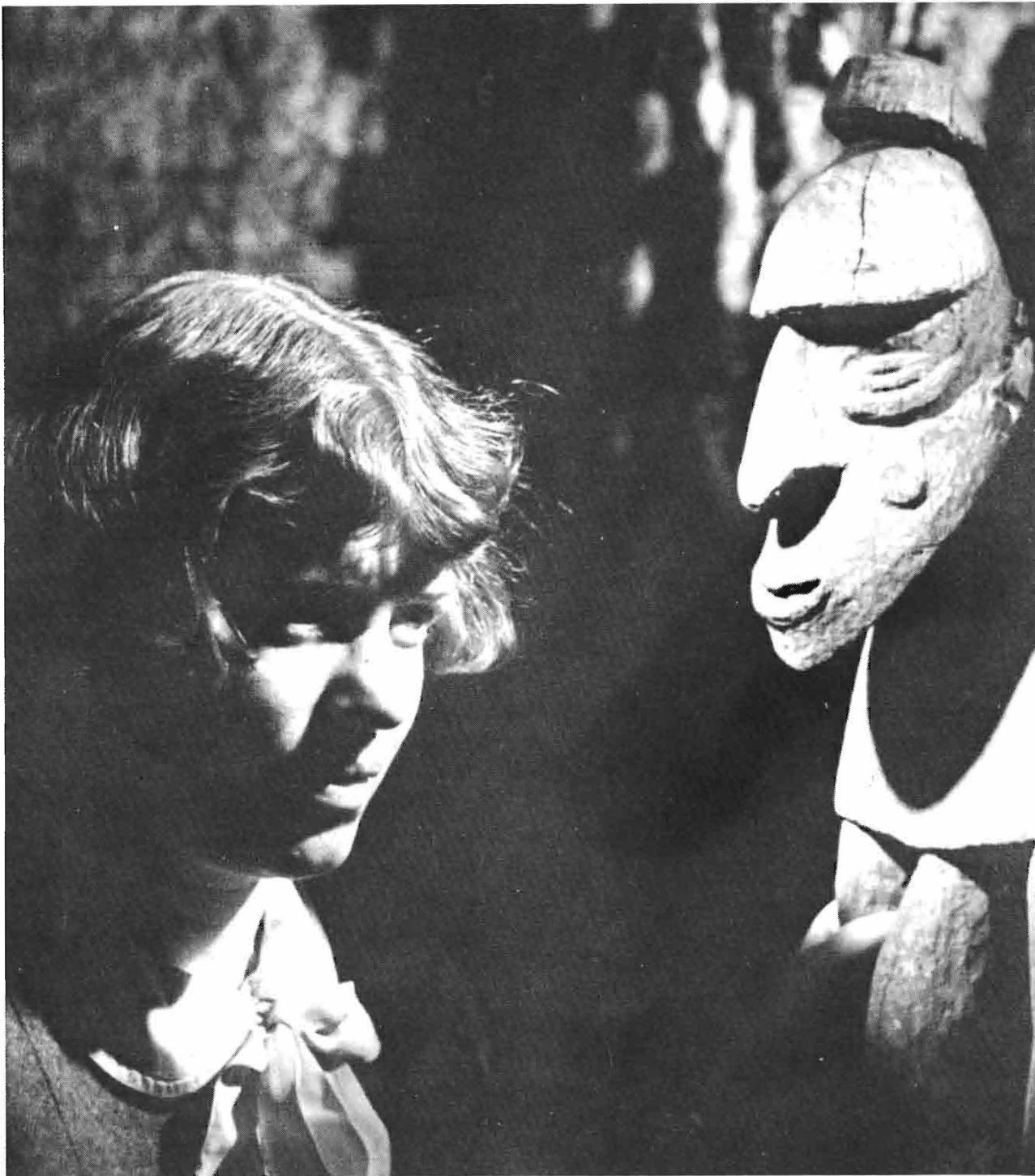


illie heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL 8. NO. 10

SEPTEMBER 1983



FRANZ BOAS'S GIRL FRIDAY

The Safety Valve



□ National Review's invincible ignorance on the subject of race renders it ever less worthy of serious consideration as a journal that is opposed to the smelly little orthodoxies of our time. One senses that when America's urban centers revert completely to the jungle, Buckley's mag will still be screaming at the top of its lungs about Russian nuclear warheads.

121

□ Another one of those exercises in futility, better known as a Klan rally, took place in Meriden, Connecticut (April 3, 1983). Though the Klan (as always) was hopelessly outnumbered, the "nonviolent" ultra-lefties (also, as always) screamed and chanted violent hate slogans like "Death to the Klan." One of them explained that the "potential for violence comes from the Klan itself, which is a terrorist organization." Nevertheless, it was these "nonviolent" who were ranting and raging about "death." Meanwhile, most of Meriden's citizens stayed away from the Klan, the demonstrators and the 300 state and local police in riot gear. One resident was quoted as saying that the Klan has no support in Meriden because "every time they come here they get rocks thrown at them." Sounds to me like the Klan is a terrorized, not a terrorist organization.

304

□ On my visits to our local Post Office, I occasionally overhear blacks conspiring with each other. I've learned to pay attention to these mutterings, as they often talk of job openings (in the USPS and civil service) that I wouldn't hear about otherwise. Yesterday I overheard a black politician talking to a couple of brothers about the importance of getting their own kind into office, "because once you're in . . ." This was followed by a lot of whispering, probably black racist remarks so blatant that even a Negro would choose to conceal them.

048

□ No surprise to hear that Senator Fat Face was among those who "stand accused of violating the narcotics laws they have prescribed for the rest of us" (Jack Anderson column, April 27, 1983). So were Ron Dellums (D-Mich.), Charles Wilson (D-Tex.), Gerry Studds (D-Mass.), who has since admitted to worse things than drugs), Parren Mitchell (D-Md.) and one lone Republican, ex-Congressman Barry Goldwater, Jr.

802

□ Hollywood is moving deliberately (and with increasing speed) toward a complete breakdown of all moral standards. As Roger Ebert of the Chicago Sun-Times says, Hollywood is "reaching for the big X." Even PG-rated movies have nudity these days. The only things that will sell (in the minds of swinish producers) are nauseating "horror" flicks, saturation sex-a-thons, smarmy propaganda and violence, violence and more violence.

902

□ In regard to your article on Huxley (May 1983), he once characterized himself as an "Episcopagus."

870

□ Has anybody ever noticed what was going on in II Samuel -- the story of Uriah the Hittite, King David and Bathsheba? Hittites were Indo-Europeans, of course; Bathsheba could have been residually Nordic. In any case, an awfully pretty shikse. King David, a self-centered, hot-wired bloodletter all his life, personifies the Jewish obsession with owning and operating shikses, that obsession so honored today in Hollywood, Broadway and Las Vegas. From the union of David and Bathsheba came Solomon, close to half-Aryan, into the midst of the ancient Jews -- Solomon who was noted for wisdom, emotional balance and decency.

073

□ I would like to commend "An American of Italian Descent" for his article in the May issue. The WASPs of Instauration are in my opinion entirely too selective. The Irish, being Catholic like the Italians, are the back of the neck in The Dispossessed Majority. Italians not assimilated? Did you ever take a good look at Sophia Loren or Gina Lollobrigida? As an Irishman, I have as part of my family many Italians. They are great people, and proud of their heritage. The Italian-Irish offspring of these marriages can be spectacular. Above all, these people have the good sense to propagate. Contrast this to the negative birth-rate of the Nordic countries. The white genes of future generations may not be Nordic except for that part of the population which remains Catholic.

110

□ Seeing as how I'm probably one of the only Instaurationists who watched a few segments of the TV show celebrating the 25th anniversary of the black record studio, Motown, I feel obligated to offer a brief report. A black male crooner had a love song duet with part-Mexican and full-time renegades Linda Ronstadt. What a long way we've come from the days when TV-land was in turmoil about Harry Belafonte's chaste kiss of Petula Clark. One by one the barriers have fallen. Hosted by Richard Pryor, the show was a two-hour-long explosion of nostalgia and syrupy sentiment on the subject of black music and black culture. More than a few of these "spontaneous reflections" were obviously being read. Guess what the first credit on the screen was when the last song had been sung and the last tear had been shed? "Written by Buzz Kohan." Lord, how they mediate!

403

□ Can't someone come up with a cute term for the white racial turncoat on the order of the black "Oreo" (black on the outside, white on the inside) or the Latino's "coconut" (brown on the outside, white on the inside)? How about "whitewall," as in black tires with white outside circles?

606

Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.

Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)

\$15 student (sent third class)

Add \$10.50 for first class mail

\$32.50 Canada and foreign

Add \$17.00 for overseas air

Single copy price \$2, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.
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□ In the loosely knit German community where I was born, there was an enterprising young man from a neighboring town, who dealt in scrap metal, a commodity much in demand after World War I. One day it was announced he was going to marry a local girl. It was a "mixed" marriage, the young man being Jewish and the bride's family Catholic. The groom made the usual speech about having won a "prize" for a wife and then, apparently realizing that he was pretty much of a stranger, felt obligated to tell something about his past life. Among other things, he told us that after the collapse on the Western Front he had pinned a "badge" on his lapel, went to the local railway freight yards and took charge of incoming war materiel, principally horses, which he sold for his own profit. I was appalled to hear of such behavior. Perhaps not to spoil the wedding feast, no one said anything.

Some years later I migrated to the United States. Came World War II and the four-way split of German territory. Luckily, my birthplace did not fall behind the Iron Curtain. On a visit, I inquired about the fate of the young couple. The man, I was told, had been tried and executed by the National Socialists, and his widow was living in England on West German restitution money. The question arises: Why hadn't this man, who had committed a traitorous act against Germany been prosecuted earlier by the Weimar government?

In Basel, Switzerland, in 1927, before I went to the States, the local youth hostel was devoid of any occupants when I got there on a short vacation jaunt. Nevertheless, the innkeeper informed me that all the beds were taken. All he could do was offer me a pallet on the floor, which I gladly accepted. Soon I was sound asleep. It must have been near midnight when I was rudely awakened by a group of young boys and girls kicking me. One of them said, "Let's throw this German pig out." Being drowsy and disoriented, I couldn't make much sense out of this. Finally one girl said, "Oh, leave him alone." They dispersed shortly afterward.

The next day all this fell into place. I had noticed while signing the register Jewish names from towns all over Germany. A Zionist Congress was in progress. The youths who had called me a "German pig" were all German citizens. Remember, this was in 1927, six years before Hitler took over. My second question is, why did these young "Germans" feel such outright hostility toward their fellow non-Jewish countryman? Did they, like the Jewish bridegroom, have no allegiance to their country? When one is young these two incidents are soon forgotten. But in the light of subsequent events they were hints of what was to come and what still may come.

212

□ I'm Nordic and proud of it. But I prefer not to deceive myself. The days of Nordic greatness are long gone and show no sign of revival, so why wallow in nostalgia? If you want to single out a race which is proud of itself, and has reason to be, how about the Japanese? On this planet Earth, there are civilized and uncivilized peoples, peoples of whom we could use more, and peoples of whom we could use less. It is just nonsense to consider the great eugenic dividing line as Nordic/non-Nordic.

Expatriate living in Spain

□ Dorothy Stratten was a stunning Dutch-Nordic girl. As such, she caught the eye of a minority semi-pimp, Paul Snider, who ultimately extinguished her beauty with a shotgun. Snider apparently learned his trade at the feet of Vancouver's black pimps and picked up enough sweet talk to inveigle Dorothy into marrying him. He planned to use her charms and physical assets to make himself rich and famous. His schemes led him to the door of a far more subtle pimp, Hugh Hefner. The Canadian beauty was soon rocketed to the pornographic heights of Playmate of the Year. Around this time, Dorothy became entangled with movie director Peter Bogdonovich, a member of the Chosen, who had apparently grown tired of blonde, blue-eyed Cybil Shepherd. Snider, meanwhile, was growing desperate because Dorothy was no longer his to exploit. When she eventually agreed to have one last meeting with him, he blew her apart with a shotgun. Fearful that this tragedy might result in some unfavorable publicity, Hefner ordered one of his hacks to write a film scenario that made Mr. Playboy look like a Good Samaritan. Dorothy was so young and so beautiful! It was all so tragic! And Hef had really been so good to her!

In the TV movie, the actress chosen to portray Stratten was the relatively homely Jamie Lee Curtis, the daughter of Jewish actor Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. One more insult added to one more injury.

513

□ Just finished reading the May issue of *Instauration*. I was quite amused at Zip 234's reaction to the exposé of La Boca Grande's lesbianic leanings. You'll pardon me for laughing raucously up the left sleeve. I never cease to marvel at the stuff of which sainthood is spawned, which accounted for the added enjoyment of your "Saint Andy" piece -- very apropos.

820

□ According to the 1980 Census, Mississippi's white population is 1,615,000; its black population, 887,000. According to the 1981 Statistical Abstract of the United States, in 1979 Mississippi had approximately 23,000 white and 22,000 black births. As these two figures have been on a steady path of convergence for the past decade (and probably long before), I think that now, in 1983, Mississippi may very well have the honor of being the first state in the mainland to have a larger number of nonwhite babies than white babies. For the better part of this century, Mississippi engaged in a steady export trade in Negroes to the once white cities of the North. This voluminous torrent surely made great and indelible black swaths in the cities of America. Yet, after all those years and all that one-way traffic, Mississippi is probably even deeper in the racial hole than ever.

304

□ It's always a pleasure to watch one of Phil Donahue's propaganda sessions go down in flames. This morning he had on the leather-booted, lantern-jawed, linebacker-built Judith Arcana, authoress of *Every Mother's Son*, whose anti-male rhetoric was roundly denounced by Majority women in the audience, much to Donahue's distress. Over and over they spoke of their masculine husbands and respectful sons. Ms. Arcana was horrified.

980

□ A friend of mine with a Pakistani neighbor, who is 26 and studying for an M.A. at the University of British Columbia, was recently trying to explain to him the events taking place in Europe. In the process he loaned the Pakistani a copy of Francis Yockey's *Imperium*. Later he received the following note:

Yockey is a racist with a very narrow-minded view that conceptualizes European people as being superior to all other people in the world. There is no place for a man like Yockey in history . . . I would doubt very much that Yockey can comprehend the revolutionary laws of Marxism. Down with the reactionary, revisionist, illusionist [sic] Yockey. A true enemy of the people. A lackey for bourgeois ideology. My friend, you need to reevaluate your political and philosophical world revolution! If you do not overcome your bourgeois [sic] illusionism then I am afraid that you will be snuffed when the world revolution occurs.

Canadian subscriber

□ I especially liked the article by "An American of Italian Descent" (May 1983). The author brings out many pertinent points. The white race is in a total war for its survival, and the one thing that will assure its losing the war is the enmity, diversity and non-cooperation of the various white racial segments -- Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean. If our white racial groups must fight, let it be after our survival is assured.

902



The Safety Valve



□ In the May issue, Zip 543 notes how Western culture would continue quite nicely if the likes of Julian Bond, Cesar Chavez and Bella Abzug were "suddenly teleported to a distant galaxy." Please, Zip 543! Don't even joke about such a thing. For if there is one supreme and ultimate task for us Instaurationists, it is to do everything in our power to guarantee that outer space colonization will be a "whites-only" enterprise.

141

□ How many Protestant and especially Catholic parochial schools have heavy nonwhite enrollments? A great many, obviously. How many Jewish religious schools can make that claim? Virtually none. And yet there are Sulzberger, Rosenthal and Frankel editorials every other day in the New York Times cheering every plan for school busing and integration. How many Jewish left-liberal ACLU types are in the forefront of the gun control efforts in which their opponents are smeared as NRA redneck sadists with "sexual problems which create their need for a gun"? How does this stack up against those Uzit-toting West Bank settlers with their incessant harassment of the Palestinian population? Let the U.S. provide military assistance to anticommunist regimes in Central America and it's called "supporting fascism" and getting involved in "another Vietnam." Let Israel sell the same regimes arms and it is merely "spreading out the fixed costs" of its arms industry. Let the U.S. have anything to do with South Africa, and we're "propping up a white racist regime." Let Israel trade and generally cooperate with South Africa, and this simply reflects the fact that "the only democracy in the Middle East is not in a position to turn down any help or friendship." And so it goes.

778



News from our brave, loyal, democratic ally in the Middle East should never be twisted, but it should always be sensitized.

□ To the best of my recollection, we have had two major prime time TV exposures of Argentina (apart from the whole Falklands episode): the TV movie of *Evita* starring Faye Dunaway, and the even more atrocious TV film about *Jacobo Timerman*, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*. The first was the usual pop culture travesty, worthy of note only because of a ridiculous scene in which some wicked Nazi buys his way into Argentina after the war by bribing Peron with gold. The Timerman show portrayed an evil, anti-Semitic Argentine regime which existed only to torture noble Jews like *Jacobo*. That's it. The sum total of many centuries of Argentine history as revealed by network TV.

214

□ If we had a one-world government, the U.S. taxpayer would have to support the Communist bloc and the Third World. But we do that already.

300

□ I am dating a Nordic woman with sound instincts and "confused" mind -- are we not all confused by liberal-minority propaganda? The important thing is to woo her, marry her, and get her with child, rather than try to persuade her to accept Instaurationist views. Some of those views will come naturally with age -- people generally outgrow liberal-minority influence when confronted with the hard facts of daily life in America in the 1980s.

Lutheran seminarian

□ Don't you just love it when you read about how the ADL and similar organizations claim to be "carefully monitoring" the activities of hate groups such as the Institute for Historical Review? How did the U.S. ever get by from 1607 to the early 1880s when the first massive waves of the Chosen started arriving on these shores, ready, willing and able to police our thoughts for any signs of "hate"? Just think! For 275 years Majority members roamed wide across this continent, completely unmonitored by thoughtful and conscientious Jewish organizations. It's a miracle we're even here!

441

□ PBS has been rerunning Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*. What an embarrassment to watch. You'd think that a subject as quintessentially vast would find the project's producers dwelling upon something other than repetitive and lingering views of Sagan's nostrility.

448

□ There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Hugh Hefner's philosophy -- genital herpes and AIDS come to mind.

975

□ Do not forget that aside from President Mitterrand, the three leading authorities of France are Jews: the Cardinal, the Minister of Justice and the head of the rich, powerful and ruthless Communist-led union, C.G.T.

French subscriber

□ Crete for the Palestinians? Jordan for the Palestinians? How about Palestine (or just a piece of it) for the Palestinians?

100

□ Gore Vidal poses something of a dilemma for the Instaurationist. While there is much that is despicable about him (his incessant proselytizing for homosexuality and his hard-left politics), he occasionally has his golden moments. His witty putdowns of Falwell-type TV hucksters are a delight, and he is right on target with his scorn for the fraudulent pretensions of American higher education. His criticism of novels "written-to-be-read-by-other-English-professors" is brilliant.

Vidal's roots go deep into the nation's past, and his essays reveal a solid feeling and respect for American history. Though he does not challenge the nation's gradual alienation head-on -- that would obviously be suicidal -- he is not afraid to discuss the obscenely inflated reputations of what he terms literature's "Jewish giants" (Mailer, Bellow, Malamud), right-wing support for Israel (admiration for the Jew as bully), the persistent Jewish inability to write lucid English prose and the pernicious fulminations of such late-blooming kosher conservatives as Norman Podhoretz and his better half, Midge Decter. Vidal knows quite well he can only push so far, and he periodically lets the Jews know he's really on their side by expressing his contempt for the right wing which supposedly wants to put all Jews and gays back in the death camps. Given the realities and delimitations of contemporary discourse, Vidal's soundoffs are about the best that can be expected from any public figure.

As one who cheered Buckley in his 1968 TV debates with Vidal, I now find I honestly prefer the latter, whose sporadic willingness to joust with America's ultimate taboo comes very close to compensating for all my previous reservations about him. Vidal would never stoop as low as Buckley did when he wrote, "Shalom, Sharon" in his *National Review* to congratulate the Butcher of Beirut upon the successful completion of his murder blitz.

462

□ A reasonably attractive young South Asian woman just passed me on the street. She smiled slightly and batted her eyes seductively. Millions of years of evolution had me primed to smile back. But race overcame, and I looked blankly right through her. I was thinking, "She shouldn't be within a thousand miles of here." The innocent young thing, of course, had no inkling of the ideological forces which had mass-propelled her kind into what used to be my neighborhood.

802

□ To Zip 329 (May 1983): You say you're considering a move to Australia or New Zealand. Now, there's probably not an Instaurationist alive who hasn't fantasized along these same lines, and for obvious reasons. Given current trends, it would seem to be the only way of having a reasonable chance of having white grandchildren. Nevertheless, please don't go! We haven't lost this continent yet. Let's adopt the mentality of our Afrikaner brethren who have resolved "not to give up that land of theirs easily."

144

□ "No Chance for Conservation Without the Majority" (May 1983) was an excellent article. It reminded me once again of what a profound dynamic political movement Instaurationism will become. Like nearly everything else in American civilization, conservationist activity has become distorted by virtue of its preemption by the liberal-minority coalition. Twenty years ago the word, conservationist, evoked an image of some pipe-smoking old Majority salt with a profound love of nature. It now brings to mind some brillo-haired Marxist "no growth" Naderite filing a brief in a federal court aimed at immediate cessation of all industrial activity. While the American Majority, in pursuit of Cholly's produce-and-consume society, has surely been guilty of ecological shortcomings, let's not forget that most of these errors were inevitable in the creation of an advanced industrial society. Sure, Haiti does not pollute like the U.S. But that's because Haiti is not much above the level of a hunter-gatherer society! The great conservationists of the past were invariably Majority members -- George Marsh, Gifford Pinchot, Benton Mackaye, the Southern Agrarians, Robert Marshall, John C. Merriam, and finally (of great significance to modern Instaurationists) Madison Grant and the eugenicist, Henry Fairfield Osborn. Grant especially epitomizes the position advanced by the author of the article. He was involved in a wide range of conservationist activity, and he was an early advocate of the most sacred of all American conservationist movements -- the conservation of Majority genes.

677

□ Remember that accident in which actor Vic Morrow and two Vietnamese children were killed in a helicopter crash? The director of that particular segment of the recently released film, *The Twilight Zone: The Movie*, was minority John Landis, who has been indicted for involuntary manslaughter and violating child labor laws. In the Landis sequence, Morrow plays a racist who, through the magic of science fiction, is able to experience the "terror of a black being chased by the Klan," the "fear of a Jew being persecuted by the Nazis," and the "horror felt by Vietnamese children being shot at by U.S. Marines." Morrow was killed during the climactic scene in which he presumably put his newly acquired anti-racist religion to work for "mankind." So the Hollywood culture vultures ended up killing two oriental kids (through gross negligence) in a film designed to build up sympathies for them at the expense of the gook-hating, racist U.S. Marines! Assuming that Vic Morrow was a Majority member, how uneasy he must lie in his grave, knowing that he gave up his life while participating in yet another Hollywood smear against his own country. And how sad the fate of those two kids, meeting such a violent death at 2:00 a.m. when they should have been home in bed. Their parents have as little to be proud of as Morrow.

121

□ I must object to Instauration's repeated use of the pejorative "Nazi" rather than the proper, more neutral "National Socialist." "Nazi" occurred five times in the Hess article (June 1983). "National Socialist" did not appear at all.

222

□ A recent article in *New York* magazine on the 1983-84 television season states, "The biggest real change in the new season is that blacks and women have come into their own. In the new shows they're everywhere, including heading the CIA and a hospital staff." The author speculates that this may in part reflect a loss of white viewers to cable and pay TV. True to liberal-minority form, she rues the fact that there still aren't any shows with positive black female role models. That such a remarkable invention as TV, the product of Majority scientific genius, should have ended up as what TV critic Gary Deeb aptly termed "a sonic and visual slum," should be a cautionary tale for all of us concerned with the role of the culture destroyers loose in our midst. There's something about nearly every "entertainment" offering of the commercial networks that makes me realize that its proper milieu is the shabby living room of a ghetto housing project, its soft drone and shifting images providing the perfect backdrop for the angry scenes enacted upon the occasion of the father-of-the-brood's biannual visit.

254

□ I am eagerly awaiting Barbra Streisand's film *Yentl*, which she apparently produced, directed, starred in -- the whole ego trip. This particular venture is quite representative of a singularly distasteful modern phenomenon in which the successful, secularized Jewish "artist," fed up with Beverly Hills "rootlessness," I suppose, suddenly discovers the glorious world of the shtetl and all the wondrous traditions of the Eastern European Jewish life that their ancestors once knew. Fifty years from now the average white American will undoubtedly feel a stronger identification with the shtetl than with Plymouth Rock. By then our national language will probably be restructured Yiddish. Let us hope that a few quaint English phrases will find their way into this new lingua franca.

499

□ A bleached blonde Jewess recently asked a beauty technician here in town to have her other hair dyed the same color in order to fool a boyfriend into believing she was "natural."

672

□ The "survivor" who reported that Germans threw babies off the roof of a building in a Polish town (Instauration, June 1983) may have mixed up what he thought he saw with what he had read in his Good Book. I refer to the last verse in Psalm 137, "Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Pretty inspirational stuff, what?

100

□ When I was a Majority activist at the University of Georgia in the early 70s, we got a lot of mileage out of a quote by the director of admissions, commenting on the rejection of a Negress's application: "If we'd known she was black, we would have let her in." This confession of declining standards has been surpassed by a recent quote from Virginia Trotter, vice president for academic affairs, who declared: "We accept every black that meets the academic requirements, and we generally make exceptions if they don't."

302

□ The article "Preferred Female Traits" in the May Instauration raised some interesting points. According to the poll of American men "by a leading women's magazine," 29% of the respondents said they preferred blondes and 36% brunettes. A similar poll of Frenchmen by the magazine *Elle*, reported in the *Miami Herald* (June 23, 1983) under the title "Blondes bomb in French poll" revealed similar results: 26% of the Frenchmen preferred blondes (light blondes?), 5% preferred "dusty blondes" (dark blondes?), 39% preferred brunettes, 1% redheads, and 7% "other colors" (?). The first two categories add up to a 31% preference for blondes. The *Elle* article also reported that blondes were regarded as "inaccessible," whereas brunettes were perceived as "warmer, more temperamental and above all, easier to seduce."

The *Miami Herald* interpreted this as a put-down of blondes, but an analysis of these numbers in the terms of supply and demand indicates quite the opposite. Only about 20% of adult American women are natural blondes. Among Frenchwomen the proportion is no more than 8%. Consequently, the French demand for blondes exceeds the supply by about 400%, whereas the French supply of brunettes exceeds the demand by 200%. Similarly, the American demand for blondes exceeds the supply by about 50%, whereas the supply of brunettes exceeds the demand by over 200%. This can hardly be interpreted as a put-down of blondes!

Also, what type of brunettes do the American and French blonde-lovers prefer: Northern European types (e.g. Jaclyn Smith, Veronica Hamel, Susan St. James, or Lynda Carter), Southern European types or non-European types? Northern European brunettes, who constitute the majority of their race, often suffer from the tendency to lump them, as "brunettes," with other racial types who, of course, are almost exclusively brunettes.

The results of these polls were packaged and reported in such a way as to indicate to readers that what they have always unquestionably assumed or "known" to be true (i.e. that men prefer blondes) is in actuality not true. Nevertheless, in virtually every situation or circumstance blondes still elicit more attention and a more pronounced reaction from men than brunettes of comparable attractiveness. Actress Loni Anderson, a blonde, noted a dramatic change in the reaction and attention she received from men, both in kind and degree, when she bleached her hair light blonde. She suddenly became a goddess on a pedestal. The many millions of other women who lighten their hair obviously share in this perception.

In both advertising and entertainment it has long been known that blondes are "good box-office" and that "blondes sell." The counter sales of magazines tend to be significantly higher when a blonde is on the cover. The modeling profession is not only dominated by Northern European models in general, but by blonde models in particular, due to the strong preference given them by their mass audience -- and this in a country where only 20% of the women are natural blondes.

330

□ Justice in this country is a matter of clamor which goes by the euphemism of "public interest."

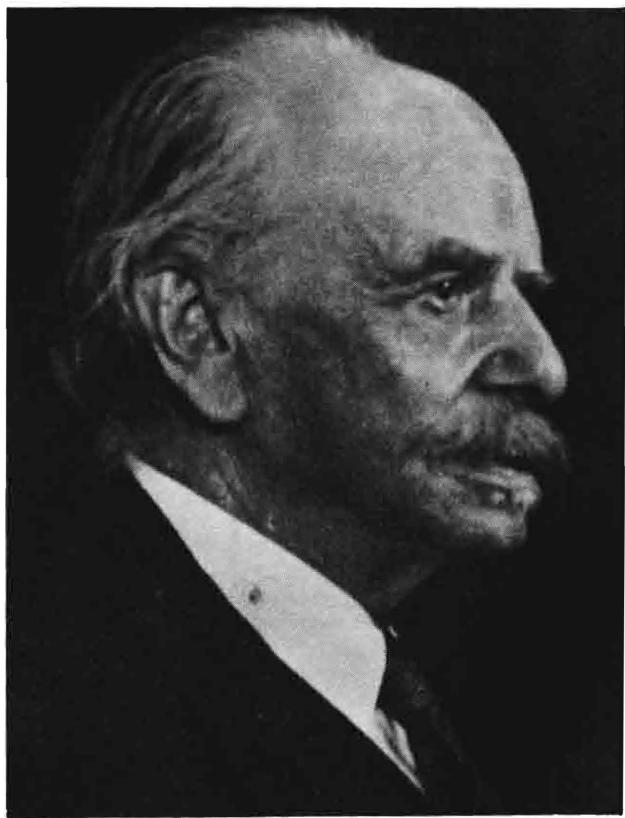
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THE TRIBAL FORCE BEHIND MARGARET MEAD

Biologist Garrett Hardin observes in *Stalking the Wild Taboo*, "The members of a tribe . . . have an immense competitive advantage *vis-à-vis* society in general if the rest of society does not think in tribal terms. This is true even if the members of the tribe violate no law of the encompassing society."

Franz Boas (1858-1942), the godfather of "cultural anthropology," was a member of a tribe. So was Emile Durkheim (1858-1917), the godfather of "social anthropology." Many Jewish intellectuals have tended toward a combative "us/them" outlook on life which, in all fairness, comes naturally to members of a group that has survived for thousands of years as a small minority. The symptoms of this attitude are not hard to find, as the critic Stanley Edgar Hyman pointed out in a 1954 *Commentary* article entitled, "Freud and Boas: Secular Rabbis?" The Boas personality was one of "extreme quarrelsome-ness and a ferocious addiction to polemic." There was "a general crustiness in all personal relations except those with devoted students, where he was fatherly, and with primitive peoples in the field."

For Hyman, "the shape the lives of both Freud and Boas took is . . . that of the secular rabbi, the figure of moral authority filling the gap left in our private culture by the retreat of the religious leader." Freud, with his "sacred texts and commentaries," became "a great wonder-working rabbi after the ancient fashion, perhaps the Vienna Gaon [a Jewish title of honor] himself . . . And if Freud is the great Gaon of Vienna, Boas is surely the Tsaddik [Jewish holy man] of Morningside Heights,



"Papa Franz"

the 'Papa Franz' who used to strike his students, [while] leading his Talmudic disputation . . . [and] preserving in perpetuity the roles of master and disciple."

Hyman admits that Boas was "a lifelong warrior against any form of racism . . . clearly the exiled Jew writ large." The notorious Boas study (1910), which purported to show sudden changes in the head forms of immigrants' children, was, like a lot of his other research, "rooted in [the] personal needs [and] weaknesses" of a would-be assimilated Jew. Yet this same Boas believed, in Hyman's words, "only Jews have a capacity for languages." Hyman suggests "this prejudice seems to have confined his favorite students, who became the leaders of American anthropology, almost entirely to Jews."

By 1926, according to the historian of anthropology, George W. Stocking Jr., the favorite students of Boas headed every major university department of anthropology in America. Thus, at a time when only several hundred Jews held academic posts of any importance in the U.S., one of Judaism's great "secular rabbis" had gotten his prize pupils, mostly Jews, into all the key anthropological positions! Concurrently, this same academic clique took control of several of the leading anthropological journals and associations and used them to drive the Nordic eugenicists who had dominated the field only a decade earlier into the outer darkness of moral vilification.

Most of this happened in the 1920s. As late as 1919, a majority of the American Anthropological Association's governing council had censured Boas for his divisive polemics and power-hungry tactics. The years immediately following World War I were those in which abstract art conquered many of the West's cultural capitals, music became atonal and Marxism and "nurturism" became staples of European and American thought. Obviously, these were years of extreme vulnerability for Western civilization and the exhausted race which had made it.

This chronology should be kept in mind in 1983 as one reads the reviews of Derek Freeman's masterful debunking of the entire Boas school, *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth* (Harvard University Press). All too typical is Paul Robinson's account in the *Washington Post*. He is forced to concede that Freeman's harsh depiction of Samoan behavior is basically sound (especially since it squares with the accounts of scores of competent observers, both Western and native, for more than 200 years), while Mead's vastly celebrated 1928 yarn, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, with its pre-hippie "love-ins," is way out in left field. Robinson spends three-quarters of his review grudgingly admitting that Mead was deceived by both the natives and herself (though he ignores Freeman's detailed evidence that Franz Boas set up the inexperienced 23-year-old for the deception). Then, near the end, and like a lot of other reviewers, Robinson abruptly switches gears. Freeman may be right on the facts, and Mead outrageously wrong, but "like Rousseau before her, Margaret Mead belongs to the party of humanity." Her book will endure, while Freeman's "mean-spirited critique" will fade. *Coming of Age* is "generous and life-affirming," but

there is neither vision nor generosity in Freeman's book. Perhaps one might argue that its appearance was necessary for the anthropological profession to put its intellectual house in order. But even here I am suspicious of the scientific pretensions that Freeman entertains for the discipline -- they sound like something left over from the 19th century -- and of his atavistic[!!!] call for a "synthesis" of biology and culture.

Robinson's words demonstrate that a great many highly intelligent readers of Freeman are far more annoyed than grateful that his "revenge of biology," as Robinson calls it, has wrecked a cherished myth. This myth of absolute cultural determinism -- and, conversely, of the unimportance of age, gender, race and other biological variables -- will long "retain its vitality," writes Robinson, "because it embodies the aspirations of an age." This supposedly golden age, again, was the 1920s, when (by an extraordinary coincidence, as some would have us believe) an ancient tribe after long centuries of enforced hibernation assumed command of many important posts in our civilization. It was no accident that this tribal takeover coincided with our detribalization and hypermodernization. Margaret Mead was among the BYDs (bright young dupes) who were granted a leading role in the 1920s by the Boasian academic mafia. Unlike some of her cohorts, she retained that role, until her death in 1978, by never opposing the tribal interests which lay behind it.

A Nobody Comes of Age

Margaret Mead was a nobody during her first year at Indiana's WASPy DePauw University. Had she been accepted by a sorority and not, as a bookish Easterner, been treated as an outsider, she might have remained happily in that prairie power vacuum. The world would never have heard of her.

She felt much more at home at Barnard College in Manhattan, to which she repaired in her sophomore year. Soon she and her classmate, Deborah Kaplan, were discussing "whether or not Jews had a 'chromosome' for social justice," as Mead tells us in her autobiographical *Blackberry Winter*. It was at Barnard-Columbia that she first ran into Boas and fell for every jot and tittle of his hot anti-biological gospel.

The Herr Professor, as Mead did not call him, was pretty well convinced that adolescence need not be a time of stress and conflict. To dig up the evidence to prove him right, he soon had his female neophyte packing her bags for Samoa. The South Seas, as Derek Freeman reminds us, have long

figured in the fantasies of Europeans and Americans as a place of preternatural contentment and sensual delight. So, as Mead reports, her announcement in 1925 that she was going to Samoa caused the same breathless stir as if she had been "setting off for heaven."

Once in Samoa, Mead scarcely learned the language, lived with an American family, and failed to establish meaningful contact with the natives except for some adolescent girls.

The ensuing nine months were a period of near desperation. One sympathizes with the 5' 2" woman, still slight and insecure, who, pushed in way over her head, took to muttering, "I can't do it. I can't do it." By the end of her stay, writes Freeman, "she felt a 'fierce longing' for contact with people who would understand her work, and who would give her some perspective on whether she had actually done what she had been 'sent out to do.' "



Margaret in Samoa

After her return to Columbia, the unstinting and uncritical praise of Boas answered this *cri de coeur*, although Papa Franz apparently never took the basic precaution of seeing if his pupil's hurried data-gathering on Samoa jibed with the information that European explorers, merchants and missionaries had leisurely assembled over decades of intimate contact.

A large part of the Boas myth is that he introduced a previously unknown methodological rigor to an undisciplined field. The reality was nearly the opposite. There is very little rigor in his glowing foreword to Mead's South Sea fantasy, in which he describes her Samoan idyll as "empirical" proof for his pet theory that troubled Western adolescence was the product of faulty cultural choices rather than of biological imperatives.

Just how wrong did Mead get Samoa? The "clash of quotes" (see box on next page) between her slapdash account of Samoan temperament and sexual behavior, and the careful documentation of Derek Freeman, gives more than an inkling.

Anthropological Celebrity

Mead's reward for seeing Samoa upside-down through a Boasian optic was instant worldwide fame and endless citations in the burgeoning new anthropological literature which was beginning to heap abuse on learned and conscientious physical anthropologists three times her age, who were denounced as those "heredity fiends, the eugenists." Freeman sets us straight on some critical dates:

As George Stocking has shown, "the working out of all the anti-biological tendencies in behavioral science and the complete dissemination of Boasian thinking were not accomplished until after 1930." In this working out, such as it was, Mead's assertion of the absolute sovereignty of culture, in answer to the problem that Boas had sent her to Samoa to investigate, was of quite pivotal importance. The acute dilemma as to what, in human societies, was determined by heredity and what by environmental causes, which had loomed so large for the Boasians in the early 1920s, had to all appearances been solved. With this outcome, Mead's Samoan researches came to occupy a uniquely significant position in the development of anthropology, as of other of the social sciences.

When Mead's second most influential book, *Male and Female*, appeared in 1950, "it gave special prominence to the 'harmonious and unintense' Samoans, and several of Mead's earlier conclusions were set down in considerably exaggerated

form." By this time, adds Freeman, *Coming of Age* was all but universally hailed as a "scientific classic" and made required reading for millions of intelligent but impressionable young people.

Ancient empires have risen and fallen in the Middle East, and a great deal of what we know and believe about them has been supplied by the sacred polemics of one small peculiar tribe. One shudders to consider how the mighty and passionate movements of our own century may be "explained" in a distant future. The recalcitrant tribalists are working, compiling -- scribbling while others play -- recasting all the "blurring, buzzing confusion" of reality into those hard and simple formulations which most easily endure. Paul Robinson is right to observe that Margaret Mead's surrealistic mythos, conjured up under tribal inspiration, may outlast Derek Freeman's naturalistic recording -- although too much more aping of the mythically "gentle" Samoan behavior could doom the entire deca-

Two Utterly Contrary Views of the Samoans

Margaret Mead

Parent-Child Bonding

The close relationship between parent and child, which has such a decisive influence upon so many in our civilisation . . . is not found in Samoa. Children reared in households where there are a half dozen adult women to care for them and dry their tears, and a half dozen adult males, all of whom represent constituted authority, do not distinguish their parents as sharply as our children do. The image of the fostering, loving mother, or the admirable father . . . is a composite affair . . . (*Coming of Age in Samoa*, p. 116.)

Adolescent Sexuality

These [clandestine love] affairs are usually of short duration and both boy and girl may be carrying on several at once. One of the recognised causes of a quarrel is the resentment of the first lover against his successor of the same night, "for the boy who came later will mock him." These clandestine lovers make their rendezvous on the outskirts of the village. "Under the palm trees" is the conventional designation of this type of intrigue. Very often three or four couples will have a common rendezvous, when either the boys or the girls are relatives who are friends.

To live as a girl with many lovers as long as possible and then to marry in one's own village, near one's own relatives and to have many children, these were uniform and satisfying ambitions. (*Ibid.*, pp. 51, 87.)

Adultery

[T]he Samoans laugh at stories of romantic love, scoff at fidelity . . . believe explicitly that one love will quickly cure another . . . Romantic love as it occurs in our civilisation, intrinsically bound up with ideas of monogamy, exclusiveness, jealousy and undeviating fidelity does not occur in Samoa.

Samoans rate romantic fidelity in terms of days or weeks at most . . .

Cases of passionate jealousy do not occur but they are matters for extended comment and amazement. (*Ibid.*, pp. 58, 86, 89.)

Rape

[T]he idea of forceful rape or of any sexual act to which both participants do not give themselves freely is completely foreign to the Samoan mind. (*Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, vol. 58, 1928, p. 487.)

Derek Freeman

On 31 December, 1967, [among] 483 individuals 18 years of age and under in Sa'anapu village . . . approximately 92% . . . were living with their genetic parent, or parents. As Mead failed to observe, biological families . . . do in fact exist as distinct units within the extended families into which Samoan society is organized . . . (*Margaret Mead and Samoa*, pp. 201-02.)

Samoa is a society predicated on rank, in which female virgins are both highly valued and eagerly sought after. Moreover, although these values are especially characteristic of the higher levels of rank structure, they also permeate to its lower levels, so that virtually every family cherishes the virginity of its daughters . . .

It is thus customary in Samoa, as Mead quite failed to report, for the virginity of an adolescent daughter, whatever her rank, to be safeguarded by her brothers, who exercise an active surveillance over her comings and goings, especially at night. Brothers will upbraid, and sometimes beat, a sister should she be found in the company of a boy suspected of having designs on her virginity, while the boy involved is liable to be assaulted with great ferocity. (*Ibid.*, p. 226.)

Adultery in Samoa is then very far from being, as Mead asserted, merely a personal peccadillo; nor is it true that the Samoans have eliminated jealousy, as Leslie A. White was prepared to believe, arguing on the basis of Mead's reports that jealousy is not a natural emotion. In fact, in the words of C.S. Marsack, who was for many years the Chief Justice of Western Samoa, "Samoans are extremely prone to fits of jealousy" (*Ibid.*, pp. 241-43.)

In the United States in 1968 there were 30 reported rapes or attempted rapes per 100,000 females . . . Norway has less than one rape per 100,000 females per annum; England, three rapes; Poland, seven; Japan, twelve; Turkey, fourteen rapes or attempted rapes per 100,000 females per annum . . . In 1966, [Western Samoa had] a rate of about 60 rapes per 100,000 females per annum . . . (*Ibid.*, p. 224.)

dent civilization which must necessarily follow it, "peculiar tribe" and all.

The praise in high places for Freeman's exposé has been gratifying. Ernst Mayr, the distinguished Harvard Darwinian, calls the case against Mead "massive." Nikolaas Tinbergen, the Nobel Prize-winning behavioral scientist, says Freeman's work is a scientific "masterpiece." Even Ashley Montagu, of all people, is quoted on Freeman's dust jacket: "In critically examining Margaret Mead's famous book Freeman has told the story of an Age -- the Age of Cultural Determinism. The corrective this book provides to that view of the world is fascinatingly told, a cautionary tale which is bound to have the most salutary effects."

The Real Case Against Freeman

The flattery from Montagu should tip one off, if nothing else does, that Freeman's good fight is not entirely our own. He has stated that his quarrel with Mead is solely over Samoa. And, indeed, the entire scientific paradigm or model which he excitedly advances to replace the bankrupt Boas-Mead alternative is full of holes.

A careful reading of *Margaret Mead and Samoa* will leave many unsatisfied, because author Freeman seems to be saying that peoples the world over are even more alike than Boas and Mead said they were. Actually, how "alike" or "unlike" two peoples may be is a question which becomes meaningful and answerable only when one carefully specifies the behaviors being compared and the values used to judge them. Freeman constantly writes as though his brilliant demonstration of how young Samoan males manifest the same high aggression level as their age-gender counterparts elsewhere is all one needs to know on the subject.

But some of us cannot help noting that the rape rates which he cites: Norway 1, England 3, Poland 7, Japan 12, Turkey 14, the United States 30, and Samoa 60 might lend themselves to a broadly racial interpretation. Freeman calls it "commonplace" for pubescent girls in Samoa to be warned "they must not walk alone beyond the precincts of a village for fear of being raped." Obviously, New Zealand girls do not require any such onerous warnings, and therefore should not be satisfied with New Zealander Freeman's bland reassurance that people everywhere are terribly much alike.

Because Mead found a marked difference in adolescent behavior in Samoa and the U.S. she and Boas proclaimed the triumph of cultural choice over universal biological imperatives. But simply finding a difference (or alleged difference) between two societies tells one absolutely nothing about the cause of that difference. The scientific gaffe committed by the Boasians in the Samoan episode was not Mead's unearthing of the wrong facts, but rather the entire school's blindly dogmatic interpretation of those facts so as to rule out the possible importance of biology on two distinct levels: that of racial differences (our complaint) and that of universal human imperatives (Freeman's complaint).

To Freeman's great discredit (and we do not make the charge lightly), he never in 370 pages comes close to getting down to the biological nitty gritty. The open, scientific model, which makes of genetic and/or cultural differences and/or similarities a permanently open question to be determined case by case, is *terra incognita* to Freeman. While content to vaguely imply that people are much the same everywhere in all important respects, he keeps any contrary personal findings closely to him-

self. No wonder he merits words of praise from the likes of Ashley Montagu!

Freeman may be correct that Samoan character derives from Samoan upbringing, just as John Stuart Mill correctly noted that his great intelligence derived (in large part) from a stimulating childhood environment. But in neither case is heredity thereby discounted. As the psychologist Morgan Worthy correctly suggests,

Acknowledging culture as a source of learned differences does not . . . explain why the differences originated and were maintained in the first place. One possibility . . . is that only those customs . . . survived which were compatible with the natural inclinations of the group members. Natural inclinations of individuals are, in turn, selected for survival in the environment inhabited by the groups; so, to say that something is cultural is not at all to completely remove it from biological or evolutionary considerations.

It is very likely that Freeman privately recognizes much of this. It is regrettable that he commits none of his awareness to paper.

The second matter on which Freeman plays coy is suggested by an opening remark, "[By 1916] Boas had come to see both eugenics and the racial interpretation of history as irremediably dangerous." Dangerous to whom is the obvious question here. Later, Freeman writes:

In 1915 a translation of the Count de Gobineau's *The Inequality of Human Races* was published in New York, and in the following year appeared Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race*, in which, as M.H. Haller has shown, "eugenics and racism united in a scientific doctrine of an elite about to be swamped by the incompetence of those whose inheritance placed them among the enemies of civilization." In Grant's opinion, democracy was "not favourable to the preservation of superior strains" and the only solution was "a thorough campaign of eugenics."

Freeman refers to these as "fanatical developments," though nothing could be more obvious today than that the worst fears of Madison Grant, William McDougall, Henry Pratt Fairchild, and the rest of the overthrown Yankee elite have been realized many times over -- with worse to come. Popular rule can indeed be a destructive solvent for highly able races and classes. Quite obviously, Galtonian eugenics would never be "dangerous" to men who looked and behaved like Madison Grant. So why is Boas's patently parochial warning flag permitted by Freeman to assume a universal validity?

This is the weakest link in *Margaret Mead and Samoa*. Freeman evaluates ideas and social movements as though they must somehow have the same impact on everyone (or nearly everyone), when the opposite is transparently the case. While 99.9% of contemporary social "science" textbooks are equally guilty of pawning off Jewish or liberal class interests as "universally valid" -- a crude trick which fools just about everybody -- one judges or should judge a Derek Freeman by a higher standard.

Boas's Bête Noire

Returning to Stanley Edgar Hyman's discussion of "secular rabbis," he notes that while Boas was "a lifelong warrior against any form of racism" and "clearly the exiled Jew writ large," he "deliberately obscured [his origins] every chance he

got." Indeed, the coverup may have spilled over into his own consciousness, for, relates Hyman, "The pattern is one of extreme repression" on ethnic matters. Boas's studies are "the work of a German Jewish immigrant who believed in assimilation [i.e., partial assimilation] and had children." He was confronted with a native WASP elite which naturally dreaded such assimilation, and which snubbed his children in consequence.

In such circumstances, who can say how much of Boas's thought (and the thought of others like him) was inspired by egalitarianism and how much was inspired by envy and hatred.

In *Primitive Art* (1927), which Boas begins with the standard pronunciamento on "the fundamental sameness of mental processes in all races," the problem of mental taboos is suggested:

Everyone knows by experience that there are actions he will not perform, lines of thought that he will not follow, and words that he will not utter, because the actions are emotionally objectionable, or the thoughts find strong resistances and involve our innermost life so deeply that they cannot be expressed in words. We are right in calling these social taboos.

Compare the words of anthropologist Clive Bell, who less squeamishly insisted: "Civilized people can talk about anything. For them no subject is taboo . . . In civilized societies there will be no intellectual bogeys at sight of which great grownup babies are expected to hide their eyes."

While Boas was busy creating the bogey-ridden field of cultural anthropology, other German Jews were developing the so-called "sociology of knowledge." Not to put too fine a gloss on it, the sociology of knowledge proclaimed that Jews, because of their uniquely "marginal" -- i.e., international and unassimilated -- social status, were also uniquely suited to know. Karl Mannheim and his associates customarily took 300 prolix pages to say this -- largely so that Gentile audiences would be too bored to feel offended when they learned about their second-class status.

But if "know thyself" is the beginning of all wisdom, and Jewish intellectual potentates like Boas were and are "extremely repressed" -- uncertain about what they want from life, unsure of what they really think and feel -- is not social "marginality" really a bane to understanding? Isn't the person best suited for intellectual leadership the one who is essentially secure? The one who most fully embodies the traits and aspirations of a stable, self-supporting population of individuals much like himself? Shouldn't the stolid Madison Grant and William McDougall types have remained America's open and admitted intellectual elite, instead of being replaced by an esoteric elite which feels it must deny its own power and often feels secretly inferior and "unworthy" of its inheritance?

Svengalis and Trilbys

By way of summation, we cite, from *Smithsonian* magazine (April 1983), another choice episode in the Boas saga:

Ethnography in 1925 was a groping, half-developed art; [25-year-old Ruth] Bunzel . . . had scarcely known what she was doing the previous summer when, at Boas's suggestion, she spent a working vacation in Zuni, New Mexico, doing her own first fieldwork, which resulted in an esteemed book, *The Pueblo Potter*.

The pattern recurs. From out of "scarcely knowing what she was doing" comes -- another "esteemed book." But what

might some future Derek Freeman have to say about *The Pueblo Potter*?

It is not accidental that an aging Margaret Mead told her audience that the young had as much to say about the future as their parents -- "if not more." Another of Boas's insecure young protégées, Ruth Benedict, a lesbian, if it matters (and it does matter), once remarked to Mead that both had been raised on "Papa Franz's milk" to recognize the "absolute determination" of behavior by social pressure. In *A Rap on Race* (*Instauration*, August 1983), Mead actually told James Baldwin (perhaps in an impulsive moment) that young people without knowledge of the past were "stronger" for being "narrower." Well, it once worked for her, one is tempted to say. And how well this remark squares with Boas's professed fear of racial history -- and with his close associate Alfred Kroeber's bizarre antagonism toward the study of human origins, as described by Freeman:

Kroeber has confessed that "almost as a boy" he had a strong intuition that "all search for 'origins' is in vain." This belief he carried with him when, in 1896, he began his studies with Boas, and it was given great prominence in his first major anthropological study. In 1901 Kroeber asserted that any search for origins in anthropology could lead to "nothing but false results." The phenomena studied by anthropologists, he declared, had no origin; all arts and institutions were as old as man; every word was as old as speech; culture was "beginningless."

Hardly a promising start for a "giant" of "scientific anthropology"! But then Boas himself doubted till the end the existence of genes, evolution and natural selection -- and proclaimed a discontinuity between form and function in nature!

In any case, these are some of the things these gentlemen said they believed in. And the Margaret Meads and Ruth Benedicts said they believed their masters' voices. And even the Derek Freemans and George Stockings of today say they believe that all these assorted Svengalis and Trilbys really believed all these things.

What social science needs now is a Grand Demystifier who can separate, once and for all, the "innocents" from the knowing tribalists, who can also sort out the innocent, suspecting and knowing components from many of these same torn and taboo-ridden breasts. Franz Boas -- truth-seeker or skilled actor? Margaret Mead -- duped or deceitful? Derek Freeman -- only half-informed, or biding his time?

One thing is certain. The murky tribal forces behind Margaret Mead and the whole egalitarian mind-set are becoming less murky all the time. Alfred Kroeber himself observed as early as 1955 that the days when human nature could be canceled out of the behavioral equation were drawing to a close. Robert Ardrey, Arthur Jensen, E.O. Wilson and now Derek Freeman have helped prove him correct. The coming sociobiology of tribal deceit and self-deceit may prove to be the most fascinating sociobiology of all.

Ponderable Poem

When a man is unable to govern
His wife, his mother, his nurse,
He takes a particular pleasure
In running the universe.

*Ellen Borden Stevenson, divorced wife
of the late Governor Adlai Stevenson*

OLD RACISM AND NEW SURVIVALISM

With one or two exceptions, there hasn't been a single palatable, readable, race-conscious mystery or detective story since the days of *Fu Manchu*, first published in 1912. Author Sax Rohmer (Arthur Sarsfield Ward, 1882-1959) didn't have any illusions about the Yellow Peril, which he personified in his villainous Chinaman:

an archangel of evil . . . a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan . . . reptilian gaze of [green cat-like] eyes . . . The purposeful cruelty of the man was inherent . . . the Yellow Peril incarnate in one man.

Rohmer's Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a WASP supersleuth cousin of Sherlock Holmes, is "the man who fought on behalf of the entire white race" against *Fu Manchu*, "a menace to Europe and to America greater than that of the plague." The struggle between the two men is described as "race-drama . . . the story of Dr. Fu Manchu and of the great secret society which sought to upset the balance of the world, to place Europe and America beneath the scepter of Cathay."

Fu Manchu's plot to take over the world is as strange and complex as the oriental mind itself. For beginners, he plans to eliminate all Englishmen who know too much for their own good, whose knowledge of the *real* Orient, if it became public, would be counterproductive to the yellow race's interests. "Is there a man who would arouse the West to a sense of the awakening of the East, who would teach the deaf to hear . . . that the [oriental] millions only await their leader? He will die." One such man is an explorer named Sir Lionel Barton, an eccentric Orientalist who "has seen things in Tibet which *Fu Manchu* would have the West blind to." Sir Lionel's household staff boasts a Bedouin groom, a "squinting" Cantonese body servant, an Italian secretary named Strozza, who has "an unpleasant face," a Negro footman, a Malay, "and heaven knows what other strange people."

Doctor Petrie, Rohmer's (and Smith's) Doctor Watson, elab-



Warner Oland was Hollywood's Fu Manchu

orates on his feelings during his pursuit of "the sinister genius of the Yellow movement."

I felt as one bound upon an Aztec altar, with the priest's obsidian knife raised above my breast! Secret and malign forces throbbed about us; forces against which we had no armor . . .

Detective-hero Nayland Smith speaks words that would no longer bypass the blue pencil of any editor in New York or London:

Petrie, I have traveled from Burma not in the interests of the British Government merely, but in the interests of the entire white race, and I honestly believe -- though I pray I may be wrong -- that its *survival* depends largely upon the success of my mission.

Rebuilding White Civilization

Though a work of science fiction and not a mystery or detective story, a modern bestseller which is well written and (at least implicitly) race-conscious, is *The Day of the Triffids* by John Wyndham (Doubleday, 1951). William Masen, the principal character, holds down a mundane job in London with a company which extracts valuable oils and juices from strange alien plants (carnivorous tri-pods) called "triffids." The triffids come into being under mysterious circumstances involving a jet pilot of assorted Latin descent and the Russian government. One day nearly everyone in the world is blinded by watching a green "meteorite" shower.

When Masen, who doesn't lose his sight, wakes up to the horrible reality of what has happened, he decides, "There would be no going back -- ever. It was finish to all I had known." The truth is, he's glad "the old order" is dead.

All the old problems, the stale ones, both personal and general, had been solved by one mighty slash. Heaven alone knew as yet what others might arise -- and it looked as though there would be plenty of them -- but they would be new. I was emerging as my own master, and no longer a cog. It might well be a world full of horrors and dangers that I should have to face, but I could take my own steps to deal with it. I would no longer be shoved hither and thither by forces and interests that I neither understood nor cared about.

Masen eventually finds other sighted survivors. They congregate and choose a group leader, who has this to say:

The world we knew has ended in a flash . . . there is, however, still a margin of survival . . . We can begin again. Self-pity and a sense of high tragedy are going to build nothing at all. So we had better throw them out at once, for it is builders that we must become.

The best advice comes from a professor of sociology:

The world we knew is gone . . . The conditions which framed and taught us our standards have gone with it. Our needs are now different, and our aims must be different . . . We have not simply to start building again; we have to start thinking

again, which is far more difficult . . . It is the custom of each community to form the minds of its young in a mold, introducing a binding agent of prejudice. The result is a remarkably tough substance capable of withstanding successfully even the pressure of many innate tendencies and instincts. In this way it has been possible to produce a man who against all his basic sense of self-preservation will voluntarily risk death for an ideal -- but also in this way is produced the dolt who is sure of everything and knows what is "right." In the time now ahead of us a great many of these prejudices will have to go, or be radically altered. We can accept and retain only one primary prejudice, and that is that the race is worth preserving. To that consideration all else will, for a time at least, be subordinate. We must look at all we do, with this question in mind: "Is this going to help our race survive -- or will it hinder us?"

The professor then lays down the basic law for admission to the community of survivors:

There is one thing to be made quite clear to you before you decide to join our community. It is that those of us who start on this task will all have our parts to play. The men must work, the women must have babies. Unless you can agree to that, there can be no place for you in our community . . . We can afford to support a limited number of women who cannot see, because they will have babies who can see. We cannot afford to support men who cannot see. In our new world, then, babies become very much more important than husbands.

A tall, dark, purposeful-looking, youngish woman had a question, "Are we to understand that the . . . speaker is advocating free love?" The professor answers, "I never mentioned love, free, bought or bartered. Will she please make her question clearer?" The woman: "I am asking if he suggests the abolition of the marriage law?" Professor: "The laws we knew have been abolished by circumstances. It now falls to us to make laws suitable to the conditions, and to enforce them if necessary." Woman: "There is still God's law, and the law of decency." Professor:

Madam, Solomon had three hundred -- or was it five hundred -- wives, and God did not apparently hold them against him . . . Just what our laws in these matters, and in others, will be is for all of us to decide later for the greatest benefit of the community . . . Not one of us is going to recapture the conditions we have lost. What we offer is a busy life in the best conditions we can contrive, and the happiness which will come of achievement against odds. In return we ask willingness and fruitfulness. There is no compulsion. The choice is yours. Those to whom our offer does not appeal are at perfect liberty to go elsewhere and start a separate community on such lines as they prefer.

After this debate, William Masen gets a lesson from a new-found girlfriend, who agrees with the professor:

There's nothing crazy about it. It's all quite clear . . . All this, it's done something to me. It's like suddenly seeing everything differently. And one of the things I think I see is that those of us who get through are going to be much nearer to one another, more dependent on one another, more like -- well, more like a tribe than we ever were before.

Some "Christians" refuse to go along with the professor's program and go off on their own. They don't last long. Other splinter groups form, some of them eventually coming together on the Isle of Wight

An area with natural defenses, which, once it had been cleared of triffids could economically be kept clear of them . . . [W]e managed to thin down the crowd [of aliens] round our walls after a bit. Maybe they got to find it unhealthy, or maybe they didn't care a lot for walking about on the charred remains of their relatives . . . and, of course, there were fewer of them . . . Now we have an intensive search every spring, on account of [alien] seeds blowing over from the mainland, and settle with them right away.

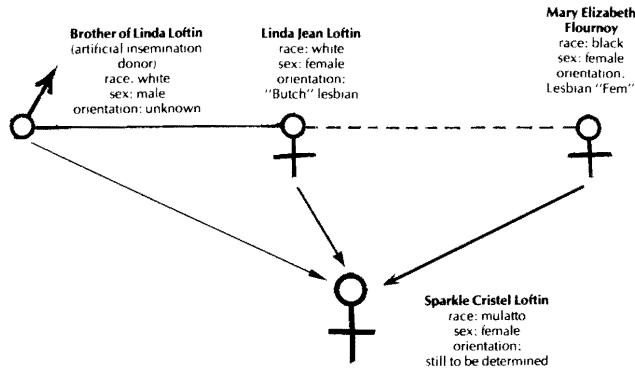
The Day of the Triffids closes with these lines:

We believe now that we can see our way, but there is still a lot of work and research to be done before the day when we, or our children, or their children, will cross the narrow straits on a great crusade to drive the [aliens] back and back with ceaseless destruction until we have wiped out the last one of them from the face of the land that they have usurped.

It is rare to find a science fiction tale which is both believable and relevant. *The Day of the Triffids* stands in stark contrast to all the soulless alien pulp manufactured by the likes of Ray Bradbury, Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison. Bradbury, for example, has written a short story, *The Other Foot*, praising reverse segregation -- by blacks against whites on Mars. When the last whites on earth, the pitiful remnants of a series of nuclear wars, seek refuge in the "Martian" colony, the blacks, after making elaborate preparations to get even with whitey, welcome them with open arms -- but only after the whites make long, demeaning "mea culpa" harangues.

O Tempora, O Mores!

A marital and parental tangle that says it all about the present Age of Moral Turpitude has been developing in the environs of New Sodom or, as its leading columnist Herb Caen so aptly calls it, Baghdad by the Bay. A white lesbian who walked out of the life of her black female "spouse" has won a court ruling that permits her to visit the four-year-old child conceived by the artificial insemination of said "spouse" by the lesbian's brother. It's all so complicated that we think a genealogical chart is needed to explain the ancestry of the child, Sparkle Cristel Loftin.



As might be expected, the court case attracted the notice of TV impresario Phil Donahue, who called the dusky Sparkle Loftin, "Just a Beautiful Baby." To further fit the mores to the tempora, Linda Loftin, who calls herself the "psychological" mother, when asked about the father, her brother, said, "There is no father -- the father was a turkey baster."

WHY THEY DO AND DON'T WANT US WHY WE DON'T WANT THEM

- **2 reasons why whites might have wanted blacks included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Blacks performed lowly and unpleasant jobs at the going pay rate.

Blacks tended to make whites feel vaguely good about themselves by serving as a "foil" to white achievements.

- **4 reasons why whites might not have wanted blacks included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Despite rigid social segregation, some black behavior patterns had always been adopted by whites.

Despite segregation, black crime and disorder spilled over into white society.

Low black performance standards often made whites lazy and self-satisfied, just as today's high Japanese standards stimulate white competitive instincts.

The Bible's "meek shall inherit the earth" admonitions induced strong guilt feelings in America's racial hierarchy.

- **1 reason why blacks might have wanted to be included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Low as they were on the social scale, blacks living in a white country had incomparable opportunities for economic and educational advancement they would not have had in a black country.

- **1 reason why blacks might not have wanted to be included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Though they were better off materially and educationally in a white setting, black self-esteem suffered through constant comparison to white achievements.

- **2 reasons why blacks might want to be included in the 1983 American "social contract":**

Though they remain (collectively) low on the American economic scale, blacks have risen sharply on some other scales. On the "moral scale," black Americans are regularly praised by the media as long-suffering, victimized and righteous, while whites (especially those of Northern European ancestry) are no less regularly vilified as cold, unfeeling and prejudiced.

Even the relatively low economic position of American blacks is vastly beyond anything they have shown the capacity to achieve on their own. And "Affirmative Action" promises even bigger economic gains in the future.

- **2 reasons why blacks might not want to be included in the American "social contract" of today:**

Black self-esteem continues to suffer through the group's comparison to whites.

Wise blacks recognize that the racial status quo in America is increasingly artificial and precarious. They know that if blacks (and their allies) come out on top in America, black economic progress would end and both black and white society would sink into chaos.

- **8 cogent reasons why whites might not want blacks included in the American "social contract" of today:**

"Affirmative Action" programs are bringing many blacks into positions they cannot handle, seriously affecting American productivity and quality control.

The alternative to quotas appears to be riots.

Much more damaging to white interests than the endless celebration of Négritude is the cultural veto given to blacks (and other racial minority groups), a veto which makes affirmations of white identity and pride strictly taboo.

Today's young blacks often refuse to perform the lowly, unpleasant jobs to which many of them are suited because of lack of qualification for other forms of employment.

The black presence tends to make whites feel morally "bad" about themselves and their ancestors. Those whites who manage to overcome this programmed self-incrimination often wind up feeling even worse about themselves and their ancestors (though in the opposite way) for having allowed so destructive a black-white interaction to come about!

With forced integration, black behavior patterns are influencing young whites more than ever to become behaviorally "less white," as European visitors sometimes notice.

Black crime and disorder are far more unsettling to whites than a generation ago.

Whites are not getting as upset as they should about Asian immigration, because "after all, it sure beats having blacks around." In short, prolonged contact with blacks has left us prepared to accept anything and anyone, and vastly compromised our once lofty dreams of racial excellence.

- **Reasons why whites might want blacks included in the American "social contract" of today:**

We cannot think of any valid ones that would benefit the blacks without long-term harm to whites.

WHO KILLED GOOD TASTE?

"There are tastes that deserve the cudgel," wrote Irving Babbitt, the American educator who died in 1933. Fifty years later, when many students rarely get past their textbooks, and many of those textbooks are ghost-edited by anonymous committees of New Yorkers with advanced degrees in "consciousness-raising," Babbitt's hard dictum has been replaced with a far more threatening kind of mush: "All tastes deserve our empathy because mutual destruction is the alternative in a pluralistic society."

Yet not even the United Voices of Expertdom are fooling all of the people all of the time, as the latest book by Midwestern businessman and writer Fred DeArmond makes plain. In *Empire of the Masses: The Decline of Taste in America*, DeArmond acknowledges the existence of distinct highbrow, middlebrow and lowbrow cultures in the United States, but remarks that "whichever level one considers, it is degraded from that of previous generations." The instances of cultural decline which he cites reveal a close link between "taste," as narrowly construed by the modern aesthetic specialist, and what Emerson called "the conduct of life," on which hangs the fate of nations. An example:

Mary Boykin Chestnut, author of the widely-acclaimed *Diary from Dixie*, was a woman of taste who balanced her character by polishing over the acerbities and prejudices that one of her background might naturally have been subject to. An aristocratic South Carolinian, wife of a high Confederate officer, an intimate of many southern Civil War figures, including President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy, she yet could see her people and the stirring and tragic events of the time in an objective light, a quality which gives her book a rare value.

"The Northern papers say that we have hung and quartered a Zouave, cut him into four pieces, and that we tie prisoners to a tree and bayonet them," she wrote. Instead of the partisan denunciation of the enemy that would have been expected to follow this sentence, her comment was: "It ought to teach us not to credit what our papers say of them."

Had there been more Mary Boykin Chestnuts in this century, the white race would never have been pushed to the precipice by Armageddons I and II. The antithesis of the objective Chestnut spirit is found in a fanatic like Menahem Begin, whose reflexive response to foreign allegations of an Israeli atrocity is the cry, "Blood libel!" Do the Begins ever pause to reflect, "It ought to teach us to question what our books say of them." But, "you don't have to be Jewish" to possess a mind furiously sealed against the losing side's perspective of recent history. As low as aesthetic taste has sometimes fallen, it has not attained the abyss of present moral taste.

The irony here, as DeArmond notes, is that "among our citizenry there is no lack of an intelligent elite But who listens to them?" The best have only a slim following while "the craziest thinking generally prevails." DeArmond turns to Solzhenitsyn's Harvard address for an answer. "You have an enormously free press," said the Russian, "but an enslaved readership." The explanation for degraded tastes, then, is apparently democracy run wild, a headless mob setting the standards. That this, at best, is only half an explanation is suggested

by DeArmond's personal *Who's Who* of culture vultures.

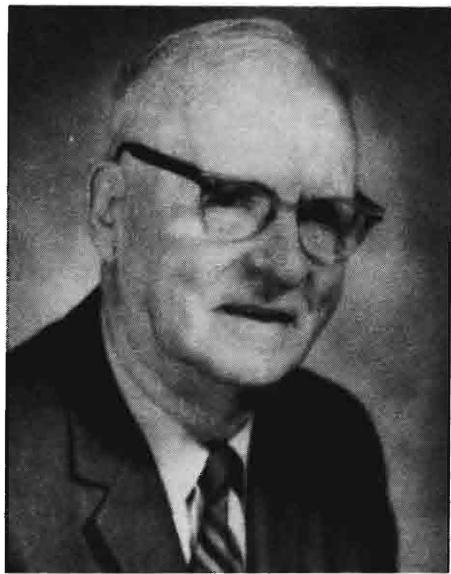
On page 34, he goes after Theodore Roszak, who calls for revolution and blames "the white Western middle class" for our poor planet's ills. On page 59, he blasts Charles Reich, who demands liberation through drugs and that "playful, joking, don't-give-a-damnness" which is so easily controlled by the unplayful minority. On page 61, he grimly recites Herbert Marcuse's condemnation of the classical ideal, which

represents for us now, and has always represented, the forces of oppression The norms of classical art are the typical patterns of order, proportion, symmetry, equilibrium, harmony, and all static and inorganic qualities. They are intellectual concepts which control or repress the vital instincts on which growth and therefore change depend, and in no sense represent a freely determined preference, but merely an imposed ideal.

On page 65, DeArmond attacks the generation gap-fomenting rhetoric of J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. On page 73, the accused is Herbert J. Gans, guilty of calling for an "equality revolution" spearheaded by "minorities" who conveniently add up to a majority. (Gans also demands "moral equality," with the promised "elimination of all distinctions between 'deviant' and 'non-deviant' behavior" -- which, rest assured, only means that our behavior will now be branded as deviant.)

Of course, the word "Jew" scarcely appears in DeArmond's treatise -- which suffices to get it published by Dorrance (35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, PA 19003, \$6.95). Yet this circumspection will by no means suffice to get the book reviewed in the right places and its right ideas accepted by the right people. As Susan Sontag, another of DeArmond's targets, has written: the chief creators of the "modern sensibility" are Jews and homosexuals, and "every sensibility is self-serving to the group that promotes it." Once upon a time there was a large and powerful class of Americans who shared DeArmond's physical appearance and values and who fully understood the self-serving nature of all power. Their descendants, alas, abdicated that awesome responsibility and bequeathed it to an eager minority coalition.

Geographically peripheral WASPs like Fred DeArmond, born on a Missouri farm before the turn of the century, have been trying to figure out exactly what hit them ever since. As the associate editor of *The Nation's Business* in Washington from 1938 to 1943, years when he made the acquaintance of figures like Bernard Baruch and Lothrop Stoddard, DeArmond had a better chance than most to analyze the kind of change transforming America's cultural power centers. Yet *Empire of the Masses*, like many books of its genre, leaves the discerning reader wondering just how much the author "really knows." The jacket blurb states that his book "lays most of the blame on permissiveness" -- which only begs all kinds of questions. After all, while Herbert Marcuse and his crowd were preaching a gospel of spontaneity and immaturity to the masses, they were putting long, diligent days into the updating of cultural ideas and social strategies stretching back thousands of years in their own genealogies. Adult brains lay behind the youthful outbursts of Berkeley and Paris in the 1960s, a point which De-



Fred DeArmond

Armond readily concedes, "If the faculties of young people were really superior in our time, as is often asserted, rebellious youth would have developed its own intellectual leadership and not have followed designing older agitators"

Again and again, DeArmond defines good and bad taste with the aid of words and phrases which are guaranteed to raise red warning flags in the minds of intellectuals the world over. For René de Chateaubriand, he recalls, taste meant "delicate" good sense. Then there is "discrimination" between "fine" and "coarse" things in life. "Tone" is also important, whether "high" or "low." For DeArmond, whose photograph reveals a mild and finely-wrought Nordic face, none of these values are problematic. One wonders whether or not he has reflected that for other peoples, of other bodily and temperamental makeup, they are dubious in the extreme. In *The Ordeal of Civility*, sociologist John Murray Cuddihy described Jewish tastes quite graphically:

A kind of predifferentiated crudeness on the culture system level, and a kind of undifferentiated rudeness on the social system level of behavior, is believed to be -- by certain Jews themselves -- not only an integral part of what it means to be a Jew, but integral to the religious essence of Judaism, and not an accidental result of Exile or of socio-economic disadvantages.

Jews are now the wealthiest ethnic group in America, with the lion's share of cultural power, but these facts alone have not recast them as genteel English aristocrats -- nor could they in a billion years (without biological steps being taken). So when, on page 35, DeArmond praises "standards of decency and reserve" (naively assuming that all races will perceive the same linkage); or when, on page 118, he criticizes the new "assumption of familiarity toward strangers"; or when, on page 130, he praises the slow, deliberate speech of Gary Cooper and John Wayne; or when, on page 134, he agrees with a Scotsman that "unexcitability" is "the greatest safeguard of the British people" -- he (apparently) fails to see that he is implicitly condemning the standards which entire generations of Norman Mailers, Wilhelm Reichs and Arthur (Primal Scream) Janovs have labored to establish.

If, as Solzhenitsyn says, America has an "enormously free press," then let it be well understood that that freedom stops

literally at the printing-house door. To expect a minority elite to promote the ideas, the manners and the art objects which would swiftly end its dominance is sheer folly. Would the gentlemen of old Europe's courts, many of them with faces as open and thoughtful as DeArmond's, ever have sung the praises of turgidity or vulgarity or -- random mating? And, indeed, as DeArmond sadly notes, some of Freud's followers have branded selectivity in the choosing of sexual partners as "psychologically unhealthy." As for openness, DeArmond has no use for Talmudic double-think and double-talk:

The French Existentialists, who have attained a large following in America, indulge in a large volume of "nebulous verbosity." Jean Paul Sartre defined consciousness as abstraction of a high order "since it conceals within itself its ontological origin in the region of in-itself. Conversely the phenomenon is likewise an abstraction since it must 'appear' to consciousness. The concrete is man within the world in that specific union of man with the world Really!

Now, admittedly there can be an element of unfairness in citing critically short passages out of context, as I have done. But, generally speaking, I have found that the best and most articulate thinkers are the most quotable in or out of context. Examples are Edmund Burke, Robert Louis Stevenson, Thoreau, Lincoln, William James, and Henry Mencken. The reason is that these men were masters of language. Their prose is tight. Selected passages hold together separately or when tied together in a long discourse. They would not have rebuked critics for quoting them out of context.

DeArmond shows his own gift for quotation in a number of places. He gives us Francis Parkman, in 1869, deplored a nascent phenomenon which he described as "the diffusion of education and the degradation of culture." The book's title comes from Ortega y Gasset, "We are living, then, under the brutal empire of the masses." There is Malcolm Muggeridge, "The mid-twentieth century, far from being a period of enlightenment, has been notable for credulity and servility to a quite exceptional degree." And Muggeridge twenty years later, "[T]he critical faculties are stifled by a plethora of public persuasion and information, so that literally anyone will believe anything."

T.S. Eliot is cited, "We can assert with some confidence that our own period is one of decline; that the standards of culture are lower than they were 50 years ago; and that the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." De Tocqueville's praise for American democracy had a dark edge, "I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America." Emerson, although often misguided, dared to be free: "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness Truth is handsomer than the affectation of love." Whitman, in his *Democratic Vistas* and *Chants Democratic*, sang the swan song of quality: "I speak the word primordial -- I give the sign of democracy I will accept nothing which all cannot have on the same terms." An awesomely destructive formula, that.

"Since the very beginning of our national life," writes DeArmond, "Americans have handicapped themselves by a sentiment that may be identified as the 'George III Complex.' " We tend to fear authority which admits to being such, only to flee to a darker power which speaks a smooth, long-rehearsed ian-

guage of anti-authority. The darker power proclaims the coming reign of "equality for all," but, as DeArmond notes, *prestige* is also a widely sought desideratum, and the Lenins, Trotskys, Freuds and Margaret Meads have never promised to spread it around evenly. (Witness the attacks on the prestige-hungry Nouvelle Ecole crowd in France. These unaffluent upstarts continue to get hit far harder than the materially superrich Rockefellers. Who says our enemies put material wealth first?)

Much of DeArmond's critique of modern society is aimed at the "tasteless" refusal to recognize those human differences (in intelligence, wisdom, beauty, capacity) which clearly exist. Yet he later praises tact, recalling that "comparisons are odious." Comparisons are indeed often odious, and hence obliquely made, even in homogeneous settings like the Missouri farm country of 1900. In modern urban America, they are increasingly incomunicable as well. DeArmond's routine linkage of "decency and reserve," which is easily factored into his own hierarchy of human values, would be vigorously opposed by a Norman Mailer or Susan Sontag, who might see reserves as an indecent refuge for anti-Semitism. (After all, don't even the most "reserved" of good ole boys miraculously loosen up among their own? In such a setting, it may be the urban interloper who is reserved -- but doesn't want to be.)

The social philosopher Richard Swartzbaugh has argued that discourse tends to be egalitarian by nature. Goethe once said, "Whoever speaks long before others, without flattering his audience, excites opposition." Radical egalitarianism is built into the present American social structure, because anyone who wants to go anywhere must flatter people with aquiline

noses and splayed noses, with high IQs and low, with crude tastes and fine.

The most disconcerting part of *Empire of the Masses* is its breezy epilogue. Only pages earlier, DeArmond had cited André Maurois's observation that married life is "lived on the mental level of the more mediocre of the two beings who compose it." Here he sounds an analogous note: "just being oneself," seemingly so simple, is in fact "an extremely hard course to pursue steadfastly and consistently. Not a day passes that one is not tempted persuasively to be something other than oneself." (Even by one's spouse, perhaps.) DeArmond should reflect on the tragic consequences of this phenomenon, which psychologists call "coercion toward the population mean," for those young men and women of his own type who are trapped in a darkening, jived-up environment. Instead, he ends anti-climactically with these tepid comments:

It is comforting to reflect that for over two centuries of national life our people have on the whole decided the important issues soundly and consistently

The system under which we live has a happy way of redressing wrongs and reevaluating public decisions.

The "principal reason for the decline of taste in America," DeArmond reassures us, is probably the old human tendency to "follow the crowd." Granted. But the makeup of the American crowd is fast-changing, which should have been -- and wasn't -- his basic point.

JUD SÜSS IN BUFFALO

On Sunday, April 24, 1983, the German movie *Jud Süß* was shown on the campus of the State University of New York at Buffalo. It was part of a two-day Holocaust program sponsored by various Jewish groups. The program notes said this was the first time the film had ever been shown publicly in the U.S. The reason for the screening, it was explained, was to help students of the Holocaust understand the diabolical nature of Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda.

Professor William Allen of the history department told the audience of several hundred that of over 1,000 films made in Germany from 1933-45, only four could be considered anti-Semitic. All four, including *Süss*, were made in the early 1940s, while Germany was at war.

Jud Süß is not a tedious, heavy-handed tract of dull-witted cinematic propaganda, as one might expect, but a lively, fast-paced, engrossing drama. The sets, costumes, lighting, acting and directing easily match the Hollywood product of that era. It is well-crafted professionalism all the way.

The story is based on the career of Josef Süß-Oppenheimer, treasurer of Duke Karl Alexander of Würtemberg. After ascending to the throne, the Duke tries to raise new revenues to pay for such expensive status symbols as an opera company, a ballet troupe and a palace guard. When his council refuses to give him the money, Süß, the moneylender, steps in. As the Duke becomes ever more dependent on him, Süß shaves his beard and abandons his Hebraic garb "to more easily fit into open court society." At the same time, he persuades the Duke to abolish the ancient ban on Jews entering Stuttgart. Soon the



Ferdinand Marian as *Jud Süß*

Israelites are pouring in. Würtembergers resent the influx and groan under the weight of the tolls and fees imposed by Süss to enrich himself and the Duke. The treasurer uses all sorts of hair-splitting Talmudic legalisms to bend and twist the law in his favor, and entrap those who oppose him.

Süss plays on the carnal weaknesses of the Duke to transform the refined atmosphere of the court dances into a "meat market," where the duchy's women are exhibited and seduced for the pleasure of the Duke, his palace guard and Süss. Coveting the beautiful blonde daughter of one of the leading citizens, Süss asks for her hand in marriage. When the old man angrily refuses, Süss persists, warning that it would be dangerous to say no. The father declares, "My daughter will bear no Jewish children!"

Süss has the father arrested on a trumped-up charge of treason, but not before the daughter hurriedly marries her fiancé. By now the people have had enough, and revolt brews. Süss persuades the Duke to hire 5,000 mercenaries for a coup d'état to abolish the duchy's constitution. He also has the new bride's husband arrested and tortured. When she comes to Süss to beg for mercy for her spouse, he rapes her. Unable to face her husband, she kills herself.

Finally, the people rise up. The foolish, selfish old Duke, who now sees too late that Süss has brought him "nothing but enemies," dies during an alcoholic binge, after which the

palace guards defect, leaving Süss and his fellow Jews to meet their fate. The court that convicts Süss states, "We do not live by your law of vengeance, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but for the crime of violating the honor of a Christian girl, you must be hanged." It is then decreed that no Jews may ever again enter Würtemberg.

The story of Josef Süss-Oppenheimer clearly parallels the story of Joseph in Genesis. A clever Jew becomes indispensable to the ruler of the state and uses his position to enrich himself and entrench his own people in power. But the chutzpahish Süss never stops pushing; that is his undoing. At one point an old rabbi berates him for being so ostentatious and power-hungry. He tells Süss that a Jew should always remain hidden within his own community, wielding power unobserved so as not to arouse the goyim. Süss attempts to justify his behavior by saying that everything he is doing is "for the sake of Israel," so that Würtemberg will become another Promised Land.

Jud Süss is in black and white and about 90 minutes long. The English subtitles unfortunately skip parts of the dialogue, leaving those who don't speak German wondering what they're missing. Nonetheless the story is easy to follow. However, not too many Americans are likely to have the opportunity to see *Jud Süss*. The program notes state explicitly, "Distributed to educational institutions and Holocaust Centers only by Teutonia Films of San Diego, California."

Facing Hard Realities

As a race endures a stiff and unrelenting assault upon all of its major homelands, it is liable finally to start cracking. Faced with an impossibly unfair future and no apparent way out, even a stock of proven high capacity may at last turn collectively to drugs, punk rock, "creationism" and other reality-deadeners.

Those of us who envision a possible global collapse of the white race must realize that it would not only mean more Jewish control (before they, too, go down), more Third World intrusion, and more black misbehavior. If whites are blown away in a swirling cloud of ignominy, our behavior will probably surpass in its shamefulness anything heretofore seen on earth.

It may be, as Raspail writes, that the "Book of Fate" decreed that the white man's reflexes of self-preservation are "destined to remain rare exceptions, hidden or deformed, never able to add up to a meaningful whole." If so, the creative race which has always been first in fame will likely become first in shame. We may already be seeing the first glimmerings of this transformation. Our last hope may lie in ruthlessly exposing this racial shame as it grows. Attempts to deny the new white self-degradation can only damage our credibility.

Consider the problem's background. Europe's most liberal nationalities have always tended to become the most conservative when thrown in with other groups -- but in a reactionary rather than a progressive sense. Swedes are liberal in Sweden or

Minnesota, but set them down in a multi-ethnic city and they become so many narrow fiscal conservatives, withdrawing from public places and community involvement, stifling their imaginations and growing obsessed with protecting their material wealth. Their biotypes demand a withdrawal which finally becomes withdrawal from life itself. (Today, multiracial reactionism is catching up -- slowly -- with the liberal Swede in his Swedish and Minnesota redoubts.)

Conversely, the Italian, who maintains a far more rigid, conservative society among his own kind, becomes a liberal in the multi-ethnic city -- that is, until groups like blacks and Puerto Ricans are thrown into his midst, instant leftists who force the Italian rightward.

Northern European man, progressive on his own, devours his own creations one by one as he is pressed by other races. In the American South, the Nordic never was a liberal because he had the Negro to contend with. The Scopes trial attempted to suppress a Nordic-devised body of thought in Tennessee in 1925. Today, the Scopes mentality is being "born again" in precisely those states which have a high concentration of Nordics -- and it is often these Nordics who are leading the rebirth. Organized minorities nearly always oppose these blond Biblical "creationists." (Since evolution teaches "change," while special creation teaches continuity among discrete living forms, and since the greatest change facing the blond Bible-thumpers is that of

racial muddling through miscegenation, there is much to be said for fundamentalism as politics, though not, of course, as science.)

The real source of the religious uprising is almost painfully obvious in California. Nell Seagraves, the matriarch of a blond family in a once blond state, says "We feel we are out to repossess our land." In a state where European values have, since World War II, been joined by black values, Hispanic values and Asian values, Mrs. Seagraves rightly maintains, "We cannot live with chaotic values."

It is certain that the minority-run media are hyping the Seagraves types to make the Majority look bad. After all, they never gave the progressive Carleton Putnam a hearing when he tried to carry his Southern-based educational crusade on innate racial differences to a national audience. Even so, the neo-fundamentalist movement is making itself hard to ignore.

The opposite side of this particular racial flip-flop is presented by the Asian Americans, whose forebears had nothing to do with the creation of modern science. Though they were 1.5% of the American people in 1980 (probably an undercount), they make up 6.6% of all U.S. scientists with doctoral degrees, including 15.5% of those in engineering and 9.3% in computer science. About 8.9% of the freshman class at Harvard is Asian-American, as are 20% of the undergraduates at Berkeley. Harvard's Stephan Thernstrom says, "It's absurd that Orientals qualify for affirmative

action, but it makes the program work."

A major national survey sponsored by the U.S. Education Department found Asian high-school students achieving mathematics scores considerably higher than those of any other group, including the catch-all category of "whites" (Hispanics excluded). Whites outperformed Asians in reading and vocabulary, although by a smaller margin. Overall, Asian students came out first, despite the fact that 58% were foreign born and 14% were identified as limited English-speaking. The same study also showed that Asians take more tough courses, do more homework, and are more often expected by parents to achieve advanced degrees.

Many motivating factors are involved. Asian students, often small, plain-featured and bespectacled, tend to be ignored by their more popular and social-minded white classmates. The slight degree of sexual dimorphism among Asians means that young romance, an age-old preoccupation

of occidental but rarely of oriental society, is less of a distraction. Who has not known whites in the 100-110 IQ range who achieved more in a narrow academic sense than other whites, not only brighter but better-rounded, who were distracted from their studies by an abundance of personal gifts that kept them always "doing"?

Emerson draws our attention back to the traditional Western ideal in his essay on "Manners":

Whenever used in strictness . . . the name [gentleman] will be found to point at original energy . . . In a good lord, there must first be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power, which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage, and of attempts, which intimidate the pale scholar.

The Jews, who have succeeded in placing scholars both pale and swarthy on the national pedestal, are now being joined by legions of bushy-tailed Asians. Put bluntly, certain of these people have a lot of the computer and the clone in them, which would eminently qualify them for the hive-like future that may be coming, but not in the future we seek.

Sociologist William Petersen says that Asian-American academic achievement is "fairly comparable to the Jewish drive for excellence." Many Asian students remember being called "chink" or "gook." They feel the need to "prove themselves" in a gut-level way that the blond, all-American boy can hardly comprehend. There is a lot to be said for this theory, although black and Hispanic students -- shown in tests to have the same compensatory motives -- are not benefiting from raw willpower. Clearly, another factor, called IQ, cannot be ignored.

An Instaurationist sounds off on the deplorable state of U.S. schools

Uneducational Education

We hear a lot these days about the degradation of our educational system and how it is turning out an inferior product, namely, our children. In the welter of criticism, the critics seem to forget that the best pie-maker in the world can do nothing with mud except produce mud pies. After years of working in the aerospace industry as a chemist, I know of no instance where a product is independent of the material of which it is formed. American education is a mirror of the values of the population as a whole. Educational standards have fallen so low because society wants every student to pass. The cold reality is that high standards necessitate high failure rates. No gadget, no film strip, no computer software will ever catapult a simian brain out of the realm of thinking about climbing trees.

The sad truth is that many of our best teachers have lost their jobs simply because they insisted upon high standards. New York State once boasted of having the highest standards of any state in the country. Today, some schools in our second most populated state refuse to give any grades lower than 60. I personally know of situations where teachers were told that a "relevant" algebra course consisted of the first four chapters in a 22-chapter book. I do not wish to belabor the point, but our school systems, like our politicians, are exactly what the public demands. When present-day teachers adhere to standards, they will soon be looking for a job. Tell the truth, and you'll never make it in politics.

American education has a steadily increasing supply of inferior raw material to work with. In this regard it is unfair to compare "average" American students with

those of Germany, Japan or Russia. In Germany and Japan, I strongly suspect the standard IQ deviation is much smaller than in the U.S. Even though the U.S.S.R. is quite racially diversified, the commissars are practical enough to keep the potatoes separate from the carrots. I am sure that Russian performance data represents a select group.

I have mentioned the dirty word "IQ." For the sake of argument, let's assume that a score on a IQ test has no correlation to the "actual" mental acumen and reasoning power of the youthful individual. It would follow that a group of students scoring 80 would demonstrate the same random distribution of "brains" as a group scoring 120. This corollary would give the maximum latitude to the myth believers. Therefore I make this challenge. Name your own high-school mathematics course. Give me one school year with nothing more than a textbook and chalkboard. Since IQ scores are not supposed to mean much, no one should object if I selected the 120 score group to work with. My opponent has the liberty of utilizing any conceivable collection of computer hardware, software, mushware and fanfare together with Sesame Street decimals, padded chairs, metrics and any other tricks available. After the instruction is over, let's allow the passage of six months for digestion of the newly accumulated knowledge, creativity, decision-making, problem-solving, critical thinking, synthesis, evaluation and communications or whatever. Pick your SAT tests, closed- or open-book exams, surprise quizzes, essays, research projects or any other criteria for performance evaluation. Anyone care to bet that my group won't win hands down?

A longer academic year? Many of our inner-city pupils are wiped out after the second week in September. Closer cooperation with industry? Certainly. No one should teach chemistry unless he has been formally employed by industry as a chemist for at least two years. Most science teachers haven't the faintest idea of the practical applications of their favorite subject. In education, as in life, to enjoy milk and cream one must first get used to shoveling a little manure. How much can be learned about cows by sipping from a milk carton?

In a society that stampedes to a stadium to witness one bunch of morons chase another, I can only predict a steady diminution of academic performance. Illiterates are being granted huge "scholarships" for atavistic excellence. Passing grades become items of charity. As the unrestricted breeding of the dumber dumbbells increases and the performance requirements of an advancing technological society increase, one can easily extrapolate massive social upheavals. Out of expedience alone, the educational product will become inexorably inferior. Our equality-obsessed society will not tolerate a change in educational direction any more than it will tolerate a change to economic belt-tightening.

American education has suffered grievously from the Spock and Company brand of "new think." The fact is that our contemporary educationists make Spock look rather sane. I witnessed a TV program a short time ago that featured a professor of something or other who claimed that African termites would be building radio telescopes after 20,000 more years of evolution. This welcome prediction was based upon

the "fact" that these termites build their nests in the form of Gothic arches. Academia reeks with such professors.

Johnny Jones gets a low grade. Since the grade is obviously "unfair," the irate parent descends upon the school board, school administrator or both. It doesn't take more than 15 minutes for the buck to be passed to the teacher. If teacher wishes to keep his or her job, then the grades must come up. So teacher lowers the standards. Now Johnny gets a higher grade and knows less.

In some schools, attendance counts for 40% of the grade. In some schools, students are given extra points just for remaining silent. Any wonder that many teachers de-

scribe their jobs as "babysitting"? Recently a teacher in our local high school complained that the chemistry course was not adhering to New York State requirements for laboratory work. He was fired. If anyone thinks these episodes are rare, I suggest that reality is out of his ken. We are still free to prate, but woe to us if we try to implement.

Afloat in their isolated ship, educators twaddle about correcting the presence of water in the hold. Following hours of role playing, committee-forming and "interaction encounters," they come to a conclusion. The water is there because there is no path for egress. Solution? Drill a hole in the bottom. When that doesn't work, form

another committee. By popular vote it is then decided that the principle of drilling a hole to let the water out was sound, but the hole wasn't large enough. Since the ship of education is now barely afloat, I'm waiting for the next round of hole-boring to commence.

I hate to end this little essay on another sour note, but our current crop of education "experts" remind me of backward-mounted jockies who, after getting the horse to gallop in reverse, seem puzzled as to why the horses have their heads on the wrong end.

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West Indian Flunkers

Thomas Sowell, the black economist, has made a great point of showing that West Indian Negroes in the U.S. do much better than American-born Negroes. He relies on this idea to "prove" that Negroes do not suffer from any genetic handicaps. West Indians, he tells us, hail from lands with less racial discrimination and are therefore culturally conditioned to outdo American blacks who only recently have enjoyed equal opportunity under the law. If our Negroes came from the Lesser or Greater Antilles, then they too would "make it" in America.

Sowell's thesis doesn't jibe too well with a recent study of West Indians in Britain, whose results, "based on the most extensive battery of tests ever given to ethnic minority children in this country," have been published in the *British Journal of Development Psychology*.

When West Indians begin school at five in Britain, they do as well as other racial groups and read slightly ahead of white

working-class children and almost as well as white middle-class children. By age seven, however, all whites pull ahead. By age 10, blacks are a year behind lower-class whites and two years behind middle-class whites. At the same time, white IQs hold steady while black IQs decline 4.6 points (Indian IQs go up 4.4 points in the same period). Finally, only 2% of the blacks manage to get into the grammar-school curriculum which is composed of the top 25% of the students. By age 16, West Indians are generally ineligible for higher education and professional training.

Sandra Scarr, the Yale psychologist who headed the testing team, dealt Sowell a mortal blow when she made the obligatory disclaimer, "Genetics explain nothing." If genes have nothing to do with the West Indians' poor educational record, then the causes must be environmental. Yet Sowell's case rests entirely on the proposition that environment is the sole reason for the West Indians' economic success in the U.S. His

argument now falls flat -- unless he can show that the underachieving West Indians in Britain come from a different environment than the allegedly overachieving West Indians in the U.S.

Despite Ms. Scarr, genetics seem to explain quite a lot. Blacks cannot match white performance wherever and whenever the two races meet in industrialized societies. Perhaps the West Indians' cultural environment is better for blacks because of the black preponderance in the Islands. Perhaps this does give them a slight cultural or psychological edge over American-born blacks. But both in Britain and in the U.S. most blacks, whatever their origins, do worse than whites in and out of school. And how does Sowell's environmental hypothesis account for the fact that West Indian blacks in Britain have the same propensity for rioting and crime as blacks everywhere, including their kinfolk in Africa?

How Zionists Manage the News

The Jewish Unity Movement/Desert Ulpan (JUM/DU) organization of Tucson, Arizona, gave the readers of its February 1983 newsletter, *Shalom*, a rare look at some of the techniques used by Zionist groups to mold public opinion.

In 1981, the newsletter states, a news reporter for Tucson television station KOLD referred briefly to the Israel-occupied West Bank as "Israeli-occupied Palestine." The JUM/DU responded with "vehement protests" and warned that the group "would monitor KOLD newscasts closely and demanded that Channel 13 exercise the greatest care in reporting on events."

Last year, KOLD television reported civilian casualty figures from an Israeli bombing raid in Lebanon. The JUM/DU called the

figures "grossly inflated" and took action. In the words of the JUM/DU newsletter:

We protested and threatened to initiate an advertiser boycott. When the largest TV advertiser was informed by us, the firm's owners went to KOLD and made it clear to [station manager Jay] Watson and the news director that they had better mend their ways if they wished to avoid losing the account. Channel 13 has since then not cause for complaint.

The "largest TV advertiser" is Sam Levitz Warehouse Furniture, which barrages television viewers with a flood of obnoxious hard-sell commercials, especially during the late-night old movie slot.

Sam Levitz also pressured Tucson televi-

sion station KGUN, channel 9, into broadcasting a blatantly Zionist propaganda film, *Israel -- the Untold Story*, produced by JUM/DU. It was aired twice over KGUN last October.

The JUM/DU newsletter also boasted that it succeeded in forcing the *Tucson Citizen*, the city's evening paper, to censor the nationally syndicated column by Georgie Anne Geyer because of her effective criticisms of Menahem Begin's policies.

Her column appeared regularly on the editorial page of the *Citizen*. We made numerous remonstrances to Mr. Ted Craig, the editorial page editor. He agreed to discontinue printing her anti-Jewish diatribes.

The JUM/DU and the local chapter of the Zionist Organization of America have been trying to force the *Arizona Daily Star*, Tucson's morning newspaper, to drop the syndicated column of Anthony Lewis, a Jewish writer whom the JUM/DU calls "an enemy of Israel and the Jewish people." Even though the Zionists haven't been able to remove the column so far, the JUM/DU happily reports

since last fall no Israel-defaming column by Lewis has been printed in the *Arizona Daily Star*. We can only assume that the *Star's* editors have given this matter weighty thought and changed their minds. We certainly hope so.

The newsletter also reported similar efforts to censor the University of Arizona stu-

dent daily, *The Arizona Wildcat*.

It too was threatened with a boycott of advertisers and as a consequence agreed to feature articles and printed letters by us and Jewish students to counter the pro-PLO articles that had appeared on its pages.

Criticizing the older, establishment Zionist organizations such as the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League for being too timid and cowardly, the more radical JUM/DU justifies its cruder manipulations of public opinion by explaining, "events have made it evident that it is impossible to buy Congressional votes by monetary contributions alone."

The JUM/DU announced that it works closely with the Tucson chapters of the Jew-

ish Defense League and the Zionist Organization of America. The JUM/DU newsletter is mailed at a special "half-price" subsidized postage rate because it has been certified as a "nonprofit organization."

The above examples of media manipulation tell only a small part of the story. The much more powerful Zionist organizations headquartered in New York and Washington apply more discreet and far greater pressure on the television networks and the "impact" press. No one hears much about this, because these groups are too sophisticated to brag about their successes.

We have to rely on the boastful and self-damning admissions of less inhibited lobbies like the Jewish Unity Movement of Tucson to learn what Zionists have done and are doing to harass the American media.

Mexican Ways of Governing

If and when America is reduced to a battleground for contending Third World gangs, and the Russians or some other force move in to mop up, the Majority remnant should not cry out too loudly that it was "never warned." The record will show that on June 12, 1983, one of the most widely read publications in the U.S. sounded the clearest alarm possible. On that day, *Parade*, the omnipresent Sunday newspaper supplement, ran an article entitled, "South of the Border," in which a "Mexican friend" gave the following lowdown on his native land:

In what other country that you know do the police commit most of the crime? . . . In what other country is a man whose home has been robbed afraid to call the police because he fears they may eventually come back to steal anything of value which has been left? In what other country do the police control drugs, prostitution, extortion and almost every other racket? Did you ever hear of the secret police branch we had in Mexico City? . . . They would kidnap citizens and hold them for

ransom in their own special jails. They would rape, rob, extort and murder . . . Our new president, Miguel de la Madrid . . . says he is determined to eliminate corruption. Presidents before him said the same thing. Most left office as millionaires . . . In the past, they stole so much that today Mexico is bankrupt.

These "wonderful people," as President Reagan calls them, who stand to inherit vast stretches of our American earth -- and who show no sign of abandoning their collectively crude ways -- were toasted again by the First Actor on May 5. It was in September 1981 that Reagan told a White House gathering of Hispanics, "If the country were just left to us Anglos, it would be kind of dull."

The latest "presidential tribute to Hispanics" occurred in San Antonio on Cinco de Mayo, the Mexican patriotic holiday which commemorates the 1862 Battle of Puebla, in which ragged Mexican troops scored a victory of sorts over the fever-stricken French invaders. Reagan, who probably wouldn't dare to celebrate Alamo Day, admitted, "I've almost forgotten when I didn't

celebrate Cinco de Mayo." He also told the assembled Mexico Firsters that their homeland's turmoil "is not just your problem, it's our problem and we'll meet it together."

All this groveling drew only the mildest applause, and it is considered unlikely that Reagan can again capture even the 25% of the Hispanic vote he won in 1980. Former Republican Governor Bill Clements's share of the Tex-Mex vote fell from 19% in 1978 to 13% in 1982, despite his all-out pro-Hispanic media blitz -- largely because Democrats had registered swarms of Mexicans in the interim.

White America has been warned. When *Parade* ran one of its sob stories on a down-and-out woman last winter, it was claimed that 1 million readers wrote in to offer help. Yet a rundown on the kind of government we can expect from Mexicans, once they outbreed us on our own turf, produced hardly a peep, although such a brutalizing regime would surely put tens of millions of Majority families in jeopardy.

Why They Waffle

"Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Reagan are in office; they aren't in power." This interesting assertion turned up in the *Wall Street Journal* (March 29, 1983) in an op-ed piece by Professor Peter Bauer of the London School of Economics. Bauer asked why, since Presidents Nixon and Reagan and British Prime Minister Thatcher had been elected with large majorities, they quickly began to deviate from their professed objectives.

One journalist friend told him: "Politicians don't seek office to carry out policies. Their purpose is to gain office . . . Once elected they will pursue courses which combine least trouble with best prospects for continued office . . ." Bauer agreed

there was something to this, but still found the "pronounced deviation" from the declared objectives of Thatcher and Reagan to be quite unlike the follow-through of elected liberals and leftists. Here is his explanation:

[Thatcher, Nixon and Reagan] were elected by substantial majorities of the popular vote. However, they were elected without the support -- indeed, with the opposition -- of influential and articulate groups in the civil service, the academics and the media; and also against the wishes of "progressive" businessmen, politicized writers, critics, trade union leaders, clergymen, entertainers and professional hu-

manitarians. Taken together, these categories largely make up the contemporary Western "political nation," that is the people who dominate discussion of public affairs, influence the course of events and circumscribe the freedom of the political leadership. What suits the interest of politicians is much influenced by the climate of opinion, which in turn is affected very considerably by the interests and attitudes, and therefore the activities, of the political nation.

Conservative Europeans and Americans, Bauer continued, "seriously underestimate" the power of the "Western" political nation. This nation-within-a-nation can

frustrate the Majority's wishes in many ways:

These include resistance by the bureaucracy, primarily the civil service; undermining the self-confidence of the leaders and even more that of their followers, especially in Parliament and Congress, and erecting a phalanx of so-called respectable opinion in opposition to the declared objectives of these leaders . . .

The political nation is in Britain widely equated with public opinion . . . Time and again one hears it said that "public opinion" won't stand for this or that policy

or measure proposed by Mrs. Thatcher or her circle, meaning by public opinion the particular categories of people most of whom are opposed to Mrs. Thatcher's objectives. In Britain, reducing the influence of these groups seems a precondition for the implementation of Mrs. Thatcher's objectives . . .

Re-election by itself won't enable Mrs. Thatcher to overcome this resistance. She must seek out allies within these groups, enhance their effectiveness and promote cooperation among them, as well as between them and the political leadership.

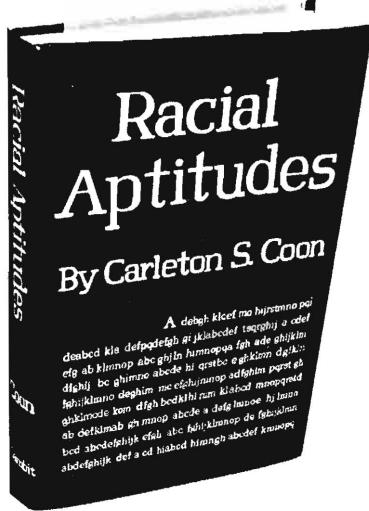
Being Jewish, Bauer chose to ignore the minority component of public opinion, or "public policy," as it is becoming increasingly known in America. Even the courts are beginning to use the term. Laws or bills are no longer being described as unconstitutional, but as "against public policy."

But even if Bauer was evasive about the racial components of his "political nation," who in a mendacious age is not grateful for even half a truth?



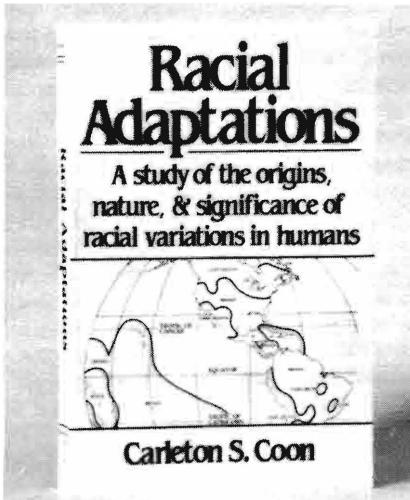
The Shrinking Book Mystery

Carleton Coon had always promised to write a book on racial intelligence before he died. We were consequently elated a few years ago when we received a flyer from Gambit, a publishing house in Ipswich, Massachusetts, announcing the future publication (February 1981) of *Racial Aptitudes* by Carleton Coon. The flyer included a photo of the book (see below), the price, \$12.95, and the number of pages, 284.



Some months later we heard that publication of the book had been held up for lack of money. Then, in June 1981, came Dr. Coon's demise.

Late last year an Instaurationist called up Gambit and asked about *Racial Aptitudes*. He was told the book had been taken over by Nelson-Hall (325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, IL 60606) and, as a matter of fact, had just been published by that firm. So our friend called Nelson-Hall. Sure enough, the book was now out in paperback and could be ordered for \$12.95. However, the title was not *Racial Aptitudes*, but *Racial Adaptations*. Our Instaurationist ordered it for us through a Chicago bookstore, and a month later it arrived (see above right).



Neither in appearance nor content did the book resemble the one originally advertised in the Gambit flyer. First of all, "Racial Adaptations" does not mean the same as "Racial Aptitudes." "Aptitude" connotes a form of mental activity; one dictionary definition is "mental alertness." "Adaptation" merely means adjustment. Whether the book's contents were changed as much as the title cannot be determined. All we know from reading it is that Carleton Coon either broke his promise or his publishers or someone else watered down the work by removing all mention of racial intelligence. This

watering down, incidentally, may explain why the final book (197 pages) is almost 100 pages shorter than the 284 promised in the Gambit flyer.

Racial Adaptations is pretty thin soup. It is hardly more than a compendium of the physical (not mental) traits that distinguish certain races from certain others. It examines the conditions that brought about different eye and skin coloration. It investigates the effect of weather and geography on human chemistry. These, of course, are "safe" anthropological topics, with which some of us are already quite familiar, although the book spells them out in a comprehensive and professional manner.

In its promotional literature Gambit said the author "with affection, humor and dismay . . . confronts the spectacle of man, wounded by the civil wars of race and rendered impotent by his own talents, in what may be the last moment of crisis and choice."

There is next to nothing on this in *Racial Adaptations*. Either it was never there and Gambit was exaggerating, or it disappeared somewhere along the road to publication. It's quite a mystery. It has an odor, let's admit it, of censorship. When living, Coon had a great deal of trouble with censors and critics in connection with his two great works, *The Races of Europe* and *The Origin of Races*. It looks as if his enemies have followed him to the grave -- and beyond.

Unponderable Quote

Central America . . . is far down on any list of priorities . . . tiny in size and population, void of strategic materials and remote from important sea lanes . . . [The U.S.] doesn't have a political or strategic stake . . . The Middle East, of course, presents a far different picture. Russia is close by . . . Those challenges jeopardize the American interest in world peace, in oil, in half a dozen local regimes and in the welfare of Europe and Japan. An American setback in the area is bound to be a Soviet gain . . .

Joseph Kraft
April 27, 1983

Cultural Catacombs

Mrs. W's Forked Tongue

An aspiring literary lioness by the name of Mrs. Falk Feeley is trying to win points with the anti-Majority tar-and-feathers vigilantes by writing a book with the Zeitgeistic title, *A Swarm of Wasps* (Quill, N.Y., 1983). In her view WASPs

are loyal and perennial supporters of the NAACP and the United Negro College Fund.

have three or four children spaced three years apart, with the last one possibly bearing a strong resemblance to the "head carpenter at the boatyard."

have offspring that are "respectable, not brilliant students, but good-to-outstanding athletes . . . less likely to be accepted by Dartmouth, for instance, than the University of Vermont."

have fathers who wear gold signet rings, "perhaps with a bloodstone or carnelian."

have a high regard for Winston Churchill because he spoke the King's English.

are Republicans, Democrats or Libertarians, it matters little which, but all subscribe to "a kind of abolitionist, Burkean conservatism."

hold "surprisingly liberal beliefs in civil rights, women's rights, programs for the poor and the elderly" and are pro-ERA.

have a fondness for such politicians as George Bush, Henry Cabot Lodge and Sargent Shriver[!].

may fall in love and even marry Hispanics and nonwhites, all with the blessing of the parents.

only view one TV network series, "Hill Street Blues."

have "learned to distinguish, by his grammar and vocabulary, even the most mush-mouthed of southern gentlemen from his more rednecked cousin."

Does the above describe the typical WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant)? Or does it describe the authoress, who probably only qualifies for one or two of the letters in WASP and who, rather than describe WASPs accurately, decided it was more politic and more profitable to write what non-WASPs like to read about WASPs?

Bye Bye Bias!

Of the 203,131 persons who took the Graduate Record Examinations (the SATs for advanced studies) in 1980-81, 178,457 were U.S. citizens, whose average scores were matched to their racial or ethnic backgrounds as follows (the highest possible score was 800):

Ethnicity	Mean Score
American Indian	464.43
Black	365.93
Mexican American	422.91
Asian American	525.32
Puerto Rican	397.04
Latin American	466.03
White	525.19

These are a pretty impressive set of statistics -- a little more convincing than the TV polls based on telephone surveys of 1,500 people.

Looking over the scores, we recall how professional blacks, liberal intellectuals and a few Democratic judges continue to assure us that all such tests are culturally biased. If the tests are indeed culturally biased, it would seem the Hispanic groups, most of whom probably come from families that arrived here in this century and that speak Spanish at home, would suffer more from cultural bias than blacks. Since American Indians, more than half of whom live on reservations, have been more thoroughly removed from the American cultural mainstream than Negroes, why shouldn't they do worse on the GRE tests than blacks? As for the Asian Americans, many of whom are first- or second-generation Americans and whose parents or grandparents were raised in a totally different cultural ambience, one would think they would do worst of all.

Nevertheless, we are certain that some Harvard sociologist will come up with a suitable "non-racial" explanation for these figures whenever the *New York Times Magazine* pays him to do so.

The Dangers of Commuting

Richard Swartzbaugh, the wise old author of *The Mediator*, once warned in an unpublished essay that the day was bound to come when Americans would have to commute to work in tanks. That day is approaching in Los Angeles, where in the last 12 months, 126 motorists, almost all of them women, have been stopped and robbed in broad daylight or under bright streetlights on the Imperial Highway.

The black teenagers do their thing by hurling a hunk of metal (a spark plug socket or a pipe joint) through the window on the passenger side of the front seat when the lone female driver comes to a halt before a stop sign. Then, as two or three of them move to the front of the car to prevent it from moving forward, the boss thief grabs the driver's handbag or purse through the broken window. By the time the cops arrive, if they ever do, the blacks have melted back into the nearby public housing project where it would be easier to find a hypodermic needle in a haystack.

The whole operation generally lasts no more than 10 seconds, and the take can be

as high as \$1,300, though it averages \$70. Occasionally there is violence. Only 14 of the smash-and-grab thieves have been caught so far. A half dozen of them were already on probation for the same offense.

Superkosher Journalism

A social-climbing Greek snob in London, one Taki Theodoracopoulos, wrote an article on the Israelis for the *American Spectator*, a neoconservative, neo-anti-Nazi journal, whose proudest boast is that Kissinger is a subscriber. Taki had nothing but praise for the Israeli "clean-up" in Lebanon and shed not a tear for the homeless, hunted and massacred Palestinians and Lebanese, the 20th century's lesser breeds without the law. The article was so unflinchingly immoral, so downright racist, so uncompromisingly pro-Jewish, so totally opposed to everything that America in its better days used to stand for, that it was reprinted verbatim in the *American Zionist* (April-May 1983). Since both of these magazines seem to be working for the same cause, they could save their subscribers some money by combining their operations into a new hate sheet entitled *The Zionist Spectator*.

Two Strange Ducks

Haj Talal, a member of the PLO executive board and a close associate of Arafat, is the son of a Palestinian Communist and a Jewish lady who came to Israel from the Ukraine. Haj is (or was) responsible for organizing and coordinating all PLO activities in the 17 refugee camps in Lebanon.

A few months ago, after Dr. Issam Sartawi, known as a PLO moderate, was assassinated at the Socialist International Conference in Lisbon, Portugal, Ilan Halevi was appointed to fill the vacancy as permanent PLO representative to that organization. Halevi was born in France in 1943. His father was a Jew from Yemen; his mother a Jewess from Istanbul. After spending some time in the U.S. in the 1960s, he moved to Israel and joined a leftwing anti-Zionist group. In 1974 he became the Israeli correspondent for the Paris newspaper *Liberation* and two years later left the Promised Land for the French capital, where he now resides.

Sangre Negra

When a Louisiana judge upheld a state law that said a person who is 1/32nd Negro was a Negro, the media groaned. The plaintiff, a woman who is the great-great-great-great-grandchild of a slave mistress of a white planter, immediately appealed. The Louisiana legislature, however, preempted her by ramming through a bill that abrogated the state's so-called "black blood" law. So now Louisiana can no longer classify people by race in its traditional way. From

now on, if a person with a 1/32nd proportion of Negro genes says he is a Negro, the federal government will so label him. But from now on, in the eyes of Louisiana lawmakers, the same person will only be a Negro if his parents so designate him "on the proponderance of physical evidence."

It's all very, very confusing -- and it's going on in a land that for the last half century has never stopped decrying Adolf Hitler's attempts at racial tagging.

Jumping the Gun

Benefit to honor new Philly mayor

An ad hoc organization set up so "New Jerseyans can have an opportunity to participate in the making of history" will hold a fund-raising reception for Philadelphia's first black mayor on Tuesday.

New Jerseyans for W. Wilson Goode will honor the new mayor at the Town & Campus in West Orange, according to William H. Blakely, organization chairman.

"New Jerseyans tend to stick their heads in the sand and not participate in national events," Blakely said. "So this organization was established in hopes that we would not let history pass us by."

We've all heard of the bandwagon approach to elections. By repeating and repeating that a particular candidate is a shoo-in, the people or mob or mediocrats who pull the strings hope to convince voters to vote for a winner or at least to stay away from the polls if they dislike their candidate, because to vote for him would be a waste of time. The above clipping, in which the Newark Star Ledger (June 19, 1983) bluntly states that Wilson Goode is the mayor of Philadelphia, is bandwagonism pushed to the limit. Goode may well be the next mayor of the City of Brotherly Love, since he is a black opposed by two white vote-splitters. The election, however, will not be held until November.

Thin Black Skin

Dartmouth has a black music professor named William Cole. His one course is popular because he hands out As and Bs with the utmost liberality. In his lectures he has been known to digress into long sentimental accounts of his struggle against white racism. When Cole first showed up in class, he forgot the name of his course and had to consult the college catalog. In one lecture the absent-minded professor praised the nuke spook who tried to blow up the Washington Monument.

When a girl undergraduate reporter wrote some critical comments about Cole and his various pedagogical defects in the *Dartmouth Review*, he visited her dormitory the next morning and treated her and other

sleepy coeds to a salvo of obscenities. The *Review's* offer to print his side of the story was declined. Three months later, out of the blue, Cole sued the *Review*, its staff and the reporter for several million dollars.

Judaism vs. Music

On Thursday evening, June 11, 1983, while the Salt Lake City Oratorio Choir was performing Handel's *Messiah* in Jerusalem's Central Auditorium, 20 Jews burst into the hall. Three of them made it to the stage, knocked some soloists off their chairs and tried to drag them away. Another zealot, who rushed the second violin section, hit one of the violinists on the back of the neck and threw him into the audience.

The music of Wagner, Lehar, and Richard Strauss is forbidden in Israel. The religious music of Handel is dangerous to musicians' health. But no Israeli so far has tried to break up a George Gershwin concert.

In a less violent attempt to censor German music, a dozen "concerned parents" have objected to the playing of Franz Josef

Haydn's "Emperor's Hymn" by the 300 members of the Arlington (Virginia) All-Country Elementary Orchestra, as part of a program featuring music from around the world. Haydn's piece, with different lyrics, has served as the national anthem of two countries. As "Deutschland über Alles," it was the German national anthem before, during and after Hitler. But the Hitler connection was enough to make the "concerned parents" ask for a ban on Haydn's composition, which was written two centuries ago. As the national anthem of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with words by Lorenz Haschka, it asked God to preserve Emperor Francis (*Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser*). In 1918, when Austria became a republic, the music was retained, but the words were changed.

In 1848 a poem by the German, August Hoffmann, was set to the music of the Haydn composition. This was the origin of "Deutschland über Alles," which the *Concise Oxford Music History* (p. 56) says has "in it nothing whatever of the idea of world-conquest; it is only love of country that is expressed."



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MAY 1983

Next U.S. space shuttle will carry 1st woman, 1st Jewish astronaut

The first Jewish astronaut - who has the double distinction of being the first American woman in space - is ready and excited for her launch next March.

Dr. Judith A. Resnik, a native of Akron, Ohio, has been in training for this assignment since 1978. She will be among the six-member crew aboard the maiden flight of the space shuttle Discovery. It will blast off less than a year after this week's launch of the shuttle Challenger.

The 33-year-old woman holds a doctorate in electrical engineering from the University of Maryland and worked as a systems engineer for the Xerox Corp. in Los Angeles before her selection as an astronaut-in-training by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Although not an actively practicing Jew, she said in a recent interview that her Jewish roots are strong. Her grandparents fled from Kiev in the 1920s and emigrated to the United States and settling in Cleveland.

Her grandfather, Jacob, worked as a shochet, while her grandmother, Anna, "has devoted all her life to Jewish and Israeli causes," said Resnick.

The late Golda Meir once announced publicly that the Palestinians did not exist. Anyone reading this story on Judith Resnick, which came out the month before the "1st woman" -- the first American woman, that is -- was sent into space, would have to come to the conclusion that for the B'nai B'rith, Sally Ride does not exist. In addition to playing fast and loose with the facts, the B'rithers take a cavalier approach to the King's English. We counted two misspellings and at least three solecisms. Even more dismaying, the writer of the report couldn't decide how to spell his heroine's name.

KGB Associate

Allan Ryan, America's anti-Nazi fugleman, who spends millions of taxpayer dollars a year tracking down elderly American citizens from Eastern Europe allegedly involved in "war crimes" 40 years ago, is going to retire soon and cash in on his witch-hunting by writing a book.

Ryan's Office of Special Investigation has undertaken 700 investigations, filed 30 cases against so-called "war criminals," taken 16 to trial and "won 15." But only one deportation has been carried out. All of this at a cost of at least \$30 million.

Meanwhile, the Soviet newspaper, *Izvestia*, claims the KGB has given the Department of Justice "evidentiary material concerning 140 war criminals." Ryan has also cooperated closely with Mossad in his persecution mania. He seems proud to have worked hand-in-glove with two of the biggest criminal organizations on earth.

In Ryan's recent attempt to deport John Demjanjuk of Cleveland to the Soviet Union, the key evidence at the trial was a Nazi guard identification card supplied to the Justice Department by the KGB.

Don't Underestimate Alan Cranston

In recognition of your lifelong fight against all forms of injustice and your unflagging friendship for the Jewish people.

Citation for Distinguished Public Service, Orange County ADL chapter

We recognize the humanitarianism and statesmanship of Senator Alan Cranston and his devotion to the cause of universal peace and brotherhood and hereby designate that he be known as one of the Chasidi Umot Ha'Olam, a noble man among the righteous nations from now and forever as decreed by the sages of Israel.

1982 Citation, Rabbinical Council of America

Senator Cranston has been a leader . . . in continuing the strong relationship between the United States and Israel through a year of great difficulties. His leadership regarding the AWACS confrontation, as well as other issues concerning the Middle East peace process and foreign and domestic policies in general, has received the admiration and appreciation of American Jewry.

Citation from *Israel Today*, 1982 Man of the Year Award

In addition, Cranston has been given:

- The Judah L. Magnes medal (1979) by the Hebrew University Society of Founders for his outstanding public service.

- The Prime Minister's Medal of the Government of Israel (1979).
- The Certificate of Merit by B'nai Zion Foundation (1971).

Stoner's Calvary

A fugitive from justice for four and a half months, J.B. Stoner, Dixie freedom fighter, gave himself up to Alabama authorities on June 2. His health was so shot that he was taken to a correctional hospital instead of to prison. Stoner was given a ten-year sentence in 1977 for allegedly bombing an Alabama Negro church in 1958. The bomb harmed not one hair of any black's head.

Judge J. Faulkner, who dissented from the majority opinion of the Alabama Supreme Court, which upheld Stoner's conviction, had this to say about the case:

It can be inferred that the 19 years' delay was for the State to gain a tactical advantage over Stoner. In other words, wait long enough and a climate for conviction will emerge, whereas, if Stoner had been tried within a reasonable time after the bombing, chances were greatly in his favor that he would have been acquitted The Court of Criminal Appeals upholds the delay by implying there was a continuing investigation. But, the court states in its opinion, "In essence, no real reason for the delay can be found in the record." In my opinion Stoner has been deprived of his due process rights to a fair trial. The fundamental conceptions of justice have been discreetly "swept under the rug."

The Patriotic Legal Fund (Box 1211, Marietta, GA 30061) has been established to pay for the legal actions now being undertaken to free Stoner before vengeful blacks do to him what they have already done to James Earl Ray and Joseph Paul Franklin, namely, attempt to stab him to death with prison-made knives.

Precedent-breaking Murder Trial

The law is pretty pliable when it zeroes in on the murder of a black by a white. In Tennessee recently, one of America's rare trials in absentia was conducted against William Timothy Kirk, accused of taking part in a 45-minute shootout in the Brushy Mountain Penitentiary on February 8, 1982. Kirk and six other white prisoners allegedly held four guards hostage, killed two black prisoners and wounded two others before giving themselves up. Later when he was taken to a psychologist's office for examination with his court-appointed lawyer, Mary Evans, 26, both Kirk and his Portia took off and haven't been seen since. In the trial, perhaps the first in American legal history in

which a defendant facing the death penalty has not been present, Kirk's new lawyers have strongly objected to the prosecution's tactics and claimed that Kirk shot the blacks in self-defense. They were, it was claimed, leaders of a gang that stabbed, beat, robbed and sexually assaulted other prisoners and had announced their intentions to kill Kirk. One of the gang had previously broken Kirk's leg and punctured his lung with a screwdriver. Mary Evans apparently fell in love with Kirk while preparing his defense.

Instauration has already commented on two right-wing or "racial" fugitives, J.B. Stoner and Gordon Kahl, who managed to escape the long arm of the law for 3-4 months before they gave themselves up (Stoner) or were killed (Kahl). It would be interesting to see how long Kirk remains at liberty. We can be sure the FBI hunt would be much less intense if he had been a black who killed a white.

Kirk, of course, had one thing going for him that Stoner and Kahl did not have. He was on the lam with a lawyer. Just as we were going to press, however, he was captured.

Unproviding Father

As has been routinely pointed out in *Instauration*, this is an age whose saints are often more devilish than saintly. Take the canonized Marx. He set a rather unholy and uncelibate example by having a raft of children. Indeed he went out and fathered an illegitimate son, Freddy, with his family maid, while his own wife, Jenny, was pregnant with his fifth legitimate child. Engels, Marx's junior partner, occasionally chipped in for Freddy's support, but Papa Karl contributed nary a cent. In fact, as far as is known, he never spoke a word to Freddy, whom he abandoned at birth and who died half destitute in London in 1942, always believing that he had been Engels's bastard. That Marx was his father was never made known to Freddy or to anyone in that large part of the world which worships the Communist founding father as a kindly, philosophizing pater familias. Reds in China, Russia and elsewhere have guessed that Marx loved mankind more than man. They never guessed and may never know that their own Holy Family was headed by a child deserter.

\$2,034,257,900,000 Down the Rathole

New York Post business editor Maxwell Newton does not mince words. "More government and central bank credits to the likes of Mexico [and] Argentina," he writes, "or any of the other rabble of Third World countries, will merely make them hate the U.S. more." Such "loans" will succeed only in helping them "stay hooked onto the nipple of Western mother's milk."

What kind of regime has been getting Western handouts? During the 1970s, the largest African recipient of International De-

development Association funds was Julius Nyerere's Tanzania. These same years saw the coerced, often brutal removal of millions of Tanzanians from their native villages, the forced collectivization of farming, and the persecution of whites, the nation's productive minority. The truth is, this African "showcase" has now reached an impasse where guests at the capital's leading hotels must bring their own light bulbs! While Tanzania won praise and untold millions, South Africa was scorned for uprooting much smaller numbers of blacks for the admirable purpose of keeping Cape Town from becoming just another shantytown.

Why don't the Western participants in the great giveaway blow the whistle on the Third World? One reason, says Maxwell Newton, is that

The only people who gain from the process are Western government officials; international bureaucrats, such as those of the IMF; and the thieves and blackguards in the Third World countries concerned who grab the Western aid and use it for their own ends.

As Secretary of State George Shultz was proposing an additional \$8.4 billion American bailout for the Third World economy -- money we will never see again -- one baffled U.S. senator tried to figure out how much it is all costing us. Jesse Helms's office spent several months researching a constituent's routine question, and finally determined that American foreign aid since 1946 has cost taxpayers 2 trillion, 34 billion, 257 million, 900 thousand dollars -- counting interest.

Leaked Truth

When politicians are candid enough to put a figure on U.S. aid to Israel -- it doesn't happen often -- they usually mutter something in the range of \$10 to \$20 billion. In a 115-page report leaked last June, the General Accounting Office put the figure at \$24 billion -- \$29 billion if the fiscal 1984 appropriations are counted. The State Department did not want one word of this report published, tried to classify most portions of it and the word "Secret" was stamped on each page. When a declassified version was released -- a few weeks after the leak -- it was heavily censored, with more than 50 obvious deletions.

The \$29 billion figure does not include private and foundation aid to Israel, nor the money lost to the U.S. Treasury by tax-deductible contributions to the Zionist state, nor any of the sweetheart trade deals, nor the low-interest loans for military equipment (30-year repayment; other countries have to repay in 7), nor the billions of dollars given to Egypt as a bribe to sign the Camp David agreements. The GAO report also took note of the Reagan administration's refusal to enforce the law in its dealings with Israel, particularly in regard to the illegal use

of American armaments for other than defense purposes. What's more, our honest and trustworthy leaders made a flat gift of over \$172 million worth of equipment to Israel after building for the Zionist state -- for free -- new airfields to replace those given up by Begin for his return of the Sinai.

The leaked, uncensored GAO report contained the following items that disappeared in the "sanitized" version, later released to the press:

- Israel, despite its promises not to, is

requesting \$50 million in additional aid to pay for part of the cost of the invasion of Lebanon.

- The prediction that another Arab-Israeli war is in the offing.
- A CIA report that Israel expects the U.S. to finance half of its defense budget.
- A statement that Israel had broken its assurances to the White House that it would not invade Beirut.
- A State Department report that it is politically impossible to reduce aid to Israel.

Our Trustworthy Press

AMERICAN MILITARY ADVISER ASSASSINATED IN SALVADOR

DETAILS: PAGE FOUR

The Boston Herald

WEATHER

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Mostly cloudy
Highs in the 60s
TOMORROW
Partly sunny
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Details on Page 30

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Thursday May 26, 1983

Herald Exclusive

WHITE WILL RUN

By PETER
LUCAS

*Herald Political Columnist
Boston Mayor Kevin H. White will announce tonight that he is running for re-election, seeking an unprecedented fifth term as mayor, I have learned.*

The mayor, holed up in a suite in a New York hotel last night, confided to close aides that he would make that announcement during his paid-for television and radio broadcast at 6:55 p.m.

"You are not wrong," he said to a close friend when asked if he would make his announcement for re-election official tonight.

EARLIER STORIES ON THE DRAMA OF KEVIN'S BIG SECRET: PAGES TWO AND THREE

This was the front page of the Boston Herald (May 26, 1983). It predicts, or rather bluntly states, that Mayor Kevin White planned to run again. That very evening, before the big black headlines hardly had time to dry, White publicly announced he would not seek reelection.



Cholly Bilderberger



T. Pinkerton Patterson Jr., the black leader and head of Up Entertainment, is pushing for more black actors on television. Over *quenelles de brochet homardine* at La Caravelle, he outlined his program: "We formed Up Entertainment to correct what is obviously a serious infraction of all known decent humanity in the entertainment field generally and specifically. I'm talking about the total lack of black actors on television and in films. Oh, yes, there are a few tokens here and there, but on the whole we're invisible. We don't exist as far as the networks are concerned. What we at Up Entertainment want is just a fair deal and some old-fashioned American decency at NBC, ABC and CBS. And if we don't get it, we're going to have to see about taking things into our own hands." Amanda Livingston and Jenny Burden are on the board of Up Entertainment. "We can only keep trying," Amanda says. "It's now almost 120 years since the Civil War ended, and the blacks are still in chains. One begins to wonder how long this is going to go on."

* * *

Children at Kit Carson High School, in Clover Forks, Wyoming, have voted Menahem Begin the winner in their Handsomest Man in the World Contest. Richard Pryor was second and Ray Charles third. Eddie Murphy took fourth and Ariel Sharon fifth.

* * *

Olaf Jorgensen, the Minnesota-based sociologist, is the author of a new book which is taking New York by storm. Entitled *Road to Freedom*, it looks on the bright side of the "Minnesota pipeline," the steady stream of "Nordic" young boys and girls and children from that area of the country to eastern cities, where they often end up in the business of sexual gratification. Jorgensen, whose credentials include a doctorate from Columbia and field trips to Scandinavia (*The Swedish Myth: Nordicism Exploded*), argues brilliantly for a sane policy on the migration east: "We must remember just where Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* was situated — in Minnesota. Minnesota provincialism creates such pressure and stress for sensitive young people (from the age of five up) that they must leave to keep some sense of cultural orientation and sanity . . . Yes, sometimes the methods involved in departure are harsh. Yes, even kidnappings have been performed. And, yes, when they arrive in New York and elsewhere, they are usually exploited by pimps, and sold to homosexuals and pedophiles. But what are these details compared to being out of a cultural desert and established in cities where they can move into the contemporary world? . . . And on the basis of my studies, I have concluded that the dangers of what the conservative (culturally Fascist) element calls 'premature sexuality' are vastly exaggerated. We now know, especially from the work of Lasker, Najaohn and Rodriquez, that children of five do have latent and overt sexual demands. If these demands are not met, there is serious danger of adolescent trauma. So the pedophiles and 'chicken hawks' are performing a service for which we should be grateful, rather than, as is now the fashion, excoriating them."

* * *

Remembrance Artifacts, the trendy new boutique on East 79th Street, describes itself as a place "where you can find both Holocaust and Israeli gifts for your friends. From Auschwitz, for instance, we feature old gas cannisters, shards of building material, hypodermic needles, strips of prison garb, and bricks from the interior of the smokestacks . . . From Israel, we have packets of earth from the Golan Heights and the West Bank, scrapings from the Wailing Wall, shell casings (all calibers), toe- and finger-nail parings from most of the prime ministers, articles of clothing from kibbutz workers, and lots, lots more."

* * *

Our Man in Washington reports that a secret ad hoc committee has been formed at the very heart of the American government to combat the Arabist tilt of the State Department: "Tired of seeing Israel always on the short end, always taking second place to the Arab nations, certain key figures in the White House, the Congress, and even on the Supreme Court have joined together in private to bring some sense of fairness for Israel to official Washington before it's too late. They plan to push the Israeli case behind closed doors, and will use every method to combat the State Department's Machiavellian tactics on behalf of the Arab countries and against the Zionist dream."

* * *

Overheard at the Rainbow Room: "Yes, we're getting one black astronaut, but that's too little and too late. We should have an entirely black flight."

* * *

Midday Sights: Sutter Lang locked in mortal combat with six Hispanics at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 49th Street at high noon. The intersection was crowded, as always at lunchtime, but few in the throng paid much attention.

* * *

Amory Peabody, the chief executive officer of Miscegenation Sperm Centers, a nonprofit organization, explained his group over a spartan salad at the Russian Tea Room. "There are a lot of white people in this country — more than you'd ever imagine — who want dark or oriental children, but who don't want the fuss of dating. Or marriage, because many of them are already married. Or adoption, because they want their own genes mingled with the . . . ah, others. We are there for the typical couple who've talked it all over and want a dark or oriental child. Or for the single woman who wants one. Now we could have called the organization The Other Choice, or something equally euphemistic, but we decided to be frank. One of our aims is to make 'miscegenation' a desirable rather than an undesirable word. In this, we are only following the polls, which show that interracial relations are far more approved than disapproved. Anyhow, we're out in the open with Miscegenation Sperm Centers — it tells you flatly what to

expect. The response has been overwhelming. Our hottest centers are in the Middle West, which is a bit of surprise. Our donors are a great bunch. We package most of the black sperm in Detroit. . . and get our almost innumerable oriental mixes from Los Angeles. We see ourselves as the Soda Fountain of Pluralism. Rather a play on the Salad Bowl, but different."

* * *

Pablo (Mucho Macho) Gonzalez, the sociologist, is leading the fight for some Hispanic representation in the entertainment world. "We have none now," he says flatly. "We want this country to see Hispanics as they really are, in typical family situations. If we don't get what we want, boycotts may be the next step." Pablo also thinks the two-million-per-year rate of illegal Hispanic immigration is too low. "We should have at least five million illegals a year coming in," he claims. "There's a lot of room left in Montana and Alaska and places like that for you Anglos," he concluded with an impish smile. "We only want the warmer places."

* * *

T.S. Eliot has joined Evelyn Waugh in the Outdoor Racist's Gallery, in Istanboul, Mississippi, a collection of statues put up by blacks there to draw the world's attention to racists in literature. "T.S. was a very bad racist," says Omerine Frannola, chief spokeswoman for the Gallery. "He was writing very bad things about black people in a poem called *When Mr. Bleistein and Mr. Baedecker Come to Harlem to Scoff*. And he was inscribing lots of others, for which he was stripped of all his honors by King George V and his lovely consorts." Caroline Plimpton has seen Eliot's statue and describes it as follows: "It's very free form. Sort of welded together old auto parts. But oddly enough, gives a very good impression of Eliot's spareness. The head is done more conventionally — clay, with the features painted on rather garishly. He wears a loincloth in some Zulu-esque pattern, but is otherwise unclothed and bare to the elements. An explanatory plaque — spray-painted in yellow on a large sheet of tin roofing — reads: 'T.S. Eliot, born London, died St. Louis, in exile and disgrace. The Lord was his shepherd, but he didn't know why.'"

* * *

In the rumor mill in Hollywood: *Hasidic!*, the big musical (Jane Fonda, Gary Coleman, Sir John Gielgud) about Jewish family life in the pre-war Cracow ghetto, is being rewritten to include parts for Sir Laurence Olivier and Bob Mitchum. The production, chronically over budget, has also tapped a new source of funds in Jack White, the former CIA top staffer, who has founded the Bank of Southern Lebanon, in the Bahamas.

* * *

Hans-Dietrich Wurst, a seventy-year-old retired janitor in Ottumwa, Iowa, has been exposed as a Nazi war criminal and will soon face a deportation hearing. If the Justice Department is successful, he will then be sent back to his native Germany, where he will face many serious charges. According to Antoine (Tony) Pappapoggoulas, the prosecutor in the case, the evidence against Hans-Dietrich is overwhelming. "He is clearly involved in the theft of 23,417 yarmulkes from a synagogue in Pierre-sur-Dominique, France, one of the oldest and most valuable buildings in that country. They were eventually found in 1,432.96 feet of water in a lake near Salzburg, after extensive

dredging, but they were ruined by all the water, and so forth. We have established beyond the shadow of a doubt that Hans-Dietrich was working at that time for Bannermann, a German company which manufactured coffins, and it was into Bannermann coffins, built by Hans-Dietrich Wurst, that the 23,417 yarmulkes were put. If he had not built the coffins, there would have been no robbery — that much we know. His guilt is obvious." Reached by telephone at his mobile home in Ottumwa, Mr. Wurst would only say: "My lawyer tells me to plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court."

* * *

Sandusky Bandy, the literary agent, claims that Random House is anxious to publish a book which will establish George Washington's homosexuality. "They're thinking of some big names for this one," he said last week in Sardi's. "Bill Manchester is way up in the running. So are Lillian Hellman and Bill Styron. After all, when you're finally telling the truth about the father of your country, you've got to have some muscle behind it. Personally, I never knew Washington was gay, but when you get used to the idea, you remember that he was always out there in the field with all those good-looking young Continental irregulars, or whatever. Comes a time when temptation is just too much. Anyhow, as Oscar Wilde said, 'What difference does it make?' We're just talking about a little change in perceived life style. It's not as though anyone was questioning his fitness for the Presidency or anything."



FREE CONCERTS

 SATURDAY NIGHT - APRIL 30th, 9:30 P.M.
Yeshiva Of Flushing High School, 1609 Ave. J, Brooklyn

 SUNDAY - MAY 1st, IN THE "SALUTE TO ISRAEL" PARADE & AFTER
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 MONDAY AFTERNOON - MAY 2nd, 1:00 P.M.
Queens College - Goldstein Center, 65-30 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, Queens

TO GIVE A MONTH OF VOLUNTEER
SERVICE TO ISRAEL CALL:

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In the last week of April this flyer was being handed out to passersby in downtown New York. It makes one wonder to what country America's largest city belongs.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Jeffrey Hamm's *Action Replay* (London: Howard Baker, 27a Aterberry Road, Wimbledon SW20, 1983) is a low-key autobiography which presents an extraordinary example of personal loyalty and devotion to duty. His loyalty was to Sir Oswald Mosley, whose private secretary he was between Christmas 1956 and Mosley's death in December 1980. His duty is to Mosley's ideas, which he espoused in joining the British Union of Fascists in March 1935, in the evolution of which he participated, and which he apparently intends to disseminate till the day of his own death. A key quotation from one of Mosley's prewar speeches runs: "We care not whether we win tomorrow morning, or at the end of a lifetime of struggle, but win we will because Britain demands it, and nothing can hold down the spirit of Britain reborn." Hamm comments: "He did not live to see that victory, and I have not lived long enough to see it, but that message remains for me an all-abiding truth." In principle, he has no intention of apologising for his Fascist past, and quotes the advice of Lloyd George to Mosley before the BUF was founded: "Never apologise; say it again and be ruder the second time."

Mosley and his followers were patriots, but can scarcely be described as nationalists, in the same sense that Mussolini's followers were. Mosley's phrase "socialistic imperialism," coined in 1918, was really the expression of an idea advocated by Joseph Chamberlain before World War I, and before he was struck down by a mysterious illness. (The postwar Labour MP, Victor Grayson, who proclaimed a similar doctrine, simply disappeared; and his body was never found.) Since World War II, Mosley's idea of "Europe a Nation," an imperium to develop Africa and perhaps South America as well, was really the old imperial idea in another form. It is therefore not surprising to find that Francis Yockey, for example, belonged for a time to Mosley's Union Movement (founded in February 1948).

British Fascism grew out of a sense of waste during and after World War I. Hamm's youthful devotion to the League of Nations and its ostensible plans for peace developed quite naturally into support for Mosley's peace campaign in 1939. In this he was more logical than the so-called pacifists, who followed Gollancz and his Left Book Club in calling for disarmament and hostility towards Fascism at one and the same time: the perfect recipe for war! We also see how Hamm's feeling of outrage over the conditions created by the deflation of the 1930s led him to "don the black shirt of a classless movement," and to support the "Keynesian" credit creation and public works advocated by Mosley to solve the problems of the slump. Actually, Mosley anticipated Keynes to some extent, and went far beyond him with his wage-price mechanism, but unfortunately remained Keynesian in refusing to recognise the big flaw in the creation of credit through enlargement of the National Debt: the Debt grows exponentially and the interest on it must be repaid out of further borrowing (only partly out of tax receipts), thus bringing about the overextended stagflationary situation we are experiencing

today. (Mosley once told me that the creation of credit free of interest for purposes of public expenditure reminded him of *Giselle* -- that is to say, it was pure fantasy. Yet Frederick the Great managed to confront a massive coalition of powers for years and still keep the Prussian finances healthy, because he issued a needed currency, not borrowed it.) Still, Mosley's proposals would have worked well for a time, and their rejection by his Labour Cabinet colleagues remains a bitter memory with many older members of the Labour Party, including Michael Foot, the doddering but literate leader of the Party in the recent general election. As Foot wrote: "What Mosley stood for could have saved his country from the Hungry Thirties and the horrors of the Second World War" (*Evening Standard*, 22/10/68). Hamm is right to remind us of Mussolini's former socialism and the meaning of the initials NSDAP. He himself came to Fascism from the left, opposing the state capitalism of the Communists as naturally as he opposed the capitalism of the international bankers. Hence his preference for being cal-

led a centrist rather than a rightist. In fact, we are all centrists, but the two-party system is designed to prevent the growth of a hard centre which will solve problems, rather than institutionalise them.

Hamm is to some extent a cross-cultural product. His taciturn father, who had little affection for him, came of Somerset farming stock, and the name is Old English, not a recent German importation. However, his mother, with whom he did identify, was called Jones, and this, together with the fact that he grew up in the western, or Welsh, part of Monmouthshire (now Gwent) made him consider himself a Welshman. In fact, he is an English Nordic, with a calm, quiet temperament (despite his



Jeffrey Hamm

disclaimers), quite different from that of the ebullient South Welsh. Even his disapproval of corruption in the Welsh Labour Party is an indication of his un-Welshness. ("Our lads have got their feet in the trough now" would be a more usual reaction.) Another indication is his lack of sympathy for Welsh

Nonconformism, for Hamm became a Roman Catholic in 1944. There aren't many native Roman Catholics in South Wales, and not many of those brought up in the Dissenting tradition showed any sympathy for Fascism. The Roman Church in England was a very different matter, and it is not surprising to find Father Brocard Sewell (who also edited the symposium, *Henry Williamson: The Man and his Writings*, 1980) helping with Hamm's typescript, subsequently much amended. Another Catholic priest, Father Clement Lloyd Russell, originally an Anglican curate, is described as rendering his bishop speechless with his photographs of Mosley and the BUF in full uniform. During the war, Father Russell used to listen to William Joyce's broadcasts, which he humourously referred to as "evening prayers." (Hamm, incidentally, is good on Joyce: "He was a highly gifted speaker, but inclined to take a perverse delight in antagonising his audiences with heavy scorn and sarcasm, rather than attempting to win them over." Despite his disapproval of Joyce's wartime broadcasts, which he wrongly refers to as being those of Lord Haw Haw, the real Haw Haw being Amery, Hamm was with Joyce's brother and sister and a few friends at the time of his judicial murder.) Raven Thomson, the brilliant ex-Communist intellectual who was Mosley's one-time private secretary, also showed sympathy for Catholicism, and Hamm describes that fine figure of a man, Dan Harmston of Smithfield Market, together with his fellow porters and friends, clad in grey morning dress on the occasion of his wedding at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Farm Street. It was Harmston who led the Smithfield porters on a march to the House of Commons in protest against coloured immigration in the 1960s -- in fact supporting Mosley, though the newspapers reported him as supporting Enoch Powell. It is undoubtedly that Catholic influence which explains Hamm's disapproval of Nazi pagan tendencies, his permissive attitude towards Argentina in the Falklands, and his whole approach to the Northern Irish problem (Mosley himself being much more ambivalent in this regard). However, Hamm does chide the Irish for their over-long memories. His sympathy for European Union can also be explained in terms of his religion, which has certainly helped to give him staying power. But anyone who imagines that the Roman Church in England is still a refuge for former Fascists is in for a shock. Cardinal Hume and Vatican II have changed all that.

Unfortunately, Hamm has also been infected with Mosley's pernicious tolerance. He writes: "I am a tolerant person, and on all such controversial issues, from alcoholism to adultery to homosexuality, I wholeheartedly subscribe to the French maxim: *Chacun à son gout*. I know Hamm to be a most abstemious person, faithful to his wife and kind to his children, and without any homosexual tendencies. But this statement of his just won't do. Prohibition may be a much greater evil, but alcoholism remains a serious social problem; so does adultery, at least where children are concerned. As for homosexuality, it cannot be regarded as a mere matter of preference. In its active form (as opposed to the communion of minds favoured by the Ancient Greeks) it brings about a fall in the Majority birthrate, disgusting and incurable diseases, and a proselytising ideology identified in every way with the interests of our enemies.

However, the interest of Hamm's autobiography far outweighs any demerits. He started out with few advantages, born into a lower-middle-class world of shabby poverty. His father's spell as a farmer brought some country delights, such as blackberrying and learning to ride, but life was very hard, and

winning what amounted to a scholarship to a lesser public school opened up wonderful prospects of an eventual university education -- unrealised because of his father's opposition. Nevertheless, Hamm recounts the makeshifts of his life with humourous acceptance. He tells of his association with a doubtful optician in his native county, which led to his mistakenly identifying himself to a housewife as representing "a society to enable you to obtain spectacles and dentures by false pretences." His experiences as a teacher in seedy private schools before the war remind one of Evelyn Waugh's *Decline and Fall*. Here is a master commenting in a report on a boy consistently bottom of the form: "He has maintained his position throughout the year." At a school where the masters were given a dinner consisting of a minute piece of cheese, strictly rationed slices of bread, but any amount of water, one of them refused to mumble grace with the words, "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord have mercy on us." Hamm managed to keep up his keen interest in rugby football, cricket and tennis, but it was a penurious existence, and a trip to Germany gave him a wonderful glimpse of what life might be like in England. He says, "I saw it all, and what I saw I liked," as indeed did the British holidaymakers with whom he returned. In retrospect, he "would not praise, or even condone" the anti-Semitic notices he saw, but was struck above all by the workers on public projects marching back to camp with their spades burnished and shining in the sun. Besides, anti-Semitic graffiti, not to speak of antiwar slogans, were so very common in France, which he also visited.

In 1939, Hamm accepted a post as a teacher in the Falklands, but was arrested there under the infamous Defence Regulation 18 (B), which had been amended to take in Mosley's perfectly law-abiding protestors who favoured a negotiated peace. (One internee had written in his private diary that he intended to replace the Queen with an Italian. He turned out to be a bee-keeper!) Later, Hamm was transferred to the Leeuwkop internment camp in South Africa, where he was put in the wrong hut: "My explanation was that I was interned because of my membership in a Fascist organisation evoked more than surprise. Most of the inmates turned out to be Communists." So he was transferred to the Fascist part of the camp, where he eventually joined some Germans in the time-honoured task of digging a surreptitious tunnel to freedom, but without any clear idea of what he would do once outside the camp. The problem was solved for him by his technical release, and he was much moved when the other inmates sang, "Ich hat ein' Kameraden" as he was led away. On his arrival in Glasgow, Hamm was told by a police officer that his treatment was "not cricket" -- a most unusual remark from an officer in a city not renowned for its prowess in that so-English game. Although he could have remained a civilian, he managed to join the Tank Corps, being continually badgered by the attentions of security-minded busybodies. There, despite the earlier amputation of a toe on his left foot, he took up cross-country running, becoming very good at it. Hamm, a non-smoker, was driven by his fellow troopers out into the worst weather, in order to win races and share out to them the cigarettes he won. He gives a wry description of how one after another of his romances broke up under the strain of his political associations. As a charming Cheltenham nurse put it, "My people would not approve of my marrying a destitute Fascist."

On his release from the army, Hamm's problems multiplied. Week after week, he was monotonously fired from each new

job and kicked out by each new landlady. Hardly ever does he make it plain that his persecutors were Jewish. Some members of the Jewish 43 Group (founded in 1943) later described to me gleefully how they managed to get Mosley's people turned out of their jobs and lodgings and hounded for debt. Hamm was by no means alone in having to scrape a bare living. Even while doing a full-time job at Union Movement Headquarters, he had to take on a newspaper delivery run at five in the morning. He makes no complaint, but I think it a justified criticism of Mosley, who managed to solve his own financial problems, that he took insufficient care of the financial well-being of his followers. I am not saying that it is right to reproach Mosley with going off to lunch at White's Club while his loyal staff had sandwiches in a nearby pub. His staff were not members of White's. Nor do I think that he should have begun the open-ended business of handouts to his henchmen. But I do think that by combining their various skills he could have created a very workable alternative economy. In this respect, we have much to learn from the Jews.

Mosley did his best after the war to get off the hook where the Jews were concerned, and Hamm follows the party line in referring to the prewar BUF quarrel with "some Jews" who were in favour of war. But rank-and-file members of the BUF saw matters differently, as the following ditty (c. 1939) clearly shows:

Onward Christian soldiers,
You have nought to fear,
Leslie Hore-Belisha
Leads you from the rear.
Clad by Monty Burton,
Fed on Lyon's pies,
See the Jew-boy prosper
While the Christian dies.

Churchill remarked that Hore-Belisha, the war minister, was "more jewed against than jewing," but then he was in favour of war himself.

After the war, Mosley attacked "other Jews" for maiming and murdering British soldiers in Palestine, yet he seriously imagined that his own lack of anti-Semitism would be taken at face value. Hamm writes: "I endorsed Mosley's condemnation of German wartime atrocities, refusing to be drawn into a silly numbers game as to exactly how many victims were involved, because it is always wrong to inflict death or torture on any helpless prisoner." I am glad to report that Mosley publications *did* cast doubt on the ridiculous Six Million figure, though they left to others the necessary task of disproving it. The whole point is that German atrocities were supposed to be different in kind from anyone else's, partly because of the inflated figures, partly because of the race of the victims.

But the evidence that Hamm himself provides enables us to piece together the facts about Jewish hostility. The howling mob of "Communists" who assaulted the solitary Hamm at Speaker's Corner when he dared to ask a question were certainly Jewish -- I remember them myself. On September 1, 1948, Hamm was addressing a meeting in Mile End, East London, from the top of a van. The usual shower of missiles came from the Jews, and a brick hit him on the side of the head, so that he fell down stunned and bleeding profusely. In the hospital, he received a message: "This time a brick, next time a bomb. If you speak again you will end up in the morgue.

(Signed) The 43 Group." Hamm ignored the threat, and went on addressing meetings with his head bandaged. But he has a permanent cast in his left eye. In the late 1970s he met a Jew in the street who identified himself as having thrown the brick: "We agreed that it was now ancient history, and I was deeply touched when he held out his hand, which I readily accepted." I am not touched in the slightest. The Jews, by turning the heat on every manifestation of Majority resistance to the flooding of our island with aliens are directly responsible for the present situation. That handshake merely reflected the fact that Mosley's people no longer represented a threat to Jewish dominance.

On another occasion, Hamm was hit in the face with a knuckleduster when members of the 43 Group came to his flat unexpectedly. Although his principal assailant was recognised, the magistrate ruled that the witness "must be mistaken" because the defence produced a nightclub member's book which "proved" that his assailant had been there the whole evening in question. Hamm was ordered to pay costs, which were paid out of a public collection to which one of the police officers concerned was seen to contribute. Hamm has suffered from police harassment as much as anyone, but is always scrupulously careful to give the police credit where possible, and never to say anything provocative. Nor does he mention the names of any police officers with whom he was friendly. Still, he tells some amusing stories, such as the one about the police officer who became inarticulate with rage when Hamm twice referred to his opponents as "pale pink palpitating pansies." Hamm's typical comment on the knuckleduster incident:

We must always endeavour to learn from our mistakes. Since that day I do not put my head forward when I open the door to a knock or a ring. I step back until I have clearly identified my visitor. This precaution and others such as standing well away from the kerb in bus queues, or from the edge of railway platforms, may have prolonged my life . . .

He also tells us that when confronted with overwhelming odds, one should never run; that is suicidal -- "a steady walk is the correct procedure."

As one reads about the demonstrators being instructed to throw sharp objects at Hamm's eyes, or about the brick thrown through his bookshop window which frightened his small son, or about so many other threats and insults, one feels like cheering when he recounts how an attacker tried to hoist himself onto the plinth of Nelson's Column to attack him, and Hamm gave him a straight right, which knocked him to the ground.

In 1962, the Yellow Star organisation, alias the Jewish 62 Group, became active. On May 12 members of this group raided the offices of Action, Mosley's journal. The editor, a kindly Yorkshireman called Robert Row, was bound hand and foot and kicked repeatedly in the face and body. "Six men eventually pleaded guilty to this dastardly and cowardly assault, and to malicious damage, and were fined staggering sums -- ranging from £10 to £35!" As Hamm remarks elsewhere, "British justice is the best that money can buy."

In retrospect, Hamm's most interesting evidence concerns the North Kensington election of 1959. Mosley had declared himself openly in favour of repatriating the West Indians in 1954, and Hamm had been nursing the constituency by means of a "surgery" where local people, threatened by aliens, could express their grievances and expect some action. On one occa-

sion, Hamm managed to deal with the case of a white woman whose West Indian landlord threatened her with a knife when collecting the rent, so as to drive her out and "pack in the schwartzes." Hamm told the police that he would be there the next time the rent was collected. He was told that if he did so, the police would be out in force to deal with any trouble. In the end, it was the landlord who was frightened by the massive police presence.

In 1959, when the whites finally rioted against their black persecutors, Mosley was greeted as a parliamentary candidate by vast, stamping, cheering crowds which attended every one of his meetings and accompanied him in cars with horns blaring and headlights blazing to the Town Hall for the results to be declared. But he won only 2,821 votes out of the 35,000 or so cast, coming in at the bottom of the poll. Mosley's campaign staff, some men as well as the women, were in tears. Then they began to think. It was an exceptionally low poll, well below the national average, despite the fact that there had been widespread press, TV and radio coverage. The local bookmakers, who are not sentimentalists, had been offering even money on Mosley and the Conservative candidate, though in the end the Labour candidate won by 878 votes. Armed with copies of the electoral registers, which show the names of those who have voted, Union Movement campaigners asked their supporters why they had not voted. Again and again came the reply, "But I did!" They collected a hundred names of people who had voted but had not had their names crossed off on the register and could have collected many more if only they had continued. Then they asked the hundred persons concerned to swear affidavits as to the place and time they had voted. This was in effect asking people dependent on their employment for survival to declare themselves publicly as "Fascists," which is a very different thing from voting in secret. Only twenty of them dared to sign the affidavits. Of these, ten failed to attend the court hearing, the others being found in some cases literally cowering behind their curtains. The court found "there had been some breach of the rules," but the result "had not been materially affected" (i.e., the number of proven unregistered votes was smaller than the winner's majority of 878). So the case was dismissed, one of the two judges paying tribute to "the courtesy, ability and clarity with which Sir Oswald had argued his case." That is just the trouble. Mosley always saw himself as a member of the establishment, temporarily under a cloud. It was a time to shout "foul" and repeat the accusation again and again.

British nationalists have reproached Hamm for allowing himself to become "Sir Oswald Mosley's butler." Not only that grand old imperialist, A.K. Chesterton, but also the former Duke of Bedford (who opposed the war as stoutly as Mosley himself) failed to shake Hamm's allegiance. Mosley's real butler and housekeeper were Jerry and Emily Lahane. Hamm used to go to the races with the Lehane's, a cheerful, decent Irish couple devoted to the Mosleys.

Hamm knew Mosley better than anyone outside his family circle and recognises his faults, one of them a well-developed sense of assurance, which showed itself in his ringing Hamm at one or two in the morning or in grabbing the first taxi in front of a long queue. When a policeman brought this to his attention, Mosley said, "Queue, queue! There's too much of that damned nonsense in this country." He then decamped before the policeman could think of a suitable reply. Hamm also tells the story of Mosley progressively taking over an entire hotel lounge

at Le Havre as he dictated letter after letter and froze out all the other guests, completely ignoring such little matters as lunch. Diana, Lady Mosley, managed to get him a cup of coffee and some rolls. She gets full marks for being "charming, natural and unaffected," as do her sisters, Deborah, Duchess of Devonshire, and Pamela, former wife of Professor Derek Jackson, the atomic physicist who rode his own horse in the Grand National.

A more serious criticism of Mosley can be read into the admission that British Fascism rather ignored intellectuals, "a mistake the Communists never made." As Mosley said to Harold Nicolson before the war, "I'm tired of people who can *think*; I want people who can *feel*." Hamm comments: "East London responded more vigorously to the British Union marching song [to the tune of Horst Wessel, I should add] than it would have done to the lilting melody of Nicolson's proffered anthem, "Lift High the Marigold." After the war, Hamm (under the name of Geoffrey Vernon) and Diana Mosley produced an interesting magazine called *The European*, which among other things kept the plight of Ezra Pound before the public eye until his release. Euphorion Books, which published Rudel's memoirs, *Stuka Pilot*, was another of Hamm's ventures on behalf of Mosley. Mosley's TV appearances, which reached millions, were paralleled by Hamm's visits to universities all over the British Isles, where he participated in debates.

Jeffrey Hamm is not one of those "Albert Hall Fascists" who were so enthusiastic in a crowd but wilted under pressure. He has kept going over the years through sheer grit, and we should not forget that in so many cases, whether it was a matter of trying to save the Empire, stop the criminal war, repatriate the immigrants, support Rhodesia or get people to *buy* (not boycott) South African goods, Union Movement and Hamm were to the fore. It was Hamm who had to go through the dirty business of dealing with borough councils which denied their halls to Mosley. It was Hamm who had to find legal means to prevent the Jews from breaking up Mosley's meetings. It was Hamm who had to help the poor people who were under threat from landlords of the Rachman type. (There were plenty of lawyers who sympathised with Mosley, but somehow they never found time to help his followers.)

I think of Hamm especially in 1969 (when the photocopying machine was already available) copying out by hand the names and addresses of potential book buyers, hour after hour. He concludes his quiet epic with the words of St. Paul: "I have fought the fight to the end. I have run the race to the finish. I have kept the faith."

Ponderable Quote

The significance of genuinely new, epoch-making discoveries, especially in the natural sciences, is almost invariably overrated at the beginning, and by the discoverer himself more than anyone else. It is the prerogative of the genius who has found a new explanatory principle to overassess its scope. Jacques Loeb thought he could explain all animal and human behaviour in terms of the principle of tropism; Pavlov thought he could do so on the basis of the conditioned reflex, while Freud was guilty of some comparable errors. One great scientist who underrated the importance of his discovery was Darwin.

Konrad Lorenz
Behind the Mirror

Talking Numbers

1 4 11 5 9 2

The Compton Unified School District (California) has agreed to pay \$450,000 to seven white school administrators who claim they were demoted because of their race.

#

Half of Zimbabwe's 3.8 million women and 20% of the total adult population of 7.5 million either have or have had venereal disease. So says Ziana, the country's national news agency.

#

At the April Holocaust Convention in Washington, many survivors proudly displayed the tatooed numbers on their arms. None of these numbers had more than five digits.

#

More than half the nation's 26,495,000 blacks reside in the South, which nevertheless is the one region in which the black proportion of the population has been diminishing. This is due in part to the white migration to the Sun Belt, in part to the influx of legal and illegal Hispanics into Florida and Texas. Montana and Vermont have the lowest proportion of blacks (0.2%); Mississippi the highest (35.2%).

#

Doctors misdiagnose the ailments of almost one-quarter of the people who die in hospitals.

#

The average blond has 140,000 hairs, average brunet 110,000, average redhead 90,000.

#

1,090 persons from 29 African countries entered Switzerland in 1982, the year in which 7,135 persons from 75 countries requested political asylum. At present, 926,000 foreign nationals comprise 14.5% of the Swiss population. This number includes 1,400 Tibetans, 7,000 Vietnamese, 1,500 Cambodians.

#

The Los Angeles County Department of Health Services estimates it will spend \$99.5 million on unreimbursed health services to illegal aliens in fiscal 1983. Reimbursed costs will add \$43.7 million to the illegals' health bill. 22.9% of the patients in Los Angeles County hospitals are illegals and account for 64% of hospital births.

#

In 1950 nearly half of American men 65 and over were in the labor force; in 1983 only 19%.

The FBI claims that the Chicago Police Department has been throwing out 14 times more crime reports than any other big city police force. Many cases have been disposed of by classifying them as unfounded, though the Chicago city government recently estimated that in 40% of these cases the classification was "improper." In the first four months of 1983, after some of these clerical "shortcomings" had been corrected, Chicago crime statistics shot up 25%.

#

The top three spenders in last November's House elections were Adam Levin (\$1,652,845), the New Jersey Democrat who lost to a Republican, Matthew Rinaldo, who spent less than half as much; Barney Frank (\$1,435,222), the Zionist Democrat who beat Republican Margaret Heckler; and Democrat Tom Lantos (\$1,164,373), the California Holocaust survivor, who was returned in triumph in a largely Jewish district.

#

A recent study showed that South African whites, who own 72% of that nation's automobiles, account for 21% of vehicular fatalities. Blacks, who own 12% of the cars, account for 62% of the deaths. Asians and "coloreds," who own 16%, account for 17% of the deaths. The South African government has launched a cartoon safety-awareness series for blacks entitled "The Crazy Adventures of Bobo."

#

The Soviet National Institute of Documentation and Archives estimates that the nation's 114 million workers are drowning in 800 billion documents per year. That comes to 7,000 for every factory and office worker, or 28 official papers per worker per day. One senior Soviet economist claims that 90% of the documents are "useless."

#

Robert L. Harrell was sworn in May 28, 1983, as a Buncombe County District Court Judge, the first black judge in Western North Carolina. He was delighted that 14 of his 15 brothers and sisters, as well as his five children, could attend the ceremony.

#

About 3% -- or 125,000 -- of all American babies born each year have birth defects. Another 90,000 or so defective fetuses are aborted each year. (The latter figure would be significantly higher if more than 200 of the 3,000 known genetic abnormalities could be detected prenatally.)

#

Sweden has 828 telephones per capita; the U.S. 789.

The U.S. will donate 6,150,000 tons of surplus dairy foods (\$80 million worth) to Mexico. Some of it will be used as a supplemental diet for pregnant women.

#

Simon Wiesenthal says he is now hunting 30,000 ex-Nazis, "although there are probably 150,000 all over the world who were involved in war crimes."

#

Walter Mondale currently pockets \$300,000 a year "working" for Winston and Strawn, a Washington, D.C., legal outfit, though he never had any previous employment with a law firm. One Washington attorney commented, "Mondale hasn't spent enough time in his office at Winston and Strawn to know where the men's room is."

#

In 1971 there were 957,830 Irish-born persons in Britain; in 1981, 850,397.

#

Texas pays \$1.59 to the federal government for every dollar of federal aid returned; the District of Columbia, 23¢.

#

In the first four months of 1983, Israel's annual inflation rate averaged 161%. Since 1973, prices in what was once Palestine have shot up 5,300%. Israel's national debt is now \$45 billion, or about \$11,250 per Israeli.

#

John McEnroe averages \$405.16 per hour; Chief Justice Burger \$48.41; dentists \$26.32; school teachers \$9.20.

#

The heirs of two black criminals killed in their bedroom by California police were awarded \$1.5 million by a federal court jury.

#

When the *Washington Post* (May 22) reported on a Ukrainian-American demonstration in memory of the victims of the 1932-33 Ukrainian famine, it said, "Ukrainians charge Stalin deliberately allowed 7 million Ukrainians to starve." When the *Post* reports on Holocaust activities, it never says Jews charge Hitler killed 6 million Jews. It states the number as a sacred and unchallengeable fact. The *Post* somehow knows that 6 million Jews died, but has grave doubts about the fate of 7 million Ukrainians.

#

A 3-year Justice Department study asserts that 33% of American workers steal from their employers at an annual cost of \$5 billion to \$10 billion.

Primate Watch

Kathleen Salyard worked hard for 10 years to build up her Akron beauty parlor and save a little money for retirement. **TWO BLACK WOMEN** heard the parlor was for sale and made an offer. When Salyard rejected it, they ran to the local "Fair Housing" bureau. An investigator posing as a white buyer surreptitiously taped Salyard offering to sell her business to a white person for the rejected price. U.S. District Judge **SAM BELL** ordered the beautician, who was exercising her freedom of choice, to pay the black women \$150,000. Salyard, naturally, did not have that kind of money, so Judge Bell -- who does -- made her give the black plaintiffs her business, pay them \$2,500 in damages, and promise to encourage her old clientele to continue to patronize the stolen beauty parlor.

☆ ☆ ☆

CHARLES DINGLE was acting obnoxiously in a Queens, New York, bar last April, so owner Herbert Cummings asked him to leave. The 24-year-old Negro responded by fatally shooting Cummings in the head, taking four women hostage, raping one of them, and forcing another to decapitate the dead man. He then fled with the head so as not to leave the bullet behind as evidence! Police found Dingle the next morning, sleeping behind the wheel of a stolen cab in Brooklyn -- with Cummings's head beside him.

☆ ☆ ☆

Residents of Montgomery, Alabama, may or may not be relieved to hear that a local shrink has declared policewoman **EULA OLIVER** "sane." While allegedly under the control of a voodoo spell, Oliver killed an unarmed man she was trying to arrest on May 21. Police records show that the rookie cop had to repeat her basic training in 1981 after failing the first time around. Law-and-order Mayor Emory Folmar explains, "It's no secret that we let some of them [blacks] repeat the training . . . We receive a lot of criticism that we don't have enough black officers."

☆ ☆ ☆

On December 31, 1981, a Des Moines, Iowa, newspaper received an anonymous letter from an unemployed "father of two" who threatened to kill himself in 36 hours so that his family could qualify for welfare. He blamed President Reagan for making it "impossible" for the poor to survive. Job offers poured in as investigators frantically compared handwriting samples. After 26 hours, the man was identified as **LESTER J. WILLIAMS**, a black wanted in five states for food stamp fraud. The news has finally come out that Williams's two wives had seven children between them, all happily receiving welfare when the suicide threat was written.

Who remembers "Goldengirl," the 1979 B-movie starring former Miss America **SUSAN ANTON** as a blonde Amazon who comes out of nowhere to win big in the 1980 Olympics? The film flopped because of "the desperate, last-minute editing" that eliminated most of the "evil eugenics" subplot. **CURT JURGENS** had been cast as a "demented" German physiologist who boasted that his golden creation was "eugenically 30 to 40 years ahead of her time."

The real-life male version of "Goldengirl" was **BRUCE JENNER**, the strikingly handsome winner of the 1976 Olympic decathlon. The TV version was **LINDSAY WAGNER**, the super-Nordic who was chosen to play "The Bionic Woman." This year 1983 finds Anton still seriously involved with **DUDLEY MOORE**, the dwarfish Jewish funnyman who barely comes up to her shoulders; Jenner on NBC playing a white quarterback at an all-black college who is in love with a Negress; and Wagner giving birth to a baby (by **HENRY KINJI**) who would look right at home in a Negev nursery.

☆ ☆ ☆

No one knows how so many thousands of mostly mulatto residents of the Dominican Republic were helped into the United States by **JUAN RAMON MONTILLA** and **BIENVENIDA MONTILLA**. The Immigration Service recently raided their \$1 million-a-year counterfeit documents plant in New York City, calling it "the biggest operation ever" on the East Coast. The raiders seized bogus printing plates for Puerto Rican birth certificates, Social Security cards, Brandeis High School diplomas and voter registration cards. Immigration officer Lawrence Paretta reports that over half of all Dominicans now in the U.S. used phony ID cards to gain entry -- provided for them by "legal" Dominican Americans like the Montillas.

☆ ☆ ☆

No relation to *Instauration's* Safety Valve character, **HAROLD MARVIN WILLIAMS**, president and chief executive officer of the Getty Trust in Malibu, California (worth \$1.4 billion), must spend \$65 million a year to conform to current tax laws. The money will be used to expand the present Getty Museum into a center for art, history and the "humanities." Williams, a former UCLA dean and Norton Simon Inc. executive, is a non-intermarrying Jew whose wife is Estelle Feinstein. One more huge Majority foundation has fallen into minority hands.

☆ ☆ ☆

First Daughter **PATTI DAVIS** was recently seen walking arm-in-arm with her new date, actor **LEVAR BURTON**, at a swank Los Angeles eatery. Burton played the young Kunta Kinte in "Roots."

ROBERT MAYNARD, a black, is buying the *Oakland Times* from the Gannett media empire. But is he really? All the first black publisher of a major U.S. newspaper has done is give a \$17 million promissory note in the name of the *Oakland Tribune Inc.*, of which he is president, to the previous owners. He has also obtained a \$7 million loan from the Canadian Commerical Bank of Los Angeles. No information was given on the rate of interest and terms of repayment. In other words, the Maynard buy is really a Gannett giveaway. By spinning off the *Tribune*, Gannett is now in a position to make a serious bid for San Francisco's biggest television station, KRON-TV. Los Angeles attorney **PAUL GREENBERG** is listed as secretary of the *Tribune*, which was once owned by the Knowland family and was one of the last pro-Majority papers in the U.S. to go liberal, following the strange suicide of the late Senator William Knowland.

☆ ☆ ☆

Not everyone who spraypaints anti-Semitic slogans on synagogue walls is Jewish. Take 23-year-old **MICHAEL DAVID REMER**, recently convicted for doing just that in Washington, D.C. No, Remer is not Jewish, but his stepfather and stepbrothers are. He even occasionally went to temple with the Jewish side of his family. When the defense attorney asked the man who decorated the outside of a synagogue with a swastika, a skull and crossbones and three heart-pounding words, Ku Klux Klan -- and may serve three years in jail for the job -- if he was anti-Semitic, the prosecution wouldn't let him answer.

☆ ☆ ☆

What really happened on the night when **TED KENNEDY** drove Mary Jo Kopechne off the bridge at Chappaquiddick? Random House is convinced that a Cape Cod investigative reporter named Leo Damore has the answer, and recently advanced him \$300,000 on an exposé which one inside source says "will be the book of the decade -- it's that explosive." The book's 1984 publication date may explain why the Senate's fastest underwater swimmer mysteriously dropped out of next year's presidential race. The late **JOSEPH P. KENNEDY** was also in the news recently when Mafia chief **JOE BO-NANNO** told CBS-TV's "60 Minutes" that in his bootlegging days Fat Face's father was a "partner" of crime lord **FRANK COSTELLO**.

☆ ☆ ☆

NBC ran another Holocaust hype last December called "Remembrance of Love," starring **KIRK DOUGLAS** (born in New York as Issur Danilovich Demsky). In one "death camp" scene, a pregnant prisoner is told, "They'll turn you over to the doctors! Sometimes, just to see what will happen, they hold your legs together!"



Canada. One day last May, Edward Bronfman, a member of the richest Jewish family in North America (the Seagram liquor trust), moved into a rented luxury home in Toronto with 38-year-old divorced airline stewardess Ann Sheridan. Two nights later Ann plunged to her death from the third-floor bedroom window. Bronfman, 55, claims he was asleep at the time. Canadian police, explaining that Sheridan had tripped over a ledge while trying to open a bedroom window, said there was no suspicion of foul play.

Britain. From an on-the-spot *Instaurationist*. In the recent general election the Liberal-Social Democratic alliance put up 8 non-white candidates for the House of Commons, the Labour Party 6, and the Tories 3. None made it. The 650 British MP's are still lily white, which is more than can be said for the membership of the U.S. House of Representatives. However, 77 nonwhites sit on London borough councils. In all of British parliamentary history only three nonwhites have been MP's, the last one serving more than a half-century ago. As for the Jews, the recent election produced 28 MPs, 17 of them Conservatives, 11 Labourites. This is down from 32 in the last House of Commons.

Although it was not mentioned in the debates, both the LSD alliance and Labour supported positive discrimination (Americans call it affirmative action) in their campaign manifestos. The Tories published a poster of a smart young black with the slogan, "Labour says he is black -- we say he's British," suggesting that the Left was trying to capitalize on minority racism. When some ethnic papers refused to print it, the chairman of the Social Democratic youth group, a Jamaican, joined the Tories. All the party leaders, including Margaret Thatcher, noisily signed a declaration against racialism.

On Radio 4 a rabbi from Mrs. Thatcher's Finchley constituency proclaimed she would lose her seat if she did not alter her government's attitude toward the Middle East. Since there was a noticeable decline in her Finchley majority, a considerable number of the district's large Jewish population must have voted against her. After the election she dutifully tried to win over backsliding Jews with her well-publicized appointment of Leon Brittan, an up-and-coming lawyer who specialized in defamation cases, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Nigel Lawson, a former ghostwriter for Tory prime ministers, as Home Secretary. Both are sons of immigrants from Baltic states and both are married to non-Jews. Sir Keith Joseph and Lord Bellwin, two more British Jews with mucho political clout, stay on in the Thatcher cabinet as Secretary of State for Education and Science and Minister for Local Government and Environmental Services. With the

exception of Lawson, all the Jewish cabinet members belong to the Conservative Friends of Israel. Meanwhile, upon publication of the Queen's Birthday Honours list, Abraham Goldberg, a professor of medicine, Leslie Porter, head of Tesco Supermarkets, and Alfred Sherman, chief egghead of the Tory think tank, are now, respectively, Sir Abe, Sir Leslie and Sir Al.

One doesn't know exactly what Mrs. Thatcher will do in the Middle East as a result of her resounding victory at the polls (engineered in part by the advertising agency, Saatchi & Saatchi, and Gordon Reese, a political consultant who works for Armand Hammer). Britain's chief rabbi and the very influential *Jewish Chronicle* are anti-Begin. Nigel Lawson, who has said the Falklands war kicked off a new era in British history, is implacably opposed to racialism and wants to increase deposits from £150 to £1000 to make it too expensive for small nationalist groups to engage in elections. They did rather poorly in the latest one since Thatcher's flag-waving preempted much of their support. Even the Sons of Cornwall did better. (It should be pointed out, however, that general elections are the only times that small parties can get nationwide TV exposure, so the net effect is a plus, despite their poor electoral showing.) The British National Party fielded 54 candidates, the National Front 58.

In Scotland, Labour won most of the seats. The Labour manifesto promised the Scots autonomy, although this was not emphasized south of the border. It suggests once again that the best political route for the Right is English nationalism. In England, Labour lost 133 deposits and seems on its way out.

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Paul Grade, movie mogul Lew Grade's son, at the age of 19, ran up a huge tab at London gambling houses. As Paul explains it, "Dad coughed up a cool £250,000 to get me off the hook." From then on, Paul concentrated on women instead of roulette, at one time chartering a yacht to take 12 "gorgeous birds" on a Mediterranean cruise. He didn't run into too much resistance from his girl friends because he promised them he'd get them into his father's movies. In recent years Paul has settled down somewhat and is now the co-owner with his mother of the "very in" Ivy restaurant in London. His wife, Lisa Pearse, is a pretty young thing from Guernsey. Once his Lithuanian-born father became Lord Grade, Paul became the Honorable Paul Grade, a title he was quick to have printed on his checks and credit cards.

* * *

The Sun (April 12, 1983) noted that 15 years have passed since Enoch Powell "shattered his political career by prophesy-

ing a black future for Britain." It was in 1968 that the man everyone expected to become Prime Minister delivered in Birmingham his "rivers of blood" speech predicting a terrifying 1983. "Was he a visionary?" asked the newspaper, before considering his forecasts one by one. The verdict: Powell was right on five points, and wrong on four (though *Instauration* takes exception to two of the latter).

First, Powell's five unquestionably sound prognostications:

- Britain would soon have race riots on nearly the American scale. This sounded crazy to many people in 1968, but in 1981 major conflagrations hit London, Liverpool, Manchester and a dozen other cities.
- "Whole areas, towns and parts of towns across England will be occupied" by non-white immigrants and their locally born descendants. Right, admitted *The Sun*, "all big cities have their black areas."
- The white population would be forced out of many residential areas -- after the value of its homes had plummeted. Check.
- The large number of nonwhite children in the younger age groups "mirrored the future." (Powell cited Wolverhampton's primary schools, then 17% black.) Right. Today, more than 25% of Wolverhampton's students at all age levels are black, as are one-third of the city's babies.
- "Positive forces" would be used to encourage nonwhites not to integrate, but to retain their racial and religious differences. Right -- and we are glad for it.

According to *The Sun*, Powell was wrong to predict a 1983 British colored population of 3.5 million, since the real number is supposedly 2.2 million. No one who has been in Britain's cities recently will believe the latter figure. As a matter of fact, British officialdom was bullied into dropping a question about race from the latest census, so no one really knows what the colored tally is. Which brings us to Powell's next "wrong" prediction: that by 1983 "the blacks would have the whip hand over the whites." If white Britons, who have always been keenly interested in the racial makeup of their island, are now, for the first time, forbidden to examine the matter, what does that say about "whip hands"?

Powell also predicted that, by 1983, in black areas, some white women would be unable to obtain hospital beds in childbirth and some white children would be unable to obtain school places. Powell was wrong here, but this may be because the white birthrate has, over the last 15 years, fallen to a suicidal level that even he never dreamed of.

Finally, Powell warned of "charming wide-grinning pickaninnies who cannot speak English, but chant one word. 'Racialist.' " Wrong, said *The Sun*. Second-generation immigrant children do speak English (of a sort). However, their adoption of English is increasing the disastrous rate of interracial marriage.

The Sun scored Powell 5-4. We give the man a 7-2, but believe that things would be a wee bit brighter for Britain had he scored 9-0.

* * *

Wonder what Kipling would say about the new British 26d stamp honoring the Boy Scouts. We know what Tennyson would say, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new"



Spain. The nation's new socialist regime is responding hesitantly to a wave of illegal African immigrants which has swept over Barcelona province. The Africans, many of them Gambians, favor pleasant seaside resorts like Blanes, Malgrat and Mataró, where many live in groups and communes, often as squatters on private property. The sight of black hippies monopolizing the beaches at tourist season makes local authorities apoplectic. But the national government does not wish to be thought "racist," especially with many Moroccan laborers in the country and Moroccan King Hassan demanding the return of the five tiny Spanish enclaves which remain on his soil.

When a fight broke out recently between black and white youths at a Blanes disco, and a young Spaniard died from stab wounds, mass protests against black immigrants resulted. The socialists have kindly asked the blacks to return home, but, for some reason, none of them want to. Meanwhile, three million unemployed Spaniards are claiming priority.

Sweden. They arrested him in the middle of the night (just as they did to dissenters in Nazi Germany), threw him in a loony bin for a psychiatric third degree (just as they do to dissenters in Russia), then after a few months they pronounced him sane and sent him to jail. His crime? It was one of those newfangled thought crimes. Ditleib Felderer had called the Holocaust stories an anthology of fairy tales and had personally visited some death camps to get the facts.

If it can be called a victory, Felderer was released on May 11. Not one of the world's prominent advocates of free speech, not one of America's great civil rights organizations, not one of the agitprop groups who scream almost daily about El Salvador's and Chile's and Russia's violations of human rights --

no, not one protested the inquisitorial treatment handed out to Felderer.

To the few lonely Americans who had dared to interest themselves in Felderer's case, the Swedish Embassy sent out a bland notice of his release buried in a mass of purple prose about "race hate." Not one word of apology.

Felderer vows to continue to press his case against his Swedish prosecutors in the European Committee on Human Rights in Strasburg and in the U.N. Human Rights Committee. There, of course, he will run into a stone wall. There, of course, he will once again be reminded that people who question Jewish atrocity tales belong to the one class on earth that has no rights.

Russia. One book *Instauration* subscribers are not likely to find in their neighborhood library is *The Class Essence of Zionism* by Lev Korneev, the Soviet Ph.D. (in history), who is considered to be a leading Russian expert on the international doings of world Jewry. If the contents of Korneev's book had been published in the U.S. and had been written by an American, no one would have heard a whisper about it. But since it is in Russian and since it can be used to prove that the Soviet establishment is growing more anti-Semitic every hour, it emblazoned the front page of the *Washington Post* (June 30, 1983). Here are a few cogent reasons why Dalton's and Walden's will never stock the book. Says Korneev:

The ideology of Jewry is the profit motive.

Jewish bankers and industrialists financed Rasputin, the lascivious holy man, whose outlandish behavior had a lot to do with bringing down the monarchy.

Jews are automatically fifth columnists in whatever country they reside. Their "double loyalty" serves Mossad well.

Jews themselves are to be blamed for much of the anti-Semitism loose in the world.

Genghis Khan used Jews as tax collectors to bleed Russians.

Jews themselves started some pogroms in order to boost immigration to Palestine.

Korneev's book, first printing 10,000, has been highly touted by the Soviet press. *Sovetskaya Kultura*, an organ of the powerful Central Committee, commends the author for his "necessary and courageous" work and his "interesting and convincing" research.

The world has been hearing much about Andropov's ill health. If he is as Jewish as some experts make out, then Korneev's book must be making him more feverish than ever.

Israel. If there was ever a nation with elastic borders, it is Israel. And it can be predicted with some certainty that they will

remain elastic until they reach or go beyond the old limits set forth in a document submitted by the World Zionist Organization to the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 (as described by H.F. Frischwasser-Raanan in his book *The Frontiers of a Nation*):

In the north, the line began at a point just south of Sidon, on the Mediterranean coast, then ran slightly south of the horizontal, right across the Lebanon range and the southern Bekaa Valley to the south-western slope of Mount Hermon, and then to a point not far from Kuneitra, about "20 kilometres south of Damascus." There it turned due south and continued at a distance of about 10 kilometres west of the Damascus-Medina railway, up to Maan in southern Jordan, and from there in a straight line to the head of the Gulf of Aqaba.

The state's southern border was not laid down and was to be determined in negotiation with the Egyptians. Why? Because the Zionists hoped that the whole of Sinai might be included in Eretz Israel, the biblical land of Israel.

These boundaries encompass more territory than all the acreage of present-day southern Lebanon, the Golan Heights and the West Bank.

Israel's invasion of Lebanon was just one more stage in the Zionists' determination to expand their borders to acquire the *Lebensraum* they have been dreaming about ever since they decided to establish a Middle East homeland in somebody else's homeland. On June 8, 1982, as the Jewish troops marched north, the chief rabbinate proclaimed the invasion "a divinely inspired war," the Jewish equivalent of the Moslem *jihad*. The rabbis recommended the daily reading of Psalm 83:

Do unto them as unto the Midianites; as to Sisera, as to Jabin, at the brook of Kison:

Which perished at En-dor: they became as dung for the earth.

As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame setteth the mountains on fire;

So persecute them with thy tempest, and make them afraid with thy storm.

Let them be confounded and troubled for ever; yea, let them be put to shame and perish:

On July 28, 1982, Chief Rabbi Goren said that the war was not only "just" but "obligatory," that Jewish law sanctioned the entry of the Israeli army into West Beirut. The chief sephardic rabbi in Jerusalem, Shalam Mastark, chimed in by announcing that Jewish soldiers should only be given blood from non-Jews when their lives were in danger. "However, it is obvious that one must refuse non-Jewish blood from the beginning; it takes Jewish blood to cure Jews."

Earlier, on June 8, 1982, in the Knesset, Begin had plunged into even lower racist depths when he orated, "If the hand of a



two-legged animal is raised against us, it will be severed."

Begin's language can be explained by his theology, in which Yahweh, the Jewish people and the Jewish law form a sacred trinity. To attack the Jews is to attack G-d, for which no punishment can be too severe. When Jews attack other peoples, however, it is simply an act of G-d, merely an event, more often than not a necessary event.

For a more comprehensive rundown on Israel's invasion of Lebanon, see Michael Jansen, *The Battle for Beirut; Why Israel Invaded Lebanon* (Zed Press, London, 1982).

* * *

A lot of Jewish families have fallen out over Zionism, but few more badly than the Arens brothers. Moshe, 57, became the new Israeli defense minister following Ariel Sharon's demotion. Richard, 61, is an ultra-liberal American lawyer who has volunteered his services to the Arab-American Anti-Discrimination Committee. Moshe is so militant that he recently refused to reprimand General Rafael Eitan when the outgoing Israeli Chief of Staff publicly likened the West Bank Arabs to "drugged roaches in a bot-

tle." Richard is so anti-militant that he renounced his religion because it accepts the state of Israel as a sort of divine symbol.

The brothers' lives began to diverge during their teen years. Richard attended St. Paul's in London and later Yale Law School. Moshe went to New York City and joined Betar, the Zionist youth movement. A third sibling, a very pro-Israel younger sister, chooses to live in New Jersey. Richard avoids her as well as Moshe. "I'm embarrassed," he says of his brother. Then he indulged in some persona-polishing, "I've been engaged in civil rights since the [beginning]". When he isn't defending Negroes or Latin American Indians, Richard is deplored "Jewish racism" towards the Arabs or petitioning Congress to cut off aid to Israel.

The six million dollar question is: Do we really prefer an anti-Israeli deracinated Jew like Richard Arens to his fire-eating racist brother Moshe? Conservative Germans once aided Lenin, who stood for everything they were against, to overthrow the Russian czar, who stood for much of what they were for -- and they came to regret it. At least the Moshe Arenses are highly visible and predictable.

India. A recent headline in the *Chicago Tribune*, referring to this year's anti-Bengali atrocities, observed, "Fear drives gentle Assamese to violence." If white Texans slaughtered more than 4,000 invading Mexicans, or white Britons slayed some 4,000 unwanted West Indians, do you suppose that the world's media would say, "Fear drives gentle Anglo-Saxons to violence"?

Indonesia. Another unsung slaughter of our time has been taking place in the former Portuguese colony of Timor. By one account, up to 250,000 of the territory's 600,000 residents have died since Indonesian forces attacked the nascent East Timor independence movement on December 7, 1975. The devastation and bloodshed continue, yet neither Indonesian President Suharto nor President Reagan raised the subject during their Washington talks last year.

Unponderable Quote

I predict children of the future will be bigger, stronger, healthier, smarter, better looking and more independent, due to the growing trend of race mixture, advanced medical science and improved nutritional habits.

"Criswell Predicts"
TV Facts, Feb. 28, 1982

Stirrings

Potential Martyr

"God bless Ronald Reagan!" is the battle cry of San Diego's most popular radio talk show host. Dave Dawson of KSDO has had the local Jewish lobby screaming for his head ever since his first broadcast on June 8, 1981. President Reagan had just criticized Israel for bombing Iraq's nuclear reactor, and Dawson, who lived amicably with a Jewish family in his younger days, made the mistake of supporting him. In the following weeks Rabbi Michael Sternfeld of Temple Beth Israel led a campaign to boycott KSDO unless it fired Dawson.

At Rosh Hashanah, before 3,000 people, Sternfeld preached a scathing 45-minute sermon against his foe. "In that speech," recalls Dawson, "he specifically said that I was, quote, 'like a nest of snakes' unquote. And the implied message was that such evil things should be killed." Copies of the address were sent to San Diego newspapers. As the threatened boycott became a reality, some valuable advertising accounts were lost to KSDO. Dawson himself became the subject of articles in Israeli publications, where he was called (in essence) a "Jew-hater," and in the American newspaper *Israel Today*. The latter compared him to a broadcaster in the movie *Network*, who was ultimately assassinated. "I personally took this as a subtle suggestion that I should be

assassinated," Dawson says. Through the long ordeal he has somehow retained his good humor. Even more miraculously, station KSDO has stood by him.

Unique Video

One TV program which is not only minority-free but even uses the word race in a positive context is the *Doctor Who* science fiction series from Great Britain. It stars the Doctor, a "time lord" who is banished from his own highly evolved home planet for violating its prime directive -- an ordinance forbidding the interference in the affairs of less advanced races. Acting as his own counsel, the Doctor spoke of the weaker races' "need for assistance," which led him to get involved in their problems. One such weaker race is a savage tribe on an alien planet, "a society that kills first and asks questions later." Although the Doctor is an unreconstructed white liberal, other characters are quite aware of racial differences. There's an evil power source called "the black hole," and the forces of good and evil are polar -- a guardian of light-in-time (the white guardian) and the guardian of darkness (the black guardian). The former strives for stability, working to make a peaceful and tranquil universe. The latter opts for chaos. In one episode we see and hear about "race banks" -- test-tube-like cylinders which

contain the genetic heritage of an entire people. An interesting idea that cropped up in another episode is "race memories," which were actively drawn upon, instead of being suppressed. In *Doctor Who* the aliens are still the bad guys.

Statistical Sleight-of-Hand

In 1973 the definition of mental retardation in this country was changed from those who had an IQ of 85 and under to those with an IQ of 70 and under. By one stroke of the pen about 14% of the American population were cured of their retardation and thereafter classified as sound in mind.

In a recent issue of the *Newsletter for Educational Psychologists*, J. Ronald Gentile of the State University of New York at Buffalo proves that not all social scientists have lost their sense of humor. He suggests that psychologists and educators responsible for the redefinition of mental retardation be given a Nobel Prize for Education (NOBEL in his definition standing for Never Overlook BS in Educational Lingo).

Gentile proposes that this kind of numerical legerdemain could serve equally well in increasing the category of gifted Americans by lowering the IQ requirement 15 points. This would flood the country with geniuses -- so many in fact it would be difficult to keep track of them. Here again, Gentile has a solution. Assign the smart alecks to one of two classifications: *hetero-genius* or *homo-genius*.