Lebanese Christians. It was they who made Lebanon such an attractive country before the civil war began. The Moslems just went on immigrating and breeding until they had a majority.

722

☐ In his March article, Cholly Bilderberger aimed his needle at the well-to-do upper crust, but there was food for thought for all. After reading his amusing but depressing piece, I came across Tom Metzger's comments on his run for Congress: "The victory is that 45,623 people did vote for me in the general election -- our campaign volunteers were fantastic -- our white race still has time. With God's help and a lot of hard work we will win." The spirit is there and, as always, our main hope lies with the "little" people, who will go on against all the odds.

117

☐ Is it really in America's interest to shift our support from Israel to the PLO? Guess where millions of Israeli refugees would end up if Arafat won.

522

☐ The Jesus freaks in Oklahoma have opened up a "Praise the Lord Bigger Burger Stand." On the menu is a "For God So Loved the World Sundae." Decorations include a macramé crucifix on the wall, so you can ponder the Lord's last moments as you eat. If the people running the joint are that nuts, it could really be a Last Supper for us all. To cap it off, they've got this song they play over the local radio station, "Dropkick me, Jesus, through the goalposts of life!" None of the local yokels seems to think it's at all funny.

123

☐ I really pin most of my hopes on Haig. I think he really is at heart one of us, and the media evidently think the same, judging by their attacks. But the way he reversed the decision of the Reagan Administration to cut foreign aid to the mud peoples has lowered him in my estimation. His reasoning is false. You don't earn the loyalty or gratitude of the world's colored underdogs by bribing them.

302

☐ The South African government staggers on with its utterly futile policy of appeasement. South Africa is in a marvelous position to bargain by playing off one superpower against the other. As America doesn't want it (though in fact she does very badly want it), she should offer Simonstown to Russia. But she won't because the Russians aren't fundamentalist Christians. In fact, I don't doubt that the Afrikaners believe the survival of flat-earth Christianity to be more important than white survival itself.

South African subscriber

☐ In spite of *Instauration's* apparent view that Jews constitute the worst threat to Nordic Americans, I'm sure most Majority members would prefer to live in a Jewish neighborhood than a black, Spanish or Vietnamese one.

240

☐ The only reason Friedman's monetarism is working in Chile is that Pinochet's government forcibly created a free market. In Britain, monetarism just means that the private sector is squeezed for funds while the public sector is provided with even more subsidies than before. This penalizes efficiency, and shows that monetarism cannot work in a socialised economy.

Argentine subscriber

☐ Winifred Wagner showed guts to the last. Her friend Diana Mosley won't chicken out either. When are we going to live up to the best of our women?

562

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☐ My own maternal uncle and grandfather were very prominent Masons. It was bad for both of them. My grandfather allowed himself to be carried through his aristocratic and Masonic connexions into the post of bank manager, where he spent fifty years dreaming of the time when he was a railway engineer and gold miner in Australia. My uncle had a fine war record in World War I, but was badly knocked about, and thereafter indulged himself in every whim, knowing that his Masonic connexions would always get him another job every time he fouled things up. The higher degrees of Masonry are much more sinister than the lower ones, and Continental Masonry is much more sinister than its English counterpart.

English subscriber

☐ In earlier years media satraps assured us that the German Kaiser was the world's #1 warmonger in Europe. Later, it was Adolf Hitler. Both are long since dead, but wars are still raging throughout the world. What's happening?

221

☐ The article, "Masons in Politics," (*Instauration*, April 1981) is highly misleading. To set the record straight, neither Russell Gideon nor his "United Supreme Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry" is recognized by any legally constituted Masonic body in this country. Indeed, all Masonic orders with the words, "Prince Hall Affiliate," are exclusively Negro bodies and not considered Masonic by any Grand Lodge. All Prince Hall lodges are condemned and have been since they began to organize almost 150 years ago. They hold no charter from any recognized Masonic body and are therefore spurious. The Prince Hall Masonic order where I live constantly hosts NAACP luncheons and speakers. This, along with Gideon's desire to enmesh Masonry with politics, is one reason the white lodges refuse to recognize the Negro orders. One of the ancient landmarks of Freemasonry is that the order must remain politically neutral and unbiased.

271

☐ This is a new idea on my part, but I think it would do no harm if we brought lots of Mongoloids in. It would dilute the blacks and Hispanics. If we brought in whites, they wouldn't breed fast enough.

300

☐ I am addicted to *Instauration*. I am suffering withdrawal symptoms. Please send my missing copy immediately! I need a fix.

481

☐ In that TV docudrama, "The Bunker," dealing with Hitler's last days, Joseph Goebbels and wife came out looking pretty good. A friend who is a life member of the VFW and certainly no Nazi, wrote: "I had to admire the way the Goebbels family stuck it out to the end. After having to endure a cowardly s.o.b. like Jimmy Carter for the last four years, watching how the Goebbels behaved made me proud to be white. Now that I think of it, old Joe was probably more truthful than our own liars of that period."

073

☐ We Irish can do it without Senator Kennedy & Co., and we don't need the help of that newly elected conservative congressman from New York who backs the IRA. Let Kennedy help prevent the Africanization of the Irish in Boston. Senator D'Amato might make better use of his time attempting to make honest citizens out of his racial brothers in the Mafia.

062

☐ The Doctrine of Proportional Belligerency is that, when Jews leave an area, it is more susceptible to attack; the probability of attack being in direct proportion to the numbers emigrating.

190

☐ Washington will find an excuse at any cost or subterfuge to station troops in the Sinai Desert for the next war of Israeli expansion. With American outposts there, it will be easy to arrange an Arab raid and to beat the war drums for an attack on those horrible Arab extremists and horrendous PLOers.

082

☐ Next time you meet a feminist who is deeply disturbed about sexist words, ask her what she would do about "manhole cover."

077

☐ Time to dispense with kid gloves; civilization ain't workin'.

883

☐ The liberal, mainline churches may be fondering, but the Bible-whackers are packing 'em in. I turned on one of the religious channels the other night and saw hymn-singing, middle-aged bourgeois in three-piece suits, bouncing up and down like pogo sticks. What Spengler called the "Second Religiousness" has started in America and will probably hit Europe some time in this decade.

597

☐ The raking over the coals of Carl Sagan in the April issue was on the money. After seeing "Cosmos" on PBS, I couldn't agree more.

102

☐ The World War II background article (*Instauration*, April 1981) was superb. Future interpretation may revise it slightly, but that's all.

554

☐ I realize that just about any criticism of Jews is considered illegitimate, but we ought to draw up for ourselves the boundaries between legitimate anti-Semitism and the random pouring out of scorn. There are so many rational grounds for objecting to Jews that we can easily afford to be restrained.

111

☐ Funny that you got only half the story on Robert Crumpley (*Instauration*, April 1981). He turned out to be a closet bisexual. Crumpley, who is black, became enraged when his white "lover" -- whom he paid \$40 per meeting (or whatever) -- started straying. That was what set Crumpley off on his racist-sexual-revenge rampage, not moral hatred of perversion.

100

☐ To Zip 123 who foresees the next three decades as the political property of the right: I disagree. Reagan is already losing some of his rightist support because of his continued aid to Israel and his failure to make a hard push to end forced racial busing.

To Zip 372 who notes that movies are occasionally letting WASPs and Nordics become lovable and heroic: You have confused "occasionally" with "rarely."

To Zip 345 who was worried because a recent *Instauration* article attempted to rehabilitate David Rockefeller and his flunkies: Don't worry, nobody believed it.

320

☐ I think the U.S. has been Raspailed.

302

☐ One evening here in Chicago it was announced that the "Shriner's Circus has been accused of racism." A poodle act, which featured a black poodle and several white ones of the same breed, was found racially offensive by a local civil rights organization. What happened was that the black poodle made a series of "errors," although much more time had been spent training it than training the white poodles, which performed faultlessly. A circus spokesman suggested that it was a mistake to ascribe human racial differences to canines.

606

☐ I cannot understand why American rightists are so anxious for Mexicans to speak English. Surely it would be better if they didn't.

Australian subscriber

☐ "The Book of the Stars" (*Instauration*, April 1981) is an impressive piece of work. Certainly the verses "caught my dream." Its author should make himself/herself known.

422

☐ Sheik Sabbah of Kuwait complains that nothing is said in the USA about the Arab cause. All the talk runs around "Israel, Israel, Israel." I do not need a sheik to tell me this. A good idea would be to install prayer mills here that iterate and reiterate the slogan day and night in the fashion of the Tibetan "Om manu padme hum."

221

☐ You may have heard that one Prof. Lawrence Klein, at the University of Pennsylvania, won the most recent Nobel Prize in economics. Actually, much better work has been done by the WASPish Jay Forrester at MIT.

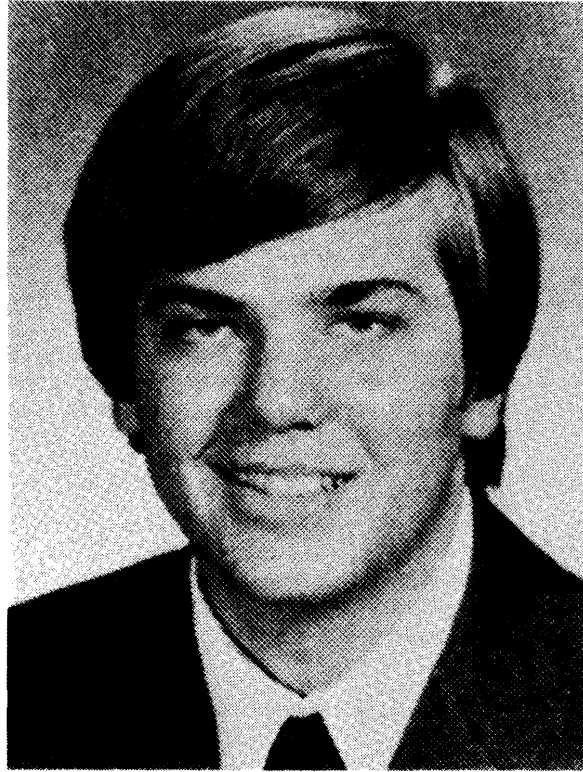
201

☐ Reagan's massive defense build-up may keep the Russians on their toes, but it won't do anything about Japanese capitalism, Third World nationalism and Hispanic invasion, the real factors bringing down the Judeo-Anglo-American Empire.

308

☐ Until I discovered *Instauration*, I thought I was a minority of one.

032



WHO IS HINCKLEY?

Before they fell on their faces in the Pulitzer Prize and various other hoaxes, the mediacrats hardly did themselves proud in the handling of the assassination attempt on President Reagan. Let's not forget their performance. It may help us to be more skeptical about what we hear or see in the future.

First we were told by the network commentators that Reagan was not shot. Then we were told that he was shot. James Brady, his press secretary, started out being not shot, then he was shot, then he was dead, then he was not dead -- in that order. Since anyone who shoots a president is automatically a Nazi unless proved otherwise, the network and the press immediately displayed an AP-distributed photo of Hinckley wearing a Nazi uniform. Days later it was discovered it was not a picture of Hinckley but of someone named Whittom. The press apologized in very small type, the network news not at all. As for the famous interview with a Chicago Nazi about Hinckley's expulsion from the party because of his proneness to violence, an Oklahoma City newspaper claimed that the Nazi connection was invented by the Chicago führer to capitalize on all the publicity.

A letter from Hinckley to the student newspaper of Texas Tech (July 26, 1978) hardly supported the approved media party line that presidential assassins or would-be assassins must be right-wingers. Hinckley disagreed with another student who argued for free speech for Nazis:

Given the right set of circumstances, such as another economic depression and continued reverse discrimination, those bunch of goose-stepping "losers" in Chicago may become more powerful than Hitler ever dreamed possible . . . [Do] not underestimate these racists. In a few years they may become more dangerous than the atom bomb.

Not exactly the words of a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi or right-wing extremist. More like the words of an anti-fascist warning of dark days to come.

The barest-faced lie to emerge from the media's treatment of the attempt on Reagan's life was a televised interview with a Hollywood starlet psychic who had supposedly predicted the attack three months before it happened, even going so far as to pretend her "spirits" had informed her Reagan would feel a "thud in the chest" and that the assailant would be blond and have a name that sounded something like "Humley." It was all just one more piece of fakery. The interview had actually taken place three days after the event, not three months before. The network which brazenly put on the show as straight news brushed off the complaints. The masters of the goggle box can do no wrong.

It was, of course, the left, not the right, which would have benefited from Reagan's demise. Bush would be a much more acceptable president in the eyes of the New York-Washington axis. He has been lavishly praised by none other than Benja-

min Hooks for being an ardent, long-time booster of civil rights and for turning over huge sums of taxpayers' money to Atlanta to buy off black resentment over the failure of the city's black-run police force to solve the child murders.

Seeds of Hate

Another fancier of actress Jodie Foster, Hinckley's dream girl, was a little more specific about his political leanings when he was arrested at a New York bus station with a ticket for Washington and a .32-caliber revolver. Edward Richardson was on his way to murder Reagan. In his hotel room he left this farewell message:

To the Fascist Powers: Ultimately Ronald Reagan will be shot to death and this country turned to the "Left." If I cannot get the President, I am prepared to slay some other prominent "Right Wing" political figure.

In another "farewell message," this time to Jodie, Richardson told her he had had a dream in which Hinckley predicted that she was going to die along with "Reagan and others in his Fascist regime. You cannot escape. We are a wave of assassins throughout the world."

Dangerous seeds of hatred against Reagan were sown by the TV newsmen who almost every night since he took office have been accusing him of planning to starve the poor, the Social Security retirees and the blacks with his budget chopping. During last fall's election campaign, the press featured the slander of prominent black leaders, including the immortal words of former UN Ambassador Andrew Young, who indicated that if Reagan was elected, it would be a mandate "to kill niggers." Long before Hinckley squeezed the trigger, minority members had a field day calling for the death of Reagan. Afterwards, they warmly applauded the assassination attempt. One Negro CETA worker said, "He had it coming to him." A black gas station attendant asserted, "It couldn't have happened to a better man." A young black female security guard confided, "I'm going to celebrate." Ten out of 16 students in an integrated school in Washington cheered when they heard of the attack, one of them saying, "Turn the guy loose so he can try again." Dominic Manno in his column in the University of Pennsylvania student newspaper wrote:

Too bad he missed. That's the result of sending an amateur to do a professional job. I just hope Reagan dies.

Manno, a political science major, is planning to be a journalist. No doubt he will make a very successful one.

The most tasteless example of Reagan-baiting was furnished by National Public Radio's rebroadcast of the following segment from a Washington talk show:

Host: Hi, thank you for calling. You're on the air.

Woman: Yes. I feel that the person who shot Reagan should have killed him.

Host: Why do you feel that he ought to have been killed?

Woman: Well, I feel that Reagan is an unthoughtful person. I feel that he don't think, he don't care, you know. I just hate to hear the other policemen and other people being slaughtered

and killed, but this man is -- can create a lot of hardship for a lot of people, especially our black people. And I'm sorry this man is being incarcerated for something he tried to do. I wish he had succeeded.

Hinckley, Sr.

The media assured us that Hinckley's father, a rich oil man, was a rock-ribbed conservative Christian do-gooder. We hear differently from a Denver Instaurationist.

Hinckley, Sr., was a leading figure in the "Republicans for Tim Wirth" organization during the 1980 election. Wirth, a Democratic congressman, is rabidly anti-American, antiwhite, pro-minority and pro-Zionist; in the phony liberal-conservative dichotomy, he is considered a radical liberal. The reason Hinckley, Sr., supported him and so quickly deserted his "principles" is that Wirth had voted for the deregulation of oil prices. Junior's old man runs the Vanderbilt Oil Company and has profited mightily from Wirth's votes.

But why does Mr. Wirth, a devoted liberal, switch directions and go all out for free enterprise? Because he is the bought-and-paid-for congressman of Marvin Davis, the billionaire Denver oil magnate. A man like Hinckley deserts his "ideals" and party just because worthless Wirth does things that make him more money. Wirth has blandly betrayed his so-called liberal principles.



John Hinckley, Sr., (left) with Secret Serviceman

ples at the bidding of a greedy, porcine, 300-lb. minority member who has just purchased control of 20th-Century Fox. Not too hard to understand the background of the elder Hinckley -- bourgeois, arriviste, money-grubbing, self-righteously Christian, and devoid of even the most rudimentary scruples when it comes to making a buck.

A Different View

Instauration shies away from "psychobiographies." Nevertheless we offer the following from an Instaurationist who has a distinctly "original" opinion of Hinckley and his place in history. How can anyone make such assumptions about a man he has never met and knows next-to-nothing about? Hinckley's character and actions may be just the opposite of what appears below. But as long as what is written has a thin laminate of sanity and coherence, we will print almost anything. Our mission is to make our readers think, even if the thoughts aroused are wildly off base. So let us listen to a real dissident.

The Jodie Foster angle has, I believe, nothing to do with the part of the movie ["Taxi Driver"] plot concerning the presidential assassination attempt, and everything to do with the populist hero cab driver who took direct, violent action to save a beautiful white girl from prostitution, from being defiled and destroyed by nonwhite customers, pimps and dope pushers. The movie depicts a decent, honorable white guy at the very bottom of life's heap who, in all conventional senses, had no call to help out anybody, yet who took it upon himself to do something about the slow degrading and murdering of a young white girl.

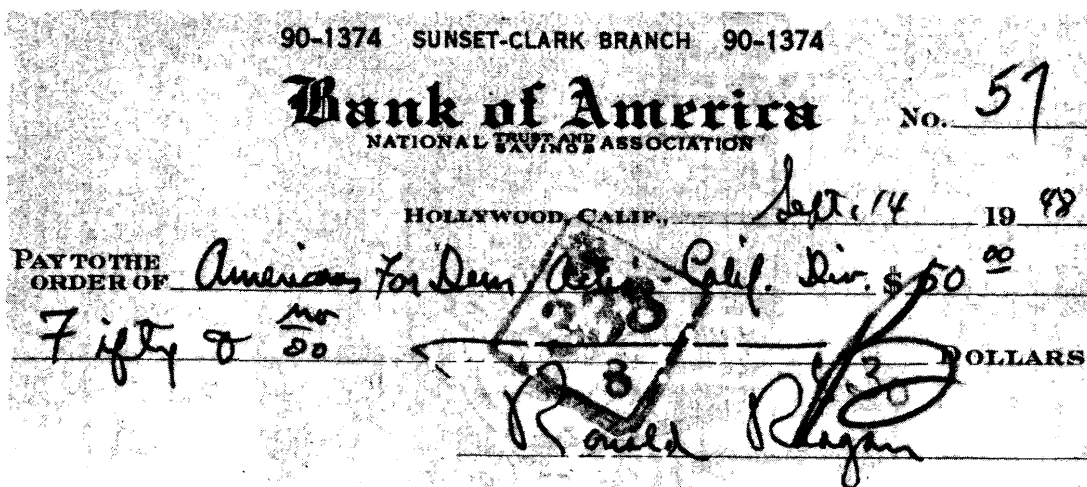
"Taxi Driver" was directed by Paul Schrader, who did "Blue Collar," "American Gigolo" and "Hardcore." Hollywoodians hate and despise Schrader. Read the vituperous Newsweek review of "American Gigolo," the movie that blasts the perverse, deathly sexuality that has become the norm in many of our decadent urban cultures. Schrader is like Solzhenitsyn in that he makes devastating criticisms of Western society and its pseudo-morality. But since he is a Christian

(Dutch Reformed from central Michigan), he has no realistic and worthwhile substitute for what he so brilliantly condemns. The satisfying thing about Schrader is that, despite the continual Jewish attacks on him, his movies are all regarded as minor classics and regularly appear at campus and culture center film festivals.

There are many, many more Hinckleys out there, slowly becoming sickened, alienated, hopeless, then becoming angry, outraged and daring. He has served his great historic purpose. His example of foolishness has taught his invisible, not-yet-born followers a lesson. The next Hinckleys won't pull the stupid stunt John Warnock did, for they will "take care to conceal themselves," in the full Nietzschean sense of the phrase, and not only bide their time patiently and carefully, but will silently find each other and band together. No more tragically misconstrued, lone-wolf, one-man shows.

Be assured that the lads who run our criminal system, are feeling icy fingers running up and down their spines. Out of the very cultureless, valueless, gutless white upper middle-class suburbs, which produce characterless functionaries for the "system," are now emerging more and more capable, intelligent and courageous recruits for the battles of the future.

The Hinckley affair may raise issues the lib-min coalition would rather forget. Instauration should avoid calling Hinckley a nut case. Perhaps because his genetic inheritance didn't give him enough, or perhaps because his insipid suburban upbringing didn't imbue him with enough natural values -- the kinds a kid from the countryside or a small town would acquire -- Hinckley, when faced with the realization that committing himself to the modern world was certain individual, spiritual and psychological death, and having no other world to enter, was unable to generate a sound, sane inner world (as many Majority activists have done). Consequently, he deteriorated into a pathetic shadow and went in for self-destruction. It's very sad that Hinckley so misapplied the racial ideal of voluntarily going to an heroic death. I can easily understand his desire to be a hero for the sake of a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman like Jodie Foster, but I assure you that his successors will be much wiser in their actions.



People, it is said, have a right to change their minds. But if they were so inane when they were 37, can we be sure that they are not just as inane when they are 70?

A SENSIBLE NORDICISM

Not all Nordics are tall, blond and blue-eyed. Nor are the finest Nordics the tallest and blondest. These are shocking statements to those raised on the racist literature of the 1920s, which most of us were, since not much has been written since. But it is high time that we bring our education up to date and in line with what we now know about races as biological populations.

Races are not species. Not even species are so discrete that there is no dispute over how to classify them and what to do with borderline cases. In fact, it is even more problematical whether to lump transitional reptile-mammal species in with the mammals. With races, the boundaries are even more blurred. But it is only to be expected that the tendency to cluster into distinct types should be less pronounced among races than among species. Specific differentiation comes about as a result of the process of racial differentiation. It takes time for overlaps to diminish.

Therefore, there will be a continuum in the subracial types in Europe, a shading between the Nordics of the north and the Alpines of the south. But this continuum will not be uniform. We will not find an equation that says height invariably diminishes by so and so fraction of an inch each hundred miles southward. No, there will be a certain clustering and non-uniformity, and we will often find that height increases for a while as we move south. Add to height a dozen other genetic variables, and it is no wonder that dozens of schemes for cutting Europe up into subraces have been advanced. The raw data, even all the data magnificently assembled by Carleton Coon in his *Races of Europe*, is woefully inadequate. Besides, the underpinnings of taxonomy have not been advanced to the point where the properties of good classification can be known. This is not to say that race is unreal, that there is no tendency to cluster; it is only to say that the science of racial classification is in a low stage of development. We lack even the statistical measure of clustering that is needed before we can agree upon the classifications.

What should be dispelled is the notion that races are platonic entities that have unfortunately mixed with each other. We have in our mind's eye an image of the pure Nordics who poured out of the howling wilderness in Asia or Europe and later mixed with other pure races out of other howling wildernesses to give the resulting hodge-podge found in Europe today. The fact that anthropologists cannot find these ur-races does not concern us, but it should, for *race is differentiation in the making*, not some fixed form created by Allah or Jehovah. It is one thing to draw up for our own purpose a Nordic stereotype, but quite another to insist that there was once a population composed entirely of these stereotypes. We can breed such a strain if we choose -- it will take many generations -- but if we find such strains in nature they will be species, not races.

We confuse the stereotypical Nordic with the best Nordic. If we use Nordic in the narrow sense of Scandinavians, only a minority will fit the stereotype of tall *and* lean *and* blond *and* blue-eyed. And, of course, an insistence that all family members also share all four characteristics will reduce the number even more drastically. What has happened is that our ideal stereotype has become not a typical Scandinavian but an atypical one.

Stereotypes are indispensable to our thinking. But the claim that extreme equals optimum flies in the face of evolution. Recall that Darwin's island voyages, where he came across so many unusual species that had not been subjected to the intense selective pressures of larger areas, were a major impetus for his theory of evolution. Evolution proceeds at the maximal rate at the genetic crossroads, where competition for the best pieces of real estate is the most keen, but also where the competitive groups do not mix excessively. (If they do mix, as Sir Arthur Keith has shown, beneficial mutations will be swamped out before they get a chance to take hold. A small, superior group expands by disproportionate reproduction, not by dilution via mixing.) Central Asia was worth fighting over around the time the Aryans started multiplying and moving out. Later, when the ice sheets in Europe retreated, Central Europe attracted the keenest competition. The contributions of peripheral Europeans such as the Irish, whom Coon says have "the world's bluest eyes," and the Scandinavians, the tallest and blondest, have been minor compared to those made by German and French continentals. The less able, says Robert Ardrey, "do not tend to live at a fashionable address."

In the future, maximal evolution will take place not at the genetic center, as in the general case, nor north of so-called civilizations, in the historical human case, but where selective breeding is practiced. The old Nordic vs. Alpine debates will become of mostly historical importance, but the general Nordicist thesis can be restated as follows: the center of civilization has generally shifted northward, from the Middle East to the northern Mediterranean in the classical period, to Spain and Italy during the Middle Ages and Renaissance, to France, Germany and Britain in the modern era. There is reason to believe that there were northern invasions before the flowering of southern civilizations and that each became less Nordic with racial decay. Furthermore, each civilization was only minority Nordic but still more and more so as the centers shifted north. Western European civilization has twice survived this decay by the grace of not having had any inferior races to mix with, thus finishing off the West for good. The Chinese had similar recoveries.

This thesis, although anathema to anti-racists, differs considerably from the hard-line thesis of the romantic Nordicists in several respects. It does not insist that all Nordics are blond and blue-eyed, much less that every progressive historical

figure was. It pays respect to the Nordic contribution but does not rule out contributions of others. It may well be the case that racial diversity up to a point is desirable, *but* this does *not* mean that the strains should be biologically mixed. It is now possible to keep strains unmixed yet living together and even to make the Nordics taller and thinner and the Alpines shorter and stockier *than they ever were*. Of course, nothing so simple will be done; rather, sound racial and eugenic policies will produce far greater and more meaningful varieties. (See Raymond B. Cattell, *A New Morality From Science: Beyondism*.) Some carefully controlled and monitored hybridization will take place, too, avoiding the disastrous results of haphazard hybridization that have given the world mestizos, Arabs and Jews.

Most of all, the revised Nordicist thesis does not imply that the optimum race will be the most extremely Nordic. Such an extrapolation is not warranted. The Swedes are, after all, boring, and even they are only minority Nordic in the narrow sense. They are the remnant people who stayed behind when their racial kin moved south in repeated invasions. They are Darwin's isolates who did not participate in the maximal evolution going on in the genetic center further to the south. Europe should become more Nordic -- perhaps more than it has ever been, that is to say, more than a little -- but it should not be turned into a copy of Sweden.

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

HIBERNIA AGONISTES

Kathleen ni Houlihan, the Dark Rosaleen, Eire, Erin, Ireland, that sad, beautiful, troubled land, how very little Americans know of her history or understand of her tragic present. And so we have prejudiced and inflammatory articles in the American press. I am looking at one such in a Los Angeles newspaper, by a certain Patrick Walsh, who fulminates about "getting the English out of Ireland." How simple that slogan is; and how false the implications and assumptions thereof. The "English" are not in Ireland. It would be a little nearer the truth to say that *British* (Scots, English and Welsh) soldiers are presently in Ulster. But it would be still more true to say, simply, that the Scots are in Ulster, for the population of Ulster is, by a ratio of two to one, descended from Scottish Presbyterians who settled there in the reign of James VI of Scotland (who also happened to be James I of England) shortly after the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607 and before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620. The natives of Ulster are thus not Irish, nor yet English, but what Americans misleadingly call "Scots-Irish." Even the word "British" had no meaning until 1707 -- when England and Scotland were merged into one nation.

Since Ireland is one island, should it not be one country whatever the wishes of the inhabitants? Hispaniola in the Caribbean is also an island and about the same size, yet it is divided into the two nations of Haiti and the Dominican Republic, neither of which wants to form a perfect or imperfect union. In Ulster the overwhelming majority of the population is bitterly opposed to joining the Irish Republic. The Ulster majority regards itself as British and wishes to remain so. But the thugs of the IRA -- who discipline their own errant members by the barbarous practice of "kneecapping," who wage "war" by assassination, by blowing women and children to bits in stores and pubs, who skulk in civilian clothes while shooting young soldiers in the back -- are trying to force the people of Ulster to submit. Walsh tried to draw an obscene "parallel" by comparing the IRA to the soldiers of the American Revolution who fought an honorable war in uniform

against the British soldiers. That these self-righteous thugs go by the name of "Army" sticks in the craw of this old soldier. A soldier's profession is an honorable one. He wears the uniform of his country with pride and in it he fights and dies. But the murderer in a raincoat, the sneak bomber, the dark alley assassin, is the lowest creature extant. But the IRA does not represent the good people of Ireland. The Republic has branded the IRA as criminals. The "patriotism" they plead as their excuse is that same kind of patriotism which Dr. Johnson referred to as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Yet there are Irish-American citizens who ship arms and money to the IRA out of a venomous hatred of the "English."

Where did it all start? Unlike England, Ireland was never a part of the Roman Empire. After the fall of Rome, Ireland evolved a strange and unique civilization of a high order. There were no cities and only a primitive tribal political organization, but she produced works of art of unsurpassed beauty in metalwork and jewelry. Her highly educated monks (like those of England) were in great demand in Europe during the Carolingian renaissance of the eighth and ninth centuries. Came the Vikings -- trading, raiding, devastating, but founding the first cities and towns ("Dublin" is a Scandinavian name). After the Vikings left, Ireland sank back into barbarism and incessant tribal wars. In 1167, a local kinglet named Dermot MacMurrough appealed to the Norman French king of England, Henry II, and the ruling Norman French aristocracy whose ancestors had conquered England a century earlier, to aid him in his claims to the throne. The upshot was the expedition led by Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, and his followers, from whom are descended many of the most distinguished Irish families of today. Pope Adrian IV and a synod of Irish bishops granted Henry II the overlordship of Ireland. Under Henry II (1216-72) and Edward I (1272-1307), Ireland prospered; bridges, roads, castles and towns were built; trade flourished. After the Protestant Reformation established the Anglican Episcopal Church of England,

Ireland remained Catholic. In 1542, it became a separate kingdom under Henry VIII. James VI of Scotland, as James I, donned the English Crown in 1603. But Scotland and Ireland were not united as one kingdom for another hundred years. So James, as *king of Scotland*, settled large numbers of his Scottish Presbyterian subjects in sparsely populated Ulster.

In 1641 the Irish Catholics massacred some 30,000 Ulster Protestants, a holocaust conveniently ignored when the old charge is raised against England that in 1649 Cromwell's army



Oliver Cromwell

massacred about one-tenth of that number at the sack of Drogheda. It is only fair to add, for the benefit of both sides, that these atrocities were going on all over Europe in the name of religion at that time.

After the English had deposed James II in 1688, he landed in Ireland with French troops and raised an Irish army as well, with the purpose of regaining his throne. He was defeated at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. For the next hundred years Ireland was indeed treated harshly. But in 1801 the Emerald Isle was incorporated into the United Kingdom along with England, Scotland and Wales, and Irish representatives sat in Parliament. One of this writer's ancestors was the British prime minister who abolished all discriminatory laws affecting the Catholics. In 1914 a bill was passed in the House of Commons which would have established Home Rule for Ireland. The reaction in Ulster was immediate. A local army of 100,000 men was raised in the same year and civil war seemed inevitable. But then World War I began, and the "Ulster Volunteers" dutifully enlisted in the British army.

In 1922, after the "troubles," the Irish Dail ratified a treaty with Great Britain which established the Irish Free State but retained Ulster (minus two counties) as an integral part of Britain. During World War II, the Irish Republic, as it now styled itself, remained neutral. It sent official condolences to Germany when Hitler died. Yet hundreds of thousands of Irishmen enlisted in the British forces or came to England to work in war industries.

Between the great majority of decent British and Irish people there is no animosity, only a desire to live in amity and put the pains of the past behind. Two nations, so close to each other, speaking the same language, whose histories are so intertwined (to say nothing of their economies), need peace and mutual friendship. Only the sordid little gang of murderers and sadists of the IRA and its collaborators seek to make this impossible. It is sad indeed that so many Irish Americans (to say nothing of opportunist politicians in New York and Massachusetts) know, and perhaps care, so little for the truth.

DIFFERENT REACTIONS TO MASSACRE

*That old common arbitrator, Time,
will one day end it.*

Troilus and Cressida

The heavily publicized Atlanta homicide cases involving a score or more murdered or missing Negro youths, which the liberal-minority media have more than once characterized, without evidence, as "genocide," brings to mind a much more authentic attempt at genocide not so long ago in California. No president made mention of it. No vice-president arrived on the scene to extend sympathy to the white victims. The FBI did not come in numbers to lend assistance to municipal or state law enforcement. Donations were not made to the victims'

families, nor were funds raised for such purposes by big-name TV entertainers. A comparison of the two murderous events offers an insight into the curious and dangerous logic practiced by the individuals elected or appointed to positions of prominence in the reigning establishment.

In a 179-day period from late 1973 to early 1974, 270 whites were murdered in California in the so-called Zebra killings by Negroes belonging to a white-hating Black Muslim sect. A review of the victims' names in the San Francisco region shows that in a major metropolitan area a disproportionate percentage of the dead in such a massacre are likely to be "ethnics," an anthropologically incorrect word used by the media to describe white American Gentiles of non-British or non-German descent. The reason for the high casualty rate

among these whites, usually of Polish or Italian ancestry, is that they have been more adamant than the older native stock in maintaining the "ethnic purity," as a recent president termed it, of their city neighborhoods in the face of massive Negro invasions. These inroads into almost all large U.S. urban areas during most of this century, assisted by a heavy black birthrate subsidized by welfare agencies, have placed one major city after another under Negro political control. The slowness of "ethnics" to move to suburban neighborhoods makes them, as in San Francisco, a greater target of convenience for Negro assaults. Because hostile blacks do not often distinguish between white groups, Jews, who are highly urbanized, also come under fire.

In the Kishenev pogrom in Russian-controlled Bessarabia in 1905, 45 Jews were murdered by the Black Hundreds, an event that caused near hysteria in Washington. In the Nazi *Kristallnacht* (1938), a few score Jews were reported to have been killed and the world was electrified. Yet the slaying of 270 white Americans, often in circumstances of the utmost brutality and gruesomeness, caused not the blinking of an eye in the liberal-minority coalition. No attention was given to the significant fact that these racially inspired killings did not occur in Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia or Louisiana, but in one of America's most hyperthyroid, liberal metropolitan areas, San Francisco, and in one of America's most perfervidly liberal states, California.

Black Muslims, protected not only by "Constitutional guarantees" and "freedom of religion," were permitted, through lack of proper governmental surveillance, to organize certain units known as Death Angels. Death Angel "wings," somewhat on the order of Air Force awards, were presented to each Muslim who killed either nine white men, five white women or four white children. The decoration, consisting of a member's photograph with a pair of black wings reaching out from either side of his neck, was mounted and displayed at Muslim conferences, institutionalizing racially inspired murder as a religious tenet. By October 1973 these Constitutionally sheltered "religionists" had murdered 135 white men, 75 white women and 60 white children throughout the Golden Bear state. Before the total deaths had been calculated, the California Attorney General's Office had secretly compiled a list of 45 of these murders in San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Long Beach, Signal Hill, Santa Barbara, Palo Alto, Pacifica, San Diego and Los Angeles. The secrecy was imposed because the suspects in these 45 murders had been connected with Black Muslim activities. Had the situation been reversed, had the murdered victims been Negroes and the suspects connected with the Ku Klux Klan, the publicity mills would have trumpeted the suspicion on a 24-hour-basis, and the California judicial system would have been turned into a veritable wind tunnel of hysterical, denunciatory blasts at "racists." In the Zebra slaughter, some of the later murders must be blamed on the secrecy originally maintained by the California forces of law and order, which failed to put prospective white victims on the alert. The policy is undeniable. If whites kill Negroes, emphasize it and identify the criminals as white. If Negroes kill whites, suppress the racial motive and try not to identify the criminals. Also, it is quite probable that the

tally of 270 white men, women and children killed in this racist murder orgy is too low. The figure is only for one state, California. The routine murders of whites by Negroes, a figure unknown for the entire United States but sometimes estimated at about 200 a month, many of them associated with hold-ups, must include many that were and are racially inspired.

Not one of the convicted Zebra murderers was executed. When it was proposed that Ronald Reagan, at that time governor of California, post a \$10,000 reward for information leading to the apprehension of the killers -- a reward that finally solved the case -- he did not reply. Of the utmost significance was the unwillingness of the law-abiding element in the Negro population of San Francisco to cooperate with law enforcement in trying to track down the murderers. Most black organizations were determined to interfere with the police effort in any way possible. The NAACP in San Francisco sponsored a suit in the U.S. District Court to prevent the city police from conducting stop-and-search procedures to investigate suspects. The American Civil Liberties Union, which had never evinced the slightest interest in the 270 murders, leapt into the fray, terming the procedure a "racist outrage, a violation of the civil rights of every black man in the city." Not surprisingly, after a stop-and-search of 500 Negroes in San Francisco had been conducted by the police, the serious crime rate -- homicide, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny over \$50 and auto theft -- had been reduced by 30.7%. Although the California attorney general had authorized the stop-and-search procedures, a U.S. District Court, acting on the suit filed by the NAACP-sponsored plaintiffs, ruled that the actions of the San Francisco police department in its stop-and-search operations were unconstitutional and formally ordered a halt to the operation. The order handed down by the Court expressly forbade the police from stopping and searching young black males simply because they resembled the sketches purported to be likenesses of the killers as described by eyewitnesses.

As of this date, the Zebra killings are either unknown or forgotten. They will have no place in the encyclopedias alongside the Kishenev pogrom and *Kristallnacht*. The 270 whites have become a set of cold, impersonal statistics. Every dead Negro child in Atlanta, if measured by the media publicity, is worth 100 times every white child murdered by a Zebra.

A crow once saw a swan
and said to her, "How nice you
look!
I wish I were white like you.
I do not like being black.

He saw that the swan was always
in the water.
"If I get in the water,
I may become white too," he said.

So he got into the water, but he
was still black when he came out.

"Let me think," he said.
"If I stay in the water
that may make me white."

Before the crow went into the
water,
he could fly about to look for food.
He always found something to eat.

He did not like fish and could find
nothing else to eat in the water.

So he did not live very long, nor
did he become white.

Aesop as modernized in the British Ladybird children's books

THE HUMAN WAR DRIVE

Possessions, whether food or other valued materials, invite attempts to gain them by easy means. And as humans can be claimed to be neither inherently evil nor inherently good, but simply opportunistic, it is inevitable that some people will respond to such an invitation. And once the successful cycle of raiding begins it is very difficult to break. In an environment in which a particular form of behavior is advantageous, that behavior will persist. War is an advantageous pursuit in a material world. But it is a product of cultural invention, not a fundamental biological instinct.

-- Richard E. Leakey and Roger Lewin,
People of the Lake: Mankind and its Beginnings, New York: Avon Books,
1979, p. 236.

Thus write Richard E. Leakey, son of English parents Louis and Mary Leakey, and New Scientist writer Roger Lewin. The above paragraph is their conclusion to an extended argument against the views of Austrian ethnologist Konrad Lorenz, American paleoanthropology writer Robert Ardrey, and others, that man is sociobiologically programmed to wage war. In the few remaining paragraphs of their book, Leakey and Lewin make it clear why they are trying to prove that mankind has no genes for war: if people do not *believe* in a war instinct, then it is less likely that there will be war.

Alas for the hopes of the authors! There were wars long before either the authors or their arguments were born, and there will be wars long after they are gone. Their hopes are in vain and their reasons invalid.

Leaving aside momentarily both the clearly genetic phenomenon of rage and the fact that Leakey and Lewin, earlier in their book, imply that the females of an elderly hominid are also (and are hence the earliest) "possessions," let us consider the statement that "War . . . is a product of cultural invention." This statement is an obvious case of psychological projection. The reality of the matter is concisely stated in Buddhism's famous Second Aryan Truth: suffering is caused by craving. But craving is the nature of the beast. A neighbor's riches are merely an "occasion for sin," a situation vulnerable to exploitation by man's war-waging covetousness. That man is genetically programmed to be bellicosely covetous would seem to be implicit in Leakey and Lewin's statement that humans are "opportunistic" (note

the mildness of their phraseology!). But the authors prefer to ignore completely the tremendous enthusiasm and lust for the gang fight itself which are displayed by many men. Of course, this desire can be suppressed or denied, just as sex can be -- as long as the normal state of life is studiously avoided, for war is a phenotypic phenomenon, not a genotypic one. But it is impossible over many generations in normal historical context, because war and sex drives are of the same order, and are linked. They are actually just different ("pleiotropic") aspects of the ecologico-evolutionary coping mechanisms of the human species.

Human beings, as the tremendous success of the themes of sex and violence in art, entertainment and games has shown for thousands of years, love sex and violence. Specifically, the most popular art-entertainment-game form is the kind which graphically or symbolically represents the destruction of one group of males by another and the takeover of their women. Mating, especially mating with a female in the possession (or "clutches") of the opponent (who is always evil because he is the opponent) is the invariable reward of the hero in countless stories from the beginning of recorded history until now. Moreover, a study of the literary, religious and dramatic motif of human evil reveals that it consists quintessentially in patriarchy.

Now the hero is by definition the centerpiece of the mythic action. The spectator, reader, listener or viewer always identifies himself with this centerpiece. (If he cannot, then he does not like the story or dramatic action.) Thus the hero represents the Self. A good example is the Christian myth of Christ, a typical Jungian archetype of the Self.

The objective of the heroic struggle is always to overthrow the old patriarch and take his place, *thus becoming him*. In the involuted, totemic variation on this theme typical of the ancient Levantine vegetation myths and of those Hellenic rites-of-passage cults known as mystery religions, the Christian myth has Christ, The Son, become The Father by allowing himself to be crucified by The Tribe brothers as their royal overlord. Christ voluntarily becomes evil ("takes our sins upon himself") and thereby perforce becomes the patriarch, the divine (i.e. archetypal) king. To speak of the "evil patriarch" is to be redundant, for in the inner

recesses of the brain, evil and patriarchy are identical. And it is these inner portions of the brain which, activated by the perception of this patriarchal archetype, generate the exhilarating ferocity of the war frenzy.

The utter inability of the less conscious classes to refrain from violence when persistently faced with goods which they cannot possess but which others have; the all-too-frequent fusion of sex and violence in rape and other kinky forms of behavior; murderous behavior, generated by a wide variety of mental disturbances and intentionally or unintentionally induced (by drugs or suggestion); and the frequent historical association of religious fanaticism with the justification of impersonal killing (i.e., as in crusades, witch-hunts or America's carpet-bombing of German cities in World War II) -- all of these endlessly repeated phenomena, and more, point to the conclusion that man has an inbred (not an acquired) taste for killing, especially for killing as part of a sociobiological unit or team.

To put it more clearly: man, especially the male of the species, has a drive for violence. It is a drive which, like everything else in the sociobiology of man, tends to become socially organized. This is the basis for war. The fact that in America in the 1980s this violence drive has become disorganized and haphazardly aimed at random targets (cf. the rising violent-crime rates among lower-class white juveniles) only reflects the fact that social cohesion has been disrupted by the antiwhite forces of economics and the racial and ethnic minorities. In addition, in 1980, researchers discovered that lead poisoning (from car exhaust, etc.) not only lowers the intelligence of children, but also makes them "hyperactive," i.e., violent. This is because the control mechanisms of the cortex are destroyed by lead, so that the underlying psychoneurological infrastructure becomes manifest, revealing its true nature.

Thus the tendency to violence is genetic and simply biding the opportunity for renewed expression in its normal, socially organized form: in war. The sociobiological evolution of the deep brain structures, which so mightily facilitate the reinvention of war by each generation and make it a source of great delight to man, is laid bare with great scholarship by Majority anthropologist Robin Fox in his *The Red Lamp of Incest* (E.P. Dutton, New York, 1980).

Edward O. Wilson, in his *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis* (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1975, p. 573b), had already said,

Keith (1949), Bigelow (1969), and Alexander (1971) . . . envision some of the "noblest" traits of mankind, including team play, altruism, patriotism, bravery on the field of battle, and so forth, as the genetic product of warfare.

Yet the most interesting fact is that human consciousness tends to deny its own aggressiveness. Or rather, it denies the aggressiveness of the human mind taken as a whole (as it indeed denies many other of the mind's socially disapproved tendencies). The reason is that consciousness is a behavioral structure of the brain developed to enable the individual to fit into its social environment. Acknowledgement of the truth would cause too much cognitive dissonance, so it is suppressed.

A most interesting instance of this denial of one's own aggressive urges can be seen in the election behavior of the American people. At least three times in this century they have elected a political party -- the Democratic party -- and a president to the leadership of the nation when it was fairly clear that such a choice would take the nation to war. (The only possible exception to this pattern was perhaps the Korean War, 1950-53, which was nonetheless a rather gratuitous and useless exercise in war gaming.) Of paramount interest is the fact that the electorate thrice pretended that it wanted peace, even though there was clear evidence each time, that the Democratic presidential candidate (Woodrow Wilson in 1916, Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1940, Lyndon Johnson in 1964) was preparing to lead the country into war. Each instance represented another case of genetics proving stronger than consciousness.

Consciousness and culture seem to be especially weak in the United States. In the queer psychological kindergarten of the putrefying American empire, where the white father heading a white family is regarded as the incarnation of evil, any recognition of a good or positive side to group aggression by whites is anathema. (Of course, if any Jewish or dark-skinned group practices aggression, spontaneously or planned, it is rationalized as "seeking justice.") However, it can be of interest to view the whole matter more dispassionately.

It is immediately obvious that any antiwar feeling depends merely upon whose ox is gored. Jews, for instance, are, as of 1981, quite prepared to plunge the entire planet into a thermonuclear furnace if the existence of their dreamland, Israel, is threatened. Women's Libbers would be almost

ready to do the same if they felt their spurious "gains" were being seriously menaced by "male chauvinist pigs" (as they call white males who take their male responsibilities seriously). Race-mixing fanatics such as Jim Jones, late leader of a mass suicide cult, would jump at the opportunity to unchain the beasts of war against almost anybody. (In fact, race-mixers in general are race-mixers because they hate their own beings. Their actions show that their brains -- and not merely their "personalities" -- have decided that the only way to quell their psychic turbulence is to bring death upon themselves and the whole, diverse family of man.)

The pseudopacifism of the America of the 1970s was clearly due to the utter fragmentation of Christianity. And this in turn was caused by the hypnotizing video which has been inserted into almost all the living rooms of the Occident. All other historical acids are as nothing compared to the massive ravaging power of the Tube. It mystagogy infuses viewers both with extreme materialism (with its inherent lies and deceptions) and with the race-mixing propaganda of the Jews who control the hypnosis device. Thus, a cultural, selfishness/autogenocide (killing one's own tribe) polarity replaces the sociobiological, clannishness/heterogenocide (killing an alien tribe) polarity. (The pairings of such characteristics, according to E.O. Wilson (op. cit, p. 575), may be due to "pleiotropism," the control of more than one phenotypic character by the same set of genes.)

However, beneath the cultural surface, almost everyone feels that the physical annihilation of one's own foe is good, a move in a positive direction. The conversion of this feeling into practice will always occur when the war instinct is sufficiently stimulated by fear or paranoia, or simply when it finally becomes bored with cultural substitutes and aims for the real thing.

Western, Zoroastrianism-derived religions (essentially Judaism, Christianity, Islam and Communism) have long shown themselves to be the most successful tools for directing the fight-or-flight mechanisms of the human behavioral system into the war mode. This one factor is probably more responsible for the long sway of these religions than any other element. The genetically implanted category of the Foe (a constitutive component of the war instinct) was identified as transcendent by the ancient Iranian prophet, Zarathustra, three millennia ago. (By "transcendent" is here meant, "deriving from a psychoneurologically primordial constellation of the brain's deepest perceptual structures," and hence "perceived as originating in an otherworldly dimension.") This foe-category (which the human brain actually transforms into a vision,

or hallucination, under certain circumstances) was named the "Hostile Spirit," *Angra Mainyu* (later contracted to *Ahriman*) by Zarathustra and the Persians. The Babylonian Jews, in search of a new religion during and after their "Exile" (586-538 B.C.), renamed or perhaps recircumcised *Angra Mainyu* as *Satan* (an old Israelite god whose role had been that of a kind of prosecuting attorney in the Hebrew pantheon before the Exile). Christianity and Islam kept the name "Satan," but Karl Marx once again recircumcised the Hostile Spirit with the name "capitalism."

The foe-category, from the days of the Maccabean wars (166 - ca. 76 B.C.), as the apocalyptic Book of Daniel makes clear, has always been used to brand human opponents as transcendentally, that is, supernaturally evil. This trick enables the true believers to muster the utmost powers of body and soul to fight the supposed Forces of the Abyss.

Those whom the Jews categorized as the transcendent foe in the first century, A.D., were the Romans. The Dead Sea Scrolls call them the "Kittim," a name from an enemy of the Israelites of days long before then. Much later, in eastern Europe, the Jews' pluperfect adversary was the Catholic Church, which they called "Edom" (the name of another biblical foe of millennia past). For the early Christians, the Apocalypse (Book of Revelation) identified the foe as Rome and code-named it Babylon, yet still another name purloined from a long-dead antagonist. After Rome had become Christianized, Saint Ambrose and other worthies generated hatred for the Visigoths, who believed in the Arian "heresy," by calling their churches "synagogues of Satan," an epithet which the Arians in their turn hurled back at the non-Arians. Similarly, following this time-hallowed tradition, the Iranian Muslims of 1980 harangued against "the Great Satan, America." In Christianity and Islam, the foe-category is to achieve its consummate embodiment in the Antichrist yet to come. Numberless are the Jewish, Christian and Islamic examples of the religious demonization of opponents or infidels. In his letter to the Ephesians (6, 12), St. Paul left no doubt about the transcendence of the real foe facing Christians: "Our battle is not against human forces but against the principalities and powers, the rulers of this world of darkness, the evil spirits in regions above."

Modern human consciousness, in its more developed forms, feels a need to camouflage biological urges of the soul. Such camouflaging makes civilized life possible. Therefore actions undertaken as a result of these urges are masked by verbiage, custom, etiquette, rationalization and other subterfuges. This is obvious in the case of the mating drive.

But it is also operative in the war drive, whose primary form of camouflage is paranoia. The most important advantage of paranoia is that it enables paranoid individuals to shift all responsibility for a given conflict onto their opponents. In this way the persecution complex nullifies the ability of consciousness to use guilt feelings to inhibit the war drive. A "preemptive" (or "preventive") first strike against the desired foe can be so justified, or victims can be blamed for the actions of the paranoiacs. (An example of this latter case is the "guilt clause" of the Versailles Treaty ending World War I. This clause defined Germany as being guilty of having begun the war -- an utter falsehood -- and justified the rape of that land by the victors.)

As mentioned above, it was the ancient Iranian prophet Zarathustra (floruit sometime between 1400 and 1000 B.C.) who first introduced paranoia into the history of religions. Not only did he invent the "Hostile Spirit," Angra Mainyu, as the quintessence of the foe, the great soothsayer also rearranged the entire ancient Iranian pantheon so that all of the heavenly entities were on one side or another of an unceasing cosmic war. Zarathustra's war-filled historical environment was interpreted as an earthly translation of this war. Thus, the followers of Zarathustra's religion could see themselves as under constant attack by fiends from (the Zarathustra-invented) hell. The tremendous impact of this religion can be seen in the fact that the very word "fiend" originally meant "foe," "hater," and is cognate with the German *Feind* "enemy." An opposing tribe was considered to be merely the agent of these hell-fiends. One's own tribe, worshipping Lord Wisdom, would eventually partake of the latter god's inevitable victory.

An opponent of a Zoroastrian believer was thereby labeled evil by nature, even if that opponent never actually *did* anything overtly offensive. And of course, only Zoroastrians were on the side of the right and the good, whereas everyone else was unclean and bad. (This type of thinking eventually led the Iranian Zoroastrians to practice incest so as to insure their uncontaminated goodness.)

It was this religiously camouflaged paranoia which was accepted by the ancient Jews whose ancestors had been deported to Babylon. Their old religion had not saved them from defeat and deportation, so they converted to the new one, changing only its names into those of gods from the ancient Hebrew-Israelite pantheon. The psychological rewards (economists would say "utility") of such a religion of paranoia were, and are, very, very great.

The placing of an individual or group into the category of a transcendent foe allows the projectors to heighten their own self-es-

teem. On the moral teeter-totter, the projectors feel raised up and made important to the same degree that their counterparts are demonized, devalued and demeaned. A tremendous sense of self-righteousness thereby accompanies the conviction that no punishment or horror is too inhuman for the foe. For the foe is considered in fact to be inhuman, since he has been cast into the foe-category inherent in the war drive and consigned to everlasting damnation by the mouthpieces of the high god.

Thus the American bombings of Dresden, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were considered merely "just punishment" for the German and Japanese incarnations of the Antichrist. Such deviation from reason is clear proof of the ability of the war instinct to commandeer the entire brain, in the manner of other biologically determined passions. The obsessed group members lose their freedom of will and become utterly subject to their genetic programs, their animal natures.

It has often been noted that communism too is a religion. Specifically, it is a derivative both of the Jewish paranoia which pervaded the family of Karl Marx, and of the aggressive Christian fundamentalism ("pietism") in the family of Friedrich Engels. The "revolution" proclaimed by Marx and Engels has virtually nothing to do with its stated aims of bettering human life. It is simply a secularized extension of the old paranoiac, Zoroastrian-Jewish mask of the war impulse. Congruent with this is the fact that, in the America of 1981, about half of all members of the Trotskyite Socialist Labor Party (and its various front groups) are Jews. The anarchistic wing of communism is by nature heavily Jewish, since the very core of communism is the theory and practice of conflict, class struggle and war against the demonic, patriarchal property owners. Only the competitive and exclusively Jewish movement of Zionism surpassed communism in paranoiac viciousness and belligerence. But where Judaism preaches war between the Jews and all other cultures, communism stresses war between the classes of any given, differentiated culture, or between higher ("oppressor") and lower ("oppressed") cultures. In communism, the tribe at large (the "proletariat"), led by the young, up-and-coming contestant males (composed of "students" and the "Communist party"), is supposed to war against and devour the evil patriarchs (the propertied class, "capitalists," "imperialists") who have fathered them. This is the essence of the Marxist "dialectic." It is regicide and patricide on the grand scale.

Historically, regicide appears not only as a crime of treasonous murder, but also both as a ritual practice (either physically, with a substitute for the real king, or symbolically) and as a myth or oral record of yet earlier

times in many bygone cultures. Communism, it appears, represents a reassertion of the inherited drive responsible for these rituals, myths and records. The regicide of the tribal patriarch by the team of young tribes-brothers, as they must have been practiced for millions of years by *homo erectus*, *australopithecus*, and our still earlier ancestors, reemerges in modern clothing. In a sense, the Communists are throwbacks to remote antiquity.

On the other hand, America in general, and in particular the Jews who control its present-day excuse for culture, have become fixated on patriarchal Nazi Germany for their instinctual foe-need. They are in fact so entranced by it that anything vaguely resembling their Great Satan, Nazism, arouses hostility in them: modern Germany; ordinary, run-of-the-mill racism; the white male; and the ancient and universal religious symbol of the swastika. And of course, such fixation on this ghost of the past makes it impossible to deal effectively with the life-threatening enemies of today: the enemies of evolution, eugenics and of nature in general.

Because this idea of a genetically based war instinct is so contradictory to current dogma, it is in the intellectual doghouse. For instance, we are told that many individuals do not personally like war. This is a correct observation, but it is an *ignoratio elenchi* which misses the point. The war instinct is not a personal instinct. It underlies even the infrastructure of the personality, and is deep in the pre-linguistic, evolutionarily earlier parts of the brain. If brain damage, drugs or mental disturbance impairs or destroys the personality structures of the brain, the violence tendency will frequently surface spontaneously. Not only the great popularity of war-simulation games (e.g., "Attack Death Star"), but also the universal enjoyment of the war dance shows this. (The modern forms of the war dance are seen in marches, parades and the coordinated operations of drill teams and of cheerleaders -- often done to martial(!) music -- and other quasi-martial forms of group-soul formation. In these variations of the war dance, an altered, more primitive state of consciousness is produced by rhythmic, electrochemical pulsations of the motor cortex, in concert with other members of a group.)

Moreover, the historically tried and true method of unifying a group of any size, making it submit to a given leadership and inspiring it to all-out effort in any "field," is the method of confronting that group with an incarnation of the transcendent foe. This is why all appeals to the world's people to stop destroying the planet's ecological balance and to unite against such abstractions as poverty, pollution or resource exhaustion are bound to fail. These abstractions cannot

be made to fit the foe-category. A "war on poverty" (American political slogan of the 1960s) is therefore meaningless. A mythological war on some ostensibly intelligent though science-fictional incarnation of patriarchal evil will produce much more emotional resonance in the audience. In fact, when we lack an external foe, we will turn on our own natural patriarch, the U.S. president. This is why, in post-Eisenhower, culturally retrogressive America, every president must expect electoral defeat after only one term in office, or face the regicidal, cannibalistic onslaught directed at Nixon.

Western religions both harness and express the war impulse by means of paranoia. The reason the Jews have existed from the time of their conversion to Zoroastrianism until now is that the good-god/bad-god religious dualism of that religion enabled them to construct a culture of paranoia. From Babylonian times until the present, the guiding light of Judaism has been the Babylonian Talmud, a repository of Zoroastrianism in Jewish translation. The remarkable fact of the 2500-year preservation of Judaism in spite of the wide, international dispersal of its bearers, attests to the tremendous staying power of the paranoid form of the war drive.

Despite theological hair-splittings of Jewish philosophers over the centuries, the core of Judaism has always been the assiduously taught idea that the Jews, as a tribe in its entirety, are the Elect of God, engaging in constant defensive warfare against the non-Elect, the Gentiles (*goyim*), who belong to the Prince of Darkness, the Foe Transcendent. The "proof" of the Jews' election is considered to be that God offered the Law (*Torah*) to all peoples, but only the Jews were worthy of it. Ergo they have the Law, whereas the Gentiles are lawless or have only an imperfect grasp of the Law. The Jews thus consider themselves to be on the side of God and opposed as a group to all of God's enemies -- which for all practical purposes means all those who lack the Law. More specifically, they paranoiacally think of themselves as under attack by these enemies of God.

Paranoia directed against envied rivals is probably the most common camouflage of the active war drive. But Judaism certainly represents the most elaborately rationalized form of paranoia. (The Islamic form is rather crude and degenerate, while the Christian tends to dilute paranoia by introverting it and blending it with elements from the mystery religions and from the anti-fleshly and ultimately misogynist dementia called *gnosis*.) Moreover, it is most certainly from the war instinct that Jews derive their notorious and perpetual urge for political power. And it is also the war instinct that gives a conspiratorial air to the organizations of Jewish

culture. Characteristic are titles such as "Anti-Defamation League," "Jewish Defense League," and the like, describing groups formed to fight, combat and otherwise war upon "anti-Semites." The notion that "six million Jews were gassed to death by the Nazis" grows out of the paranoiac form of the war instinct, justifies "retributive" actions actually based on the Jewish war urge, and further nourishes this urge. (Forgiveness, by the way, is not a part of the war drive.)

Christianity, on the other hand, takes a totally different approach. Here, the religion places a mask over the great Nethersoul of existence (God, the Absolute Buddha, the Tao, etc.) -- the mask (or "persona") of an ancient wonder-working Jew named Jesus. This mask, which the Christian unconsciously identifies with his (or her) own self (because Jesus is the role model, the alpha male, the hero), provides a scapegoat as a lightning rod for the war instinct and its drive toward violence. The God-mask thereby deactivates the tendency of this drive toward physical expression against any external target by diverting it ("sublimating" it) toward an internal one: itself, which is also the person of the believer. Christianity also inculcates the idea that the individual worshipper is responsible *personally* for killing the divine foe/self, thereby introducing a cycle of guilt and expiation into the soul of the Christian, a cycle which has been carried to extremes from time to time in Christian society. The transcendent foe in the guise of Satan and his earthly representatives, the future Antichrist, is still integral to Christianity, but in most denominations it plays a much smaller role than in former times. The modern Christian turns the war impulse primarily against himself and is much less tribe-conscious and far more guilt-ridden than the modern Jew. Only for the more conservative branches of Catholicism and Protestantism is Satan truly alive and well. Perversely, Christianity rejects and suppresses the vitally important tribal impulse. It thus frustrates the phenotypic operation of the genotypic bases of social cohesion and defense. This leaves the white Christian true believer a sitting duck for the minority racists.

As already mentioned, modern life is having a dissolving effect upon the traditional religious and psychic structures. Only about 60% of modern Jews marry other Jews, and many of those are far less "Jewish" than formerly. Moreover, in consequence of the inverse relationship between women's "liberatedness" and the number of children in a family, Jewish marriages are far below replacement level in number of progeny, at least in Western countries. Christianity, too, is likewise losing the overwhelming position of dominance it once had. (From the

looks of things, Roman Catholicism will be a mere shadow of its former self in European-based cultures outside Latin America by the year 2000.) Unquestionably, the fanatical Zionists among the Jews display a highly dangerous version of the war impulse, and some fundamentalist Christians, for whom Satan has regained full health, also show strong evidence of bellicosity. The same goes for Black Power groups and a few other quasi-tribal gatherings.

But Islam and the various versions of communism are clearly more dominated by war urges than is the individualistic West. The *jihad* or holy war is actually a moral imperative of Islam, and the Zionists of Israel have been doing all they can to insure that there will be in fact a *jihad*. The Soviet Communists, meanwhile, have been working night and day for many years to accomplish the objective of world conquest. These facts make it very clear that mankind's war drive will insure the survival of the genes of which it is the function.

Every system of political power needs an ideology to provide the rules of its game. And it has been precisely the foe-defining function of the Zoroastrian religions (Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Communism) which has allowed them to serve as the ideological basis of the Western and Islamic worlds. Yet it is also one of the main reasons for the past dynamism of the Europeans, racial considerations aside. Or rather, the channeling of a race's native war instinct is precisely what enables that race to reach the full flower of its capacities. Conversely, the modern dissolution of religion by economics and the hypnosis box in the West means the wilting of that flower. The future belongs only to those who have the will to war, and to the spreading of their own genes by any means, including war.

The greatest question of the twentieth century is precisely why the white American upper classes have decided to give up the struggle and to cease caring about their own race. Why has the fighting spirit become inoperative among these classes?

There appear to be two reasons: one is psychological/genetic; the other, physical/non-genetic.

The psychological/genetic reason is that man, in common with all other forms of life, is purposive in nature. Each of his behavioral acts must have a purpose. Also, since man is a conscious being, he must have a purpose to his life as a whole.

Now, the *only* purpose that can sustain the human will to live in the long run is the kind provided by a religion of one kind or another. The will to live, to go on, and to commit oneself to the transpersonal good of the social whole, does not spring from the rationalistic consciousness, but from the genetically determined wellspring of the

deep psyche, whose mountain-lifting power can be seen in all great passions. Religion provides a system of coordination of the deep-psyche components of the individual, thereby making him or her into a unified whole, and that integrates this whole into the yet larger whole of society. Thus, not only the individual, but the society itself is delimited by the prevailing religion. And the religion also informs the society as to what is and what is not inimical to its life.

But American materialism has destroyed awareness of the soul. The American upper classes have lost their former religion, Christianity, so that it no longer provides them with either an external foe (Satan) or a guilt-venting scapegoat (Christ). These classes have kept only Christianity's anti-nationalism and its fixation on the individual personality. Now the upper strata are themselves both father/foe and scapegoat and have no role model outside themselves. Hence their guilt and their aimlessness. The components of their souls have come unglued. They are a fragmented and vacuous people, without meaning in their own eyes.

Once the alpha male feels himself secure and truly king, he begins to accept the role of sacrificial victim. Somehow he knows that the outsiders will gang up on him and devour him, as he has done to his predecessor. As king of a tribe lacking an external foe, he himself becomes the target of the tribal war drive. Sensing this, he resigns himself to his purposelessness and inevitable immolation. In the passion of Christ, as soon as Jesus is acclaimed king, he begins to thread his way to the realm of death.

So it is with the American upper middle classes who are bored with life. To the degree that they have reached the top of the world's heap, they have become more regal, and thus perforce more suicidal. They have therefore attacked their own race with laws, economic power and even war. They have done everything possible to effect the victory of unwhites over whites, race-mixing over eugenics and sterility over child-bearing by the intelligent. Their motto is that of the pre-1789 French nobility -- *Après nous, le déluge*. As a result, the regal white race as a whole is now in danger of extinction.

The second reason for the suicidism of the white American upper classes is physical/non-genetic. It is the physical poisoning of the white man's body by the pollution of his environment.

It has always been known that male horses are more active and harder to manage than the females of the species. The same is true of swine, cattle and all other mammals. But if the male is castrated, the animal becomes as docile and as tractable as the female. Clearly, it is the male hormones which are produced in the testicles,

which make the difference.

The same is true of humans. Males, especially young ones, have always been more unruly than females. The prison population of any nation is largely male. And it is males who show the greatest amount of dynamism, for good or bad, of the two sexes. It is also clear that the source of this dynamism is primarily biological and due especially to the male hormones. Even females whose bodies produce abnormally high amounts of male hormones are more dynamic and athletic than the normal female.

Recent sperm counts of (largely white) male college students in America reveal significant declines from the sperm count levels of the students of half a century ago. Accordingly, it is to be expected that the levels of male hormones have also dropped off. Biological researchers suspect strongly that it is chemical pollutants, which are also showing up in the testicles (as well as in the brain), which are responsible for the decline. Certainly, by almost any measure of animal virility, the urban white upper-class males of the industrialized countries, and especially America, have become less virile and aggressive since mid-century. Their decline in fecundity and rejection of fatherhood are the most spectacular illustrations of this.

Naturally, Jews, homosexuals, the male-hating women's libbers, spineless academics, effeminate editorialists and various others will hail this decline in virility as a rise in civility, progress or some other such name for degeneration. In reality, what we are now seeing is a civilization-wide case of the biological decay of an entire race. This sensational deterioration may be due to the effects of the ubiquitous pollution of the ground waters tapped for drinking, to some indirect, northern-hemispheric effect of the acid rain caused by heavy industry, to the radiation emitted by TV sets, especially color TV, to some other type of pollution, or (most probably) to some combination of these things.

The fact that the immensely prolific non-industrialized world shows no sign of loss of virility may be due to the fact that the lack of industrialization means not only poverty, but also freedom from industrial wastes. Thus the Third World's fecundity continues unimpaired.

The U.S. Surgeon General warned in September 1980 that the forthcoming decade would see the beginning of increasingly grave health problems resulting from ecological pollution. If the hypothesis of male sex-gland poisoning suggested above is correct, then by 1990 even the more animalistic Negro, who shares the environment of the white American, will also (perhaps even more drastically) exhibit a peaking and decline of his fertility. For by then, industrial

pollution will have worsened. This is the predictable result of trying to amass lucre by producing an endless supply of toys and ecological niches for the lower intelligences.

About 600 B.C., the increase in population in the Ganges river valley of India was hammered to a halt by ecological limitations. The result was the Buddhist, Jain and Yogic-Upanishadic "flights" from the world, for which Indian religions are famous, and which very possibly gave rise to the Mediterranean pathologies of asceticism and *gnosis*, both of which Christianity absorbed.

By turning away from the world, the higher Indians condemned India (where the scientifically vital concept of the zero was invented) to intellectual stagnation for over two millennia. If, on the other hand, these higher types had encouraged their autocratic leaders to sterilize the lower intelligences among the population, the subsequent history of India might have been quite different. Instead, things far worse than mere castration happened, and they continued to happen for over twenty-five centuries.

We are about to face a civilizationally, even globally magnified rerun of the ancient Indian scenario of 600 B.C., altered by the addition of environmental pollution. Let us, therefore, encourage realistic measures to cope with the proliferation of the lower races and classes, but only after we have explained to all powerholders concerned the true perversions with which our religions have obstructed our genetic natures and our destinies.

The only proper and truly responsible religious attitude for mankind to take is that it is a privilege, not an automatic right, to procreate, and even to live, on this planet. But in order for this attitude to become dominant, the grip of the Zoroastrian and Indian-derived religions on the human mind must be dissolved. For they today constitute the greatest existential mental block to planetary evolution.

Edward Gibbon, in his famous *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, opined that perhaps the main reason for the decline of the Empire was the moral decay of the Roman nobility. (The submersion of the Republic which preceded the Empire, of course, had resulted from the influx into Rome of hundreds of thousands of genetically and culturally problematical aliens from Africa and the Near East.) In recent years the graves of this nobility have been opened and their contents examined. The investigations have revealed that the upper classes drank from glasses made with highly toxic lead compounds. Only the nobility could afford such glassware. It has been suggested that the lead in this glassware, ingested, made the nobility sterile and

(through the poisoning of cortical brain cells) morally degenerate. In this way, poison aided the fall of Rome.

From all of this, the lesson for us is clear. We must clean up our environment and clean up our race. But we must first clean up

our religious thinking. For nature is intolerant of insanity practiced as the norm rather than as the exception. She is even now beginning to terminate our kind. Yet to come are the predictable and severe convulsions whose outline no informed politician yet

dares breathe aloud. For the human war drive, always lying in wait beneath the surface of rationality, will emerge to ensure than mankind gives birth to the superman or dies trying.

Liberal Bête Noire

If there is anything a liberal dogmatist dislikes more than a set of twins, it is a set of identical twins. Identical twins raised together are bad enough, but when raised separately they are a living affront to all that the liberal holds most dear -- most particularly his red-hot faith in the plasticity of the human personality.

Consequently, the recent flurry of news about twins in the daily press and in the "pop science" magazines has opened a running sore in the liberal mind. *Time* had a full-page report (April 6, 1981) on two middle-aged, low IQ, identical British spinster twins who do just about everything together, including talking and eating in unison. When a social worker gave them different bars of soap, they wept. The monozygous British ladies operate in the "mirror image" style of many identical twins. If one wears a bracelet on her left hand, the other will wear a similar one on her right.

The identical "Jim Twins," who have been bathed in publicity on the Johnny Carson show, were separated five weeks after their birth and not reunited for 39 years. Both had wives named Linda, divorced them and remarried women named Betty. Both had sons -- one who was named James Alan and the other James Allan. They have the same hobbies, interests, drink the same liquor, have similar careers. As the *Saturday Evening Post* (April 1981) reported, "each man drives a Chevrolet, chain smokes Salem cigarettes, chews his fingernails and has

had a vasectomy."

Most dismaying of all to liberal intellectuals is that the IQs of identical twins brought up in radically different environments vary but a little. In the teeth of such evidence, it's awfully difficult to maintain that intelligence is a function of environment, family influence and learning. Twin studies also put to rest the old Freudian and Spockian saws about "shattering experiences" in childhood having a decisive effect on character and behavior. Identical twins reared apart have almost identical personalities no matter how different their experiences, tribulations and upbringing.

In regard to the controversial genetic clock, which hereditarians claim ticks inside every one of us, but whose existence liberals like to ignore, the timepiece seems to tick synchronously inside identical twins, giving rise to identical spurts of growth, obesity, headaches, phobias and hyperactivity.

Instauration has already mentioned the case of two identical half-Jewish twins, one brought up by a Jewish father on the island of Trinidad, the other by a Catholic mother in Nazi-dominated Central Europe during World War II. The environments were about as different as can be imagined, yet the twins, when they met, were practically two exact mental and physical castings from the same mold. Now comes an even stranger case: Three identical Jewish triplets reared apart who did not find each other until their late teens. The first two to discover each

other smoke the same brand of cigarettes, are crazy about Italian food, flunked math in the fifth grade, had been under psychiatric care, and had had intimate relations with 27-year-old women. The favorite sport of each was wrestling and each won his fastest match in 15 seconds. When the third triplet was found, his past record and habits closely matched those of the other two.

Only 3.5 out of 1,000 live births are identical twins. Since identical twins reared apart represent only a fraction of this number, they are not easy to come by. Though the main point of twin studies is to investigate the extraordinary similarities, much can also be learned about environmental effects. When only one twin smokes and a careful examination of the heart and lungs of both reveals no differences, then what are we to think about the dangers of smoking? When identical twins reared by their parents are less similar in their habits than those reared apart, as is most frequently the case, then proximity must exert a paradoxical environmental effect by encouraging them to try to develop separate identities. Twins reared apart have no such compulsion. There has been a case where one twin had a rare neurological disease and the other didn't. What better proof that the disease is not hereditary!

Both naturists and nurturists learn from twin studies, though the latter are reluctant to profit from such research even when it favors their own doctrinaire stone-walling.

How Jim Jones Hacked It

Why see horror films, why read horror paperbacks, why go to a Jackson Pollock exhibit when more and more gruesome details are coming out about the life and times of the Rev. Jim Jones? How did a holy weirdo, once arrested in an adult theater restroom for an indecent homosexual act, put together one of the most powerful and dynamic religio-political lobbies on the West Coast? How did a so-called white

preacher (his brownish tint betrayed many un-Aryan additives) manage to win the adulation of an overwhelmingly black congregation, most of whom obediently committed mass suicide when he gave the word -- all this at a time when black suspicion of whites had never been greater?

Here are a few items that may help fit the pieces into the puzzle:

1. Organization. The Peoples Temple was run by a board of nine whites and one token (nonparticipating) black. The whites, some of whom later dropped out, were hard-working, industrious and fairly intelligent, their minds having been carefully fertilized by Jones and the prevailing egalitarian mindset.

2. Antiwhite racism. Jones never stopped riling up his followers about "fascists" and the Ku Klux Klan, even though

one of his closest political advisers was a John Birch Society activist named Walter Heady.

3. Marxism-Leninism. Jones hardly knew what communism was, but he constantly harped on the dictatorship of the proletariat, considered the Soviet Union the Promised Land and mouthed all the standard clichés and visceral Bolshevik appeals to class and racial envy.

4. Fakery. Miracles were performed at meetings by extracting "cancers" out of moronic old colored women. The cancers were chicken innards pulled out of the mouth or other parts by Jones's white female assistants who had become masters (mistresses) of sleight-of-hand. When the show lagged, shells would be wheeled or carried in and, after a few incantations from "Dad," would leap up, throw away their crutches and run out of the hall. Somehow they never returned to take questions from the audience.

5. Christianity. Jones not only preached social Christianity with a heavy accent on the Sermon on the Mount, but he occasionally tried to sell himself as a reincarnation of Jesus. Like Jesus, he talked a great deal about the approaching Big Bang of universal fire and destruction.

6. Politics. The Peoples Temple was frequently able to deliver hundreds, even thousands, of votes for Democrats in crucial California elections. For this, Jones's crimes were forgiven, protected and even covered up by leading Democratic politicians.

7. Terror. Jones's followers were both

afraid to quit the Peoples Temple and to quit donating large hunks of their income and property to the group because of what happened to some who did. There were beatings and murders, though none was ever traced directly to Jones. The fear also extended to anyone, including members of the press, who tried to expose Jones's goings-on.

The above explains in part how Jones accumulated tens of millions of dollars, moved in the highest California circles and ran a sort of state within a state. He received letters of gratitude from Charles de Young Thieriot, the publisher of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He got the full support of nearly all the California black community, including that of Willie Brown, the loudish, cloutful speaker of the California Assembly. Lt. Gov. Dymally, now a member of Congress, was one of his biggest boosters and paid several visits to Jones's plantation in Guyana. Cesar Chavez and Angela Davis were avid supporters, as were Representatives John and Philip Burton and various district and assistant district attorneys, one of whom was on Jones's payroll. The late Mayor Moscone appointed Jones chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority. Columnist Jack Anderson praised him on national television, and the National Newspaper Publishers Association gave him its first Freedom of the Press Award. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley joined Jones and Black Muslim head

Wallace Muhammad in an audience-packed "Unity Meeting." Rosalynn Carter stood side-by-side with Jones at a Democratic rally in 1976, and afterwards they dined à deux. Ralph Nader gave Jones his seal of approval. Walter Mondale invited Jones to a private meeting in the vice-presidential jet. Gov. Jerry Brown made a resounding speech to 9,000 members of the Peoples Temple on the occasion of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday.

But for one problem Rev. Jim Jones today might be riding higher than ever, as the anointed proconsul of the nation's sediment set. Unfortunately for his pathological messianism, and fortunately for the country, Jones lost his marbles. More accurately, his congenital madness was no longer controllable, owing in part to his increasing ingestion of drugs. The cultural mousetrap he had designed for his congregation (which included some of the most tasteless and disgusting acts ever put on in public) finally snapped shut on the designer himself. He was burnt out, so to speak, by his own hell-fire.

In any civilized society Jones would not have lasted for one month. His long reign proved that America is just as morally degenerate as he was.

Most of the above information was collected from The Cult That Died by George Klineman and Sherman Butler (G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$14.95).

Hoax After Hoax After Hoax

The *Washington Post* is a gutter newspaper with a literate gloss. Most people don't know this. As a result of the *Post*'s Pulitzer Prize hoax, more people know it than ever before. All newspapers print lies, exaggerations and deliberate propaganda every day. Some of their biggest stories are hoaxes that go on for year after year -- atrocity tales concocted to feed foreign and domestic conflicts, set class against class, race against race, nation against nation.

White reporters are bad enough. They have to score news beats, sensationalize stories, make mountains of headlines out of small-print molehills to move up the journalistic ladder of success. Now that affirmative action has established quotas for minority reporters, journalistic standards fall lower each year, just as the SAT scores, and for the same reason.

Having noted the *Washington Post*'s performance in Watergate, is it any wonder that Janet Cooke, a young black reporter on the



Supertruckler Ben Bradlee

make, shouldn't have set her colorful imagination to work? Her phony news story was so poorly done, however, that even the hardened editors of the *Post* were skeptical. Does an 8-year-old black heroin addict have "sandy hair," a trait she attributed to her hero in the first paragraph of her journalistic epic. But since Miss Cooke has the skin shade you no longer argue with, the *Post* not only printed the story, but stood behind it when it came under attack and actually nominated it for a Pulitzer Prize. It was this unblinking media hubris that brought about the discovery of what would normally have never been discovered.

Perhaps the most interesting aftermath of the scandal was the treatment accorded the hoaxer. Dean Osborne Elliott, of the Columbia School of Journalism, who was once a Katharine Graham yes man, wept in print over poor Janet. "I feel very sad that the talented young woman's promising career has been damaged so needlessly, and I hope

not irrevocably."

Bob Woodward, the *Post* muckraker who won't reveal the identity of "Deep Throat," moaned, "I let her down. I let her do this."

Said Donald Graham, Katharine's son and the paper's present publisher, "Many of us at this paper have been in touch with members of her [Cooke's] family and we will do what we can to help her."

Does anyone really think the *Post* will mend its ways? The Sandinistas of Nicaragua are liberals to the *Post*. So they will continue to be even after they kill or jail every liberal in the country. When Sally Quinn, executive editor Benjamin Bradlee's current wife, wrote a particularly nasty fabrication about Zbigniew Brzezinski zipping

open his fly while she was interviewing him, Bradlee hardly bothered to apologize. In his book *Conversations with Kennedy* (W.W. Norton, New York), America's #1 journalistic truckler openly admitted his unrestrained and undying friendship for JFK, hardly the attitude of a "fearless, independent" newspaper editor.

As the Pulitzer hoax was simmering, Chicago papers were busy printing planted stories about the city's new black school superintendent, Ruth Love. Her \$59,500-a-year black assistant, Charles Mitchell, Jr., furnished the press dramatic tales that Love's car and office had been bugged by the FBI or some other sinister organization. Later, Mitchell admitted he had made it all up to

test the loyalty of a bodyguard. Then he changed his mind and said the story was invented to "discourage the possibility of further wiretaps." Since no news can come out of the Chicago school superintendent's office without the prior O.K. of the superintendent herself, it is doubtful the fault was all Mitchell's. In the upshot he resigned, and his boss kept her \$100,000-a-year job.

Another newspaper hoax that surfaced at about the same time was a tearful, hate-the-British piece in the *New York Daily News* by columnist Michael Daly. Daly composed a tale of British troops using real bullets against Ulster Catholic children. When it proved to be pure baloney, Daly was fired -- after the harm had been done.

Con Artist

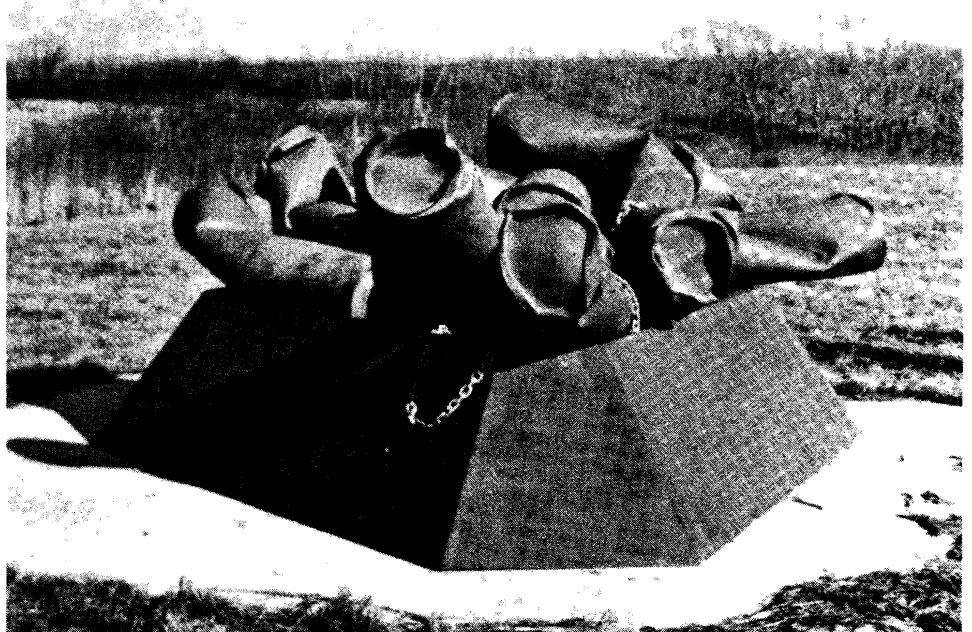
Finally, an exhibition of cultural guts from, of all places, a university! Claes Oldenburg, a first-generation American from Sweden and one of those pop sculptors who win fame and fortune by pleasing the skewed sensibilities of Jewish art critics and filling the pockets of Jewish art agents and gallery owners, worked up a new "masterpiece," a 23-foot-long toothbrush, for the University of Hartford. The Regents took one look, said it would give the students mental cavities and told Claes to stuff it. In reporting the story, the Associated Press tried to make Oldenburg, described as "one of the nation's leading contemporary sculptors," a martyr. Glowing mention was made of his previous works -- among them a 38-foot-tall flashlight at the University of Nevada and a 101-foot baseball bat in Chicago.

We offer as evidence of the state of the art of American art a few sentences from the folderol with which one typical art critic, Martin Friedman, has decked Oldenburg's antiart.

His art thrives on opposites; intellect and emotion, analysis and interpretation, exuberance and reserve, precision and accident . . . the themes, each manifested in various media, are intimately related . . . The African mask image remains strong throughout his later work . . . The dissolution of a hard object such as a clothespin, baseball bat, wash basin, or three-way plug, through the use of soft material, humanizes it.

"Fagends," pictured here, is one of Oldenburg's most famous pieces, a gigantic replica in metal of a pile of cigarette butts. It is a celebration of ugliness -- quite in the Truckler spirit of the Majority con artist who plays at art in order to épouvanter les bourgeois. In one sense the Truckler sculptor is the worst of all the Truckler breed. We don't have to buy truckling books or go to truckling Broadway plays. We can turn off the TV hideousness, refuse to buy the newspapers and stay away from the so-called, avant-

garde museums. But when we are confronted by an Oldenburg monstrosity in a public place, many of us have to see it every day on our way to and from work. If it weren't for the minority critics who weave laudatory theories about them and the minority art agents who make fortunes out of them, junk heaps like "Fagends" would remain sleazy concepts in the tasteless minds of those who are the least qualified of all mankind to claim the designation of artist.



Oldenburg's masterpiece -- "Fagends"

Cultural Catacombs

The Ultimate Mag

Mademoiselle was dreamed up to help girls through the age gap not covered by *Seventeen* and *Vogue*. Today, after 47 years of publishing, the magazine has been redesigned. Virginity has gone the way of the beehive hairdo. Today, *Mademoiselle's* message can be reduced to:

Doing it or not doing it is not the point. The question is: Should you know someone's last name before -- or is after soon enough?

The woman in charge of all this redesigning is Editor-in-Chief Amy Levin, who boasts:

We had a piece in the February issue by a sex therapist on orgasms . . . on the cover we said, "Big O, Big Deal." That's the way women talk to each other. They don't want advice from their elders.

Strange, we never heard anyone talk like that. Strange, Ms. Levin, after her gratuitous dig at "elders," refused to reveal her own age.

Levin's boss, publisher Joseph Fuchs, says the magazine reflects the life style of its readers; it doesn't influence it. We don't know how the Newhouse mediocrats, who own Condé Nast Publications, which owns *Mademoiselle*, feel about this. But we are sure they have a kinfolk affection for Amy.

Incidentally, Condé Nast magazines have recently flaunted these titles: "What Those First Few Times in Bed Can Tell You About Him . . . About Yourself"; "Intimate Odors -- Sexiest Scents"; "The New Sexual Options."

Was it a coincidence that the author of the article in the *Chicago Tribune* (May 4, 1981) glorifying the new *Mademoiselle* was Cheryl Lavin?

Protecting One's Own

What must a Majority judge think when he sentences a young Majority member to jail for some crime? He knows what is almost certain to happen, yet he hands out the jail term as if that was all there was to it. He tries to pretend that cruel and unusual punishment, strictly forbidden by the Constitution, is entirely confined these days to capital punishment. Being thrown into a racial snakepit and subjected to seriatim degradation and physical injury by black rapists is somehow not considered cruel and unusual punishment.

It could almost be predicted with certainty that a Jewish judge would be the first to protect one of his own from this 20th-century version of the rack. Jews tend to care for their own. Majority members tend not to.

New York Judge Stanley Gartenstein, an Orthodox rabbi on the side, decided not to jail a young Jew who had thrown a punch at a black cop. He explained that the slightly built youth "would not last ten minutes" in the local Rikers Island jail. "He would be immediately subject to homosexual rape and sodomy and to brutality from fellow prisoners such as makes the imagination recoil in horror." Fun City Mayor Koch was "aghast" at the judge's judicial bias. Blacks attacked him for "racism," which is fast becoming a synonym for decent and rational human behavior on and off the bench. Gartenstein, needless to say, stuck by his guns and his *Landmann*.

Every day hundreds, if not thousands, of young whites are going through just what Gartenstein described in prisons throughout the country. Majority judges are quite aware of this. But unlike Gartenstein, they are too race-unconscious to save young Majority members from an ordeal that surpasses any ever designed by the Marquis de Sade. A blond male would be a hundred times better off serving time in a Gulag than in most American prisons.

Gartenstein, as one would expect, is not so considerate of Puerto Ricans. He let 20-year-old Edwin Fuentes go to jail for 23 days for stealing a mop, until his family could raise \$2,000 bail. Later when he appeared in court, Fuentes refused to accept a Gartenstein-approved plea bargain that would have netted him a 9-month sentence. Fuentes decided to take his chances on a trial. He found out the hard way that when blacks run out of young whites they are not too choosy about other jailmates.

Two Peaceniks

Lenny Bernstein, the sultan of radical chic, the host of that famous consciousness-raising, fund-raising cocktail party for the Black Panthers, the Jewish maestro who composed a jazzed-up Catholic Mass, relieved himself of some interesting flights of fancy at the commencement of Johns Hopkins University last year when he called on the U.S. to disarm unilaterally. He promised the Soviet Union would not "come plowing in and take us over."

In October Lenny shifted his attention to the FBI: "I have substantial evidence, now available to all, that the FBI conspired to foment hatred and dissension among blacks, among Jews and between blacks

and Jews." After explaining his cocktail party was only a civil liberties meeting, he further denounced the FBI for "attempts to injure my long-standing relationship with the people of Israel, plus innumerable other dirty tricks."

Not to be outdone by Lenny in the field of total surrender, Victor Weisskopf, an M.I.T. professor, has proposed:

If the Western nations . . . would democratically decide to renounce all armaments and permit the USSR to enter their territories; if, further, they would stick to this decision after having seen the immediate consequences; they might well have to endure several decades of Soviet dictatorship, but in the long run they would turn out to be both morally and technically the superior party. The result would be immensely better than the probable [atomic] war.

Better Red than dead, says Weisskopf, echoing the old cry of the 50s. But would he be so surrender-minded if Nazi Germany was still around and had the Soviet Union's present nuclear arsenal? If Weisskopf is so deeply in love with peace, why was he a member of the Oppenheimer team that developed and built atomic bombs to drop on enemies that were much less of a threat to the U.S. than the USSR?

Has the onetime merchant of death had a belated attack of conscience? Or is his racism so finely tuned he is less anxious to nuke Russians than he was to nuke Germans and Japanese?

Deviate Doings

Surprise! Surprise! Billie Jean King is a member of the Third Sex. So are more than a few other Tennis Queens, or should we call them Kings? It takes a long time for the wire services to show and tell, but the rest of us know in our bones that in any sport which requires muscle, the less female is likely to prevail over the more female.

Billie Jean King's confession was blown up into one of those media orgies which, in this age of everything goes, will probably bring her more, not less, renown and more, not fewer, lucrative contracts out of what was once an exciting sport for amateurs and what has now been turned into a multinational business. Actually, Billie Jean King's lesbian affair hit the headlines not because she was Sapphic, but because the other party was suing for alimony, a form of tribute that used to be restricted to female blackmail of the male.

* * *

If the Boy Scouts awarded a badge for homosexuality, Eagle Scout Timothy Curran

would probably be the first to win and wear it. With the ACLU paying the bills, the 19-year-old Curran is suing the Boy Scouts for \$520,000 for expelling him. Curran is the fag who took a male date to his high-school senior prom.

* * *

The Reagan administration has given a gay church in California \$380,000 to help resettle some 700 fairies who arrived with the 127,000 Cubans dumped on these shores last year by Fidel Castro. Aid to homosexuals is apparently an exception to the old ban against federal subsidies for churches.

* * *

The FCC has given permission to Billy James Hargis and his Church of the Christian Crusade to build and operate a UHF television station in Oklahoma. Hargis is the noted conservative preacher who specializes in perverting and sexually assaulting students of both sexes. His bedroom antics have made it difficult, but not impossible, for him to work with the Moral Majority.



Billy James Hargis

* * *

A New York City family court permitted a 23-year-old pansy to adopt a 27-year-old pansy. The judge was Leon Deutsch. In the upside-down way of the gay the father can be younger than the son.

* * *

Turkish researchers at Aegan University in Ankara have reported that "high-level noise -- such as that frequently found in discos -- causes homosexuality in mice and deafness among pigs."

* * *

Three members of the University of Cali-

fornia (Riverside) baseball team, who attacked two homos parading through the streets hand in hand, were ordered to undergo a brainwashing program to make them more sensitive to gay behavior.

Into the Blender

Last April Fool's Day was a very serious day for the 26 people who became American citizens in naturalization proceedings at a U.S. District Court in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Their names:

Maigan Janean Lopez, Amanda Elizabeth Assalone, Sarah Michelle Neal, Kristopher Kilchoo Kim, Michael Meng-Kai Cheng, Anna Tsai, Chin Tsai, Bejay Tsai, Nilima Prakash Jain, Ushma Ferguson, Kalpana Bharat Shah, Antoine Chafic Daoud, Nimir Farris Farhood, Edith Magdalene Jones, Rosanna Margarete Collins, Angelina Subion Harding, Delia Jordan Brandt, Jeremy Travis Allen, Willemina Van den Bos, Hye Sune Hale, America Flores Hernandez, Gloria Edith Asaza, Phoung Thi Him Nguyen, Perumalla Vijaya, Raghava Chary, Bharat Chimanlal Shal.

If anyone is happy to find a few familiar names in the above list, let him be unhappy. Sarah Neal is a Korean. Delia Jordan Brandt and Angelina Harding are Filipinos. Jeremy Allen is a Cambodian. Edith Jones and Rosanna Collins, however, are West Germans, and Willemina Van den Bos is Dutch. But before we say any more about these latter exceptions, we would like to meet them face to face.

Televisión

The suffering of Majority audiences who have to put up with interminable black sitcoms, black docudramas, black "perspectives," black commercials and black reporters assaulting their ears, eyes and noses on TV is likely to grow worse as Hispanic watch-dog organizations get into the act. The Hispanics or Latinos want a network program like "The Jeffersons." Secondly, they want more Hispanic stars, claiming that currently there are only three -- Ricardo Montalban, the aging ham now featured in "Fantasy Island," Erik Estrada, of doubtful sexual orientation in "CHiPs" and Rene Enriquez in "Hill Street Blues." Thirdly, they want more Hispanic commercials. Fourthly, they complain about labeling Hispanics by nationality -- Puerto Rican, Cuban, Mexican American, and so on. Nosotros, the Spanish equivalent of the ADL, has demanded an end to this practice, and the TV mediocrats have apparently agreed.

Hispanics expect and hope they will comprise 80% of Southern California's population by the end of the century. The producers of "Blade Runner," a futuristic film set in A.D. 2020, don't agree. They believe the L.A. of the future will be predominantly Asian. That's why they have crowded their street scenes with epicanthic folds.

Literary Jottings

Mary Gordon, author of the bestselling *The Company of Women*, has been acclaimed as "her generation's pre-eminent novelist of Roman Catholic mores and manners." As to mores and manners, Ms. Gordon opposes the Church's strictures on abortion and birth control and is greatly angered by its ban on the ordination of women. As to her religion, the late David Gordon, her father, was a Jew who converted to Catholicism.

* * *

That paragon of liberalism and antiracism, the *New Republic*, ran an article (March 7, 1981) about the Jean Harris-Herman Tarnower affair, which might have been subtitled, "Hell hath no fury like a WASPess scorned by a Jewish medico." Describing the dolce far niente life style of the dead diet doctor, author Ann Bernays wrote:

He was comfortable with his house, its pretentious grounds, its gun collection, its shikshas. Jean was his chief shiksa for a long time He enjoyed the company and physical delights of blonde, snub-nosed women.

Not many rich Majority members keep a stable of Jewish mistresses, but if one did, and the *New Republic* wrote about him, would his girlfriends be described as kikeses with long, curved noses? We doubt it. We even doubt that the *New Republic*, so fond of "shiksa," which Webster's *Third International* states is "often used disparagingly," would allow the term "Jewess," to appear in its sacred pages.

What They're Doing to Tamara

Tamara Jones owns the painted, sensuous face that peers out of high-fashion magazines with "full, moist red lips," as the Associated Press puts it. But Tamara, whose father is a Baptist chaplain at a Miami hospital, says she is not bothered by the eroticism that goes with her type of modeling. Tamara was discovered by press agent Steve Tannenbaum. Tamara is 12 years old.

Free to Choose

Members of the Georgia Real Estate Commission must abide by these recently adopted rules:

No real-estate broker, real-estate salesman, or agent or employee of a real-estate broker or salesman may represent explicitly or implicitly . . .

(a) that a change has occurred or may occur in the racial, religious or ethnic composition of any block, neighborhood, or area;

(b) that the presence of persons of any particular race, religion or ethnic background in an area will or may result in the following:

1. a lowering of property values in the neighborhood.
2. a material change in the racial, religious or ethnic composition of the area;
3. an increase in criminal or antisocial behavior in the area; or
4. a decline in the quality of the schools serving the area.

No Reciprocity

Once they learned that Miami had become the murder capital of the United States, various Christian groups got together to stage a huge Miami for Jesus rally. The idea was to inject a little morality in a city that is rapidly going to the dogs. Jewish organizations, however, refused to attend. Rabbi Rubin Dobin attacked the rally as "a snare to convert Jews to Christianity" and said "no self-respecting Jew" should show up. John Stenbridge, the chairman of the Miami for Jesus campaign, who asked that at least one Jewish speaker be present, was somewhat put out. "I suggested that just as Christians go to Israel bond rallies to stand with Jews, maybe many Jews would want to come to the Orange Bowl to stand with Christians."

Litigious Boomerang

Jewish organizations have launched two lawsuits seeking a total of \$1.5 billion in damages on behalf of 29 Israeli citizens killed during a Palestinian raid on an Israeli village in 1978. Named as defendants are the government of Libya, the PLO, the Palestine Information Office, the National Association of Arab Americans and the Palestine Congress of North America. The suits were filed in the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C.

Are U.S. courts now to be turned into Zionist collection agencies, as happened recently when a Chicago judge awarded a Jew damages for a business taken away from him in Yugoslavia in World War II? If they are, it will be a windfall to the legal profession. Think of the hundreds of billions of dollars Palestinian refugees could demand for their confiscated or bombed-out homes and for the deaths of their loved ones in such massacres as the one that took place at Deir Yassin in 1948 when, just like the Nazis do in Holocaust docudramas, Israeli troops mowed down 254 defenseless Palestinian villagers, including 145 women.

Tarnished Beans

A terrible tragedy has occurred in the Heinz Company (57 varieties). Thirty cans of Vegetarian Beans stamped with the kosher U found their way into a Long Island supermarket. Despite the U, the beans were not kosher; there had been a mix-up in labeling. When the news broke, Heinz officials immediately inserted a tearful, full-page ad in Jewish publications to beg pardon:

While the problem turned out to be a very small one, we wanted to take this opportunity to express our sincere apologies We want you to know that Heinz takes its obligation to its Orthodox Jewish consumers very seriously.

Heinz and other food companies never take full-page ads to explain to their non-Jewish customers why they must pay a tax to rabbinical inspectors whenever they buy something with a U or K on the label, which they often have to do in certain areas and at certain times because nothing else is available. According to the 1981 *World Almanac* there are only 1,285,000 Orthodox Jews in the U.S. -- a mere 0.6% of the total U.S. population. Even in the world of food, the tail is wagging the dog.

Nothing Racial

• Leo Kelly, Jr., a black student, fire-bombed a University of Michigan dormitory, then shot and killed two white students as they were trying to escape the blaze. Mrs. Kelly, the murderer's mother, remarked, "I guess everybody has a temper every now and then." The press said there was nothing racial about the murders.

• Two members of the Black Liberation Army made an "execution-type" attack on two white New York policemen. One will

probably live. One will probably die. Nothing racial.

• Luis Rivera, a Chicago truck driver, was arrested and accused of committing more than a hundred rapes. Nothing racial, of course, although the rapes all took place in Chicago's white residential areas.

• Nathaniel Lane, a black youth, was accused of killing and mutilating Benny Higdon, a white youth, in the Miami riots. He was acquitted on two counts of murder by a jury consisting of two blacks and ten whites. The jury was hung on the third murder count, even though a witness testified she saw Lane smash a large rock down on Higdon's head. Nothing racial, just a violent reaction to high unemployment and police brutality.

• Luis Martin, a native of Guatemala, when told he was being fired from his waiter's job at a Harrison, New York, hotel, set the place on fire. Twenty-six whites died in the flames. Nothing racial.

• Roy Norris and Lawrence Bittaker of Los Angeles tortured five teenage girls to death, putting the death throes of one on a 17-minute tape. No racial identification of either the assailants or their victims was furnished by the press. So there was nothing racial.

• Joseph Franklin is facing his second trial for killing two black Salt Lake City joggers. Definitely racial.

• Joseph Christopher, a white soldier, was arrested and charged with killing three blacks in Buffalo. He has also been indicted for killing black men in New York City. Definitely racial.

• In Mobile, Alabama, three whites, two with prison records, were arrested and charged with killing a 19-year-old black. Definitely racial.

Still the King

Paleo- and neo-Darwinians have been getting the short end of the evolutionary stick in the last year or so, what with all the flak from the creationists, environmentalists, nurturists and paleo- and neo-Lamarckians. The biggest jolt came from a Dr. Reg Gorzynski and a Dr. Ted Steele, who performed an experiment in which they exposed mice to tissue from other mice. The immune systems of the former were soon able to accept and tolerate organ transplants from the "foreign mice." Then came the kind of happening that leads to Nobel Prizes. The offspring of the mice that "learned" to tolerate the transplants were able to tolerate similar transplants. In other words, the acquired characteristics of the parents were passed on to the next generation.

It seemed that Darwin had finally been

put in his place. Lysenkoists, like the pre-Cambrian Leon Kamin, the two-time Stalinist professor from Princeton, must have danced a jig on Nassau Street. The faculty of Bob Jones University was morally as well as scientifically rehabilitated. It was about time to reverse the verdict of that old monkey trial in Tennessee.

The euphoria, however, didn't last. The Gorzycynski-Steele experiment turned out to be very much one of a kind. No one else was able to duplicate it, although six expert scientists tried. What's more, Dr. Steele, when not raising high the tattered banner of Lamarck, had been writing a book to prove that mind was not only superior to matter -- it actually created matter. Another civilization-shaking hypothesis that, though it brought comfort and joy to the hearts of the anti-Darwinians, could not be tested in the laboratory.

Darwin's throne was shaken a little, but he's still the king. This is not to say that Darwinian evolution is the final word. It's just that it's still the best evolutionary game in town.

Schizo Lillie

Lillie Schultz died last spring. She was one of the main wheels of the *Nation*, which litters nearly every U.S. public and college library and is the required weekly reading of practically every sociology professor from Nome to Key West.

Victor Bernstein, an ex-managing editor of the *Nation*, was selected to write the requiem:

Lillie had two passions: *The Nation* and Israel. They were in many ways complementary passions. The one was directed at maintaining the life and vigor of a great ideal; the other at turning an old ideal into reality.

Let's spin this around again. Complementary? Lillie and the *Nation*, raging equalitarians on this side of the Atlantic, downgraded every manifestation of Majority culture and criticized every attempt to build up our armed services, our national consciousness and our criminal justice system. On the other side of the Atlantic, however, every one of Lillie's cherished principles was turned on its head. Cheers for the expulsion, torture and dispossession of the Palestinians. Cheers for Zionism, the only racism that is not racism. Cheers for law and order. Cheers for the uranium stealers and *Liberty* attackers. Cheers for the country that considers it a crime even to attend a gathering where drugs are present.

Madame Jekyll and Ms. Hyde, that's what Lillie was. Playing the fascist there and the

anti-fascist here, the warmonger there and the peacenik here, the terrorist there and the liberal here -- apparently this is complementary to Mr. Bernstein.

We'd rather define Lillie's "passions" as antipodal.

The War Against Singer

They shot down John Singer in cold blood because he refused to send his seven children to public schools, which he considered moles of ignorance and perversion. Widow #1 (he has two) is suing the state of Utah for \$110 million, and her lawyer claims her dead husband was the victim of a conspiracy of Mormon Elders "out to get" this very embarrassing renegade.

A state narcotics agent, Lewis Jolly, who shot Singer in the back, is as free as a bird. He wouldn't be if he had shot a black or an Hispanic in the same circumstances.

The case is an open-and-shut one, except for Singer's past. He is an excommunicated polygamist, who tried to act just like the old Mormons, but not like the new ones. He also clung to another outdated Mormon belief -- that blacks don't belong in the church. But the biggest charge against Singer was that his father was a Nazi. John, himself, was born in the U.S., but his family moved to Germany where he became a member of the Hitler Youth. He only returned to the U.S. after the war.

Believing no one would dare rise to defend a man with such a tarnished past, the state of Utah, according to court documents, considered the following options for apprehending him:

- Disguising officers as hunters, religious sympathizers or attorneys for the American Civil Liberties Union in an attempt to sneak onto the premises.
- Assaulting the homestead with special weapons and tactics (SWAT) teams.
- Firing tear gas into the Singer home or disabling family members with drugs or electronic darts.
- Sending in National Guardsmen and an armored personnel carrier to storm Singer's remote ranch.

What finally happened was a mechanized onslaught of snowmobiles carrying a gaggle of state and local lawmen who surprised Singer on his way back from his mailbox. Some say he drew a gun. Family members watching from a window said he turned and started walking toward the house. It was then that agent Jolly shredded him with a shotgun. Allegedly, he was shot again when he was lying on the ground on the verge of death.

Singer grew his family's food, delivered his wives' babies, made the family's clothes. His first wife was a high-school beauty queen. He took a second wife only six months before he was shot. Neither wife had any complaint.

The White State of Mind

Just get school desegregation and forced busing rolling, just get more blacks in the armed services and in public housing, just put affirmative action into high gear, just keep the immigration gates wide open, and all our social ills will pass away and the USA will become one big, happy, multiracial family.

Anyone strolling through any big American city at night, anyone who comes back to a looted home or apartment, anyone who has gone to an integrated public school knows the answer to that absurd proposition. But just in case there are still a few optimistic Old Believers out there, a recent ABC News poll lays these figures on the line:

50% of whites think it is "common sense" not to drive through black neighborhoods.

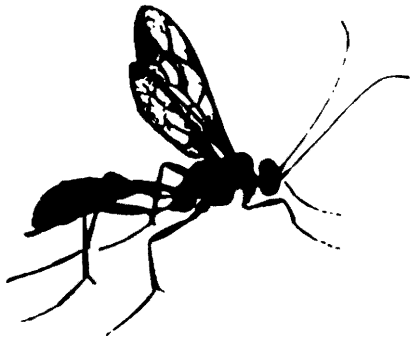
43% of whites agree it's "common sense" for parents to prevent their children from dating someone from another race.

34% agree that blacks would rather accept welfare than work.

23% believe blacks to be inferior in learning capabilities.

The figures could well be higher since many whites interviewed by pollsters -- who can be black, white or Hispanic -- are not likely to say what they really think about such highly explosive issues. The information might get around. The respondent might be called a bigot, physically harassed or might even lose his or her job.

So after all the legislation and all the court cases, after the most massive doses of equalitarian propaganda in the history of mind control, racism is still with us and will ever be, as long as man is man. To those who want to end racism, the best advice is, forget it. To those who want to cool it, the best answer is separation -- and by separation we don't mean the present system of massive white flight provoked by forced busing, block busting and rampant urban crime. We mean a permanent geographical separation by reorganizing the country into a constellation of independent or semi-independent states according to race. One big state for the Majority. Various little states for the minorities.



Cholly Bilderberger



A Day in the Life of Robert Mallet, 139 P.H.

He woke to the sound of Anne Frank's voice, reading from her work. Her voice came from the television set in the other room, the living room. He could hear his wife, Joan, preparing breakfast in the tiny kitchen.

He rose slowly and dressed reluctantly. From the shabby bedroom he walked into the equally shabby living room. He did not lift his feet quite free of the floor as he walked, and his worn shoes made a scraping sound on its gritty surface.

The family ate around a small table in the living room. His children, Peter and Nancy, were already at the table, waiting listlessly for the meager breakfast.

The black-and-white television set dominated the small room. It was built into the wall so that only the screen was visible. There was no on/off switch, channel selector or volume control. There were knobs for focusing and adjustment, and a printed notice on the wall read: "Failure to keep this set in focus and proper adjustment is a crime, punishable according to the Code." The State controlled the time of transmission, the material, and the volume, which was always high. The usual broadcast schedule ran from six to eight, morning and evening. It was a crime, punishable by the Code, for anyone in the apartment (or in any apartment) not to watch the program during those hours. As the Code put it, "It is permissible not to watch the program if the citizen is moving around in his apartment or performing any necessary household function (sleep, dishwashing, repairs, etc.). At such times, the audible section of the program will still be available. What is not permitted is to be seated in the living room, for instance, and doing something else (reading, playing a game, discussing, etc.)." The set was fitted with a monitoring device to pick up such infractions, as well as incorrect focus and adjustment. It was possible to go to a bedroom to avoid a broadcast, but only occasionally. If the monitor picked up a living room devoid of watchers too often (and no watcher knew how often that was), "a crime was inferred," and inference in such a matter was as conclusive as a "monitorable breaking of the Code." The Mallets, like most families, watched all programs. For a period, long ago, they had avoided some programs (by hiding in

one of the two small bedrooms) on a carefully staggered basis, but after a while that seemed too much trouble.

While Robert Mallet and his family watched any program, they did not expend what little curiosity remained to them wondering about its authenticity. Anne Frank, for example, had been dead for well over one hundred years, so she couldn't be speaking to them live. On the other hand, it might be possible — they were very hazy on such questions — that she was speaking to them by means of a preserved film clip. But how could she have both hidden in World War II and yet been available for filming? If it wasn't a film, then it must be an actress impersonating her. The whole question was too confusing, and the answer didn't mean anything, anyhow, and none of them had the energy to pursue it if it had. The apartment was cold and that made them even more lethargic and indifferent.

All they knew, finally, was that they were required to watch the program, and so they did. And it itself was only a tiny part of the whole, the suspension or freezing of all time in the greatest event in human history, the Holocaust perpetrated by the Germans in 1939-1945, and subsequently endorsed by all non-Jews. In A.D. 2046, the State had acknowledged this fact by adopting the Einstein Calendar, which superseded the Christian Calendar. According to State History, the plan for such a transposition had been found in the famous scientist's papers after his death. Among other arguments for the change, Einstein had written: "The so-called 'Christians' have given up all rights in the scientific community (which governs all other aspects of living) by acting in such an un-Christian way. This applies obviously to the Germans for perpetrating the Holocaust. It applies with equal force to the rest of the so-called 'Christian' world for allowing it to happen. The new Calendar should start from 1945, the year in which the full horror of the Holocaust was uncovered in its entirety. Thus, 1946 should be 1 P.H. (Post Holocaust), 1947 2 P.H., and so forth. This dating should not seem arbitrary to the 'Christian' world. After all, they date their Calendar from the birth of a Jew; they should have no trouble shifting to the deaths of six million Jews as a

new starting date."

Under the former Calendar, Robert was living in the year A.D. 2084. Under the current Calendar, he was living in 139 P.H. And just as the former Western Calendar symbolized the start of true time (and to a degree, the freezing of time) in the birth of the Western God, Jesus Christ, so the new Calendar symbolized the start of a later, truer time (and, to a much greater degree, the freezing of time) in the death of the new Western God, The Jewish People.

In its prime in the Middle Ages, Christianity was most successful in freezing time in Jesus Christ. Thereafter, until the Einstein Calendar was instituted, there was a steady deterioration in that ability. Now, the new religion, a bare 139 years old, far transcended the success of the Middle Ages. Mass communications and total State control combined to ensure that nothing before or after 1939-1945 had any meaning. And that, with certain necessary exceptions (all Jewish history, for instance) carefully handled, nothing before or after 1939-1945 had ever happened.

Anne Frank completed her reading, and was immediately followed by the Atonement Section of the broadcast. That morning it featured Elie Wiesel, the 20th-century author, reading selections from his books, with emphasis on those passages which claimed that salvation for anti-Semites (all non-Jews) can only come through recognition of Jews as Chosen, and by Perpetual Atonement for the Holocaust. His reading was particularly apposite because his viewers had the impression that he had known Anne Frank intimately.

The Mallets finished breakfast and left the apartment, the children for school and Robert for his office. Joan left shortly afterwards, hunched in her worn cloth coat, her pale face set in its permanent grimace of worry and resignation. She carried a shopping bag, which she held in both hands, her thin fingers clutching it tight.

The city was as shabby as its inhabitants. It had once been a typical American metropolis, so the change was considerable. There was little or no outright destruction of buildings or services, and almost no litter, but nothing had been properly maintained, so deterioration had been unchecked, and the result was a lifeless, gray city.

Enormous, carved stone statues of important Jews from the past loomed over intersections and filled the treeless open places which had once, long ago, been parks. The statues were of Jews from all periods and indiscriminately mixed. Moses stared across a deserted playground at Irving Berlin. Freud stood next to Golda Meir before a boarded-up building which had once been a public library.

At his office, where he was a sub-supervisor for consumer goods, electrical appliance division, Robert punched in on the time clock, and went into the large room where he worked. He had a desk but no telephone. There were forty-odd other workers in the room, and only the supervisor had a telephone.

Robert stood beside his desk, as did all the other workers beside theirs. On the stroke of nine, they all bowed their heads, and a voice intoned over the loudspeaker system: "We shall now make our Daily Pledge." The voice went on to give the Pledge, duplicated by Robert and his fellow workers in word-perfect simultaneous synchronization.

"I give thanks to The Jewish People for having shown me the way. I give thanks to Israel for having given its life that I may live. I pledge that I shall be worthy of my debt to The Jewish People and The Jewish Cause, and to the hope of life eternal in Israel. I pledge my life here on earth to atoning for the sins of my fathers, which are my sins, and those of all my sons, against The Jewish People, and to working for the glory of The Jewish People, here and in Israel."

Then Robert sat down at his desk and began to read and sort papers. It was, as he had told Joan many years before, meaningless work. There was no real connection between what he did — making projections on local electrical appliance production under optimum conditions — and the actual production of electrical appliances in the area. His projections were filed here in the office, and copies were sent to the various electrical appliance manufacturers in the area, but he knew for a fact (now he was hazy, but he had known, definitely) that they were never consulted by those manufacturers, who were always far behind their quotas. And even if they had produced their quotas, public demand was small because of low electrical power allocations, so the appliances would not sell in quantity, anyhow. Nothing about any aspect of his job mattered. He sorted papers, filed his projections, and dreamed. He dreamed when he was actually sorting, filing and projecting — all so simple and automatic — as well as when he was pretending to do so, so he really dreamed very nearly all the time in the office.

It was cold in the office, as cold as in the apartment, and he was chronically malnourished, all of which increased his dreaminess, and gave his dreams a heightened reality. He did not, naturally, go to sleep while dreaming — he daydreamed while going through the motions of work — but he was so weak physically, and his work was so meaningless, that his daydreams excluded the reality of the office very nearly as completely as if he had been asleep.

This morning he thought of his children in school, and what they would be studying. The curriculum had been fixed for a long time, now, and at sixteen Peter was being taught on that day precisely what he himself had been taught on the same day when he was that age. If he remembered correctly, it was the Begin Dogma. This was based on the assertion, in the year 36, by Menahem Begin, then Leader of The Jewish People, that the Germans, who had perpetrated the Holocaust, could never cease atoning for it. "Nor their children, nor their children's children, nor any generation of Germans to the end of time and beyond," as Mr. Richardson had written it on the blackboard for them to copy, "can avoid the guilt, nor Perpetual Atonement and Payment for that guilt."

At the Council of New Jaffa (formerly New York) in 92, the Dogma had been expanded by unanimous vote to include all anti-Semites (for practical purposes, all those with any European blood, no matter how far back, and no matter where in the world they lived.) Those anti-Semites with German blood (one great-grandparent was considered sufficient) had to wear yellow arm bands. The rest of the anti-Semites were grateful for not having to wear arm bands, but understood that the dispensation did not lessen their guilt, which was equal to that of the Germans.

Robert also remembered that in the same history class a boy named Paul Saddler had asked Mr. Richardson, "What about people who aren't of European origin?"

"In this State, there are no people who aren't of European stock," Mr. Richardson replied. "We are all of European stock and hence all anti-Semites and hence all guilty."

"Are Mexicans of European stock?" another boy had asked.

"Certainly," Mr. Richardson had said. "They have Spanish blood."

"But once there were other kinds, weren't there?" Paul persisted. "Black people, and Indians, and Orientals? People who weren't of European stock?"

"Yes," Mr. Richardson said, "We know there were. But they all went away."

"Where to?" Paul asked.

"Back to their native lands," Mr. Richardson said, showing some impatience.

"But how?" Paul asked. "My grandfather told me that once there were millions of blacks here. And suddenly they all disappeared. How could so many of them been sent back to Africa in such a short time?"

Mr. Richardson had said they had and that was that. Then he asked Paul where his grandfather was, and Paul said he was dead. Paul wanted to ask him some more questions, but he wouldn't talk to Paul any more. Paul asked him where the Indians went when they went back to their native land, but Mr. Richardson wouldn't answer him. Later Paul told the other boys he didn't believe anything Mr. Richardson had said.

Paul wasn't in school the next year. They said he had gone to Cleveland.

Robert had known another boy in school who didn't believe much of what they were taught, but he didn't parade his disbelief before the teachers. His name was Donald Harrow. He liked Robert and told him one day that there were still Jews in the world. That they were in that very city. That they were the Chiefs.

Robert was shocked. The State taught that the few Jews who had survived the Holocaust had all, in time, migrated to Israel. By 71, there were no Jews anywhere in the world except in Israel. And then Armageddon had come, and the entire population of Israel, along with the actual State itself, had ascended into the heavens. After that, Israel was synonymous with what had been called "heaven" in the B.H. (Before Holocaust) period. Robert believed that. He also believed the rest of the State's teaching: that if you lived an exemplary (Atoning) life, you would go to Israel, where you could, for all eternity, continue to pay for the Holocaust. But with an important difference from earthly Perpetual Atonement in that you were allowed to be in Israel, to be with The Jewish People. If you did not live an exemplary life, you were banished to Germany, which was synonymous with what had been called "hell" B.H., and would have to spend eternity Atoning on an agonizing level with the Germans.

But Donald Harrow told Robert that none of that was true. "The Jews didn't leave Israel and go into the sky," he said. "They left when they could take over everything else. They simply left — none of them wanted to live there — and let the Arabs have it again. After all, it had served its purpose, which

was to be a stepping stone to control elsewhere, especially here, where they made up this crazy religion — just like the old Christianity with the names changed, they know what we like — and they run it. They are the Chiefs."

"Oh, no," Robert breathed. He was shocked at everything Donald said, but most of all at the heretical notion that the Jews still existed in the flesh on earth. The State and the Code were wholly based on the fact that there were no longer any Jews anywhere in the world. They had been destroyed, first by the anti-Semites in the Holocaust and then by Armageddon, a disaster which they had, evidently, willed on themselves in their despair at the everlasting anti-Semitism of the rest of humanity. State History was vague on just how they had willed Armageddon and their own destruction, but adamant about the fact that they had done so. The point of life as Robert and his fellow citizens understood it was Perpetual Atonement for exterminating the Jews — first, in the Holocaust (in which all non-Jews had participated, one way or another); and second, at Armageddon, to which the Jews had been driven (again, by everyone else). If there were still Jews anywhere — but especially in The State — The State's religion and rationale became meaningless.

And if the Chiefs were Jews . . . but it was unthinkable. The Chiefs ran everything in the State. They were a class apart, immediately recognizable, even from a distance, because of their size — they were all over seven feet tall. They were also aloof, stern and unforgiving. Everyone was frightened by the Chiefs, but thought that only natural. After all, the Chiefs were responsible for enforcing the Code, for keeping the entire population aware of its guilt and of the extent of The Atonement which could never be sufficient but which was the only road to an exemplary life and the possibility of Israel. The Chiefs were the temporal and religious leaders.

"Haven't you noticed how Jewish the Chiefs look?" Donald asked him.

"There is no such thing as a Jewish look," Robert said, saying what he had been taught and what he believed.

"My father has some old books," Donald said. "There are photographs of Jews in them, and they look different. They look just like the Chiefs. Our School Chief, for instance, looks just like a Jew who lived a long time ago, B.H. I think. His name was Sam Goldwyn. And haven't you noticed how much the Chiefs resemble the statues?"

"But even if it were true, why would they do it? Why would they say that all the Jews were gone when they weren't?"

Donald shrugged. "Control. If all the Jews were gone, it's easier to enforce the religion and everything else." He laughed. "What had me wondering, though, was how they got to be so big. But I found it in one of my father's books. It was called genetic engineering. It was invented a long time ago, and they must have the secret."

"But why would they want to be so big?"

"To intimidate naive people like you," Donald said, laughing again. "To keep a good thing going. They have all the non-Jews in the State — and that's a lot of people — working for them as slaves. It's an empire, and worth some effort."

Robert hadn't lost his faith, but he had begun to wonder. Then a few months later he was taken in for questioning.

Donald had been careful, but not careful enough. They had caught him and charged him with heresy, and somehow they knew he was a friend of Robert's. Robert had never understood how they had done it, but they made him tell them everything Donald had said to him — he had heard himself repeating it all. He heard himself and had been unable to stop. They had kept him there for a few weeks and when they let him go, he didn't believe anything Donald had said. He didn't know why he didn't, but he didn't. He had been tired and sleepy when they let him go, and that was over twenty years ago, and never since had he lost that feeling of drowsiness and fatigue. He didn't know what had happened to Donald, and he didn't care.

Sometimes he remembered bits and pieces from the time they had him. They had put him under a white light, and said things to him. He thought they were Chiefs. He couldn't see them except as shadows because of the light in his eyes, but the shadows were huge. They were enormous and he wanted to please them. He wanted to Atone.

A voice said, "You look Nordic. Do you know what that means?"

"It's bad," Robert said. "It's bad to be Nordic." He wanted to Atone. He wanted to be small and Atone, to please the huge, shadowy Chiefs. He didn't want to be bad in any way.

The voice said, "It's almost as bad to be Nordic as it is to be German."

"I'm not German," Robert said. He was constricted with terror. The horror of Germany after death filled his mind and he was sick with terror.

"Perhaps you're not," the voice said. "But you certainly look Nordic."

And then Robert could stand it no longer and burst into tears. Sometimes, when he remembered that exchange and came to the moment when he cried, he could feel tears coming down his face. Once, when he came to that moment, he actually did cry, and the tears were real. He hadn't known they were real until he put his hand to his face. Until then, he had thought he was only imagining the tears, as he always did when he came to that moment. He was surprised that there was little or no difference between imagined tears and real tears.

At noon Robert ate the apple and the small piece of cheese which he had brought with him in a brown paper bag. The other workers ate similar lunches. They remained at their desks and no talking was permitted. They all had to watch the television screen, which came on during the lunch break. The program was part of a long series on Adolf Eichmann, and showed him working with the representatives of the French, British and American governments on the details of concentration camp construction.

The afternoon passed as Robert continued to sort papers and drift in and out of his dream world. He remembered a picnic that he and Joan had gone on just before they were married, and the sun on her hair. She had been pretty. Not beautiful, of course, but pretty. They had given up picnics a long time ago, and he didn't know why. Nor did he care.

He remembered that he had once had a photograph of his

great-grandfather Mallet, who was also named Robert. That Robert had looked out of the photograph with eyes which were not unlike his own. Now the photograph was gone. Robert didn't know what had happened to it. Nor did he care.

He left the office with the rest of the workers and went out into the gray street. The crowd was thick and mindless in its slow movement. He was pushed against a man wearing a yellow arm band. He tried to squirm away, but the pressure of the passive crowd was too great. He didn't want to look into the man's eyes, but he did, and they were guarded but with a tiny spark of life, a tiny spark of contempt.

When he was free of the man, he remembered another moment from his interrogation. He was under the light and a voice said, "Donald Harrow told you a story about Utah, about the pits, about the black pits. Admit it."

"No," Robert said. "He never said anything like that."

The voice went on for hours, for what seemed like days, trying to make him admit that he had heard about Utah, about the pits, about the black pits. But he denied that truthfully, and evidently they finally believed him. Robert never mentioned the pits to anyone, not even Joan. Nor Utah. He knew, somehow, that he was not supposed to. But something about the eyes of the man, the German, with the yellow arm band had made him think of those pits. He didn't know why, and perhaps there was no connection at all. It didn't matter, though. The only thing that mattered was doing something bad, and he hadn't done anything bad with the German.

At home, Joan was preparing the inadequate evening meal, and Peter and Nancy were already sitting at the table. The apartment was quite cold, colder than it had been in the morning. Robert knew that the children's hands and faces were like ice. He didn't want to touch them.

The evening television program was on, showing part of a series on brave verbal retaliations to anti-Semitism by the Marx brothers and other Jewish comedians in the United States immediately B.H. and P.H. It was very loud; the volume always seemed greater in the evening.

The family ate and then sat in silence until the program was over and the set went dark. The apartment was painfully cold, and the children hurried to bed.

Robert helped Joan do the dishes and tidy up the tiny kitchen, and then they, too, went to bed.

In the dark, Robert remembered again, as he had that afternoon, the lost photograph of his great-grandfather. He didn't wonder why he remembered it — he didn't wonder why he remembered anything — and he didn't really care that it was lost. Usually his memories were fleeting, and quickly superseded by others, but the image of the photograph was oddly stubborn and wouldn't go away. The eyes which were not unlike his own looked at him for such a long time that it finally occurred to him that some sort of message might be intended. Alone in the cold dark, his emaciated wife asleep beside him, he waited for his ancestor to give him a sign. But no sign came, and the image gradually faded. Tired and barely awake now, Robert tried to bring his great-grandfather back, but couldn't. He drifted into sleep without knowing — or caring — that the image had not returned.

John Nobull

Notes From the Sceptred Isle

Edinburgh is one of the very few cities in northern Europe which has retained its character. The Royal Mile, between the Castle and Holyrood House, has many fine late Mediaeval and Renaissance buildings, including the Cathedral of St. Giles. The "New Town," south of Princes Street, is built in excellent classical style, mainly of the Regency period. There doctors and lawyers live in spacious, symmetrical buildings with large windows and noble facades. Ruskin didn't approve of this architecture; he preferred the neo-Gothic, exemplified in the frightful monument to Sir Walter Scott on Princes Street. But this statue and that of Burns show the high forehead and grave expression that characterise the creative Scot. You can still see men like that among the middle classes on the streets of Edinburgh. They are often tall and slim, with auburn hair. A sizeable number tend to sharp noses and thin lips, the latter striking me as significantly Scotch. A recent survey found that kissing was much more common among the easy-going folk of the English Southwest than it was in Scotland. The least attractive expression on the Scotch face is one of disapproval. Still, they are an ancient and distinctive people. Tacitus, incidentally, describes the Picts as being auburn-haired and tall, specifically resembling the Germani on the other side of the North Sea.

Unfortunately, when there is a football match, the "wee mon" also makes his appearance on the streets of Edinburgh. He comes in droves from Leith and Glasgow, stands a full five feet tall in his boots, is tattooed like his remote ancestors (whoever they may have been) and sways as he drinks from a bottle which he is ever ready to smash and use as a weapon. The Germans once called them *Giftzwerge* (poison dwarfs) because they used to gang up in sixes and sevens to kick unoffending civilians to bits -- and their English neighbours have eagerly seized on the appellation.

In the outer isles, Caithness and Sutherland, you may often meet a type of Nordic which is much more heavily built than the middle classes of Edinburgh. This racial type is mainly Scandinavian in origin, though it may be influenced by remnants of the true Celts. It should be remembered that not only the Orkneys and Shetlands but also the Outer Hebrides were only Celticised in speech by immigration from the Inner Hebrides as late as the fifteenth century. The place names are still Norse, as are several of the clan names.

It was men from the Outer Isles, giants with six-foot battle-axes and coats of mail, who hired themselves out to Irish

chieftains as mercenaries during the Middle Ages, and held up the advance of their Norman cousins for a century and a half. The Gaelic name for them was "Gallowglasses" (foreign soldiers). Jo Grimmond, Liberal M.P. for Orkney, is a fine example of the physical type, and he has been a comparatively healthy influence on his party too. But the upper-class Highlanders at the London Caledonian Club are probably the best examples of all.

The Inner Hebrides and Highlands proper contain many examples of the tallish, light-eyed, dark-haired Atlanto-Mediterranean type (ultimately associated with the early megalithic monuments). The women, with their raven hair, freckles, pink cheeks and level gaze, can be very attractive indeed. One such was a MacNeill from Barra, training to be a nurse some years ago. The matron indicated that she was sitting too high up the table, whereupon she moved to the far end, declaring, "Wherever a MacNeill sits is the head of the table." The MacNeills had the institution of a piper who not only played at meals, but shouted out in Gaelic at the end, "The Great MacNeill of Barra having finished his supper, the princes of the earth may dine!" No one can accuse the traditional Scots of underrating themselves. Hence the toast, "Here's tae us. Wha's like us? Damn few."

Initially, at any rate, no one suffered more from the expansion of English power than the Highland Scots. The reason was that they constituted a threat. Many of them were driven out after the rising of 1745, when the clan system was proscribed and sheep began to replace crofters. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who cared so much for the Negro, wrote a book in defense of her friend the Duchess of Sutherland for having got rid of her tenants. The remaining Highlanders also suffered terribly in the potato famine of the 1840s, but I have never found among their descendants any sign of that rancid hatred which is sometimes shown by the Irish.

In any case, there was more volition than coercion where Scotch emigration was concerned. When Boswell remarked to Johnson and Wilkes that at least Scotch law prevented imprisonment for debt unless the debtor was *in meditatione fugae* (contemplating flight), Wilkes retorted that that might safely be said of the whole Scotch nation. But not until the twentieth century did the exodus have its worst effects. Scotch IQs, once very high, have dropped progressively during the twentieth century.

I am by no means unfriendly towards Scotch particularism -- if only because it may stimulate the lethargic English. I feel that



they were cheated out of devolution by an arbitrary ruling requiring at least 40 percent of the electors to vote in favour at the referendum. This means that all who failed to vote, or lay in the churchyard, automatically voted against. What is more, there was a violent press campaign against devolution (separatism), with prominent members of the liberal-minority coalition very much to the fore. Obviously, they feared that the measure might result in the Scots gaining control of immigration into their country, not to speak of a sizeable amount of North Sea oil. Anyway, the majority vote in favor of devolution was ignored. I also sympathise when the Scots object to post-boxes with "EIRR" on them (the present Queen is the *first* of her name in Scotland), and I do not see why they should not be allowed to issue coins replacing the banknotes of which they are now being deprived.

What worry me are the attitudes of the outright Scotch nationalists. They used to be a collection of weird characters with their hearts in the right place, who stressed tradition and obviously wanted to break free of the welfare state. These were the "Tartan Tories." But Scotland has a built-in majority of welfarised dependents, on whom the media can play as on an electric guitar. So the Nationalists are steadily swinging to the left. Take a specific instance. I was walking along Queen Street with a young rugby football player, when we met an extremely beautiful girl. She stopped and complimented my companion on his part in the game that day. In the evening, I referred to this incident in someone's flat, and a troglodytic, bearded Glaswegian nationalist lawyer began to inveigh against the girl. He said that she and her kind were the anglicised upper classes and had no place in a nationalised Scotland. Their English accents were anathema to him, and their Scottishness counted for nothing. It appears that the concern of Scotch nationalism is now entirely with the "working class." That means driving out "the white settlers" and making Scotland safe for the poison dwarfs.

Even in Edinburgh, Chinese throwaways and Kit-e-Kat curry establishments have sprung up. Most of the old pubs (not all, mercifully) have been altered to suit the taste of the suburban housewife, with gassy beer, plush furniture and plastic fittings. As usual, the centre of putrefaction is the University, where a "living sculpture" exhibition has been organised, called the Furbelows. The art students prostitute themselves by dressing naked in see-through crocheted costumes, wearing masks and exaggerated genitalia. They travel to different cities, and have already been given a gaol sentence in Liverpool -- overturned by a higher court. This bright little scheme was thought up by an American lady by the name of Beberman.

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I used to know eastern Canada pretty well and recently went to visit the western part of the country. I have been an enthusiastic supporter of western separatism -- partly as a slap in the eye for the liberals in Ottawa, partly because of my hope that a true Majority state might emerge in the west. Although the separatists are a fine bunch of people, I found that most western Canadians just wanted more money in order to promote the growth of their vulgar consumer society. What is more, their "opinion-formers" feel that western Canada needs

more people -- any people -- and often invoke the bogey of Soviet expansionism to support their case. Present immigration policy has resulted in a progressively mingled mass of different races. The students have been hit hardest. With their root beer and John Lennon posters, most of them look as though they were suffering from shell-shock.

Personally, I met a lot of fine people, but then I always do. The patent Nobull method for getting the most out of life is to hobnob as far as possible only with the better physical types, even when asking questions in the street. The forthcoming manners of the West make this all the easier. One pretty girl even stopped to help me with my map -- something most unusual in the East or in England. The driving is pretty friendly, too, especially by the standards of Continental Europe. Vehicles voluntarily stop to let jaywalkers cross, instead of trying to run them down. Nor does one see that curse of British roads -- the little bastard who knows his rights, and drives at twenty miles an hour in the middle of the road. On the aeroplanes, I kept meeting vital young men on their way to and from the oilfields -- full of high spirits, overwhelmed by their pay scales, eagerly discussing their experiences in Saudi Arabia, Texas or the North Sea, or planning their next hectic holiday. All are Nordics. But one also sees caricatures of them in the street -- little squat guys wearing ten-gallon hats and cowboy boots, waddling along in a belligerent manner -- what one might call democratic versions of the Western dream.

My first stop was Edmonton. It began as a trading post in 1795, but very little of architectural value has gone up since that date. Perhaps the reason is that it has always been a centre for exploitation rather than culture. The town's only real asset is the river valley of the North Saskatchewan, which has been developed for all sorts of sports, including cross-country skiing -- so much healthier than jogging heavily on hard pavements.

One evening I went to the Jubilee Auditorium, where the artistic director is a Mr. Irving Guttman. He intersperses Verdi and Mascagna with the operatic works of Gershwin, Rogers and Hammerstein, or the odd pop concert. Outside in the street there are wall posters put up by the Edmonton branch of the People's Fight against Racist and Fascist Violence. They inform me that racists "have no right to speak or organise." Downtown, furtive little men try to sell me copies of *The Watchtower*.

In Canada, there is the added bonus of U.S. TV, and I watched various programmes with great attention. The main thing I grasped is that Southerners must be very nasty, ridiculous people. One programme featured Bill Buckley, speaking in educated accents against "ersatz egalitarianism" on a panel of conservatives, including a Dr. Heilbronn. Buckley is a goodlooking Nordic type of Irishman with very pale blue eyes. It is obvious he is determined to remain on the safe side of the demarcation line between conservatives and right-wing radicals.

The Edmonton press is a sort of forum, full of syndicated rubbish, but with occasional bright spots like the occasional, old-time Social Creditor who writes in to denounce the interest ripoff of the government by the central banks. The big news was about a "gay" character who collected a sentence for burning down a local synagogue, not to speak of some Chris-

tian churches, and used to howl at the moon between times. I remarked that all arsonists should be incarcerated, and was reproved by a nice lady for my extreme views.

Calgary is much better placed than Edmonton. From the top of the Calgary Tower you can see 150 miles of the Rockies -- one of the great views of the world. But the eyes of the teenagers behind me were turned toward the slot machines. They seem to have them everywhere in Canada now, especially in the student hostels.

Calgary was founded by the Mounties in 1875, wearing the red tunic of the old British infantry. In those days, the British, and particularly the Scots, were pioneers. Calgary is named after a place in the Hebrides. It was Simon Fraser, son of a Tory from Vermont, who explored the great river which bears his name. Far to the north, the Mackenzie flows from the Great Slave Lake to the Arctic, a river bigger than the Rhine. But nowadays the pioneer spirit seems almost dead. I can think only of Douglas MacInnis, who dives beneath the ice-floes of the Arctic. In the wild mountains between the Coastal Range and the Rockies, it is Hans Moser who has pioneered helicopter skiing. His guides are all Austrians and Bavarians.

I drove from Calgary westward to meet some cattle ranchers, who all had terminals plugged into the computer centre at the University. (Presumably its departments of science, as opposed to social science, are of good standard.) The ranchers are exploiting the phenomenon of hybrid vigour, or heterosis, and maintaining its effect by selective recombination. This tends to produce a new race of cattle. The process involves crossbreeding various strains of domestic cattle and one without rancher made much play with the irrelevance of skin colour in this connexion. I pointed out that, quite apart from the vital selective factor, all the breeds involved had been developed within the last few centuries, and were therefore fairly closely related. Man, on the other hand, divided into different races at the *Homo erectus* stage, about half a million years ago. So the same argument would only apply in human terms to selective breeding within a major race, say, the Europids or the Mongolids.

The Rockies were breathtaking, and I saw a wide variety of wild life. One cultural detail may be of interest. Down in the Okanagan Valley is the typically rich little Canadian town of Osoyoos. South across the border is the little town of Oroville, in Washington. The first town is rather characterless, but the second is a different world, with old-time saloons in a high street out of *High Noon*. The American West has the edge where tradition is concerned. For the time being, Canada is where the money is, but when the oil shale of the U.S. Rockies becomes exploitable, the blight will move south.

Vancouver is a crowded city in a fine natural setting of mountains and bays. Downtown are the usual skyscrapers, but alongside in the old harbour is an old ship, the skipper of which, a fascinating character of Dutch origin, is always ready to take people up the coast to Alaska.

One morning, I visited the museum at the University of British Columbia, where a wonderful natural setting on a headland has been wasted by the erection of scattered, tasteless buildings. The totem poles in the museum were huge and menacing, and were gazed at with revered fascination by local

Amerindians. In another part of the museum, a woman on a coin dating from the fourth century was described as "coarse-faced," a description also applicable to the Indians. In the very middle of the campus is a large mound of glass panels, all placed at different angles, presumably to represent the atomisation of modern experience. Posters advertising Israel Week as a "Festival of Peace" were to be seen everywhere, plus others for Gay Rights and Women's Lib. A sociologist called Rock Salter is teaching Marx by means of comic books produced by "Ruis" (Eduardo del Rio), a leftist Mexican.

When I landed from the ferry at Victoria, I was immediately struck by the civilised layout of the harbour, which even the big hotels could not spoil. Fortunately, the laying out was done before the rise of unrestricted individualism could wreck the pattern. The frightful "castles" erected by Lord Donsmuir, a local coal magnate, show what I mean. Downtown, the dark pink and light pink blossom was out in the streets, and soon the flower baskets would be hanging from the lamp posts outside the Legislative Assembly. But uptown there are more and more cheap eateries selling junk food (pancakes, doughnuts or pizzas).

The greatest attraction in Victoria is the museum, which will stand comparison in its way with any other. The reconstructed hairy mammoth, standing on the tundra, is the most lifelike I have ever seen, and the exhibits of forest and lake shore are also very well done. The Indian exhibits were better than at the Vancouver museum, and I had an overwhelming impression of a self-sufficient Indian society in the old days. Carleton Coon has emphasized that these Northwestern Indians were the only hunters and fishers in recent times to develop a degree of culture, relying above all on the great schools of Pacific salmon. Of course, their achievements must be seen in perspective. Their non-agricultural culture was very inferior to the Solutrean or Magadalenian in palaeolithic Europe, for example. But at least it was in harmony with nature. At its best, along the bloodthirsty Haida of Queen Charlotte Island, their art has a certain savage authenticity. Films shown in the museum include some taken as late as the 1920s. Indians paddling long dug-out canoes gaze in wonder at one of their number who stands in the prow and acts the part of a bear or an eagle. Alas, the missionaries made it their task to destroy this native culture and integrate the Indians as far as possible into our civilisation.

Further up island, I saw some wretched Indians, reduced to apathy by welfarism, although they have many fishing and hunting rights which are denied to local whites. They live in more squalid versions of the mean little houses, each expressing its owner's individuality, which cover the good farmland like a blight. The only tolerable ones are the clapboard constructions put up by miners from Britain in the last century. At least they are unpretentious. And there are some fine houses in the woods, owned by the Victoria rich.

The systematic destruction of the forest resources on Vancouver Island has left a few strands of centuries-old Douglas firs. Fortunately, they seed themselves easily in that wet climate, and there are stands of Western red cedars which are almost equally impressive. Walking among such trees, one experiences the feeling of grandeur and awe described by Chateaubriand in his *Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*. What have

we gained by reducing all that fine timber to wood pulp? Countless tons of lies and half-truths in the form of newsprint.

Fish are the biggest attraction for tourists on the island, and I was disappointed to find that salmon, trout, shrimp and lobster had all been slowly frozen into a common tastelessness. Only the crabmeat retained some savour, and it was not till I went up island that I found some excellent unfrozen smoked salmon. We ate it in a house on a headland overlooking the long rollers of the Strait of Georgia.

My friends in Canada tended to regard the French Canadians as a threat. After all, Trudeau is a French Canadian. One rightist declared that the French Canadians were filled with the spirit of the French Revolution. In my view, and in the view of Mr. Lougheed, the independent premier of Alberta, the so-called French extremists are the natural friends of the Western Canadians. They should be drinking the toast "Vive le Quebec

Libre!" at every evening meal. The French are only dangerous when they play the integration game, like the ghastly Trudeau.

The left, conversely and perversely, is always ready to whip up anti-Americanism. Of course, the important thing is that the target for xenophobia should always be another white group -- never the East Indians, who are thoroughly disliked by the average Canadian. An Englishman is tolerated by all, provided he is ready to be assimilated into the Canadian version of North American culture.

Antipathy towards the East Indians expresses itself on the radical right in such cracks as the following: "Why do Pakkis smell? So that blind people can hate them as well." Such "jokes" are merely a *substitute* for action. How many of those who repeat such things would dare to sign a petition against Pakistani immigration? Very few, I think.

Primate Watch



BAILEY SMITH, after months of piling up his mea culpas, was reelected president of the Southern Baptist Convention. Though God may not hear the prayers of Jews, who may have "funny looking noses," Bailey swears, "I've always loved the Jewish people . . . I'm beginning to understand them in a very special way, a wonderful way." If this weren't groveling enough, Smith spent Passover with the head of the ADL in Dallas and will take a chaperoned trip to the Holy Land next fall with prominent Zionists.

☆ ☆ ☆

MICHAEL NOVAK is a here-again, gone-again ideologue whose opinions vary with the seasons. Having progressed from a Rockefeller Foundation flunky and Sargent Shriver ghostwriter to a Reaganite, Novak is now U.S. delegate to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. To no one's surprise, his maiden speech shriekingly defended Israeli terrorists and blasted the Arabs, the modern world's most authentic Semites, for "despicable anti-Semitism." In 1972 this sturdy defender of Republicans wrote a book, *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics* (Macmillan, N.Y.), in which he advocated a black-ethnic alliance to take over the Democratic party. To teach WASPs the evil they had wrought in the world, he urged that every WASP lady "in yearly ritual, in full public gaze, strangle an abandoned cat with no other assistance but her own bare hands" (p. 195). Novak's anti-WASP racism has not been tempered by his marriage to a Jewess.

☆ ☆ ☆

CLARENCE DILLINGHAM, the black college instructor who was one of the group

of liberal-appointed appeasers who made that Canossa trip to the Ayatullah in 1979, was hoosegowed (3 to 10 years) for dealing in cocaine and marijuana.

☆ ☆ ☆

REP. SAM GEJDENSON (D-Conn., born in a displaced persons camp in Germany) asked the Senate Finance Committee to turn down Richard Schweiker's appointment of Warren Richardson to be assistant secretary of HHS. The ADL published the tidings that Richardson had once worked for Liberty Lobby in 1973 and was therefore "anti-Semitic." Richardson's head quickly rolled. When the ADL and a foreign-born Jewish congressman talk, the pols listen -- and kowtow. What about Richardson's civil rights? No one dared pose the question. In the end, Richardson went out ignobly, by turning against his former employer and crawling. It did him not the slightest bit of good.

☆ ☆ ☆

PHILIP BERRIGAN, a reverse collar anti-hero of the Vietnam War, was moved out of the news several years ago when he was daft enough to put in a good word for the Palestinians. But now that the good father, still married to his nun, is trying to shut down nuclear plants and sounding off against El Salvador, the media have rediscovered him. In fact, they gave him the friendliest of coverage when he appeared in Northern Ireland to lend his moral support to the late Bobby Sands. Also making a pro-terrorist trip to the Emerald Isle was professional troublemaker Dick Gregory.

☆ ☆ ☆

If Catholic Jackie O could marry a Greek Orthodox Greek, why couldn't Catholic **GOVERNOR HUGH CAREY** of New York do the same? He could. Not quite two weeks after he vetoed a death penalty bill for the fifth time, he, 62, married the many-drachmaed Evangeline Gouletas, 44, amid much electronic hoopla. A 10-page biography of the bride handed out by her family's company, American Invsco, microscoped her marital resumé to "1955 -- Married, Widow." The press release was eerily laconic. The new Mrs. Carey actually had a trio of previous husbands: Frank Kallas, owner of a Greek restaurant; Evangelos Metaxes, a draftsman from Athens; and George Kaltezas, an engineer now living in Greece.

☆ ☆ ☆

GRAHAM GREENE is a vastly overrated writer with just the right mix of literary license, liberal sentimentality and parlor pinkishness. In Israel to pick up a \$2,000 literary award, Greene admitted he had been receiving letters from Kim Philby, the pansy master spy now living in Moscow. Said Greene, "I respect his communism."

☆ ☆ ☆

Could it be? **ABBIE HOFFMAN** in jail! That's what the papers said. After joining good friends Bella Abzug and Representative Theodore Weiss (D-Israel) in a demonstration against military aid to El Salvador, the world's most reprehensible clown was spirited off to serve a three-year sentence for peddling \$36,000 worth of cocaine in 1973. William F. Buckley, Jr., Ramsey Clark, Dr. Spock, Allen Ginsberg and Norman Mailer urged that Abbie be given probation instead of jail. So far no luck.

☆ ☆ ☆

Talking Numbers

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

In 1950, 62.1% of the students in Chicago's public elementary schools were white; 36.1% black, 1.8% other.

In 1960, 55.2% white, 42.1% black, 2.7% other.

In 1970, 34.6% white, 54.8% black, 9.7% Hispanic, 0.7% Asian, 0.2% Amerindian.

In 1980, 18.8% white, 60.8% black, 18.4% Hispanic, 2.1% Asian, 0.1% Amerindian.

#

The U.S. admitted 750,000 immigrants and refugees last year. That's more than all the immigrants and refugees taken in by all the other countries of the world put together. The number, of course, does not include a million or so illegal immigrants.

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There are now more than 10,000 professed Marxists on the faculties of U.S. colleges and universities. More than a dozen Marxist journals are published every month and 400,000 Marxist books are published every year. The president of the Organization of American Historians is Eugene Genovese, an open supporter of the Viet Cong in the 1960s. The president-elect is William A. Williams of Oregon State University, who relies on Marxist-Leninism to explain the behavior of U.S. business. Marxist Samuel Bowles, son of the former Democratic party wheel horse and Madison Avenue huckster Chester Bowles, heads the economics department of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

#

Written boldly in red ink is the U.S. deficit of \$180.5 billion in the last five years. In the last ten years Japan and West Germany had a deficit for one year only.

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Based on government reports, James Coates of the *Chicago Tribune* claims that waste in federal government amounted to \$51 billion in the last fiscal year. The deficit for the same period was \$55.2 billion.

#

About one-third (27.2 million) of America's 79.1 million households receive financial assistance from Medicare, Medicaid, food stamps, school lunches or subsidized housing. Twenty percent are helped by two or more programs, 12% by three or more.

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A poll by Research Associates, Inc., revealed that 58% of black households have one or more firearms, compared to 51% of white households.

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The number of daily users of marijuana, according to a University of Michigan survey of 17,000 high-school students, has dropped 12% to 1 in 10. No significant increase was noted in the number of teenagers who have tried cocaine (16%), heroin (1%) and LSD (9%). Three-quarters of those interviewed disapproved of regular marijuana use.

#

A starting mail-handler in the Postal Service now receives \$17,734 per annum; starting clerks and letter carriers, \$18,282. All this in addition to 9 paid holidays, 13 days paid vacation, generous sick leave, etc., etc.

#

Of the country's 2.23 million 16- to 19-year-old blacks capable of working, the Labor Department says 530,000 are working, 159,000 are at school or college, and only 174,000 (7.8%) have been looking unsuccessfully for a full-time job. Nothing was said about the activities and aspirations, or lack of same, of the remaining 1,376,000.

#

When Indira Gandhi became prime minister of India in 1966, the Indian Parliament had 35 women members. Last year it had 27. The British Parliament had more women members 50 years ago than it has today, when Margaret Thatcher is at the helm. As the London *Economist* points out, female heads of state carefully avoid "women's issues" and don't bring in women politicians on their "apron strings." That not only goes for Maggie, but for Miss Vigdis Finnbogadottir and Mrs. Gro Harlem Brundtland, the prime ministers of Iceland and Norway.

#

Neonatologists can now save the lives of half of the "preemies" (premature babies) weighing less than 35 ounces at birth. Currently, 39,000 infants weighing less than 53 ounces (about 1% of all live births) are born each year. One-third of them die, and 7,000 join the ranks of the seriously or partially handicapped. Medical miracles, evolutionary disasters!

Elsewhere



Central America. It is now quite clear to everyone but those who will not see, hear or speak evil that what President Eisenhower did in 1959 President Carter did in 1979 -- namely, let a Latin American country switch from a right-wing dictatorship friendly to the U.S. to a left-wing, anti-American Marxist monolith. Lest there be any doubt about this, we should heed Nevardo Arguello Gutierrez, a top official of Nicaragua's Ministry of Justice. He defected when the number of Cubans in Nicaragua reached 10,000 and Cuban officers had appeared at every military level in the army. He pointed out that about all the \$60 million American aid

package sent after the fall of Somoza went to line the pockets of Castro-worshipping Sandinistas. As for human rights, they are in a much worse state now than before -- with some 8,000 political prisoners behind bars. Was Somoza, who was assassinated in Paraguay after Carter refused to give him permanent asylum in the United States, killed by the CIA? Why not? The CIA had a hand in killing Trujillo, another pro-American strongman. Strangely, despite all the assassination talk during the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations, Castro seems to be in better health than ever.

The makers of our foreign policy always

favor the anti-American left in Latin America over the anti-anti-American right. So be it. Our only hope, consequently, is that the Reds will fall out among themselves. We have reached the point in foreign policy that we cannot buck the wishes of the liberal-minority coalition; we can only circumvent them. One way to do this is to confuse the issue by favoring one Red faction over another. Confuse 'em at home, divide 'em abroad! Sad to relate, that is one of the few ways left to the American Majority to advance the national interest abroad.

Britain. One Englishman who still speaks and writes like an Englishman is Richard Ingrams, longtime editor of *Private Eye*, the maverick magazine which recently cele-



brated the appearance of its 500th issue and has now reached a circulation of 140,000. Ingrams is not afraid to sound off against Jews and homosexuals, though he will only plead guilty to a charge of anti-Zionism, not anti-Semitism. He does, however, like "to go after City stories" and "the people at the centre of these stories tend to be Jews." He says he dislikes Sir James Goldsmith, owner of the recently expired weekly *Now*, "not because he is a Jew, but because he is a German." The father of Sir James was a German Jew, his mother a French Catholic. Ingrams is also against drink and what he describes as "Ugandan" activities. The word took root when a woman journalist who emerged from a bedroom of a diplomat exiled by Idi Amin was asked what she had been doing. She replied, "talking about Uganda."

* * *

The most recent British race riot -- the one in London that did about \$6 million in damages -- differed from American riots in one important respect. After it was over some Tory M.P.s called for the enforced repatriation of Britain's nonwhite population, which statistics show to be almost 4% of the nation's population and which in reality probably comprises much more. No such outcry is ever heard from any American politician after Negroes run amuck in American cities. The U.S. is stuck with rioters, perhaps until the last store goes up in flames. There is still a slim possibility that as the nonwhites in England continue to burn, steal and loot, the British may rise up and throw them out. It's really a marathon race between time and genetics. The longer the wait, the browner the population. The browner the population, the less chance of restoring Anglo-Saxondom.

* * *

Politics in Britain is in an interesting state of flux. There are rebellious rumblings in all the main parties, as well as in the much smaller right-wing organizations. The National Front has been fragmented in four parts, but each has its own heavy theological journal and tabloid. Altogether, there are perhaps 20 radical-right publications, not counting the widely circulated U.S. literature. Less than ten years ago there were only *Spearhead* and *Action*, both published at irregular intervals. Most heartening of all, these publications are being read mainly by the young. So although there is as yet no large right-wing party, the raw material for

same is rapidly accumulating, while conventional political groupings are becoming ever more fluid and uncertain.

In spite of the fanatical pro-Ulster attitude of the National Front, its *Islington Press* is run by Irish Catholics and is anti-Ulster. In 1970 the National Front won its largest vote in Islington by running a supporter of Ian Paisley. Times and things have changed. Today, most whites in Islington are probably Irish except in "gentrified" areas. O'Halloran, the North Islington M.P., is unpopular with the left because he brought a large number of Irishmen to his selection meeting who had never been seen before (or since). He has been noted for signing petitions for and against the same cause, commenting when this was pointed out to him, "Sure I must have had a few drinks."

O'Halloran seems to have had too many as he has rather faded out of sight. The Labour left is gunning for him, while the Islington National Front put up Irish candidates for the two Islington seats in the Greater London elections this spring. If they had won either or both (they didn't), it would have been ironic that the NF, after its vociferous pro-Ulster stand, should have had as its first elected councillors Irish Catholics elected by Irish Catholics.

One wonders how this might have influenced overall party policy. Martin Webster, of course, is the son of an Irish-Catholic mother, as John Tyndall, head of the New National Front and the nephew of the Protestant Bishop of Derry, probably remembers.

In Cardiff and Birmingham, however, the National Front has recently been involved in pitched battles with IRA marchers, so the party as a whole does not seem to have been affected by the political maneuvering in Islington.

France. The French presidential election was not exactly another Reagan-Carter, Thatcher-Callaghan, Schmidt-Strauss contest, in which the winner, in spite of the most solemn promises, in the long run does more or less what the loser would do if he had won. It was, in other words, not just another no-contest contest.

France in the past year or so has become a proving ground for Zionist world policy. Once the most friendly of all nations toward Israel, it became the most neutral and the least Zionist of all Western nations, an intolerable affront to the Masada mob. That's why Jews with baseball bats and helmets attacked the New Right conference in Paris, why French ultrarightists were blinded, half

beaten or beaten to death by Jewish goon squads, why the press blamed French Nazis for a synagogue bombing which the media now believe to be the work of Palestinians (and in an age of truth may be found to have been the work of Jews themselves, since they eked the most benefit out of it).

All this bloody skirmishing was the prelude to this spring's presidential election, which some Jewish organizations and CBS-TV wanted to make the supreme test of Jewish political clout in France. Since Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was the symbol of France's less-than-Zionistic Middle Eastern policy, he had to be taught a lesson. Indeed, some of his opponents didn't wait for the voting, but tried to get their message across by bombing a Corsican airport just after the campaigning French president's airplane had landed.

But French Zionists and their overseas wirepullers had a problem. A vote against Giscard was a vote for Socialist Mitterand. Now Mitterand himself was quite acceptable; he had made frequent pilgrimages to Israel and stood not only for Jewish privilege but for democracy, pornography, inflation, drugs, nationalization of industry, labor union ascendancy, the liberal-minority inquisition and all the other refinements of modern Western civilization. The trouble was a vote for Mitterand was also a vote for the French Communist party, which would be sure to play an important role in any Mitterand government. Since the French Communists are theoretically anti-Zionist and wield a thousand times more power in France than a few underground anti-Semitic grouplets and the persecuted philosophers of the New Right, the Jews would be, in a manner of speaking, trading Dachau for Buchenwald.

In the first round of the election, Communist party chief Georges Marchais, an ex-airplane mechanic who claims he was forced to work in a German airplane factory during World War II (others say differently), received fewer votes than previous Communist presidential candidates, including himself. One reason was his party's unblinking support of the Russian invasion of Afghanistan and of Russian designs against the Polish Solidarity movement. Also, the Party's war on drugs and its opposition to North African immigrants had lost it the backing of the affluent cocaine set, minority racists and other assorted European culture vultures who still have a yen for Bolshevism.

After General de Gaulle had made the remark about Jews being a "dominating people," and "sure of themselves," he went down to defeat in a referendum for constitutional reform, though this verbal lapse was only one of the many sins the French left and French Jewry held against their onetime

hero. The same punishment has now been meted out to Giscard. Whether President Mitterand will feel strong enough to recon-vert France into an Israeli satellite and bite the Arab hand that feeds France with oil will depend on many variables, among them the composition of the shaky political coalition Mitterand will have to put together to have a majority in the always unstable French Assembly.

In the interim, it will be inflation as usual for France, indeed a little more inflation than usual, since Mitterand's printing presses will be working faster than Giscard's. The financial buzzards didn't waste any time making a killing. They went short on the franc the minute the polls showed that Giscard was trailing.

Spain. Democracy, or at least the political pseudery that now passes for democracy, has been poisonous to Spain. The country that has the most character of any Western nation is fast sinking into the characterless pornoplutocracy that is consciously or unconsciously eliminating all distinctions among peoples and cultures everywhere. The misfired coup that tried to end this miserable state of affairs in Spain was party Gilbert and Sullivan, part Franco. It drove home a couple of points, however, that were not lost on the equalizing aficionados of the fast peseta. Democracy is not working in Spain, and there are at least a few Spaniards who are trying to put it to sleep. That's more than can be said for citizens in other Western countries, where democracy is even more of a fraud.

The root question in Spain is who is going to end the democracy -- Spaniards or non-Spaniards. The Spanish army would probably be able to prevent an outright takeover by the Marxists and internationalists, but the inch-by-inch, day-by-day takeover, the kind now in motion, is more difficult to detect and defeat. Army commanders everywhere are not known for their ability to sniff out and snuff out slow-acting political and cultural toxins.

Franco cannot escape some of the blame for what has happened. He paid back his debt to Hitler and Mussolini, his saviors, by the neutrality which helped ensure the victory of the people whose ideals and ideas have been turning Spain into a moral cesspool. The desecration of Spain's Mediterranean coastline, one of the world's beauty spots, by hundreds of miles of high-rise condominiums à la Miami Beach was permitted, even encouraged, by the Franco regime after World War II. It remains one of the 20th century's worst cases of ecological barbarism.

Franco was a military man whose ideas rarely rose above the level of a military

man's. He stood for little else than law and order, so when he died he bequeathed Spain to a man who stood for nothing, a royal Gracchite by the name of Juan Carlos. Spain fell like a ripe apple into the liberal-Marxist maw. José Antonio Primo de Rivera stood for a new and exciting social and political order, but he was murdered by the internationalists in the Civil War, and Franco rooted out his followers. A few Falangists still survive in Spain. Perhaps they can succeed in accomplishing what José wanted to accomplish and what Franco failed utterly to accomplish. The odds are long, but ideas are not mortal. The Spaniards -- and ourselves -- can afford to be patient. Our enemies may outshout us, jail us and even kill us, but they can never outperform us. There is always a time limit to the process of destruction. The opportunities of the destroyers eventually run out. Eventually there comes a day when there is nothing left to smash. The opportunities for building, however, are timeless and limitless. It's the difference between zero and infinity.

Meanwhile in Seville, one of the most Spanish and most magnificent of cities, a child rides a mechanized horse in a park. A few feet behind him is a newsstand, a kiosk, with a window on which is pasted a centerfold from a new-style Spanish magazine. The photographs of two naked men having a fling at homosexuality is quite visible to passersby and to the child. The photos are revolutionary in that Spain was never like this. But they are also a stentorian cry for another coup. Even if the next one fails, there will always be another. Spaniards may well be the last Westerners to go down the drain. They may even lead the way up and out of the sewer.

Israel. The editors of three leading Arab dailies on the West Bank had their "movements restricted" for six months. When they appealed to a local Israeli court, they were sentenced to six more months of the same. This means they are prohibited from going to their editorial offices in Jerusalem. If Abe Rosenthal, the managing editor of the *New York Times*, was not permitted to leave his home in Scarsdale, or wherever he lives, and proceed to his office in New York, we'd probably hear about it. We don't, of course, hear about the Palestinian editors, nor do we hear that Israel bans scores of Arab educational, religious and cultural books, not just in Israel proper, but in Israel improper -- the occupied West Bank. Twenty Arab religious leaders were jailed earlier this year, but once again the news media were deaf. Although several incarcerated Palestinians are in advanced stages of hunger strikes in

Israeli jails, the West only knows about Bobby Sands.

* * *

Rumor has it that a secret clause in a recent treaty between Syria and the Soviet Union requires the latter to deploy nuclear weapons against Israel, if the Israelis should undertake to nuke any Arab state. If this is true, the Israeli nuclear arsenal can no longer be considered a strategic asset in future Middle Eastern wars. But this doesn't mean Zionist fission and fusion bombs won't be used. Visions of Masada, Armageddon and the Endtimes are always floating around in the heads of the Israeli High Command.

* * *

The Museum of the Potential Holocaust on Usishkin Street, Jerusalem, does a thriving business. The brainchild of Rabbi Meir Kahane, one of those double citizens, the Museum exhibits high-decibel, anti-Semitic literature imported from the U.S. How much of the material was written or paid for by Jewish organizations was not specified. Certainly many more people will see these literary horrors (and some of them are horrors) in Jerusalem than will see them in the States. It won't be the first time that writings against the Jews bypass the intended audience and fall directly into the hands of the targets.

Soviet Union. Are Kremlin agents in Zurich making secret deals with South African officials? What was Gordon Waddell, Oppenheimer's ex-son-in-law and second in command of Anglo American, doing in Moscow recently? One Paris newspaper says the parties seemed to be working toward the establishment of a Soviet-South African axis. Incredible? Impossible? The 1939 Russo-German Nonaggression Pact was just such an impossibility -- until the day it happened. Israel has been able to get away with its close dealings with South Africa because Israel can get away with anything, but Russia would have a much harder time justifying such a deal to its Third World clients.

It would be interesting to get Solzhenitsyn's reaction to a Soviet-Afrikaner rapprochement, as well as the reaction of Russian Jewish dissidents. Non-Jewish dissidents are now giving Russian Jews a hard time both for starting the Bolshevik Revolution, which brought such misery to their motherland, and for deserting the motherland for Israel and the West. *Samizdat*, the Russian underground newspaper, which used to be quite liberal, is now carrying anti-Semitic (the Russians would call them

Elsewhere



anti-Zionist) articles. Andrei Amalrik, a leading non-Jewish dissident who now resides in Paris, has attacked Israel for not issuing visas for all Russian dissidents of every size and shape. When Jews asked why the Zionist state should be so ecumenical, Amalrik replied: "Because Israel and the Jews have a decisive control over the American press, TV and radio. It is for that reason that they must bear this responsibility."

Nonwhite Africa. Tanzania is facing widespread famine, with no cash reserves to buy food from abroad. Somalia, bursting at the seams with one million refugees from Soviet-run Ethiopia, needs to import 500,000 tons of food to avoid mass starvation. Also short of food, Ethiopia gets more from the Lutheran World Federation than it does from its Marxist absentee landlords. Uganda has returned to the jungle -- 250,000 dead in eight years of endless intertribal butchery. The blacks there are getting so desperate some would hail the return of Idi Amin. With the exception of Rhodesia, the African beggar states are hitting the West for \$1 billion this year. Mugabeland has now asked for, and been promised, \$2 billion. The U.S., which has already coughed up \$54.4 million to Rhodesia's black government (it blackballed the white government), plans to give \$225 million more in the next three years. No budget cuts for black terrorists, who have killed 20 whites during the country's first year of "independence." Four of the whites were slaughtered in the neighborhood of the famous Zimbabwe ruins. There is a strong possibility they may have been killed by a black cult that worships a witchdoctress claiming to be the reincarnation of a Negress who organized a massacre of the British in 1896.

As of today, 180,000 whites remain in Rhodesia, out of the 270,000 who were there in the early 1970s. Half the white officers in the military have "gone South." Many white civilians, with all their property tied up and no place to go, hope -- and pray -- that the Mugabe regime will protect them. Mugabe may, because he wants that \$2 billion. But how long will it be before he is knocked off by another tribal chief? Perhaps two or three more years, the average life of most "decolonialized" African states. Since Mugabe has been a tool of the Chinese, the Soviets and their roving Cuban Hessians will certainly be plotting to overthrow him and bring in the Kremlin's man in Salisbury, Joshua Nkomo. The Russians showed their true feeling toward Mugabe when he sent a mission to Moscow to ask for money. They wouldn't let the black mendicants set foot on Soviet soil.

Upper Volta. Although it may sound like a rebellious province from *The Empire Strikes Back*, Upper Volta is a terrestrial, legitimate (?), modern-day (?) nation. Well, anyway, it's a member in good standing of the United Nations, where it has a voice in the Assembly equal to that of the U.S. With respect to measuring the quality of life in parts of the world still inhabited by *Homo erectus*, Upper Volta is the worst place on earth. What there is of an economy is literally peanuts, the country's chief export. Per capita income is about \$75, life expectancy 32 years, literacy 7%.

Twenty percent of the Upper Voltans are said to be Moslems, 5% Roman Catholics, the remainder being what the *World Almanac* describes as "others." According to the *United States and World Development Agenda 1980, Physical Quality of Life Index*

(an equally weighted average of infant mortality, life expectancy and literacy, with 100 being a perfect score), Upper Volta rates 17. Only neighboring Niger (we want to be careful of typos here) has a lower score, 16. On the world priorities rank ordering of economic-social standing (a composite of GNP per capita, education and health), Upper Volta finished 139th out of 140 nations. War-torn, drought-stricken Ethiopia comes in last. On the composite *Instauration* "Look What They Do on Their Own Index," Upper Volta wins first place, having gained a few bonus points for having a capital named Ouagadougou.

At this point we are sure some readers will ask, "Is there a Lower Volta?" The answer is, there couldn't be.

China. Dr. Li Yongxiang doesn't subscribe to the dictum that a species is a biological category whose members can only breed among themselves. In China's golden Communist age, he tried to cross a chimpanzee with a Chinaman and just when the chimp was 3 months heavy with a chimfant and the laws of genetics were about to be turned upside down, along came the 1967 Cultural Revolution, whose goons tore up Li's laboratory and sent him out to work in the rice paddies for ten years. The pregnant chimp died of neglect.

Now that the Gang of Four is safely behind lock and key, Dr. Li is back in business at a small hospital in northern China. The Genetic Research Bureau of China's Academy of Science takes him seriously. Said one member: "We also did experimental work on this before the Cultural Revolution, but we were stopped. At the moment, we plan to arrange further tests."

Without meaning to put Dr. Li down, some observers think his work was already done many thousands of years ago. They say the proof is all about us.

Stirrings



Mel Moans for Millions

As previously noted, Mel Mermelstein, the affluent Southern California pallet king and Auschwitz graduate, is suing the Institute for Historical Review for \$17 million on the following grounds:

1. Breach of contract. The Institute did not give him the \$50,000 reward it offered for "proving the existence of German gas chambers in World War II."

2. Anticipated breach of contract. Mel doubts whether the Institute will ever examine his claim.

3. Libel. An article in the Institute's publication, *The Journal of Historical Review*, contained allegedly defamatory statements about him.

4. Injurious denial of established fact. Translated from legalese to English, this probably means Mel thinks his run-in with the Institute has lost him credibility and cost him a modicum of honor.

5. Mental anguish. As a result of many sleepless nights, Mel claims he has not been doing so well in business.

The Institute has promised to examine Mermelstein's claim for the reward at the

Third Revisionist Convention, scheduled to be held this November. If the suit is pressed, it will be both good and bad for the Institute -- bad because it will cost time and money, both of which are in short supply in any organization that bucks the establishment; good because the case should finally bring Holocaust facts into the light of public scrutiny.

Any Instaurationist with a few dollars in his wallet or her purse might send them to the Institute for Historical Review, P.O. Box 1306, Torrance, CA 90505. Lawyers don't come cheap these days, no matter how noble or ignoble the cause.

P.S. The smear campaign against the Institute is growing by leaps and bounds. The lawsuit has now been broadened to include

Liberty Lobby, which is accused of having close connections to the anti-Holocaust organization. To make things worse, Institute offices, as well as the residences of Institute officials, have been picketed by motley mobs of Jewish racists. And there has been an organizational shake-up. Tom Marcellus has taken the place of Lewis Brandon, the British-born director, who has resigned. Meanwhile, the press is making much ado over charges that the Institute is run by right-wing extremists and anti-Semites. What do journalists expect? That it should be run by Trotskyites and Zionists?

Shining Example

Jacksonville, Florida, claims to be the only large city in the U.S. that is not blessed with hardcore pornography. Despite the untiring, let-it-all-hang-outedness of ACLU and civil rights pettifoggers, Jacksonville police have cracked down so hard on topless bars, blue movies and adult bookstores that it has become just too expensive for smut dealers to stay in business. At one obscenity trial, when a local university professor testified about the benefits and wonders of round-the-world and round-the-clock sex in an effort to keep the pornographers in Mercedes SELs, the Parent Teachers Association, instead of listening quietly and deferentially to the old academic line, demanded an immediate investigation of the professor himself.

Address Known

In the May issue of *Instauration* we described "Public Assistance," a new game that is not only fun but a postgraduate course on the welfare racket. Readers wrote and asked where they can buy the game since it is banned in many department stores. It can be obtained by writing Hammerhead Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 1057, Severna Park, MD 21146. The price is \$15.95. Apparently there is no shipping charge. As the company's promotional blurb says, "We really didn't invent this game; government liberals did. We just put it in a box." Perhaps the most effective advertising for "Public Assistance" was provided by Patricia Roberts Harris, the Tooth's unlamented ex-secretary of Health and Human Services, who called it "callous, sexist and racist."

But Bob Johnson and Ronald Pramshufer, who thought up "Public Assistance," may be pushing their luck. Their latest game is "Capital Punishment." The winner gets a kidnapper, killer, firebomber or rapist into the electric chair by avoiding "liberal" traps to set him free. It's a little crude, but no cruder than the real life game where courts free confessed murderers to murder again.

The Carlson Experience

What can budding Majority political activists learn from the electoral forays of Gerald Carlson, the indefatigable, Majority-loving Michigander? The public first heard of him when he took the 1980 Republican congressional primary from a political cop named James Caygill by a close 3,759 to 3,037. He then proceeded to collect 53,570 votes (31.5%) in the general election in November against the incumbent Democrat wheelhorse, lawyer William Ford, a Rotarian, Mason, Shriner, Moose, Eagle, Legionnaire and Elk. Undeterred, Carlson moved out to another Michigan district to fight for the congressional seat vacated by David Stockman, Reagan's fair-haired budget sniper. In March, against a field of six other candidates in the Republican primary, Carlson came in a poor fourth with only 773 votes. The winner, Mark Siljander, got 17,845; the runner-up, John Globensky (Stockman's choice), 16,993.

Before we get into the political ramifications, let's look at Carlson the man. He is a relatively clean-cut Majority type of German, Swedish and Polish ancestry. He is intelligent, a graduate of the University of Michigan in political science, a linguist (Russian and Swedish) and a serious student of history. He knows what is going on in this country, and he is not afraid to transmit this knowledge to the voters in well-written, hard-hitting pamphlets. However, on the soapbox, when he manages to be heard above the catcalls of the mud people, though he is coherent and a good salesman for white rights, he is less than charismatic. The content of his message is more electric than his delivery. Another Carlson minus is the lonerism which is always forced upon the Majority activist. Americans are still in the stage where they are most comfortable with politicians blessed with a beaming hair-dyed, hair-sprayed wife and a covey of Crest-smiling, not crestfallen, offspring. Carlson, once divorced, has never remarried and has no children. For this reason, family man Tom Metzger, the Majority activist who runs as a Democrat, is slightly less vilified by the media.

In spite of a death threat or two, Carlson did surprisingly well when he ran in Michigan's Fifteenth Congressional District, which consists largely of the southwestern Detroit suburbs. The electorate is divided about equally between white-collar and blue-collar workers, most of them ethnics, few of them blacks and Hispanics. The district's denizens are close enough to Detroit to be quite familiar with the horrors of a megalopolis with a black majority and a ruling black political clique.

In Carlson's campaign in the Fifteenth District, labor union influence and the traditional Democratic voting habits of white

ethnics prevailed over a heresy-speaking newcomer with no organization, no financial backing and no possibility of presenting his views to the voters. But Carlson had one advantage. Ford, a UAW stooge and a bus-ing advocate, stood for things that had become increasingly repulsive to an ever larger segment of white voters. Consequently, any candidate who opposed Ford would be the automatic beneficiary of a large protest vote. This may account for the fact that, even in defeat, Carlson mustered more votes than any previous Republican candidate in the history of the district.

A native Detroiter in the sense that he was born and raised in Dearborn, Carlson could claim to be a resident or near-resident of the Fifteenth District. He had no such claims in the Fourth District, where he moved early this year to run for Stockman's vacated seat. The Fourth is neither urban nor suburban, and stretches across a goodly part of southern Michigan farmland. A conservative Republican stronghold, it hasn't had a Democratic representative for almost half a century. Many oldline Majority members live there, together with a small group of blacks concentrated in the small, utterly debilitated, once fashionable resort town of Benton Harbor. Instead of one opponent in the primary, Carlson now had six, all at least nominal conservatives. The winner, Mark Siljander, who wears a "Jesus First" pin and went on to win the general election in April, had the all-out backing of the Moral Majority in a Moral Majority year and in a Moral Majority area.

The best explanation for Carlson's disappointing showing in his second primary contest is what might be called the inverse square law of racial proximity. With relatively little crime, no large concentrations of Unassimilable Minorities, little or no forced busing, with distance and isolation making it possible to lead the old safe and sound life now closed to most Americans, the people of the Fourth are by no means ready to start the Second American Revolution. They are quite satisfied with and pacified by Republican candidates who make conservative noises. They are certainly not willing to take a chance on a fire-eating outsider, painted by the media as a super-Nazi who keeps *Mein Kampf* under his pillow, even though he occasionally mouths a few truths that his opponents circumspectly ignore. In fact, the voters thought so little of Carlson that when he was arrested on the night before the election for passing out campaign literature in a shopping mall, they let the impoverished campaigner spend a night in jail rather than come up with \$100 bail. Later a jury found Carlson guilty of trespassing. A Jewish judge sentenced him to a day in jail -- the day he had already served.

One lesson to be drawn from Carlson's

election campaigns was learned earlier by Howard Allen. A check of sales of *The Dispossessed Majority* showed hundreds of purchasers in the Detroit suburbs. Only a few copies of the book were bought in rural Michigan areas like the Fourth District. Unfortunately, people far from the madding crowd get mad much more slowly than people who are caught in the crowd.

Out of the Night

Though Britain still has fewer race riots than the U.S., it has relatively more degenerate Trucklers, Gracchites and Proditors. Alger Hiss was just a mere lumpenprole compared to aristocratic Oxbridge Stalinists like Donald Maclean, Guy Burgess, Kim Philby and Sir Anthony Blunt. Now comes news that the onetime director general of MI5, Sir Roger Hollis, was himself a KGB mole. Hollis, who retired in 1965 and died some years ago, was so veddy British that the charges seemed preposterous. As his daughter-in-law explained, "He was a keen cricket watcher and golfer. He always drove British cars, and he had his suits made in London."

Hollis fancied the opposite sex, which puts him in a different category than homosexuals like Maclean, Burgess and Blunt. His long affair with a secretary might have given the Soviets an easy opportunity for blackmail. But the British upper classes are so deliquescent that its members need hardly any excuse to betray their history and their people. It's in their blue blood.

The late Lord Bradwell, the former Tom Driberg, has now been revealed not only as a homosexual, but as a double agent. For years Driberg was one of the leading Labour party members for years and hobnobbed with just about every British public figure from Evelyn Waugh to Manny Shinwell. The fact that he was arrested early on for indecent assault in no way slowed his career. His spying role for Britain -- and for the Soviet Union -- sheltered him throughout his degenerate life and he died in bed to the plaudits of the British establishment. If he ever has to account for the slime he helped to spread over his once fair island, it will only be in the hereafter -- unless conscience, as some optimistic moralizers like to think, still has some sting.

A Break for the Victims

Human rights and civil rights monopolize the news, but how often do we hear about victims' rights? Michael Turpen, president

of the Oklahoma District Attorneys Association, is backing legislation he calls the "Victim-Witness Bill of Rights." It consists of six rather revolutionary proposals, most of which have been given various forms of approval by various committees in the Oklahoma Senate and House of Representatives:

1. Convicts who cash in on books and movies based on their crimes must put the income derived from such activities in an escrow account for the victims or the families of their victims. Said Turpen, "This deals with the fact that the Son of Sam killer in New York, who pleaded guilty, got a \$500,000 advance to write a book about his killings."

2. Victims must be notified when the case of the criminal who victimized them is being reviewed and when he is due for release or parole. Said Turpen: "It would be kind of nice to tell a woman that a man who raped her may be in the same store with her next week and for her not to be surprised."

3. It is to be in the interest of the state and the victim, not just the defendant, to have the speedy trial assured by the Constitution.

4. Guilty verdicts must include provision for remuneration by the criminal to the victim. Judges would be permitted to assess financial penalties from \$25 to \$10,000. Explained Turpen: "If a suspect is injured when arrested or even while committing a crime, he is given medical treatment at state expense. All we are asking is that victims get the same break."

5. The employment of a victim-witness coordinator to keep the victim informed of the progress of the prosecution against the victimizer. Said Turpen: "There is no way in the world now we can tell all our witnesses and victims when the trial they are supposed to testify at will be postponed or delayed . . . But there are all these things for the criminal."

6. Increasing the penalty for intimidation or threatening witnesses to a maximum of ten years. The present maximum is three years.

It is to be hoped that the Oklahoma legislators will turn these proposals into law at the earliest opportunity. It is also to be hoped that the Supreme Court will not overturn them when the criminal-favoring, victim-disfavoring ACLU, as it surely will, disputes their constitutionality.

Committee Chairmen

There have not been and there probably will not be as many right-wing stirrings in the Senate committees as the liberals fear and conservatives devoutly hope. Fairly genuine conservatives are in charge of some

important committees: Helms (Agriculture), Garn (Banking), McClure (Energy), Thurmond (Judiciary), Hatch (Labor). Wishy-washy, fishy conservative chairmen include Tower (Armed Services), Domenici (Budget), Dole (Finance), Roth (Government Affairs), Simpson (Veterans Affairs). Six Republican committee chairman have voting records that make Senator Kennedy's fat face blush with envy: Hatfield (Appropriations), Packwood (Commerce), Stafford (Environment), Percy (Foreign Relations), not to mention the two unspeakables, Mathias (Rules) and Weicker (Small Business). Reagan may not have too much trouble getting most of these chairmen to go along with his economic package. Many of them, however, will snipe and snarl at his attempts to deal with the much more important issues of immigration and reverse discrimination, if and when he ever gets around to them. A majority of these grovelers to Zion have already exposed the tips of their fangs in response to the administration's proposed arms sale to Saudi Arabia.

Amnesty Tilt

Amnesty International is one of those multitudinous outfits which worries much more about Communist prisoners in Chile, South Korea or Argentina than it does about Palestinians in Israeli torture chambers. An author named Hughes Keraly documents the political asymmetry of Amnesty's liberal-left-Marxist gangbusters in a book that will never make the bestseller list -- *Inquest On An Organization Above All Suspicion: Amnesty International* (Diffusion of French Thought, 86190 Chire-en-Montruil, France, \$15).

Monument Saved, Words Lost

Ernest Morial, the first black mayor of New Orleans, tried to wipe out some Southern history by ordering the removal of the Liberty Hill Monument, which marks the spot where 16 persons died in the heroic struggle against the corrupt government of scalawags and carpetbaggers which terrorized and debased white Louisianans in the First Reconstruction (the Second started in 1954). The white-dominated City Council responded to Morial's order by passing a resolution requiring a majority vote before any municipal monument or historical marker could be torn down. The mayor then vetoed the resolution. The Council bounced back by overriding the veto by a 5 to 2 vote. But Council members partly caved in by allowing the erasure of the words, "white supremacy," from an inscription on the Monument. They had been added in 1932, back in the days when such a notion was not considered heretical.