

Glimmerings Of Truth

The National Academy of Sciences recently released a report rejecting the old canard that intelligence tests discriminate against blacks. Educational institutions and businesses were urged not to drop the tests and told that they "can be useful predictors" of on-the-job performance and college grades. If the tests are abandoned, the NAS committee warned the result could be "lower productivity and worker morale."

The report, which took four years to prepare, was the work of a panel of 19 prominent law professors, sociologists, psychologists and economists. Newspaper accounts, which were not too enthusiastic, did not once mention Arthur Jensen, whose massive research on the fairness of IQ tests is far more impressive than the NAS study. Nor was there any mention of what effect, if any, the report would have on court rulings that IQ and ability tests do discriminate against blacks.

Obviously, the National Academy of Sciences couldn't go on record admitting that IQ scores, if they don't discriminate, must indicate some racial differences in intelligence. This would be getting much too close to the awful truth. So the report waffled by saying the difference in scores may be due to "unequal background" and "low economic status."

Meanwhile, the Defense Department released the results of various tests given in 1980 to 11,914 blacks, whites and Latinos, aged 18 to 23. For recruits, white scores averaged 59, Latinos 23 and blacks 17. For those already in uniform, the average white score was 58, Latino 40, black 33. The tests measured mathematical reasoning, clerical skills, reading comprehension and history.

R. Darrell Bock and Elsie C.J. Moore, two researchers who analyzed the data, wrote the unthinkable. The results raise "the possibility that the differences in test performance arise from differences in the respective gene pool." Moreover, "Such test performance has been demonstrated to be broadly heritable . . . Genotypic variation having an . . . indirect effect on test performance must exist."

Then, of course, Bock and Moore had to backtrack. They concluded by saying that the primary reason for the different test scores was cultural.

Almost as if to reassure liberals and equalitarians that their world was not coming apart, the Commission on the Higher Education of Minorities published a study which acclaimed that all IQ and ability tests should be done away with and replaced by tests that measure "potential."

It might be interesting to find out if the black president of the Ford Foundation,

Franklin Thomas, who paid \$700,000 for the study, would ride in a commercial jet whose pilot and co-pilot never had to pass any tests measuring their ability, only those that measured their flying "potential."

Department of Bunk

People in the Old World developed civilizations earlier than those who lived in America — mainly because cultures changed sooner. One of the civilizations they developed is known as Western civilization. It spread from southeastern Asia and northern Africa into Europe — especially western Europe.

The above is a facsimile of a paragraph on page 54 of *The Call of Freedom* by Henry F. Graff and Paul Bohannon (Rand McNally, Chicago, 1978). Graff is professor of history at Columbia; Bohannon, professor of anthropology at the University of California in Santa Barbara. Their book is used as a basic history text for the eighth grade in many public schools across the land. Parents should be happy to know that civilization started in the Old World "mainly because cultures changed sooner." That's like saying that cobras are deadlier than garter snakes mainly because they shed more skin. Parents should be even happier to know that their children are being taught that Western civilization, *their* civilization, originated in "southeastern Asia." Exactly where, dear Professors Graff and Bohannon? In Hanoi? Singapore? Kuala Lumpur?

Old Henry Ford said history was bunk. Thanks to Graff, Bohannon and Rand McNally, it's getting bunkier every day.

We Are Mad Vicious Murderers

The excesses of Jewish racism never fail to amaze. Listen to 83-year-old Rabbi Eliezer Shach of the Agudat Israel Council of Sages (*Jewish News*, Jan. 8, 1982, p. 2): "The Jewish way [is] dancing before the wicked, vicious goy like the ma yofis (beautiful) yid of old, while never forgetting that the goy is nothing but a vicious mad murderer." What the venerable Rabbi was really saying was, "Don't provoke the Gentiles, particularly by such bad acts as the occupation of the Golan Heights."

We doubt if Begin will ever heed the warning. Considering the weakness of any opposition to Israeli imperialism by Gentiles anywhere, there would be no reason for him to do so.

But we must thank Rabbi Shach and the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, which broadcast his words worldwide to Jewish publi-

cations, for opening the window of the Jewish mind an inch or two and letting non-Jews take a peek at what is really going on inside.

Will the day ever come when the AP will telegraph a report from a Christian minister saying, "A Jew is nothing but a vicious mad murderer" -- a charge that millions of live and tens of thousands of dead Palestinians believe is more valid than Rabbi Shach's.

Real-World Economics

For years, *Washington Post* readers have been subjected to wicked landlord/tenant stories. Suddenly, last winter, the first righteous landlord article appeared.

Brenda Joyce gathered her life savings four years ago to make a \$30,000 down payment on a 19-unit apartment building on the edge of the city ghetto. "Oh, I had such grandiose ideas of how I was going to do all these things. I knew about slumlords and absentee landlords, and I was going to be different," the black woman recalled. Forgetting that greenbacks don't grow on greenery, she put more money into nonessential repairs than she was collecting in rents. Then, when real problems struck -- like a collapsed ceiling and a flooded basement -- and tenants were predictably late on their rent, she and her building went belly up.

Now the apartment is only "a skeleton" of its former self, with just one tenant, and the city is providing free heating oil. Joyce, too, is a "victim," according to tenant lawyer Rick Eisen, a professional victim-helper who doesn't care what sector his victims come from, as long as they are incompetent and he can make a living off their incompetence.

Joyce rues her mistake, "If only I had my money in money market funds." The *Post* pictures her beneath an unbelievably messy collapsed ceiling -- a ceiling which vanishingly few of greater Washington's one million blacks would be competent to fix properly. This is the sole root of her problem: she is a black woman venturing into an unsure thing, where either personal fix-it-iveness, an instinct for the competence of others, and/or personal relations with fixity people are almost essential.

There are fewer and fewer naturally clever white men to go around in our great urban areas. Hard-pressed as they are, they naturally give prompter and better service to people whom they sense are like themselves. Some of them resent the legions of inexperienced, often minority investors who are trying to make easy money in real estate.

As the less competent investors, like Joyce, discover that they do not have what it takes to venture into life's unsure things, they all begin piling into the (supposedly) sure-fire things like money market funds.

All the skill and dependability left in white America stands behind our nationwide investment plans -- which, nonetheless, are available on equal terms to the latest "refugee" from Haiti's economic chaos. Quite obviously, this state of affairs cannot last. When increasing millions of newly money-burdened citizens are unable to succeed at investments which demand personal involvement, their reinvestment at a supposedly "safe" or "color-blind" distance must create an invisible slow rot through the entire economic structure.

Joyce sums up her plight: "I felt if I could provide a decent place for people to live in, it would be worth it." But you can't, lady -- because your people can't. "Good, solid German burgers," as they used to be called, or, again, the folks who gave us the phrase "Yankee ingenuity" -- these or any other people who combine brain-power with handicraft -- can alone provide decent places for people to live in. Negroes, regrettably, cannot. What they, and anyone else, can do, however, is buy into race-less market funds -- until, at last, those become as worthless as the people holding them.

Sinking Our Liberty

When the age of mass "liberty" was dawning, the German poet and philosopher Friedrich Schiller cautioned that men must learn to serve Beauty before they could faithfully serve Freedom. Indeed, the main theme of his great series of 27 letters, *On the Aesthetic Education of Man*, is that Sensuous Man must become Aesthetic Man before he can become Moral Man. The ancient Hebrews, who allowed absolutely zero room in their ethics for visual aesthetics, proposed an easy shortcut to "morality": quality would be sacrificed to equality. Their descendants have been seducing humanity with moral fool's gold ever since.

Television producer Norman Lear, who knows even less about real beauty than most of his kin, professes to know everything about "liberty" -- meaning liberty to be loud, to be false, to be ugly, and to jar the sensibilities of anyone nearby with a little taste. *His liberty is our spiritual confinement*. On March 21, Lear's hour-long, \$3 million "I Love Liberty" extravaganza was aired on ABC. Twelve thousand people, few of whose ancestors were Americans in 1882, gathered in the Los Angeles Sports Arena to sock it to the Moral Majority, most of whose ancestors were Americans long before 1882.

In a typical scene, an old Jewish immigrant was shown telling a crowd that when people suppress ideas, "repression occurs." They do this out of fear, explained the member of the most fearful ethnic group on earth. Since angry blacks, angry Hispanics, an angry homosexual and an angry woman were all depicted on the program, the Rev. Jerry Falwell asked Lear if his happy (and suitably named) Liberty

Baptist Choir could sing a patriotic number, and he could make a short speech. The fearful Lear refused, saying the production was not intended as a forum for ideas.

Gas for America

For a lesson in minority infiltration, one should study the editorial mastheads of *Natural History* magazine between 1960 and 1980. The mouthpiece of New York City's American Museum of Natural History was still almost entirely WASP in the former year; slowly at first, some Jews entered the lists; and, by the latter date, the names were mostly Jewish. (Will it ever happen the other way around? Ever?)

Beginning in the early 1970s, *Natural History* became perhaps the number one purveyor of anti-race obscurantism in the country, thanks largely to columnist Stephen Jay Gould's never-ending smear attacks on Majority scientists past and present. To this day, it is true, the goyim are permitted to contribute long tracts about endangered orchids, Navajo pottery and cross-eyed fruit bats, but the ideological and philosophical payload of every issue is now nearly 100% in Jewish hands. It's been a long, but a swift fall for a once great American institution.

Exxon ran a rather amusing ad in the January 1975 issue of Gould's ghoulery (a ghoul robs graves and feeds on corpses, and that is what Gould has done to Cyril Burt, Louis Agassiz, Ernst Haeckel, Havelock Ellis and a dozen others). "In 10 years," gushed the Exxon copy, "these high school students may help overcome a major new shortage." A clean-cut Exxon representative was shown guiding a passel of dazed-looking Newark ghetto youngsters around a local oil refinery.

You'd expect [the 1980s] to be years of tremendous technological growth. But they may not be. Because by 1980, the U.S. may face a severe shortage of scientists and engineers -- even though we have the talent to prevent such a shortage. . . . We'll again be working with the National Academy of Engineering to identify the critical factors limiting the enrollment and retention of minority students in engineering. We'll also be funding new engineering programs for minorities at 15 major colleges and universities.

More than seven of Exxon's "10 years" are up, and forgive us for doubting that those high school students have helped America in any way. That won't stop Exxon, however -- or Stephen Jay Gould. They'll be asking for "ten more years" even when half of America is Newarkized.

Pitiless Poetry

Does your neighborhood school have a book of poems called *Beastly Boys and Ghastly Girls*, collected by William Cole?

The Wilshire Elementary School in Euless, Texas, has. Here is a sample of some of this edifying versifying for first-through-eighth graders:

In the family drinking well
Willie pushed his sister Nell.
She's there yet, because it kilt her --
Now we have to buy a filter.

Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed his sister to the door.
Mother said, with humor quaint:
"Now, Willie, dear, don't scratch the paint."

Bobby, with the nursery shears
Cut off both the baby's ears.
At the baby, so unsightly,
Mamma raised her eyebrows slightly.

Young Sammy Watkins jumped out of bed;
He ran to his sister and cut off her head.
This gave his dear mother a great deal of pain;
She hopes that he never will do it again.

Father heard his children scream,
So he threw them in the stream.
Saying, as he drowned the third,
"Children should be seen, not heard!"

The *Saturday Review* called the poems "good, humorous poetry for children." The *Library Journal* said the poetry was "refreshing."

Extra Punishment

Last year James Earl Ray was stabbed 22 times by black prisoners in the Brushy Mountain (Tennessee) prison. It took 77 stitches to patch him up. Early this year Joseph Paul Franklin was stabbed 15 or more times immediately after his arrival at the Marion (Illinois) maximum security facility. Both of these white prisoners had been found guilty of killing one or more blacks.

As a result of the forced integration of American prisons, practically all white prisoners are subject at one time or another to gang rape by black inmates. Those whites convicted of killing blacks are subject to the additional punishment of being stabbed. White sentences therefore carry much heavier penalties than incarceration.

The Supreme Court has been very much disturbed about cruel and unusual punishment, particularly in regard to the death penalty. Yet isn't rape and stabbing just as cruel and unusual a punishment as any ever devised by the Inquisition in the Middle Ages or by the Russian, Chilean or Israeli secret police? The alleged torture of one Argentine Jew, Jacobo Timerman -- who bears not one scar on his body -- received a million more screams of outrage than the ongoing tortures of American white prisoners. About the last place the U.S. government is interested in protecting human rights is in its own jails.

GRUesome Group

Spy expert Robert Moss (short for Mossad?), whose roman à clef, *The Spike*, was unfavorably, very unfavorably reviewed in *Instauration* (July 1981), largely because of the sugar-sweet adulation of everything Israelitish, has swept up some new dirt. Apparently, the Soviet Union is more entrepreneurial than the capitalist U.S. when it comes to espionage. We have the palaeolithic and monolithic CIA, whereas Russia has two spy outfits in all-out competition with each other. One is the well-known and universally abhorred KGB; the other is so top secret that many top apparatchiks have never heard of it. It is called the *Glavnoe Razvedyvatelnoe Upravlenie*, which translates into Chief Intelligence Directorate of the Soviet General Staff -- GRU for short. For foreign intelligence GRU disposes of a larger budget than the KGB, most of the rubles going to buy or steal Western technology. On the GRU payroll are thousands of spies active on all continents, as well as an elite force of 30,000 "Special Designation" saboteurs and assorted terrorists in Mother Russia. Affirmative action is nonexistent in GRU hiring practices. Anyone with even one Jewish great-grandparent is banned, in contrast to the KGB, which does employ a few Jews to infiltrate the Soviet Jewish community and Zionist organizations.

Forget the Constitution

In 1978, Congress passed overwhelmingly a bill providing for a District of Columbia congressional representation amendment -- perhaps because most Congressmen live far from their constituents. Four years later, only 10 of the 38 states required have ratified the act -- perhaps because most state legislators live very near their constituents.

Under the bill, the Constitution would be amended to treat the District "as though it were a state" -- giving it two black Democratic senators and one black Democratic representative -- while granting no real sovereignty. Since the bill is going nowhere at the state level, an "end-run" strategy is being substituted: outright statehood. Supposedly, that would only require Congressional approval, though the Supreme Court may feel differently.

The new state would likely be called "Banneker," after a black man who accomplished next to nothing in his 75 years. (We couldn't have two states named "Washington," could we?) If the Africa Firsters get their way, the three newest states -- Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Banneker -- would all happen to be minority states.

Finito ABSCAM

With the Big Fish finally fried in the U.S. Senate kitchen, the ABSCAM operation has more or less come to an end. Although there may be some higher court reversals and long, drawn-out appeals, although we may be sure that Harrison Williams, once considered the 5th or 6th most powerful senator, and some of the smaller fish, will not suffer too much in their country-club jails, ABSCAM was an historic plus in that it dramatically emphasized the woefully low state of public officialdom. Despite his tearful pleas to his Senate colleagues, despite the support of a skin-and-bones character like Alan Cranston, ex-drunk Williams was forced to resign from his position in what has been totally misnamed "the most exclusive club in the world." And why should he not have been? He was a crook, he went around with crooks, he had business dealings with crooks, his front man was the pettifogging crook, Abraham Feinberg, he was put in the Senate by the New Jersey Democratic party, just about the most crooked political machine on earth. Williams, by the way, will still receive his \$45,000 annual Senate pension.

The con men who got Williams and various congressmen to accept bribes and perform illegal services for a pseudo Arab emir also promised to "produce" Kenneth Gibson, the Negro mayor of Newark, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, Senators Talmadge, Javits and Thurmond, and even that most holy of holies, Senator Fat Face. Attorney Generals Griffin Bell and Benjamin Civiletti were accused of letting some of the fish off the hook. The U.S. District Attorney's office in Newark seemed to be more interested in defending New Jersey ABSCAMers than prosecuting them.

It is quite possible that ABSCAM would have been killed by "higher authorities" if the story had not been leaked to the media in advance by political enemies of the culprits.

All the power and majesty of the U.S. legal system were incapable of netting the crooks, who would still be riding high in national, state and local politics, if it had not been for Mel Weinberg, a half-and-half quick-buck artist who was trying to save his neck from a fraud rap.

Apparently our American justice is so paralyzed and our legislators so corrupt that only a crook can catch a crook.

ABSCAM is just one more damning proof that the people who run America are rotten to the core. And the voters who elect them to high office are not much better than those they vote for. A 10-minute, face-to-face conversation with such men as Williams and the rest of the ABSCAM gang, including those who managed to wriggle free, would convince any person with one iota of judgment and taste that he was deal-

ing with a species of primitive animal. Yet these animals are elected and reelected year after year. Since the jungle is in their blood, they turn everything they touch into a jungle.

In a racial mishmash of a nation, democracy, as we are learning to our cost, is not the rule of the people; it is the rule of the worst people. But how many more centuries of venality, bribery and malfeasance in office will we have to endure, how many more Senator Williams will we have to put up with, until we learn this basic axiom of political science?

The best account of ABSCAM published so far is The Sting Man by Robert W. Greene (E.P. Dutton, N.Y., \$13.50).

No Parole

The Gerhardt brothers, as we reported in *Instauration* (Jan. 1982), were entrapped and sent to jail for six years for plotting to bomb a public school. Recently they came up for parole and were turned down flat. They have to serve every last day of their sentence, although they both have exemplary previous records.

Weathermen and Weatherwomen, who actually set off bombs that in some cases caused millions of dollars in damage, get much better treatment from their parole boards. Cathy Wilkerson, the Greenwich Village hellcat, was released after serving only 11 months of her 3-year sentence. Some of her "sisters" and "brothers" have never spent one day in jail at all. The murderer who killed the Majority physicist in the bombing of the University of Wisconsin got out after 10 or 11 years. Rabbi Meir Kahane spent his one-year sentence in a New York City hotel, courtesy of a local Jewish judge who wanted to be sure he ate the proper kosher food.

But the Gerhardts, who have never set off so much as a firecracker in a public building or a crowded place, must stay in jail to the bitter end.

Two Doctrines

The media treated it as a horror story when Reagan sent a few dozen military advisers to El Salvador. It was almost the end of the world for the TV evening news maulers when three advisers dared to lug along rifles when traveling through the guerrilla-infested countryside. But when hundreds of armed-to-the-teeth troops of the 82nd Airborne Division flew off in March to take up permanent stations in the Sinai, the only media comment was on the fitness of their training. Too many, apparently, had been taking drugs. The moral is obvious. If the Russians take over in our own backyard, it's O.K. for the *Washington Post* to be as isolationist as Lindbergh. But never, never, never let the Arabs try to win back their stolen lands in the Middle East.

Then it's intervention to the last man, with Ed Asner up their blowing loudest on the war trumpets. Don't shed one drop of blood to keep the Russians and their collaborators out of the Western Hemisphere. But put the existence of the entire American population on the line, risk nuclear war, and even start a nuclear war if the Russians make one move against the Israelis. The Monroe Doctrine? Just a scrap of paper. The Begin Doctrine? It's the most sacred compact in modern American history, having superseded the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. And the funny thing, readers of the previous sentence will think we are exaggerating. We ask them to read it again in 10 or 20 years, if they haven't been fried by an SS-20.

The Band Played On

The couple, a 19-year-old soldier on leave and his 18-year-old date, had seats in the fifth row at a rhythm-and-blues "concert" in Chicago's International Amphitheatre. Deciding to leave early, they had no more than reached the aisle when about 20 "youths" jumped them. The girl was thrown to the floor, and the 20th-Century American ritual known as the black on white gang rape began. This time, however, Coke bottles shared the work with male organs. Her escort couldn't think of anything better to do -- since he could hardly take on a mob singlehanded -- than to throw himself on top of her so they would go after his body, not hers. But the dudes were looking for females that night (they go after the males in jail). They ripped off all the soldier's clothes and tossed him aside like a plucked chicken. Then they really concentrated on the girl. It took a few days in the hospital to partially repair her physically (partially, because she will probably never be able to have children). Will she ever be repaired mentally?

And all the while this was going on hundreds, including the black security guards, were watching. Not one single soul, except for the girl's escort, lifted a finger to stop this atrocity. Even the boys in the band saw what was happening -- but the band played on.

Hollywood Junkman

Ed Asner is the gruff, stocky Jewish actor who plays "Lou Grant" on television. He has also been given the roles of politician Huey Long, and of a Gentile slave-ship captain in "Roots" -- in order to decrease audience sympathy for them. As president of the 55,000-member Screen Actors Guild (SAG) union, Asner is currently trying to raise \$1 million for medical supplies for El Salvador's leftist rebels. This has made him very unpopular with some big-name movie stars -- like Charlton Heston,

Robert Conrad, Jonathan Winters, James Stewart, Clint Eastwood and Lillian Gish.

Heston, a former SAG president once active in the civil rights movement, says Asner "seems an extremely angry and short-tempered man. He is enormously sensitive to criticism. That may be his personal style, but I suggest it will not serve the Guild well in the office he holds." Asner concedes that he is short on style -- and calls Heston a "scumbag."



Ed Asner

Cuban Americans recently picketed the SAG building, chanting "Ed Asner, go back to Russia," although his junk-dealer father actually immigrated from Lithuania. According to *Newsweek's* Mark Starr, Asner "credits his religion with . . . the foundations of his political liberalism." How a faith which spawned monsters like Grigori Zinoviev -- who once demanded that ten million Russians must be "annihilated," though *not* in the movie *Reds*, where he was played by the Jewish novelist Jerzy Kosinski -- how such a faith can be a source for true liberalism is less obvious than Starr assumes. In any case, it was Asner's participation in synagogue-school playlets which "[pounded] a sense of drama . . . into me." And little wonder: he was portraying his own kinsmen and their enemies, not the bunch of aliens whom Gentile Sunday-schoolers are forced to depict.

Now, as a \$60,000-a-week actor (that's right, 60 grand a week), Asner says he is "ashamed" that he never did more than privately complain about Vietnam or Watergate. As for Heston's group, they are just the "noisy minority" -- which is probably an accurate description, given the present ethnic makeup of Hollywood.

Wrong Race

The young idealist made the mistake of having the wrong set of ideals -- and letting people hear about them. Consequently, his car was shot at while he was driving. He received obscene telephone calls and

death threats. Twice, a natural gas well in his yard was ignited. Thrice, a car was torched on his property. Then he was shot in the arm while sitting on his front porch. Finally, someone fire-bombed his home after midnight, forcing him to leap 30 feet to the ground. The house was a total loss, and the young idealist was still suffering in a Veterans Administration hospital one week later. The police were dragging their feet in the investigation.

Everything recounted in the first paragraph above actually happened to John McCall, 27, of McCandless, Pennsylvania, in barely two months time. His only "crime" was letting 20 local Klansmen congregate at his home and helping them distribute white survival leaflets to passing motorists. Sure enough, a local reporter presented McCall's story, briefly and somewhat skeptically, in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, but only after McCall had announced in despair, "I never thought it would come to this. I quit. Too much suffering has been happening." Then the story died. Hollywood won't be buying.

Federally Subsidized Racism

Only a handful of people read Commentary . . . quite possibly the most influential "handful" in the world.

The flyer asking for subscriptions to the magazine of the American Jewish Committee then went on to identify the "handful."

People like President Reagan, quite a few of his closest advisers, most members of the Senate, about a third of the House, a good number of governors, a generous helping of national leaders (Henry Kissinger for one) . . . and, not least, the editors of magazines like Time and Newsweek.

Since it is owned by a nonprofit organization, *Commentary* pays less than half of what *Instauration* has to pay for bulk-mailing promotional brochures -- less than 6¢ a piece as opposed to *Instauration's* 10.9¢. Moreover, the postage on each issue of *Commentary* sent through the mail is about half what it costs to mail *Instauration*.

Federally subsidized racism is one way to describe the *Commentary* operation. To understand the selective nature of what is going on, let some *Instaurationist* try to start a Nordic foundation to put out a Nordic *Commentary*. He would get neither tax-exempt status for his foundation, nor the postal subsidy for his magazine. All he would get would be snotty letters of rejection from the IRS and the Postal Service.



Cholly Bilderberger



To prove his theory that only Jews can undo the hypnotic spell which they have laid upon the whites, and that they could be induced to do so only if shown a higher vision for themselves, Sutter Lang had to go into laboratory experimentation.

"I understand what has to be done," he told me. "I have to produce a Jew who has succumbed to his imagination, who has given up hypnotizing whites for the more tempting game of working on himself and his formidable problems. I have to produce my transformed guinea pig. And I'm counting on your help. As you know, my acquaintance among Jews is nil. You will have to provide a fair specimen for my . . . work." He looked at me anxiously. "You do know a lot of them, don't you?"

"You know I do."

"I don't see how you stand it."

"If you moved in the great world, you'd understand that it's very difficult not to know them. They are everywhere."

"Yes," Sutter said reflectively, "the more they're pogromized and holocausted, the more numerous they become. Rather like the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. In a frightful way, of course. Well, can you produce one?"

"I think so."

The one I had in mind was David Lillel, the writer (fiction, non-fiction, movie and television scripts, speeches, newspaper columns, plays), the pop psychologist, the collector of abstract art, the lover of innumerable white women and husband to several, the snob, the name-dropper, the owner of a chalet in Klosters and an apartment just off the Champs Elysees, the gourmet and bon vivant, the tennis player and deep sea fisherman, the hail-fellow-well-met . . . the list of hats he wore was endless. He was spread so thin, in fact, that I thought he would offer less resistance to Sutter's persuasions than any other Jew I knew.

Also, David Lillel was rather old-fashioned — and hence more susceptible — in that he was still bewitched by white life. (For today's general readers, "white" may include rather dark types, and such readers may wonder why I don't use "WASP" instead. My reason is that WASP is a redundant acronym of fairly recent coinage, and is almost always used pejoratively. The only WASPs of my acquaintance who use it are those who see themselves to some degree as their detractors see them. "White" is the ancient and non-apologetic adjective/noun used by persons of North European stock who still have some sense of racial place and pride. So despite the fact that the word has become debased in contemporary usage, it is still column in its old sense. There really is no suitable substitute.)

Unlike so many contemporary Jews, who have seen through the fading white facade to the degeneration of the old virtues and strengths, and who therefore treat whites as they evidently wish to be treated — as servants to be dominated, and, on occasion, to be severely disciplined — Lillel still believed that whites knew and felt things he didn't, that they drew on enchanted racial memories no Jew could share, except vicariously. A scant fifty years ago, the major-

ity of middle- and upper-class Jews aspired to the hidden white world, and did their best to become white in subjective values as well as in manner in order to pierce through to that world as far as possible (see Barney Baruch, for instance; or even Lenny Bernstein). Lillel was a dodo still embedded in that quest long after his fellows had discovered that there was no enchanted white world, only frightened wimps, and had moved on. He still believed that there was something real behind the porticoes of white clubs, or the doors of white Long Island estates, or the coolly appraising glances of graceful, groomed white women on the Upper East Side. In fact, he went so far as to disparage Jews who did not feel as he did. He was concerned, and this may have made him defensive.

"I really don't see why people put up with Norman Mailer," he would say; and, "My God, who would pay good money to listen to Don Rickles?"; and "Can you imagine being married to Susan Sontag?" Of course, on the big issues — Israel, the wisdom of Einstein, the saintliness of Golda Meir — he was entirely orthodox. I think he may have been tempted in his youth (he came from a respectable German-Jewish family, and had gone to a good private school and to Williams) to try to pass. Had he been born seventy-five rather than forty-odd years ago, I'm sure he would have tried, and probably would have succeeded. But those twenty-five years made a great deal of difference, and he followed his peers in not denying his Jewishness. After all, that way a Jew like Lillel could have his cake (proclaim his Jewishness — and, after the establishment of Israel, do so with pride) and eat it (enjoy all the assumed mysteries of the white world).

He seemed secure in his old-fashioned way, but I felt he was fragile. On the one hand, he was certain that he had everything and knew everything; on the other, he was conscious of a certain emptiness in himself and his world, and aware that there was much he didn't know. This fragility seemed to mark him — out of all the Jews I knew — as the best for Sutter's experiment. Lillel was the "fair specimen," indeed — if anything, a little too fair. If Sutter couldn't transform him, he would fail with any guinea pig.

I didn't see Lillel often, and had to bide my time. The moment finally arrived when I was having lunch at Polignac with Nancy Yarborough. From across the room came Lillel, glass in hand, expensive tweeds on his back, dubiously rugged features (as he aged, he was beginning to resemble Irwin Shaw) baked saddle-brown by some Caribbean sun, lips spread wide in smile, remarkably large teeth bared to the world.

"I hope you remember me," he said. "We were on the Hauser Committee together."

"Of course I remember you," I said. "Not only that, but I've been wondering how to get in touch with you — there's something I'd like to discuss."

"No time like the present," he said pleasantly, and started to sit down.

"We're deep in a business conversation here," I said.

"Let's make it later in the week." So we set up a meeting at my place.

"You have interesting friends," Nancy said after he left.

"Not really."

"What on earth can you want with him?"

"If I told you, you wouldn't believe me."

"Try me."

"Later."

"You're insufferably secretive."

"Aren't we all?"

"I'm not. Besides, I have nothing to be secretive about. I'm not meeting privately with Jews who pretend to be Tommy Hitchcock."

"I got rid of him, didn't I? And I didn't introduce you to him."

"I noticed that, and I'm grateful."

"He was dying to meet you."

"I noticed that, too. He was looking at me like that Jew in *The Sun Also Rises* — what was his name?"

"Robert Cohn."

"Like Robert Cohn looked at Brett. What a job poor old Ernest did on Cohn. Why don't writers write books like that any more?"

"They couldn't be published."

"Worse than that," she said meditatively. "They couldn't be written."

"Why not?"

"I don't know — I suppose all the hope and careless sense of fun and feeling of being alive have gone out of the world. If you felt alive today, you wouldn't be here — or you'd be mad, like poor old Ernest. You certainly wouldn't be writing a book like that."

When Lillel arrived, three days later, he was carefully tailored and barbered, and in his roguish mode.

"That was a very attractive woman you were having lunch with," he said as soon as George showed him into the library. "Why didn't you introduce me? Afraid of the competition?"

"She's misanthropic and a tremendous bore," I said. "Not your type at all."

"You should let me be the judge of that," he said. He meant to sound like Errol Flynn, but he came out like Robert Cohn, an underlying poutiness spoiling the desired man-to-man locker room assurance. He was determined to pursue the subject, though, and I couldn't get him to desist until I told him she was already spoken for and completely off limits.

"Oh, well," he said, "you should have said she was yours at the start."

"I don't believe I identified her owner."

"You don't need to," he said, "I can put two and two together. What did you want to see me about?"

"I need your help."

"You need my help?"

"In a very delicate problem."

He swelled visibly. "I'll certainly do what I can. You know that." He spoke as though our acquaintance was actually a friendship.

"When you hear what it is, you may want to reconsider."

"Listen, when David Lillel makes a commitment, he keeps it. You know that, don't you?" He now spoke as

though we had a relationship beyond friendship; we were blood brothers. We couldn't have been any closer had we roomed together in school and college, sowed our wild oats in the CIA together and now belonged to the same clubs and sat on the same boards — had we, in fact, been through every upper-class white ritual of passage. Of course, as in all his impersonations, he didn't strike quite the note he strove for. No matter how carefully he prepared the role, one was always conscious of the reality behind the histrionics.

"All right," I said, "here it is. I have a friend named Sutter Lang who is very concerned about anti-Semitism in this country. Not the obvious kinds, but the deep, secret varieties. He wants to discuss them with a Jew who is — how shall I put this? — not looking for anti-Semitism everywhere, a man of such confidence that he doesn't have to notice the petty examples, but also a man sensitive enough to be aware of the racial subtleties — which are the real dangers — going on around him. He asked me to help him find such a man, and, out of all the Jews I know, I picked you."

His face had fallen at the mention of anti-Semitism — except on official occasions he didn't want to be reminded of it — but he cheered up at being recognized as a man of the world who could afford to ignore "petty examples" of it.

"It seems rather vague," he said cautiously. "What does your friend propose to do about this 'secret' anti-Semitism?"

"Expose it," I said firmly.

"Oh, I don't want my name used," he said hurriedly.

"No fear of that. He just wants to talk to you."

It wasn't what Lillel wanted — it was certainly not what he expected — but he agreed.

A week later we were again in that library, and Sutter was with us. I had not told him any of what I had told Lillel. Not to keep him in the dark deliberately (or maliciously), but because I didn't feel it mattered. The guinea pig had been produced — how made no difference. (If I had told Lillel what Sutter really wanted, he obviously wouldn't have agreed to meet him. I had had to invent a reason; and one was as good as another.) If I had told Sutter what I had told Lillel, he would have been self-conscious. Actually, he would have been so no matter what the story had been, had I told him. It was clearly better that he have no restraints. He had said the problem was "not rational, not 'scientific' [but] religious and magical . . . a fairy tale with a wicked witch and a victim." He has insisted that "we few" who were still awake were figures in an epic and "must slay the dragon in an entirely new way — by inducing him to slay himself"; and that "the courage and ingenuity [of epic heroes] is assumed. If one inducement doesn't work, the heroes go on to another. They finally find the key." The author of such confident sentiments should have, I felt, no trouble in finding the key to David Lillel, no matter how misinformed the latter might be initially about his intentions. If Sutter was going to be successful in inducing Jews to look at themselves, he was going to have to overcome greater problems than my methods of delivering them.

When we were seated, Sutter said nothing immediately, but stared carefully and steadily at Lillel, who finally broke the silence by saying, "I understand you're interested in anti-Semitism."

Sutter didn't seem at all surprised at the remark. "I suppose everyone is," he said tranquilly, "but I am really more

interested in Jews."

"You are?" Lillel was puzzled.

"Yes, I think they have great problems."

"I suppose that's true."

"Sometimes that which seems very strong is actually extremely vulnerable," Sutter said sententiously. "We may say that about the United States itself, for instance. We may even say it about Russia. We can certainly say it about Jews."

"Oh, yes," Lillel agreed. He naturally thought Sutter was referring to Jewish vulnerability in the cliché sense — in the Sinai, or in the possibility of fresh holocausts — and was dutifully giving lip service to accepted truth.

"I think that Jews are vulnerable because they are lacking in imagination," Sutter went on. "They don't see themselves as they really are. They think they're 'chosen,' when they are really 'unchosen.' They are in the unfortunate position of living a lie, and lies are always an unimaginative refuge from reality. The imaginative, honest alternative for the collective Jew would be to step forward and say, 'I am not blessed but cursed. The entire human family is crippled, but I am the most crippled of all. In the past, the rest of humanity understood this and hated me for it and reacted accordingly — degrading me whenever possible. Today, the rest of humanity has inverted its understanding (as it has in regard to everything) and loves me for being the most crippled and has reacted accordingly — exalting me whenever possible. But I wasn't a fit object for hatred, and I am certainly not a fit object for love. Like any other cripple, my only hope is to face my problem in private and make my own adjustment, however painful, to the cruel jest which creation has played on me. Instead of accepting this diseased love and adulation, I shall reject it. It builds me ever higher on a false foundation, which must crash in time, leaving me open to the inevitable counterreaction of hate and degradation. I shall break this terrible cycle by assuming the responsibility for myself instead of always taking the evaluation of the rest of the world and using it to my own advantage.' If Jews did this, if they were so honest and brave, they would find that they could forge a binding and noble relationship with the rest of humanity. They would do more. By their honesty, they would force the rest of humanity to be as honest about itself. Instead of the false, sick and sordid position of leadership Jews now have in an inverted world, they would assume genuine leadership in a world returned to sanity. They would become in fact what they now pretend to be, but know they are not."

Sutter had delivered this speech in the most matter-of-fact way, looking all the time directly at Lillel, who stared back in increasing stupefaction. When Sutter finished, he could do no more than continue to stare at him. Finally, he turned to me and said, "What is he talking about?"

"He sounded quite specific to me," I said.

"But he called me a cripple. He insulted all Jews by calling them cripples."

"He said the rest of us are cripples, too. You're only different in degree."

"Do you think I'm more crippled than you?"

"I don't know about myself," I said. "I'm a pretty poor specimen. It's difficult to compare on an individual basis, anyhow. I think Sutter meant that the collective Jew is more crippled than the collective non-Jew."

"But I'm not a 'collective' Jew."

"Of course not," Sutter said. "That was only for purposes of illustration. The degree to which you, as an individual Jew, are crippled is your personal problem. Just as it is with us non-Jews. I am not curious about individual soul-searching in either category. What I would like to know, though, is whether you could interest yourself in facing your crippleness, no matter its degree."

"I think you're damned impertinent," Lillel said, his face darkening.

"I don't mean to be," Sutter said mildly. "I have asked the question as politely as possible."

"I even think you're anti-Semitic," Lillel said, with the air of a man laying down a royal flush.

"No more than you yourself," Sutter said. "Probably less."

"I am anti-Semitic? Did I hear you correctly? Did you say that I, a Jew, am anti-Semitic?"

"Of course you are. All Jews are."

Lillel was choking now, but he made an attempt at sarcasm. "Isn't that rather a contradiction in terms?"

"Not at all," Sutter said cheerfully. "It can be seen in all varieties of the species. Self-hatred is the inevitable corollary of unadmitted crippleness, no matter how hidden it may be. No one can be as anti-Nordic as a Nordic, as anti-black as a black, and so on. And, naturally, no one can be as anti-Jewish — more specific and more to the point as an adjective than anti-Semitic — than a Jew. I would venture to say that in your secret heart you are far more anti-Jewish than any overt, non-Jewish racist could possibly be."

"What do you think you are?" Lillel shouted, jumping to his feet. "Some kind of Hitler?"

"Oh, dear," Sutter said. "Now we're going down the wrong road."

Lillel stood glaring at him, all the careful veneers shed. "You're nuts!" he said coarsely. "You're a regular Nazi!"

"You're quite wrong," Sutter said quietly. "I am only trying to help you." He turned to me. "Perhaps this is only the inevitable and necessary first reaction. Unreasoning rage has to be the initial defense against fact. We can only hope that it will pass and be replaced by constructive introspection."

"You need psychiatric help!" Lillel bellowed at him.

"That's the last sort of help anyone needs," Sutter said. "Actually, it isn't help at all, but an attempt to prolong the agony. Our only real help must come from ourselves. In uncharted ground. Come now, accept the challenge of self-exploration. Put away this childish excitement and . . ."

He never finished that sentence. A David Lillel maddened beyond control suddenly collapsed on the floor, unconscious and twitching.

Sutter bent over him, sought his pulse, loosened his tie. "I'm afraid he's had a heart attack."

"I'll have George call a rescue squad," I said.

When I came back after talking to George, Sutter was pacing the room. "Damn!" he said. "I so hoped this would end differently."

"You did your best."

"But it's just like any other encounter of mine. All I've done is put another Jew in the hospital. You gave me my guinea pig and I've failed with it."

"No one else could have done otherwise."

"If that's true, my theory is disproved. Jews can't be brought to see themselves."

"It looks that way."

"That means you cynics are right."

"We don't like being so — at least I don't."

"Perhaps this is only temporary," Sutter said, grasping at straws. "Perhaps when he comes to, he will be a changed man and see that I have his best interests at heart, and will take a look at himself."

"Perhaps."

"You're only being polite," Sutter said sadly. "There's no hope and we both know it."

There was nothing more to say and we sat silent, the body of the unconscious Jew sprawled between us. His mouth was open and his teeth were even more prominent than usual. His thick, coiffured hair was in disarray. One leg of his expensive trousers was hiked up and a brown, hairy calf lay exposed and pathetically vulnerable.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Greetings from the Deep South of the New Britain! The Negro question is an old one, and much of the hypocrisy associated with it remains embedded in the middle-class mind. If you are "self-made" yourself, it is tempting to rationalise your position by claiming that anyone else, given the chance, could have done the same. The root of the trouble, philosophically speaking, is the notion that man is everywhere essentially the same -- a notion taken not so much from Christianity (although it does find some justification there) as from the Enlightenment. The ancient Hebrews certainly did not consider themselves the same as their neighbours, and the Old Testament is "the book" of those Western societies which still retain some racial cohesion (Northern Ireland, the American South, South Africa). But it is also the Bible's Hebraism which makes such cultures constricting and limited.

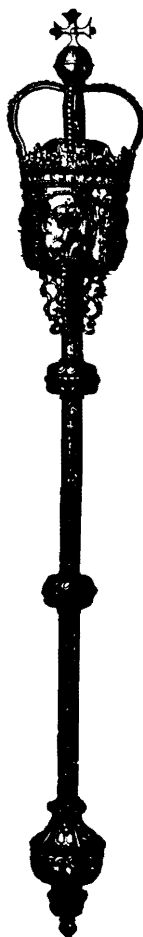
Mediaeval Christians were mostly Europeans. Toynbee records expressions of Arab hostility where the physical traits and accompanying psychology of Europeans were concerned, while the Christians, for their part, tended to regard all those with swarthy features, and especially the Orientalids, as their natural enemies. To be sure, they knew of Christians in the Near East, and made uneasy alliances with them, and they repeated the legends of Prester John (e.g. from the pages of that egregious and engaging liar Mandeville) who allegedly ruled a nation of black Christians somewhere beyond the Mohammedan world. I believe that this sentimental desire for black allies to help in the fighting eventually led to the widespread use of colonial troops against fellow Europeans. John Betjeman has a poem about a lady praying in Westminster Abbey, c. 1940, which admirably expresses the psychology involved:

Keep our Empire undismembered,
Guide our Forces by Thy Hand,
Gallant blacks from far Jamaica,
Honduras and Togoland;
Protect them, Lord, in all their fights,
And, even more, protect the whites.

The expansion of European power from the end of the 15th century involved the moral problem of how to deal with alien peoples. These, especially in Africa, were so different from Europeans as scarcely to be considered members of the same species. Indeed, the great Linnaeus classified the orang-utan as a kind of human. In point of fact, the

classification is not that far-fetched, if we consider the extent to which the intelligence of the higher apes overlaps with that of populations classified as fully human. At the same time, it must be said that some of the best minds spoke out against the destruction of alien cultures and the enslavement of alien peoples. Las Casas is a one-sided commentator (he glosses over the appalling cruelties of the Aztecs, for example), but it is evident from his pages that it was not always the best types who emigrated to Latin America, and the same may be said of the indentured labourers who were sent after the early colonists into North America (see, for example, Defoe's *Moll Flanders*). Dryden's Noble Savage and Pope's Christians "lusting for gold" were not figments of the imagination. There was indeed something wild and free about the American Indian, to which writers from Columbus himself through Fenimore Cooper and Karl May responded. On the other hand, Europeans on the spot, including most of the best of them, felt that some form of bondage was necessary to keep the aliens under control. Once in contact with European civilisation, the lower peoples began to lust after the products of that civilisation without having the slightest capacity to produce them unaided. (The same problem exists, on a much larger scale, today.) But the opinions of those on the spot were neglected, because their interests were so obviously involved.

I would argue that both the idealists who pleaded for the aliens to be left alone and the practical men who insisted on some form of bondage were justified in their way. I see Lincoln's desire to send the blacks back to Africa (expressed shortly before his assassination) and the determination of the Old South to maintain slavery as two sides of a single coin. Separation is obviously the long-term ideal, especially from the genetic viewpoint, but



a legalised racial hierarchy is the only possible short-term solution compatible with the preservation of the higher culture. This will always be true, because psychology is bred in the bone. Note, incidentally, that removal of the coloureds from their state of dependence on the whites would result in a very rapid decrease in their numbers, and that lily-white societies are very much happier than those which are not so lily-white.

The hypocrisy of the middle classes becomes evident when it is remembered that those who agitated against slavery came from the same Nonconformist class which had previously made fortunes in the slave trade. Machines had merely proved more productive than slaves, and aristocratic societies like that of the Old South could be better undermined by attacking them on moral grounds. It has been demonstrated that the situation of the ante-bellum Negro was better than that of the post-bellum one, just as it can be shown that Negroes in Black Africa are by and large worse off since independence than they were before it. But those who put money-making first never want to be confused with facts. They used to sing a hymn, known to the unregenerate as "The Pawnbroker's Hymn," which puts their world-view in a nutshell:

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Returned a Thousandfold will be,
Then gladly will we lend to Thee!

It was Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote a book in defence of the Duchess of Sutherland when she was criticised for driving the Highlanders off her estates to make room for the more profitable sheep. It was the Quaker chocolate manufacturers, Cadbury, Fry and Rowntree, who operated a most inhuman kind of forced labour system on their West African plantations. G.K. Chesterton drew attention to this in his verse: "Cocoa is a cad and coward,/ Cocoa is a vulgar beast." But then there was some remedy. Today, the multinational company does not wish to face colonial officials who may have the best interests of the natives at heart. It prefers to deal with a corrupt native government, entirely lacking in skills, and to employ white expatriates, who can be fired at short notice if necessary. Of course, the advantages of this are larded over with love of the United Nations and concern for the plight of the world's poor. Greed and Hebraic morality go naturally together, whether we are dealing with the Jews themselves or their imitators. Dr. Verwoerd once said to Sir Oswald Mosley, "We shall control the Jews through their greed." He was murdered shortly afterward.

Exploiting blacks in Africa is a common occurrence. Blacks have very little concern for each other. When a car thief is caught in Lagos, the crowd does not sentimentalise over his need to steal and the deficiencies of the welfare state. It pours petrol over him, puts an old tyre round his neck, and burns him alive. The *Daily Telegraph* (March 21, 1981) reported no fewer than 24 such cases in the previous few months. Nor does it matter to Mobutu that he rules some of the world's poorest people. His Swiss bank accounts are some of the largest in private hands. Black leaders inflict horrors on other blacks in the normal course of events, and the cases of their callousness are legion. Only whites are afflicted with the do-gooding need to improve the lot of the blacks, and this is what has made it possible to foist millions

of them onto us since World War II.

Even before World War II, the South Wales district of Tiger Bay was a terrible indication of what conditions would spread if further coloured immigration was permitted. But the establishment of the welfare state in Britain set the stage for a further enormous influx. The native working class could now refuse the dirtier jobs because they could always fall back on welfare payments. This made it "necessary" to import cheap labour to fill the vacancies. In due course, the imported blacks went on the dole themselves. Many of them are virtually unemployable in a modern economy, even if they were not so unstable emotionally. This was actually turned into an excuse for importing yet more cheap labour, and so on. The effect on the poorer members of the native population was different from what they had expected. Far from enjoying stable employment, with the alternative of a fairly easy life on welfare, they find their welfare payments eroded by inflation and their jobs taken by coloureds who are favoured by the law. As Konrad Lorenz would put it, the native labourer has lost his social role and is relegated to the scrapheap. Blacks are preferred to all other applicants for work (because they prefer not to work) and East Indians compete on at least equal terms with the native white:

I went down to the labour exchange,
They was havin' a ball,
They was all gettin' lovely jobs,
But I got no job at all.
'Cause if you're black, all right, Jack,
If you're brown, stick aroun',
But if you're white, O brother,
You're a skite, you're a skite, you're a skite,

Much more needs to be written about the way in which anti-immigration protests, supported by substantial majorities in the opinion polls, have been stifled in England since the war. Middle-class liberals have played their part by arguing incessantly for more integration and fewer restrictions on immigration, but it is the Jews who have concentrated their attentions on anyone brave enough to oppose immigration openly. Every filthy little trick has been used, perfected over centuries by a minority which is always and everywhere just an organised pressure group: denigration, the ruination of one's career or business, petty persecution, telephoned threats, scrawled slogans, parcels with disgusting contents, physical assaults, mysterious fires, damaged cars -- the whole bag of tricks. The Jewish theory is that if rightist groups can be infiltrated, undermined and neutralised before they can gather momentum, then Jews can never lose their decisive influence. My theory is that, while we should never hesitate to support people brave enough to challenge the system openly, we should do everything in our power to change hearts and minds so that a future right-wing movement will not soon find that it has run out of supporters. Mosley's support before the war came mainly from the London working class which had suffered most by Jewish immigration, from elements of the old upper class which had suffered from property speculation in land, and from businessmen also ruined by Jewish entrepreneurs. Everyone else was prepared to believe what the newspapers told them, although the powers-that-be had a bad moment at Munich, when peace seemed possible. Also, I fear that these

powers-that-be included not only the Jews and liberals, who were avid for war, but also the Nazi leaders, especially Ribbentrop, who had been convinced that war against Poland and Russia was inevitable. Nothing is inevitable.

Since the war, British nationalists have received most of their support from people suffering directly from coloured immigration. What they must do now is win over the middle classes, who are only now beginning to realise that there is a threat to their very existence as a people. I am convinced that the reason why British academics had to bear the brunt of recent budget cuts is that rightist ideas were beginning to make headway in academic circles, particularly in the fields of economics and genetics. I am not suggesting that more than a few have been affected as yet, but the enemy's case is vulnerable, because it is built upon sand. If too many professors are allowed to retain security of tenure, they may say almost anything in the future. Some, indeed, have already spoken out.

The only kind of integration desired by blacks is sexual. It has to do with loose shoes and other forms of relaxation. Apart from that, they prefer not to be looked at by whites. It makes them feel self-conscious, for some reason. In fact, it is notable how often black sex with white women involves injury and violence, even when the woman is willing. They just don't like us psychologically, and would be happy to see as few whites as possible, provided they continued to receive larger and larger handouts. Integration is not really designed to help blacks, but is used as a weapon to coerce and demoralise whites. The guerrilla warfare of black crime and the recent black riots do not indicate a very deep desire to integrate on the part of the blacks. A *News of the World* poll (Nov. 30, 1981) indicated that a majority of Britain's blacks agree with Enoch Powell and want to return to their countries of origin (47% very much, 19% not quite so much). The Race Relations Board, staffed by white liberals, but set up with Jewish support, was very upset. Yet no one can doubt that Britain's survival demands massive repatriation of the coloureds, the alternative being more destruction, culminating in a series of civil wars. At the very least, a move should be made to repatriate persistent black criminals and rioters:

Brown-skin boys, we'll say bye-bye, baby,
You'll stay in the sun until you die, baby,
You're goin' away in a jumbo-jet,
And if you don't come back
We sure won't cry, baby.

I don't know whether my American readers saw those riots on the telly. Perhaps they seemed tame by comparison with what went on in America during the 1960s or more recently in Florida, but they appalled Continentals.

For Britons, 1981 was not only the year of black provocation, it was also the year when the right wing of the Conservative party found its voice. On February 9, Ivor Stanbrook, MP for Orpington (the most typical of all middle-class constituencies) said that the weakening of the already weak Nationality Bill by Mr. Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, showed "a contempt for backbench opinion which he will regret." On February 17, Enoch Powell made one of his lapidary parliamentary speeches. He said that nationality in the last resort was decided by fighting, "A man's nation is the

nation for which he will fight." He was against granting nationality to the children of British mothers married to foreigners. Also, he annoyed feminists by stating that the specialisation of function was different in the case of women. They were "specialised to sustain, preserve and care for life," whereas men were designed to hunt and kill. He even broke the anti-German taboo by stating that as a young man he had been immensely influenced by German culture. On March 6, Tony Marlow (Conservative MP for Northampton) referred to the Commission for Racial Equality as a pressure group operating against the interests of the taxpayers who support it. On other occasions, he has also come out openly against the "Equal Opportunities Commission." Some 25 Conservative MPs, with the late Sir Ronald Bell as their principal organiser, pushed for a report on immigrant numbers in Great Britain, in the wake of the Bristol riots.

On March 14, Harvey Procter (Conservative MP for Basilston) went one better when he demanded the repatriation of West Indians. On April 28, he spoke to the Monday Club, saying that at least 50,000 immigrants a year should be repatriated at a cost of £6,000 apiece. Race relations legislation, he said, should be repealed and the Commission for Racial Equality abolished. All honour to Mr. Procter, a new star in the political firmament! Of course, such recommendations made no difference to the renegades at the helm of our leaky ship of state. On April 7, we learned that all cases arising out of the Bristol riots had been dropped "in the interests of racial harmony." So blacks who had destroyed millions of pounds worth of property got off scot-free, while people who had put up anti-immigrant posters were given wholly disproportionate and unjust sentences.

On June 1, 1981, Enoch Powell, who called for "ethnic re-emigration," was given a cool play in the media. He said that any reassurance of immigrant permanence through the nationality bill would fail. Dual nationality meant dual allegiance. He introduced the idea of reciprocity, so essential to such arguments, and asked if we should feel hideously affronted if our children were denied citizenship if born in China or Peru. And he followed this with the statement, "The old bright confidence that a simple multiracial liberalism must triumph has vanished." It was, as Edward Pearce remarked in the *Daily Telegraph*, a speech of Ciceronian quality.

In the House of Lords (May 5, 1981) Lord Tweeddale asked that the West Indian Notting Hill carnival be banned this year in view of the robberies which had taken place in 1980. He was opposed by Baroness MacLeod, who said that the West Indians were "part of our society now" and went on to say, "We should do everything in our power to make it possible for them to have the carnival and carnival spirit they have always enjoyed in their own country." (Note how "their own country" switches from England to the West Indies, then back again -- a typical example of liberal double-think.) Lord Hunt, leader of the first successful Everest expedition, who fed so many starving Biafrans during the Nigerian civil war, whinnied that any trouble was the work of "a small minority" of West Indians. So much for those who imagine that physical courage is necessarily accompanied by moral courage.

Moral courage was shown by Honor Tracy (*Daily Telegraph*, June 6, 1981) when she referred to "the stout little band of MPs who still put the nation first and whose voice is

increasingly heard." "But," she continued, "how on earth their opponents will be persuaded that England wants to continue as England rather than as a congested area for displaced persons, I do not know."

Then came the riots in Toxteth, Liverpool, inhabited by what Auberon Waugh has rightly called "the most vicious and criminal population in England." Needless to say, the liberals were soon out in front, mediating for all they were worth. On June 29, Lady Simey, "chairperson" of the Merseyside Police Committee, said that the inhabitants of the Toxteth slum "ought to riot." Kenneth Oxford, chief constable of Liverpool, was not pleased. In due course it was announced that Lord Scarman, a wet liberal, was preparing a report on the riots. To get the public in the proper mood, he was photographed with a vapid grin on his face and a West Indian boy on his knee. The report, when it was finally published, blamed immigration leaders and the police "impartially." Auberon Waugh (*Spectator*, Dec. 5, 1981) referring to it as a "drivelling document," wrote:

The country was simply not in the mood to be told that West Indians need to be given priority in housing, employment and education. We have been through all that, and everybody knows it is rubbish . . . Large sections of working-class West Indian youth are not only less assimilable than any other ethnic group but also stupider, lazier and more prone to criminal activity than even the English working class with whom it was hoped they would integrate. Where does one go from here? Build more prisons? Pay them to go away? Strengthen the police? Leave them to run their own ghettos?

The "Peter Simple" column in the *Daily Telegraph* commented on the Scarman report's assumption that a multiracial society was desirable and inevitable:

Whether or not a multiracial society has ever existed is doubtful. It has certainly never existed in this country, does not exist here now, and if history is anything to go by, never will exist here.

But it was not only the opinion-formers who were affected by the prevailing mood. A definitely conservative note began to be heard once again in readers' letters. One George Haygate wrote to the *Spectator* (Dec. 14, 1981) protesting against a remark made by the editor:

Why does he say that the admission of 730,000 immigrants in the last ten years to the U.K., one of the world's most densely populated nations, is irrelevant? Dragging in the National Front is thoroughly dishonest -- an attempt to black-mail into silence anyone holding a different view.

A few police also began to show some spirit. Police Constable John Kent (6' 6"), who was accused by "fellow" police and three other witnesses of having coshed, kicked and punched a black, replied that the black tripped over a police dog and landed on his head. A doctor gave evidence to the effect that the black's head injuries (nineteen stitches were needed) were inconsistent with tripping. Nevertheless, the jury found Kent not guilty and set him free. At last, English juries are beginning to consider justice in their verdicts, not just the letter of the law. They are beginning to recognise that the law forces men to lie if they are to defend themselves against injustice, and that riots cannot be man-

aged with kid gloves.

The general anti-black mood forced even the left to sound the alarm. The *New Statesman* (Oct. 9, 1981) went so far as to disapprove of the following verses, by a black poet called Linton Kwesi Johnson, in honor of another black racist:

Darcus outa jail
Race today cannot fail
Darcus outa jail
di people's will mus' prevail.

Mr. Johnson has this to say about (white) racists:

We gonna smash deir brains in
'cause dey ain't got nofink in 'em
We gonna smash deir brains in
'cause dey ain't got nofink in 'em.

The following month (Nov. 21, 1981), the *New Statesman* went so far as to quote Enoch Powell on Michael Foot, leader of the Labour opposition: "He has feelings which in anyone else would be identified as racialist (a quality no true patriot can lack)." This is the Foot who rants about racism and fascism, but who feels that British economic policy ought to be more nationally oriented!

As a background to the riots, there was a constant succession of black crimes. Dr. Michael Pratt wrote a dissertation for the University of London about street crime, in which he showed that in 1,000 cases of mugging, 60% of the muggers were black and 90% of their victims were white (*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 6, 1981). His book, *Mugging as a Social Problem*, is to be published by Routledge, but the police prevented him from giving a press conference on the subject, because some of his information came from them.

The principal victims of black violence are the mild, inoffensive sections of the British public so much beloved of George Orwell -- the little folk who moan and sympathize with each others' ailments, who wait endlessly in queues, practising the deadly virtue of patience. The key institution for such people is the National Health Service, once the pride of Labour Britain. It is medical care which helps so many of them to survive. As Belloc put it:

Of old, when folk lay sick, and sorely tried,
The doctors gave them physic, and they died,
But here's a happier age, for now we know
Both how to make men sick, and keep them so.

As Auberon Waugh so rightly says, too many decisive, intelligent Englishmen are opting out, emigrating, leaving behind "the inadequate, the unambitious, the old, the mentally deficient or otherwise disabled." And this is happening at the very time when the mild working lower classes are losing their social function, being quite simply replaced by machines or those immigrants who are willing to work. The blacks call them zombies -- the walking dead -- and they are not far wrong. The mild folk make a nice, safe target. It does not make the slightest difference to the blacks that their victims are the very people most anxious not to discriminate, who use euphemisms on the racial issue with almost every breath they draw:

Eeney, meeney, miney, mo,
Catch a coloured gentleman by his toe,
If he makes a fuss about it, let him go,
He's from the black-and-white minstrel show.

Perhaps the progressive breakdown of the welfare state, through the introduction of badly qualified East Indian doctors and the inflation of welfare payments, will all be to the good. The crime rate is beginning to make people think who were content to vegetate before.

At the same time, it must be said that many of the crimes taking place are of a really disgusting nature. In this connexion, the *Daily Telegraph* has shown remarkable courage in frequently printing the race of the criminals involved. For instance, we read of three West Indian youths who robbed many elderly people of their life's savings:

They had been specially chosen because they were seriously infirm and helpless. One had a heart pacemaker, another was deaf and confined to a wheelchair, and when arrested the trio were planning to rob a 98-year-old pensioner.

I should explain that very old people from the generation born before 1914 frequently retain enough pride in themselves to scrimp and save so that a pitiful sum may be available to give them a decent funeral when they die.

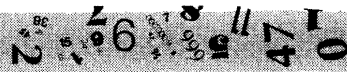
On October 20, 1981, we read of white and Asian women being terrorised by "black wolves" in Brixton, where the rioters had been let off with a caution earlier in the year. Many of the women were badly injured as well as robbed. Who says that modern women don't need the protection of men any more? And where are the men? On February 1, 1982, we read that the number of women mugged by roam-

ing gangs of black youths had almost doubled in many parts of London since last April's riots. To adapt the old shepherd's proverb: "Red sky at night, Brixton's alright, / Red sky at morning, don't say you had no warning."

On February 22, 1982, the *Standard* (London's one and only evening paper) had the banner headline, "Black Fury of Murder Mob." The mob had been black, of course, and their victims white. About sixty blacks attacked a public house and its clientele, smashing the place up, using bottles, chairs, a truncheon, an axe and a rice flail. One white boy was struck to the bone with the axe, and a sixteen-year-old girl had her skull fractured. Out in the street a mob chased a boy with a crippled foot called Terry May, beating and stabbing him to death. Not only was he not anti-black, but this was in "an area where race relations were in the main good."

One of the most revolting crimes was committed by two white schoolgirls, who lured a third, aged fourteen, into a flat where she was gang-raped by coloured youths and robbed of clothing and rings (*Daily Telegraph*, October 3, 1981). In another case a girl, raped by coloureds while her brother and his friends sat quietly when threatened by a knife in the next room, wrote a note blaming them for their cowardice and then threw herself from the fourteenth storey of a tower-block. Apparently she could not bear to live in a world where there were no men to protect her. Remember what "protection" means. It means learning how to fight, and putting one's knowledge into practice. It means the blow to the Adam's apple, the elbow in the solar plexus, the boot the the crotch, the jagged bottle against the knife, the chair against the pistol. It means ruthless action, based on the calculation that it is better to be able to argue afterwards whether one has used excessive force or not.

Talking Numbers



The sale of Israel bonds produced \$432,958,900 for Israel in 1981, the second largest amount for one year since 1951. The United Jewish Appeal raised \$301,179,967 in 1981. Most of this money also goes to Israel. The negative effect of Israel bonds on the U.S. balance of payments is exacerbated by the tax-exempt status of money given the UJA.

#

A recent Gallup Poll revealed that in the event of a war between Israel and one or more Arab states, only 1 in 8 Americans would sympathize with the latter. More than 1 in 3, however, would not sympathize with either side.

#

The nonwhite population of Britain, currently 2 million, is expected to rise to 2.7 million in 1991, 3.3 million in 2001. At present approximately 580,000 blacks and Pakistanis, Bangladeshis and Asian Indians inhabit Greater London. The Catholic proportion of the British population is es-

timated at from 8.5% to 14%. British Jewry is characterized by low synagogue attendance, high contraceptive usage, aged population structure, low birth and high death rates, zero population growth and 25% exogamy.

#

A total of 9,460 Soviet Jewish dissidents made it to Austrian transit camps in 1981, compared to 21,470 in 1980 and 51,330 in 1979. Only 18.9% of last year's Jewish refugees from Russia opted for Israel.

#

In 1980-81, 4,600 Eastern European refugees (2,700 from Poland) were accepted by Australia. In the same period, 14,000 Indochinese were let in.

#

It is now possible for a family that earns \$15,250 a year in San Francisco to occupy an apartment renting for \$1,500 per month and pay only \$330. The balance will be taken care of by the federal government.

12.3 million students are now enrolled in U.S. institutions of higher education -- 52% of them women (up 10% from 1971). 9.6 million students attend tax-supported colleges and universities; 2.7 million attend private institutions. 9.5% of those who receive student loans known as Pell Grants have failing grades.

#

In 1979, 1.3% of the illegitimate births in New Hampshire were white; 66.3% of the illegitimate births in Pennsylvania were black.

#

General Motors paid its production workers an average of \$18.60 an hour (\$732.40 per week) in the third quarter of 1981.

#

\$1 billion a year in Social Security checks go to people who live outside the U.S., about 70% of them aliens. Some of the recipients have paid in less than \$200 and have already collected more than \$10,000 in benefits.

Primate Watch



Over the years the most tasteless and banal of all TV commercials have seeped from the reptilian imagination of the management and ad agencies of American Home Products, the company that makes Arthritis Pain Formula, Anacin, Preparation H and similar proprietary monstrosities. The chairman of the board of American Homes Products is **WILLIAM F. LAPORTE**, the son of Florence Kahn. **ROBERT SARNOFF** is a director.

☆ ☆ ☆

Nurse's aide **ROBIN ARNOLD** truly loved **JOHN DELIA**. So much so that she financed the sex change operation that turned her boyfriend, John, into her girlfriend, Diane. But alas, after the operation Diane's tastes changed and she became romantically involved with a bartender, **ROBERT FERRARA**. Eventually Ferrara and Diane were married, the former Mr. John Delia now becoming Mrs. Diane Delia Ferrara. Since "hell hath no fury," the scorned Miss Arnold set about developing a "relationship" with the merry bartender, eventually persuading him to murder his transsexual wife. A few months ago, (John) Diane Delia Ferrara was found floating face down in the Hudson River by New York police. Miss Arnold and Mr. Ferrara are currently being held on murder charges.

☆ ☆ ☆

REP. JONATHAN BINGHAM (D-NY), who is married to a Jewess, was recently honored by the United Israel Appeal as an official "righteous Gentile." The *Jewish Journal* found the ceremony "poignant and heartwarming."

☆ ☆ ☆

When Jeannie Mills saw a picture of **RALPH NADER** being introduced to the **REV. JIM JONES** in November 1976, she knew she had to act. Her family had belonged to the Peoples Temple for six years, and knew Jones was dangerous. She wrote Nader, explaining, "I live in daily fear of my life," and sent him articles from a concerned California journalist. Mrs. Mills was scared half-silly when, days later, a Peoples Temple official called her to say, "Don't you know that Ralph has pledged his undying support to our group?"

Another member of the Mills family, seeing a story praising Jones in the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*, warned the paper in writing of child abuse in the Temple. A threatening call came in the dead of night: "We know about the letter . . . Don't ever do anything like that again." A paper lauded by the *Washington Post* had obviously violated the first rule of journalism ethics. **KRON-TV**, the *San Francisco Chronicle*

and its columnist **HERB CAEN**, were no less irresponsible.

Mrs. Mills told all in her chilling 1979 book, *Six Years With God*, which found only a minor publisher (A & W Press), and was totally ignored by the media.

☆ ☆ ☆

HARRY ROSEN is a professional New York "torchbroker," which means that slumlords pay him to hire arsonists to burn down their properties. When Rosen was trapped by the Brooklyn arson squad, he agreed to go undercover and carry a recorder. In one hour-long tape of sterling quality, **SAMUEL BILLER**, a "grandfatherly" concentration camp survivor, and **DAVID KAYE**, his realty partner, implicated themselves in six fires which had risked the lives of tenants and firefighters. They discussed splitting insurance money in one fire even though they had previously sold the building to an elderly woman who had paid the exorbitant insurance premium. Rosen protested that he needed more money because his "torches," Louis and Julio, were shaking him down. Old Man Biller said: "Maybe we can break [their] bones or hit them over the head and get rid of them." Even this flagrant case of what blacks call "Jewish lightning" netted Biller only "up to five years" and Kaye "up to three."

☆ ☆ ☆

The president, who names our ambassadors, handed Austria to **TED CUMMINGS**, a wealthy Los Angeles Jewish activist; Germany to **ARTHUR BURNS**, late of the Federal Reserve; Russia to **ARTHUR HARTMAN**; and Italy to **MAX RABB**, whose daughter Sheila was secretary to Betty Ford and wrote a "tell all" book about the Ford children.

☆ ☆ ☆

RONALD DELLUMS, the country's furthest left congressman, has seen his son's second-degree murder conviction upheld by the California Supreme Court. The young black was involved in a drug dispute on an Oakland street corner. Meanwhile, **ROY INNIS**, president of the Congress of Racial Equality, has had one son fatally shot in Harlem, another fatally shot in the Bronx, and a third -- Kwame -- almost fatally stabbed in Harlem. Innis, himself acquitted of an assault charge last year, started with nine children.

☆ ☆ ☆

One of **GERALD FORD's** last actions as president was an appeal for Puerto Rican statehood. **GEORGE BUSH** later told a cheering crowd in San Juan that he sup-

ports "Statehood Now." "That is how we feel," he added, without saying to whom the "we" referred. But the truth will out. **RONALD REAGAN** opened 1982 by pledging his support for Puerto Rican statehood "should the people of that island choose it in a free and democratic election." He is "confident in my belief that statehood would benefit both the people of Puerto Rico and their fellow American citizens in the 50 states." His administration "will accept whatever choices are made by a majority of the island's population." (Since an island on food stamps will never vote Republican, why do Republican leaders keep voting for them?)

☆ ☆ ☆

ELLEN KAPLAN had seen a report about **HENRY KISSINGER** sleeping with young boys at New York's Carlyle Hotel. This supposedly upset her -- though as a member of Lyndon La Rouché's wacky gang of ex-Marxists, she probably gets upset on cue. When she spotted Henry K. walking through the Newark Airport last February, she asked him about it in the loud voice needed to command his attention. **NANCY KISSINGER**, Hank's gentle and presumably well-bred missus, leaped at Kaplan, grabbed her throat and asked, "Do you want to get slugged?" The Establishment leaped to defend its own. Black columnist **CARL ROWAN** asked, "Does [freedom of speech] entitle someone to provoke a public figure with . . . the sort of accusation hurled at Kissinger?" It was almost as bad as the time that another Kaplan (Fanny) tried to assassinate Lenin.

☆ ☆ ☆

Speaking of Kaplans, last year 23-year-old **CAROLINE KENNEDY** was "very, very, very friendly" with top Washington insider **MARTIN KAPLAN**, according to a Kennedy clan confidante. Now she is 24 and in love with a trendy New York artist named **EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG**. Uncle **TED** will give the bride away, if it should actually come to marriage. **JACKIE** will buy them a house. Presumably, Uncle Ted hopes the children will be raised as Jews. On behalf of Rabbi Alexander M. Schindler, he recently entered into the *Congressional Record* a warning of the threat which intermarriage poses to Jewish survival. (Might not one of the six Jewish senators have better handled the matter?) Schindler's organization has launched a campaign to convert non-Jewish spouses to Judaism, and to raise mixed children as Jews. Meanwhile, Jackie's own escort for the past year has been one **MAURICE TEMPELSMAN**, a diamond merchant and Mayor Koch look-alike. And **JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR.**, has entered the 1996 presidential race by organizing an anti-apartheid group at Brown University. Another "profile in courage."



Canada. June 29, 1981, was a black day in British Columbian history. By a unanimous vote, the provincial legislature passed a preposterous "Civil Rights Protection Act" which makes illegal "any conduct or communication . . . that has as its purpose interference with the civil rights of a person or class of persons by promoting . . . the superiority or inferiority of a person or class of persons in comparison with another . . . on the basis of color, race, religion, ethnic origin or place of origin."

Asked if suggestions that immigrants be paid to return home could be prosecuted, government spokesmen responded affirmatively. Individuals convicted under the legislation will be fined \$2,000, imprisoned for up to six months, or both. In the case of corporations or societies, a fine of \$10,000 can be imposed. Furthermore, the director or officer of a corporation who "allows" the designated acts to take place is also liable.

But that is only the beginning. The provincial Attorney-General, Allan Williams, says his ministry will provide legal aid funds for plaintiffs (but not, of course, for defendants), an open invitation to litigation for purposes of harassment. And, crows Emery Barnes, one of two blacks sitting in the legislature, "This is only the beginning." Most provinces are considering similar bills, and the federal "human rights" act may have new teeth put in it.

The most shameful aspect of the British Columbian law is its sponsorship by the ruling Social Credit Party. Descended from the freedom-minded monetary theories of England's Major C.H. Douglas, the "Socreds" were bullied by the opposition New Democrats (quasi-socialists) into rushing the totalitarian bill through with less than an hour of debate.

A backlash was apparent at once. Williams's own constituency association executive, in West Vancouver, voted 16 to 2 against his bill, and immediately collected 119 signatures for a protest telegram. Canada's few courageous journalists vowed to continue speaking out while they "still have the chance." Philip D. Butler warned that the law would make it very hard to discuss immigration even as British Columbia's colored population, recently almost nil, surges toward official forecasts of one-half million. Doug Collins offered ironic consolation: the government's "mad" promotion of Third World settlers was swiftly rendering Williams and his mostly Anglo-Saxon cronies "out of style" and their society "unrecognizable," so that their disease would cure itself.

The legislation was triggered by a cross burning by the minuscule Ku Klux Klan. The group's National Grand Chaplain, Ann Farmer, denied they hated anyone, and threatened to sue various East Indian

groups for openly using the slogan, "Kill the Klan." One such group, the Sikhs' Del Khalsa, or Society of the Pure, which claims nearly 100% support among Vancouver's 50,000 Sikhs, advocates violence and terrorism as legitimate tactics in its fight for an all-Sikh state in western India.

Spokesman Paul Singh does not even flinch when he tells Canadian reporters that "The Sikh is the best soldier, the best farmer, the best player and the best industrialist in India." This ethnic "superiority" has led to their persecution, he says, so thousands continue to flee to Canada as "political refugees." There they have opened information offices and conducted extensive publicity campaigns, which don't seem to alarm Canada's mindless officialdom in the least. The Sikhs say that a 17th-century manifesto of their tenth and final prophet "makes it permissible for a Sikh to take up arms against an enemy."

Such religious claims can no longer be dismissed following a recent verdict of the Canadian Human Rights Commission. A Sikh was awarded \$14,500 in compensation for time lost after the Canadian National Railway fired him for wearing a turban instead of a hardhat at work. As Doug Collins observes:

No matter that [the railway] would be liable if it ignored the code and [the Sikh] were injured while working without the prescribed protection.

No matter that he must have known when he took the job that he would be told to wear a hardhat.

No matter that if an employee doesn't like conditions that go with a job he can always bog off to where conditions are more suitable. Like to India. Or Pakistan.

"At the other end of the spectrum it's a different color," adds Collins. A white bus driver in Toronto was hauled before black "human rights" lawyers because he ejected a black passenger who shouted racial abuse when his ticket was ruled unacceptable. After eight months in an emotional wringer, and forced to pay his own "considerable" legal expenses, the driver was cleared, but says that "If a black comes onto my bus and drops two buttons into the fare box, I'm not going to say anything. Not now."

Canada's future was previewed on October 5 and 17 when rival "anti-racist" groups clashed violently in a Vancouver park. In both incidents, bones were broken and faces bloodied as hundreds of helmeted Asians, blacks, Jews and brainwashed whites bashed one another with their placards. At least one serious skull fracture was reported. The police filmed the second battle, but did not intervene.

Hours later, six squad cars, two paddy wagons and several motorcycle units converged on a completely peaceful Klan rally

across town, and combed the area with dog teams to ensure that no one got away without being identified. "We're just taking names now," said Inspector Ron Foyle, but "there are certain laws against this sort of thing." Prosecution, he did more than hint, might follow.

Britain. Chapman Pincher, Britain's premier Red chaser, claims in his new book, *Their Trade is Treachery* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1981), that the Soviet Union has a particular interest in the British Home Office. Why are the Russians so concerned about a ministry that guards so few, if any, state secrets? Aside from the fact that it is the least security conscious branch of the British government, the Home Office is in charge of immigration. It is the funnel through which has flowed the alien genetic material that has done more to weaken Britain in the past few decades than all the Russian spy plots put together. Soviet influence in the Home Office may also explain why that ministry has published immigration statistics that are monuments of numerical falsehood. The present head of British immigration control, by the way, is a Mr. Nargler, a leading North London synagogist.

As if this weren't bad enough, a movement is now afoot to put the Home Office in charge of British race relations and the administration of "positive discrimination," Britain's facsimile of affirmative action. If the project goes through, then the ultraleft will be able to stir up nonwhite racism in Britain to a fever pitch. How well will Britain, torn apart by race riots, be able to resist the slow but steady neutralization of Europe?

* * *

The Scarman Report on the recent British race riots reads as if it had been written by the ADL or the U.S. Civil Rights Commission. The rioting blacks, it appears, were not to blame. It was unemployment. The Liverpool suburb of Toxteth, where some of the worst rioting occurred, was cited as an area of high minority unemployment. Not mentioned in the report was the Liverpool suburb of Croxteth, which has the highest unemployment rate in Europe -- 47½%. Yet it had no riots at all. Unlike Toxteth, Croxteth is all white.

* * *

Although a recent poll has shown the majority of blacks in Britain would like to return to the West Indies, provided someone else pays the boat fare, the Tory party continues to sit on its hands in regard to repatriation -- even though blacks vote almost 100% for Labour.

France. A French provincial wrote the following note to the editor of a right-wing Swiss newsletter (*Courier du Continent*, Case Ville 2428, Lausanne, Switzerland):



I have just returned after a two-day trip to a city which is completely Africanized. The subway ticket sellers are black, the municipal police, the elevator operators, even the three guards at the tomb of a well-known emperor. My son accompanied me on this exotic trip and from our hotel window, overlooking a busy corner by a railroad station, we amused ourselves by counting the number of whites and blacks that passed by. The Arabs, also very numerous and well established in all the area stores, have been eclipsed by the omnipresent Negritude By the way, the city I visited was Paris.

Soviet Union. In *Russian Journal* (Random House), Andrea Lee records her impressions of ten months spent in the Soviet Union during 1978-79. Lee, who is black, though just barely, quotes an Ethiopian student as saying that the Russian "masses call us black devils and spit at us in the street." Otherwise, her book is silent on the race question.

* * *

When America's nonwhite allies default on their debts, we give them more. When Vietnam's trade imbalance with the COMECON nations of Eastern Europe grows, Moscow "drafts" up to half a million Vietnamese to work off the obligation. Most are destined for remote corners of the Soviet Union, where they will live until 1985 in segregated communities with little contact with the local population. The unskilled laborers will keep 40% of their wages and give Ivan the rest.

Eastern Europe. Approximately 98% of Poland's citizens are ethnic Poles and nearly that many call themselves Roman Catholic. This remarkable homogeneity is the principal reason Poland has been the most resistant of all East Bloc countries to Soviet imperialism.

In adjoining Czechoslovakia, 65% of the people are Czechs and 30% are Slovaks, while the Catholic church, fractured between the two groups, claims only 50%. This has helped make the country vulnerable to a new campaign against religion, the harshest in decades. Popular priests are being jailed, older clergymen pensioned off without replacements, and children from religious families denied career opportunities.

East Germany has had a thaw in church-state relations since 1978, but Lutheran membership has fallen from more than 90% in 1930 to below 50% today, and church attendance is only half what it was in 1950. An insistence on religious weddings and confirmations can still wreck the possibilities of promotion and advancement.

In the Soviet Union itself, distrust among the nationalities and a greatly weakened religious feeling render a united challenge to the central tyranny almost unthinkable. Strong ethnic regionalism may be the last card against Moscow.

If Americans ever fall prey to a Soviet-style regime, they will bitterly regret the loss of those living bonds which a common race and a common faith once forged. An American Solidarity is becoming unthinkable.

Israel. Dr. Nahum Goldman, longtime leader of the World Zionist Organization, has nearly been read out of the Zionist movement by hardliners. The final straw was an interview he gave to French television last August, in which he declared that by Israeli standards of "intolerance" and "fanaticism," he was a "goy" and proud of it.

In an article in Hamburg's liberal *Die Zeit* the preceding year, Goldman had announced: "Put bluntly, [Israel] is in a state of dissolution." Only two institutions had "escaped the prevailing anarchy"; the courts, still "incorruptible"; and the military, "although some people claim that morale has begun to crack." Goldman has visited Palestine/Israel nearly every year since before World War I, seeing good times and bad, but never anything like he found in May 1980. Organized crime, corruption and tax evasion were pervasive, inflation threatened to reach 200%, and the Arabs were becoming radicalized.

Goldman stated repeatedly his conviction that "present policies have only one outcome: the end of Israel as a nation." "I have the feeling that most Israelis, either consciously or subliminally, recognize this fact but are afraid to voice their opinion A failure of the great experiment of a Jewish State would be more catastrophic to the Jews, morally and psychologically, than Auschwitz."

Goldman's cure: "the creation of a neutral Israel." -- whatever that means. The truth is that if one-fifth of the 3 million Jews in Israel flee to the United States even when Israel has a large Jewish majority, then most of the rest are bound to come if Israel allows millions of Palestinian refugees to return. Many things that Goldman and other "peace Zionists" say show them to be idle dreamers.

Black Africa. Omar Bongo of Gabon is not a character in a Rudyard Kipling "Just So Story" for children, but the real-life president of one of the wealthiest countries in Black Africa. Four years ago, he squandered a fortune in oil revenues on a single Organization of African Unity summit conference. A push-button palace was built,

linked to a superhighway going nowhere. Fleets of armor-plated Cadillacs and Rolls-Royce limousines were imported. The meeting almost bankrupted Gabon, at the very moment oilmen predicted the wells would be going dry within ten years. The nice guys at the World Bank, who never met a black man they didn't like, agreed to bail Bongo out, provided he accepted their stiff development plan. Now things are being done right -- but the inevitable crash has only been postponed.

Australia. The world's largest diamond mine has just been discovered in the desolate Kimberley region of West Australia, but such things don't translate into automatic enrichment of a white nation today. The local aborigines insist that the mine is precisely under a sacred "Dreaming Place," and they are determined to go on dreaming. More ominously, the international Oppenheimer diamond syndicate is determined to protect its 80% share of the Western market.

Three Australian companies hope to develop the site just west of Lake Argyle, and Oppenheimer's South Africa-based DeBeers firm holds a significant but undisclosed share of stock in two of them. The one Australian partner owns only 5% of the venture and has already accused the others of undervaluing the diamonds already mined.

Labor Party spokesman Paul Keating says that Australia should not only market but also cut and polish its own diamonds. The Hasidic Jews of Tel Aviv, Amsterdam and Brooklyn's Williamsburg section won't like that a bit, nor will their powerful allies in Oppenheimer land. Keating points out that two other major diamond producers, Zaire and the Soviet Union, "have already left the Central Selling Organization and are marketing independently." But since the diamond market is softer than at any time since the depression, DeBeers might quickly flood the market with its strategic billion-carat stockpile to preempt Australia's gems.

Harry Oppenheimer, whom Australians have taken to calling "Goldfinger," recently warned from London that it would be very foolish to underestimate the continuing strength of his cartel. Sources inside Australia are putting forth the idea that it would be extremely difficult for the nation to bypass the syndicate because it lacks experience in marketing diamonds. In other words, the race which got to the moon unaided is too slow-witted to sell shiny baubles without permitting a substantial rakeoff.

In any event, the Aussies are rushing ahead with a \$460 million investment to begin commercial production in 1985. With relatively few Jews, Australia may have scant patience if its legitimate hopes are dashed.

Antidote

The Encyclopedia of Delusions (edited by Ronald Duncan and Miranda Weston-Smith, Wallaby Edition, 1981, \$6.95) is a brilliant antidote to that conglomeration of half-truths, untruths, dogmas and wishful thinking that comes with a 20th-century liberal education.

In the first chapter, British author Colin Wilson, who once expressed a certain skepticism concerning the Six Million, examines J.J. Rousseau's famed revolutionary bleat, "Man is born free, and he is everywhere in chains." Man, Wilson points out, is in no way free, being a slave to his biological needs, his desires, fears, illnesses, boredom, death and the laws of physics.

There is a particularly irritating slavery . . . the need to work for a living. This, I suspect, is what Rousseau really objected to . . . He was a natural layabout. He objected to a social system in which there are two classes: those who can lie in bed in the morning, and those who are forced to get up to work. He objected even more to being born into the second group.

The classical economists, being more honest and less given to revolutionary romanticism, referred to this truism as "the disutility of work." Wilson concludes by arguing that once we see Rousseau as the self-serving liar he was, we should "cease to regard him as a social reformer and burn him in effigy every May Day."

The most daring piece of debunking in the book is H.D. Purcell's essay, "The Fallacy of Environmentalism." Here he critically examines "the dominant fallacy of our time . . . the relative unimportance of genetic inheritance and a correspondingly enormous scope for improvement on nature." Referring to the works of Darlington, Sir Arthur Keith, Baker, Jensen, Shockley and Carleton Coon, Purcell does not limit himself to arguing for genetically based racial differences in behavior; he goes on to argue against racial mixing. "[W]idespread intermixing, accompanied by the emigration of outstanding individuals . . . does irreparable harm to a people."

Purcell is overkind. He thinks most environmentalists are sincere but deluded. He does, however, question the sincerity of "those three founder members of [Britain's] Institute of Race Relations who are at the same time members of the Race Relations sub-committee for an organization which is against such intermarriage for a particular minority."

Other essays question such articles of faith (delusions) of the modern liberal egalitarian as: Education can change society; The press assists communication; Compulsory state education raises educational standards; Psychiatry is a science; The cold war is over; The Bolshevik Revolution was

necessary to bring Russia into the 20th century; Novelty is the chief aim of art.

Duncan and Weston-Smith, the editors of the *Encyclopedia*, do not have Purcell's courage. They felt compelled to include an essay by the Rt. Hon. Peter Walker, Conservative member of Parliament, who, in sharp philosophical contrast to all the other essays in the book, argues that charity must not begin at home.

Southern Folkways

Mayberry was the peaceable, all-white North Carolina town seen for years on the "Andy Griffith" TV show. Though Griffith comes from Mt. Airy, population 7,000, in the nearly all-white Appalachian Mountain section of the Tar Heel State, he always said that he envisioned Mayberry as a "typical town about 30 miles from Raleigh," the state capital. The problem with that interpretation is that Raleigh is in the North Carolina flatland where black people abound.

Some *authentic* small towns about 30 miles from Raleigh have names like Benson, Lillington, Angier, Smithfield, Bennett and Princeton. All of them are full of riled up black folks and blacklashing white folks, and the mood is altogether different from that in Mr. Airy -- or in Mayberry. Indeed, these towns lie in the heart of "Karlolina Klan Kountry." While white survivalists in America's urban power centers are putting on three-piece suits, taking courses in public relations, and learning to play the superslick media game, the down-home boys are sticking by their folkways.

New Yorkers bound for Miami along Interstate 95 a few years ago were startled by a roadside billboard whereon an immense white horse reared up with an immense white knight. The inscription read: "Welcome to Princeton -- Klan Country." Eventually the sign came down, but reverent cross-burnings remain a way of life for many in the area. The local Carolina Knights of the Ku Klux Klan (CKKKK) emphasizes its strict legality. It notes that the NAACP, the Jewish ADL, and La Raza Unida all have a recognized role in American life: "We seek to serve that role."

The group maintains four recorded telephone messages in the area. Each, it is claimed, receives an average of 350 calls per day, which comes to over 42,000 calls per month and over half a million calls per year -- thus exceeding the local white population. The goal is to establish 20 phone units in North Carolina and 15 more in South Carolina. Phone messages are essential as long as most white people are afraid to stand up publicly.

The leader of the CKKKK is a former Green Beret named Glenn Miller, who goes on local TV and radio to deliver a message of white self-defense. He and five colleagues will be running for statewide

office in the 1982 elections. Miller's viewpoint is apparently global: "There is only one white, Western country [Ireland] . . . which is even reproducing itself, while many nonwhite countries are doubling in population every 25 years. Our children have no future, and no one can deny it." That would not be a profound thing for a Klansman in California to say, but it takes real prescience to stand amid the tow-headed children of rural Carolina and realize that no existing force on earth can keep California's mongrels from swarming within 20 years.

One of Miller's pet causes is the case of Lawrence Little, who admittedly bombed a black business in Wilmington, N.C. during the intense racial upheaval there in 1973. Miller does not condone the act, but points out that Little was 18 at the time, had a spotless past, and injured no one. Even so, he drew a life sentence with no chance of parole. Miller: "We challenge anyone to name just one black person who is serving a life sentence for a crime which did not result in personal injury. Of course there are none because black citizens just simply would not allow it, and Governor [James B.] Hunt knows it." Indeed, the internationally celebrated "Wilmington Ten" (nine black men and one white woman) were pardoned by Hunt after seven years for their bombing of a white business. Miller says that nine years behind bars is enough for the "Wilmington One."

The Tsars Had No Gulags

Last November 7, the *Chicago Tribune* ran a defamatory editorial entitled "Bloody St. Nicholas," which denigrated the canonization of Tsar Nicholas II by the Russian Orthodox Church in Exile, and pronounced the Soviet and Tsarist regimes equally bad. Every Russian American who read those words saw red, and the Russian-American Congress of Chicago asked the *Tribune* for a chance to present its case. This was denied, so the Congress took out a paid advertisement, from which we quote:

A good indicator of whether a regime is good or bad is the degree to which it oppresses its subjects. In Tsarist Russia, the death penalty was abolished in 1741 except in cases of terrorism (Eugene Lyons, *Workers' Paradise Lost*, p. 82). An exception was the 1905-07 emergency when [Red] terrorists killed 768 and wounded 820 policemen and officials. Between 31 August 1906 and 31 January 1907, summary military courts were in session, which condemned to death 629 terrorists (M. Gernet, *History of Tsarist Jails*, vol. 4, pp. 76-77). In 1911 and 1912, there were only 76 and 126 executions respectively in Russia (note that in the 1930s, there was an average of 151 executions per year in the U.S.). The famous Tsarist Siberian labor prisons (katorgas) contained the following populations (criminals and terrorists): 16,450, 23,095, 28,742, 20,424, 31,748,

30,379, 29,352 and 28,987 during each year from 1908 through 1915 (Gernet, *ibid.*, vol. 5, p.55). The total prison population in Russia in 1909 was some 200,000 (Lyons, *ibid.*, pp. 83-84).

After the Bolshevik coup in 1917, the small system of labor prisons was expanded into the huge Gulag Archipelago Until 1953, some 16% of Russia's adult male population resided in these camps (David J. Dallin and Boris I. Nicolaevsky, *Forced Labor in Soviet Russia*, p. 87). Dr. V. Golyakhovsky, a recent emigrant from the U.S.S.R., (see *Tribune*, Nov. 18, 1978) reports that 120 million persons have been inmates of Soviet concentration camps: 1/3 of these (40 million) died there, the rest were crippled for life (*Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, 29 July 1979). Abraham Shifrin estimates that today there are 5 million prisoners in the Soviet Union Practically all members of the Russian Orthodox clergy were eliminated by the Soviets; a secret NKVD report in 1930 boasted that 8,100 priests and bishops had been executed and 42,800 had died in labor camps (*National Review*, 5 Dec., 1981, p. 1560).

The Armed and the Disarmed

The people of Kennesaw, Georgia, were so provoked by the recent ordinance outlawing handguns in Morton Grove, Illinois, and so fearful of the town's propinquity to Atlanta, whose armed guerrillas hang out a scant 20 miles down I-75, that they passed a Swiss-style law requiring the head of every household to own a gun and ammunition. The only people exempted are felons, those whose physical disabilities prevent them from using a gun, and gun-shy religionists. Police Chief Robert Ruble says his 7,000 townsfolk will gladly accept Morton Grove's guns, if his counterpart there will kindly forward them. Since Kennesaw is not as Big Brotherish as Morton Grove, there will be no penalty for violation of the gun ordinance, and no house-to-house searches to enforce compliance.

Reciprocity?

At the IHR Anti-Holocaust Convention last fall William Cox, the lawyer for Mel Mermelstein, the "survivor" who is trying to put the Institute for Historical Review out of business, was allowed to address the convention for 15 minutes. His words, which were largely confined to explaining that there is no such thing as racial differences, were greeted with perfect civility.

We wonder if Mr. Cox wonders whether an audience of his and Mermelstein's friends would have responded as politely to a 15-minute talk by one of the IHR speakers.

Incidentally, cassette tapes of the 1979, 1980 and 1981 IHR conventions are available at \$8.95 each with appropriate discounts for quantity orders. Write the Insti-

tute for Historical Review (P.O. Box 1306, Torrance, CA 90505) for a description of the tapes.

Rip Van Buckley

The folks at *National Review* are finally rousing themselves. They still won't rent *Instauration* their mailing list, knowing that half their readers might bolt if exposed to the "real thing." But, with increasing regularity, they are saying things worthy of *Instauration*. One writer recently described the lunar devastation of the South Bronx -- and concluded that every American city would soon look the same. Another pointed out that the London we once knew and loved is finished -- because one of every three babies being born there today is non-white. Recently historian John Lukacs told the Buckleyites that "the main danger facing this Republic is invasion from the south, by Mexicans and Caribbeans." This month, we offer an extraordinary letter printed in the *London Times* last November 21, and reprinted as a "guest editorial" in the February 5 *National Review*.

Sir,

There is nothing like a mugging to clear the brain.

The ordeal of [arch-liberal] Henry Fairlie at the hands of black youths in the streets of Washington, D.C. (the *Times*, November 18) is sad but only daily fare. It is also unfortunate that it typically takes a personal encounter of the violent kind to impress upon the liberal conscience that the inner-city black has become the most serious problem of all in our urban lives.

I lived for thirty years in the United States, many of those years in multiracial neighborhoods; was active in civil-right and trade-union affairs; and know of no reason to assume *other* than that, despite massive investments of money and time and goodwill and new law, the problem will get steadily and catastrophically worse.

What strikes the prodigal in Britain is the blandness and dishonesty of the public debate on race: the refusal to discuss seriously the social implications of population extrapolations; . . . the monotonous disparity between the public statements and private misgivings of almost any political figure or academic ornament one encounters

We have a duty to entertain publicly and systematically the possibility that the problem of the inner-city black (which in Britain essentially means the West Indian) is insoluble by means customary to the free society The gulf, if long and almost unbroken history is to be any guide, seems to be too deep for effective brotherhood.

For the present there is evidently no chance that either of the two major "solutions" proposed -- assisted remigration or ethnic relief, each on an historic scale -- will be applied But what we ought to understand is that, unless either

or both of these measures is introduced, we face a kingdom of garrison ghettos with a power to paralyze our lives that no domestic or foreign enemy has ever achieved.

John Hutchinson

Arab Unity

Barely one year ago, former U.S. Senator James Abourezk became so "fed up" with media stereotyping of Arabs that he started the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. "It all started with the Israeli lobby trying to cream the Arab community to keep them ineffective," the South Dakota Democrat of Lebanese extraction recalls. He already has a staff of six and a membership of 5,000 dues-payers. Contributions are not accepted from Arabs abroad -- and apparently not needed. One of the staff's tasks is to search for "discriminatory" advertising, cartoons and articles. A whole row of file cabinets is already filled with same.

Americans of Northern European descent, who are a hundred times more numerous than Arab Americans, would have no trouble filling twice as many files with blatant examples of "discriminatory" media portrayals. Yet where is the retired Majority senator who will lend his prestige and expertise to such an enterprise? Where are the thousands of contributors needed to support a competent staff of six in Washington?

Pro-Arab and pro-Moslem information groups are now proliferating throughout America. Some receive foreign funding, others claim they are strictly domestic. The government of Saudi Arabia alone dispenses some \$1.2 million in 1980 for American lawyers, advisers and public relations workers. Libya, Jordan, Egypt, Kuwait and other Islamic nations all have publicly acknowledged American agents, according to the Justice Department. The Northern European nations also maintain information programs in America, but these tend to be either neutral or hostile toward the racial and cultural ties-which-ought-to-bind.

Abourezk's committee has persuaded at least one thesaurus publisher to delete the synonyms for "Arab" from its next edition. Unyielding so far has been the G. and C. Merriam Co., publishers of *Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus*, which groups "Arab" with "vagabond," "huckster," "hobo," "tramp" and "vagrant."

Among Abourezk's other complaints: "Everyone is always portraying an ugly Arab. There is never a good-looking Arab." Any American who has watched a Palestinian (or Iranian) demonstration knows that vanishingly few of these people are attractive by Western standards. What Abourezk is really saying (though he doesn't realize it) is that, after thousands of years, our European standards of beauty must go.