

## Behind the Hotel Tragedies

Faithful readers of the unfaithful press have not been given the whole story of the two hotel tragedies that occurred in the U.S. within the last year. They have not been told the identities of the owners or controllers of the corporations which own or operate these ill-starred hostleries. Some may have heard that the owner of the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas (84 dead, 700 injured in a fire started by an alleged homosexual) is a company called MGM Grand Hotels. But who are the people behind this company? Were we informed that Fred Benning was the chief executive officer and that one of the directors is Frank Rosenfelt, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the highest-paid executive in America in 1979 (\$5.1 million)? Were we told that MGM Grand Hotels is a subsidiary of Loews Corporation (\$4.7 billion annual sales), which is controlled by the Tisch brothers, Laurence and Preston? It was once reported that Laurence gives more than \$1 million a year to Israel.



Preston and Laurence Tisch

Somehow the management of the MGM Grand Hotel, in whose casino millions of dollars of gambling money pass hands every week, couldn't afford to put in a sprinkler system and smoke alarms.

The operator of the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, where 112 died and 200 were injured when two walkways collapsed during a tea dance, is the Hyatt Corporation of Chicago (\$398 million annual sales) controlled by the Pritzkers, America's richest Jewish family (net worth \$600 million to \$1 billion).

## Donald Swan (1935-1981)

After a long period of illness, caused partly by overstudy, Donald Swan died in Forrest General Hospital in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, in June at the age of 46, two days after he had been released from the hospital's intensive care unit. Swan, for many years assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Southern Mississippi, was the author of innumerable articles on race and racial topics published in *Mankind Quarterly* and other scholarly publications. He had recently completed a detailed study of the behavior of American Anglo-Saxons. In the 1960s he was active in the Social Science Press, which published Audrey Shuey's classic, *The Testing of Negro Intelligence*. Swan left behind him a magnificent library of rare books on race, which may soon be housed in a large university. Swan was born in New Jersey and earned an M.A. degree in both mathematics and economics. His death prevented him from completing a book called *The Anthropology of the Brain*.

## Alliance or Misalliance?

One of the great fantasies of the left is an alliance of blacks and Hispanics that will drive the Majority out of public life and institutionalize its second-class status in the American scheme of things. There are, however, some nagging differences between the two races that are not going to go away overnight:

Blacks are Protestants; Hispanics are Catholics.

Blacks have 200 colleges; Hispanics one.

Blacks have lower IQs, less OA (organizational ability) and less WC (work concentration). Hispanics tend to surpass blacks in most jobs after a few years of competition.

Hispanics have a foreign ally close by -- right across the border. Blacks can expect little help from African blacks.

There are more blacks than Hispanics, but the latter expect to catch up and even outnumber the former by the end of the century.

Hispanics have a culture of sorts; blacks have an ersatz Western culture.

The black middle class is much bigger proportionally than the Hispanic middle class.

These differences may be serious enough to forestall a workable and effective alliance between the two groups. They may also be enough to cause an open rift, perhaps even a violent confrontation, in some of the larger cities where large numbers of both races reside.

If blacks and Hispanics should move further apart instead of coming together, the ongoing dispossession of the Majority will hardly be affected. Divide and rule is an honorable technique in politics. The trouble is that a black-Hispanic split will aid the rulers, not the ruled. Unfortunately, the Majority already belongs to the latter category.

## Instinctual Preference

Research on the brain continues apace. *Science* (July 24, 1981) reports the results of removing the neocortex ("new mammalian brain") from some newborn Syrian hamsters and part of the cortex ("old mammalian brain") from another hamster group. Paul MacLean, one of the directors of the experiment, is responsible for the theory that the human brain consists of three evolutionarily successive layers: the reptilian (oldest), succeeded by the cortex and the neocortex (see "A Difference of Minds," *Instauration*, July 1979).

The hamsters' behavior remained typical when the comparatively small neocortex was removed, although motor coordination and success in mating were somewhat impaired. But when the cortex itself was partly removed, the hamsters displayed none of the normal play-fighting associated with growth, and did exhibit severe deficits in maternal behavior. These are two of the cardinal behavior characteristics that distinguish mammals from reptiles.

Yet even when part of the cortex had been removed, the hamsters, when offered a choice of members of a similar species of laboratory hamsters, showed a marked sexual preference for their own species. Which goes to show that preference for one's own kind is not a new thing in evolution, indeed it may well be one of the oldest things, and perhaps even a prime cause of evolution.

## Death to Tourists!

The British press was in an uproar over nothing, absolutely nothing. It was as if the headlines had screamed, "Sun Shines! Clouds Float By! Grass Continues to Grow!" For some reason, the nation's edi-

tors thought it was hot news that a popular antique dealer from a sleepy country town in west England had been brutally slain on the streets of a major American city. A friend of the victim who works for BBC mused, "This makes me think the rumors about violence in America are true." There is growing evidence that this kind of media attitude is making European tourists into the sitting ducks of urban America's undeclared race war.

Philip Rouse, 34, had been mugged on a previous visit to Baltimore just last year. A young black ripped his pocket off his pants with his money in it. Rouse said to him, "Why don't we sit down and talk about this and why don't you explain why you did what you have just done?" Anyone who spends much time in any big American city is certain to hear some blond visitor from the hinterlands as he soothingly beseeches a screeching black with words like, "Now why don't we have a sensible talk about this matter?" Those urban whites within earshot just shake their heads, look down in embarrassment, and pray that the gentleman rube gets out of the city alive. Rouse's mugger did not want to talk, so he punched Rouse in the mouth instead.

On his second -- and last -- visit, Rouse and two British friends were strolling about at 2 A.M. on August 22, commenting on how marvelously safe everything was. A black kid came by on his bike and grabbed Anne Bullivant's purse. Rouse and Nigel Lawrence started to give chase but, before Rouse had gotten five steps, three more black teenagers -- unconnected with the first -- had tripped him and shot him in the chest. He was Baltimore's 149th homicide of 1981.

Who is to blame? Consider an article which appeared in a major London paper last fall. "A murder every nine hours in Soweto," the headline read.

Horrendous statistics showing a spiraling crime rate among Soweto's 1.4 million inhabitants are blamed on "inhuman" social conditions, unemployment and restrictive racial laws . . .

In the first six months of this year, 500 people were murdered and 639 women raped in the 56 "zones" that make up the 13,000 square acres of urban sprawl of Soweto -- a crime rate three-and-a-quarter times as great as that of New York.

Of the 500 murdered, 468 were stabbed to death with anything from knives to sharpened bicycle spokes. 14 were shot, 11 clubbed to death, and six hacked to death . . .

By comparison, only 25 Whites were murdered in the same period in the predominantly White greater Johannesburg conurbation.

Later in the article it was admitted that only 10 percent of economically active Sowetans are without jobs. Note also the ref-

erence to "urban sprawl": the crime-free Japanese would envy the Sowetans their space. Gun control advocates can derive little satisfaction from the methods of killing.

Most significant of all is correspondent Christopher Munnion's eager comparison of Soweto's crime rate with New York's: 3¼ times greater. What he does not tell his captive British audience is that this difference exists because Soweto is 100% black. New York is about a quarter or so black, and the latter city's violent crime is nearly all black or brown. It has nothing whatsoever to do with "restrictive racial laws." Britons are no safer in black American neighborhoods than in Soweto -- probably less.

Munnion goes on to tell his readers that, under conditions similar to Soweto, whites would have a similar crime rate. Yet black Americans, who have higher incomes and better (if more poorly maintained) housing than white Britons, continue to rape and rob and kill at fifty times the British rate. Detroit's black population in 1980 was 750,000. They committed the vast majority of the city's 548 murders. Their murder rate was about the same as Soweto's, yet their mean income exceeds that of Munnion's countrymen and their housing is far, far superior to that of Britain's white working class. (Through block-busting, they inherited dozens of square miles of beautiful houses on large lots in neighborhoods which are now suddenly crime-filled and falling apart.)

San Francisco's black gangs continue to zero in on foreign tourists. Klaus Scheliga, an attaché at the German Consulate General, says, "We hear of at least three cases a week of muggings and burglaries involving Germans." He recommends marking high-crime areas on city maps. "The route from Downtown to Golden Gate Park is just not walkable." One young German victim, referring to the all-black Western Addition, said, "There should be signs telling people not to go there."

## Goggle Box Gossip

Grant Tinker, the new chairman of NBC (the first Majority member to hold the post in decades), is not too happy about the present state of the television art:

There's just been an erosion -- the good things, the quality things . . . I don't think there is much of that now . . . It comes close to a national scandal. Somebody ought to go to jail for that.

Asked "Who should go to jail? Network executives?", Tinker responds half-jokingly, "Yeah, probably." A man with a "great frustration," Tinker sees TV's "lowest com-

mon denominator" sinking lower and lower, but thinks that audience fragmentation brought on by new technologies like cable and videocassettes may save us yet.

After all the Moral Majority talk, however, Tinker protected his left flank by appointing Irwin Segelstein, one of the geniuses responsible for "Holocaust," as his second-in-command.

NBC's "Today" star Tom Brokaw was nicknamed "Duncan the Wonder Horse" by executive producer Steve Friedman, and it stuck. CBS news staffers call Walter Cronkite "the gorilla." We don't know whether the four Jews, one black and one white Gentile female who were backing up Phil Donahue on his show the last time we checked have an animal nickname for their aesthetic front man.

Dumb blondes are "out" (temporarily). The latest Nordic stereotype being peddled in Hollywood is the lusty, ruthless supervixen with veins of ice. Witness Pamela Sue Martin of "Dynasty," Morgan Fairchild of "Fleming Road," and a host of others who pack demons in their angelic bodies. The viragoes who women once loved to hate are now being touted as role models. Donna Mills, who plays Abby, the bitch-in-perennial-heat on "Knot's Landing," says she is acting out popular fantasies, "The only difference is that I have a conscience and morals that she doesn't have." Fine, except for those millions of nonwhites who watch their tube six hours a day but rarely meet blonde women as they really are -- and, consequently, begin to mistake fantasy for reality. But this is not likely to worry the creators of "Dynasty" (Esther and Richard Shapiro) and the creator of "Knot's Landing" and "Dallas" (David Jacobs).



Morgan Fairchild



# Cholly Bilderberger



The diary was given to me in the sitting room of my suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel by Frank Yarborough, the director. He brought it there the morning after the party out at his place in Malibu.

"I told you about it last night," he said. "Do you remember?"

"Of course I remember. Do you?"

"Barely." He examined himself in a mirror. "I look awful. Listen, I can't remember what details I gave you, so I'll start from scratch. Her name was Susan Larrabee. She was a beauty, but she never got anywhere. Probably because she was too intelligent. Her story was no different from thousands of others, but she knew what was happening to her. That's what made her unique, as we say out here. Christ, she came to me — you'll find it in there — and she told me what was happening. And I thought, what else do you expect out here? And tried to lay her myself. Do you have a beer?"

"Try the refrigerator."

After he had it in his hand, he said, "She was intelligent, but she was crazy, too. Especially after she got away from Berkan — that's Jed Berkan, the producer. He was her last. They weren't married, but he was the last. He was the one who took her to Cuernavaca, to Lou Protkin's place, and let the animals loose on her. I mean real animals, my friend, beasts of the field. Anyhow, after she got away from Berkan, you'd think she would have been free. But the memory of it all was too much, I guess. Listen to this." He had taken the notebooks out of the big manila envelope, and he flipped the pages of one of them until he found what he wanted, and then he read from it: "I do feel better sometimes, but most of the time I don't. I can remember everything, the years of it, and it's awful. The really awful parts, like Cuernavaca, are obviously awful, but even the lesser parts — like being married to Ben — seem just as bad. I'm like Kurtz. I can't get over the shame." He tossed the notebook on a table. "So she took the pills."

"Kurtz was the trader in *Heart of Darkness*," he continued. "I thought that was who it was, but I wasn't sure, it's so long since I read anything. So I looked it up. You probably knew it was Kurtz, but I'm telling you anyhow. Not so much who Kurtz was as that I went to the trouble to look it up. I felt I owed her that. After all, I'd been in Cuernavaca, too, and

seen her *avec les animaux*. Cheered her on, in fact. Just as sardonically as Berkan or Protkin or Wasserbrucke or Thomming or Wontage — big names out here, studio heads and producers, no less — to say nothing of the lesser fry who were there in force."

He stared at me hard, his bloodshot eyes truculent and unrepentant. "Part of me can see myself," he said finally, "and can be disgusted with what it sees. But there's another part which doesn't care at all. Isn't that awful? I suppose that means I am now so corrupt that I've gone over the line."

He picked up the notebooks. "They're after this. They know she wrote something. They've never seen it, never read a word of it, but they're scared to death she's blown the whistle on all of them. On Cuernavaca and here and . . . everywhere they go. They think this could leave every one of them looking like Polanski. Only much worse. It's not quite what they think it is — I mean, it's more a *tour de force* than an *exposé* — but it still names enough names and describes enough nightmare to justify their panic.

"They know I was in her place just after she died — my number was on her telephone pad and the cops called me — and they suspect me of having picked it up right under the cops' noses and walking off with it. Which is just what I did. I just happened to pick it up, and when I saw what it was I put it under my arm and strolled out. Anyhow, they've asked me about it, and I tell them I don't have it. Don't know what they're talking about. So what can they do? At the moment, nothing. But if they ever find it, they can do plenty to me. And they'll go through the Malibu place, don't think they won't. And don't think they can't check my safe deposit box. Or any hiding place I might think of. Oh, I suppose I could find one — in Nevada or someplace — but I'm a drinker, I'm a talker, and sooner or later I'd make a slip. So I'm giving it to you."

"Thanks."

"Sarcasm will get you nowhere. Listen, I'm giving it to you because I trust you."

"How well do you know me?"

"Come on, we've known each other for years."

He and I had met in Cairo twenty years ago in an operation there. He was right, we did know each other, even if we didn't see each other very often. It had not been a picnic in

Cairo, that time, and those who had worked together there had a permanent bond.

"Maybe you wonder why I don't give it to some pal out here," he went on, "but they all have the same problem I do in hiding anything and keeping it hidden. No, you're the only person I know who moves in a world the enemy out here can't get into."

"You might be surprised."

He shook his head. "I know about you. I don't mean everything, but enough. I know you have deep, deep connections all over the East — in business, in government. And the East still runs this country, don't let this California facade fool you." He stared down at the carpet. "I know it doesn't fool you, but it does fool most people, even most Easterners. What the hell, your connections even out here are probably better than mine."

"Do you want me to bury it forever?" I asked him.

"I want you to put it where it will be safe. Hold it against the day when it can be used."

"What if I drop dead tomorrow?"

He waved his hand impatiently. "You know how to arrange these things."

"Do you want a veto on how it's used?"

"No, I told you I trust you. It's all yours. Incidentally, I won't tell anyone you have it."

"I didn't think you would."

"It's funny, isn't it. If I hid it, I'd talk. And betray myself. But after I give it to you, I won't talk. I won't betray you. How do you explain that?"

"You're a born follower."

"Probably true . . . . Don't forget, it's a work of art. I'm just a director who drinks too much now, but I had aesthetic judgment when I started, and I still do. It's just that I can't do anything with it any more. No one can. Have you seen what Johnny Huston's doing? Or not doing, I should say?"

"Not really."

"Don't. And that's the man who did *The Maltese Falcon* and *African Queen* . . . . But it's not his fault. It's just that the industry belongs to them now. They always did own it, I guess, but some of us used to be able to get around them. Now we can't. That's probably part of what blew Susan. Oh, Christ, I don't know what blew her. I only know that she watched herself making every step, all the way down. And she was able to be coherent about it. I don't mean that she wasn't paranoid. She was. But she was awfully observant and shrewd at the same time."

He opened one of the notebooks. "Listen to this: 'These are people who say they care, people who know what has happened to girls from Frances Farmer on (and before), people who say isn't it awful what those iguana bastards do to them? Frank can say all that.' " He looked up. "You know who Frank is," he said, "and iguana was her word for them." He went on reading. "But they don't mean it, it isn't in them to mean anything. It's words with them. We girls are all alone. If I had a man or a man had me, and it was June-moon and baby makes three — if bliss was possible, which is questionable at the best of times — then I'd go for bliss, but bliss isn't possible because I've never seen a man — at least a

white man — who could be fundamental about anything, let alone me, and you can't have bliss without being fundamental. So if you can't have bliss, then go all the way and have hell. That sounds good, anyhow, and, who knows, perhaps it's true.' "

He looked up again. "Well, she got hell, all right. With wheels on. She didn't have to, though. She was very willful. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know."

"She could be so damned funny about them. Here she is on Ben Placer, the agent. He was her first husband: 'He's rather an anomaly — big, shaggy, Dartmouth, imagine an iguana in an old Harris tweed jacket — but thinks, of course, that he's Apollo. Brillo hair, the upper lip thin and the entire area quite flat against the upper teeth and gums. A fleshy, pendulous lower lip — see Jack Klugman and Elliot Gould and lots more for the same formation. Sulky, peevish, arrogant. Tells stories casting himself as a madcap D'Artagnan: claims, for instance, to have sent a telegram every day for two hundred days to some white girl in New York proclaiming his undying love. "Did she succumb?" I ask breathlessly. He rolls his eyes in the most unspeakably repulsive fashion. Did she not! those eyes say. Who could not!? they continue . . . . Later I ask him where the name Placer is from. "What do you mean, 'from?' " he growls. "Of what origin? English? Irish? German? French? . . . Tibetan?" "I dunno," he says, "I guess my family was Polish." Never do they say iguana. "How interesting," I say. "What part of Poland?" He doesn't like this quiz, and asks, with a whiff of menace, "What difference does it make? — they're all the same, aren't they?" "In what way are they all the same?" I press. "You know," he says, "they're all backward." "Oh, in what way?" After much of this fencing, he finally says, "They're anti-Semitic." "Oh, how awful," I gush. He smells a rat, but can't be sure where it is. The big, bobbed (the better to sniff with?) nose lifts and twitches with suspicion.' "

Frank closed the notebook. "She could write like that about him, and two months later she was married to him, which she rationalized as follows." He opened another notebook and thumbed through it until he found what he wanted. "I knew Ben was an iguana and awful when we married, but I also knew the iguanas were on top. I thought — and I assume Frances Farmer and Marilyn Monroe and all the rest of us victims thought — that you married an iguana even though he was awful because you wanted to marry what was on top, and if you had married a white years ago, when the whites were on top, he would have been awful in his way. The iguana demeaned you by making you Mrs. Iguana — but the white man demeaned you in his way, too. Awful and the top went together . . . . of course, that was awful as defined in a rather girlish way. It was awful the way a bad joke is awful, or the wrong shade of lipstick. Ben Placer was awful because he was an iguana and obtuse, but I thought I could live with that because he was on top, and smart cave girl always goes for top cave man. He was pathetic as well as awful, which made him seem a bit less awful, and . . . what else was there? It was only after we had been married for a couple of years that it began to dawn on

me that he was awful in a much more sinister way. When he came at me in bed in the dark, a great hairy horror, with that smell they have . . . then it was truly awful. Not at all school-girlish, the real thing. But in the morning, I'd funk it, and say I must have been making it up. I couldn't face what it was . . . ."

"And Ben was Little Lord Fauntleroy to what came after," Frank said. "But she could rationalize that, too: 'You are so ashamed of what you've allowed one of them to do to you — what you've done to yourself, *willingly*, let's be honest — that you can't face it. So the next one is always a step down. You can't face what you're doing, like an alcoholic, so you just keep going down. Until you end up with a Jed Berkan. Then you're finished — they think they've finished you, and you may think you've finished yourself, but whatever or however or whoever, you're finished — and a Jed Berkan gives you the final shove, and you end up in that little dirt pit in Cuernavaca with all of them yelling . . . . Ben was probably there, too, making it a full circle. Come see Mrs. Iguana in her natural habitat.

"Your only point of pride is to say that you did it to yourself, that you yourself chose to go all the way down. But that isn't true, or altogether true. They did it. They spotted you, they knew you were ambitious and prideful and that no white man had ever warned you or would protect you. To say nothing of wanting you, June-moon style. So they took you up, and outwitted you, and finished you off. That's what I can't stand, that I was outwitted. I admit it . . . . There was a girl who said to me, when we were talking about Marilyn Monroe being married to Arthur Miller — she'd been dead for years then — 'How could she stand that rubbing itself all over her?' And I said, 'I suppose she respected him as a playwright.' And the terrible thing is that I was probably right. And outwitted myself — brainwashed — even then.'"

Frank threw the notebook on the floor and rubbed his hands over his tanned, flushed face. When he took them away, his eyes were moist.

"I said she wasn't sane," he said, "but I have to take that back." His voice was thickening. "She was sane, all right. She was foolish — and they outwitted her, as she says — but she was sane. It was when she was married to Bud Lappman — he was after Placer — that she told me she was sick of them. We were up in Utah on location — the picture was *The Desert Effect*, it was fair — and she said she was sick of all of them, especially Lappman. It's in that notebook, but I'll tell you myself. Our versions agree. She said, 'I want to get away from him, from all of them. I never want to see another iguana in my life. But I can't leave now, because I don't have enough money. I have to go on acting for a few years to build up a stake.'

"She was that open with me because we'd always gotten along. I had directed her a couple of times before — always in small parts — and I liked her . . . when I thought about her at all, that is. That night we were talking at the bar in the town, and I was thinking that I wouldn't mind a roll with her, so I let her believe she could let her hair down with me. After she told me she needed a stake, I said, 'That should be no problem, just keep plugging.'

"Then she said, 'I'm weak and sick, Frank — because of what I've done to myself — and I can't be entirely on my own.' She didn't say any more, but I knew what she meant. She was too shaky, she needed a friend, someone she could talk to when she had to, someone she could trust, someone she could be easy with. It wasn't a demanding relationship she needed — just someone at the other end of the phone if she had to talk. And it wouldn't last forever — just a year or so until she was on her feet. I knew what she wanted, even though it was unspoken — it's in one of these notebooks, too. I could have given it to her. But I didn't. I made a pass at her instead."

His voice was unsteady now, and he paused to collect himself. "And when I did, she drew back and turned me down politely and left the bar. The last thing she said was, 'It doesn't make sense — with all the iguanas I end up with, I mean — to say no, Frank. But I wanted something else from you . . . so I can't let it go that way.' She smiled a very pathetic little smile and that was that. I didn't see her again until she came down to Cuernavaca with Berkan. We were all on the same plane together." His voice quavered again. "It was Berkan's plane. He gave the party, paid for everything. For her . . . for me. I killed her. If I'd taken care of her, she wouldn't be dead."

He stood up and said, "I've got to take a nap." He lay down in one of the bedrooms and slept hard for over two hours. When he reappeared he seemed all right.

"Sorry about that," he said.

"You needn't be."

"But I am. I could pretend I don't remember all of it. But I do. And I did kill her." He was quite calm. "And the worst of it is that if the same situation came up again, with some other girl asking for help, I'd do the same thing all over again. As I told you, I'm so corrupt that I've gone over the line."

"If you say so."

"I wonder if you aren't, too. No, I take that back."

"You don't have to."

"You don't trust me, do you? I don't mean about keeping it under my hat that you have her diary, but in a human sense."

"No."

"Well, you're right not to. If I were you, I wouldn't trust me, either. Would you trust me if I paid like she paid? If I went home and took some pills, too? Or blew my brains out? You don't have to answer that . . . I'm not going to do it, you know. I can't, because I have such an active social life. I'm going to Bob Wassermann's tonight, and to Sinatra's party on Friday . . . and, who knows, Berkan may invite me to join the next expedition to Cuernavaca."

He sat quietly for a moment before resuming. "Don't let that cheap bravado fool you into thinking that I'm kidding. I'm not."

"I didn't think you were."

"The really awful part is that no one is any better than I am. At least out here. Probably anywhere. When the pressure is on, anyway."

He looked at me expectantly, and I said, "That's probably right."

"I've been thinking how pathetic it was that she picked

me as her guardian angel. If I was the best she could find, she never had a chance, I thought. But she never had a chance, anyhow, because there's no one any better than I am. That's some comment on the times, isn't it?" He didn't wait for an answer this time, but got up briskly and started to leave.

He paused by the door and said, "Thanks for taking care

of Susan's diary. If they got their hands on it, it would probably end up as a Woody Allen production. With Woody playing me. And Streisand as Susan."

As he backed out the door, he gave me a tentative wave. And an even more tentative smile.

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## The Night-riding Feds

Human rights are not only under attack abroad; they are also having an increasingly hard go of it in the U.S. In Buffalo, 30-year-old Karl Hand, Jr., was arrested on a counterfeit weapons charge 24 hours before he planned to lead a right-wing rally protesting the celebration of something called Martin Luther King Day. A federal jury found him innocent, but not until huge media headlines and TV reports had stirred up so much hatred against him that his life was continually threatened. As Hand's lawyer stated at the trial, "The danger here is not from Karl Hand. The danger here is when the system gets inspired to 'get' people like Karl Hand." Hand had used a public defender so he spent only \$3 on his defense. The Department of Justice, which flew in witnesses from as far away as Washington, D.C., spent tens of thousands of dollars in its abortive conspiracy to jail Hand.

Hand was arrested when a dingbat from the BATF, the U.S. agency that seems destined to outdo the KGB in deep-sixing human rights, entered the defendant's apartment, handcuffed him and tore the place apart before dragging him off to jail. The dangerous weapon, the basis for the trumped-up charge against him, was a shotgun given him by his father in 1975.

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An even greater outrage took place in Denver, Colorado, some weeks later, when David Lane, 42, was arrested after a massive five-hour police chase. Lane's offense? He had been passing out "racist" literature. Police in seven unmarked cars directed from a police helicopter in the sky followed Lane and a few companions through the streets of Denver for hours. Finally, when they were outside the city limits in Aurora, where the Denver cops had no right to be, the Fuzz caught up with them and forced them to pull over. Plainclothesmen jumped out brandishing guns, ordered Lane and his friends out of the car, made them put their hands on the hood just like common criminals, and searched them at gunpoint -- all, of course, without a

warrant. A reporter from the *Denver Post*, who "happened" to be on the scene, grabbed some of their literature and put it in his jacket, just like an ordinary thief. Other literature was taken back to police headquarters and scanned just like the Gestapo does in Hollywood anti-Nazi films. Media photographers who had been tipped off by the police in advance were there to take pictures, and reporters conducted interrogations, which appeared in print the next day. Altogether, it was a neat little media-police conspiracy that seemed more fitting for the land of the Gulags than Colorado.

For this Grade A violation of the Bill of Rights and countless Colorado statutes, the police used the excuse that the NAACP annual convention was scheduled to start the next day in Denver. One could imagine what would have happened if the police

had employed the same techniques on NAACP delegates, many of whom are far more racist-minded than Mr. Lane.

At last report, Lane has initiated criminal proceedings against the Denver police, the city attorney, the *Denver Post* and a local television station. He is also planning to sue the city of Denver for \$6,000,000. All to no avail, of course. Neither the KGB nor the Denver police nor the *Denver Pravda (Post)*, nor the ADL, which probably staged the affair, have ever been known to have been taken to task for their actions. The whole agglomeration is above the law when it comes to such matters as suppressing the rights of Majority activists. But by fighting back Lane is at least stinging what is left of the conscience of those who trash human rights in a country that claims to be the bastion of human rights.

### Extremely Ponderable Quote

It is clear that much of the glaring discrepancy between U.S. crime rates and the crime rates of other countries can be traced to the disproportionate share of violent crimes committed by blacks. Minus crimes committed by blacks, America's rates of violent crime are much closer to the rates found in other countries. For example, while the U.S. national robbery rate is eight times higher than England's, the white robbery rate is only three times higher. Similarly, although the overall U.S. homicide rate is five times higher than Japan's, the white homicide rate is only twice as high.

True, this still leaves substantial differences, but the white crime rate is based on data that classifies Hispanics as white. In many U.S. cities Hispanics constitute an ethnic underclass with rising crime rates and the same motivations and opportunities for violent crime as one finds among blacks. Subtracting the Hispanic crime rate from the rest of the white crime rate would further reduce the difference between crime rates in the U.S. and those found in Japan and Britain . . . .

Marvin Harris  
"Why It's Not the Same Old America,"  
Psychology Today  
August 1981



**John Nobull**

# Notes from the Sceptred Isle

Driving down from Bonn to Strasbourg, I was struck by the deterioration of the German autobahns. They are, of course, the oldest in the world, and their surfaces are having to be renewed, often in the most hazardous fashion, with the traffic zipping along only inches from the workers. But the worst decline is to be seen in the standards of the rest stations. Germany is now a welfare state, and its native unskilled workers are slacking off, so services have either been automated or taken over by guest workers. What is more, the autobahns are free to all; there are no tolls. This combination of circumstances is disastrous. A decent cup of coffee is unobtainable without sitting for hours at a table trying to catch the leisurely waiter's eye. At the dispensing machines, you may obtain horrible instant coffee, still more horrible tea, or lukewarm sticky drinks, full of additives. Worst of all is the litter. No one bothers to empty the trash barrels. In a rest station near Karlsruhe, the flies swarmed, while an oiled and curled homosexual, clearly of Levantine origin, leered and lurked in the background.

Strasbourg has been a bone of contention between the French and Germans for centuries. They needn't have bothered; it has now been taken over by a horde of Africans. Historically, this ancient city of the Holy Roman Empire was the habitat of a large Jewish community. The Jews betrayed the city to the French revolutionaries, only to welcome the hegemony of Prussia in 1871. (Remember, it was the Jews and German liberals who insisted on the annexation of the whole of Lorraine as well as Alsace, against the wishes of Bismarck. This overreaching made the French irreconcilable.) In 1917, the Jews swung against Germany, as part of a worldwide change in policy, and in 1945 they participated in the frightful massacres of Alsatians ordered by the French authorities. There are still influential Jews about, clustered round the stock exchange, but the native Alsatians, who erected those splendid buildings (so reminiscent of the architecture in Basle and other Alemannic parts of Europe), have become strangers in their own city. Occasionally, one sees a big poster with the legend, "Freies Elsass," but the streets are full of lounging Africans. Seated in a café near the red sandstone cathedral, I saw a small group of teen-age Algerians making their way along the tables, mostly occupied by French-speaking tour-

ists of modest appearance. The first Algerian said, "Bon appétit," at each table, while his companions followed this up with the similar-sounding "Bande d'abruttis" (band of brutalized people) in lower tones. Now, just what right have the Algerians to resent the French? Was it because they were partially colonised, after having been a piratical menace to Mediterranean shipping for centuries? In due course, they expelled over a million francophone settlers, but failed to make their economy pay. So they poured into France, where they took the dirty jobs, but now live increasingly off the dole. In any case, they have a far higher standard of living than they had in North Africa.

And yet, the Algerians do have a psychological justification for their hatred of the French. They are reacting against the effort to assimilate them. A long TV interview with Ben Bella, the former Algerian nationalist leader recently released after twenty years in prison (mostly in Algeria itself), provided a clue to the whole problem. Ben Bella explained how he had become committed to an anti-French nationalist position. A French teacher in Algeria had admitted to him, in response to a question, that he thought Mohammed was an impostor.

The panel of prominent journalists interviewing Ben Bella contained some pretty sinister faces. Only one of them, Jean Daniel, had some Nordic characteristics and looked superficially genial. In other words, he was what I call a high visibility Jew, like Leslie Howard, Danny Kaye and Kirk Douglas. He beamed as he pressed Ben Bella on the question of the colonists -- many of them, as he said, socialists or communists -- who had been pushed out of Algeria. What Daniel is after, of course, is the re-creation of a racially mixed society.

The autoroute from Strasbourg to Paris was a revelation: good new surfaces, well-appointed rest stations, and a relative absence of Third Worlders.

The secret is that the French autoroutes are relatively new, and you have to pay tolls. This keeps away the worst of the riffraff. But the state of the Italian autostradas, which are toll roads, shows that even payment does not guarantee good standards in the long run.

In Paris, I stayed in a delightful flat on the Ile St. Louis and spent my usual afternoon of contemplation in the Louvre. What especially struck me this time was how seldom the



models used by great painters of the past were outstandingly beautiful. Titian's courtesans, Rubens's fleshy females, Rembrandt's solid Dutch housewives -- none of these can be claimed as beautiful. I think the reason is that until relatively recently it was not considered respectable for middle-class girls to pose as undraped models, so that the girls depicted were no better than they should be. Aristocratic ladies were depicted, it is true, but they were usually not undraped. (The famous picture of the school of Fontainebleau, showing Gabriella d'Este and her sister, the Duchess of Villars, both slim, naked and delightful, is the exception.) By the 19th century one begins to see more undraped beauties of a higher social class. There is an example in the Louvre, by a good painter of the second class called Chasseriau (1819-1856). It shows Chaste Susannah bathing in a woodland pool, bare above and descending into the delicate folds of her dress. She is fair-haired, and so beautiful that it hurts me to look at her. I suppose I am still up to my old tricks. I could never treat beauty and grace with anything but awe. To think that we have it in our power to breed more women of whom it might be said, "I did but see her passing by, and yet I love her till I die."

I walked out of the Louvre and made my way back to the Ile St. Louis, stopping to pick up a copy of *Le Monde*. There I read an account of the legalised persecution of M. Faurisson, who was heavily fined and given a suspended three-month jail sentence for daring to question the authenticity of Holocaust propaganda.

Note the suspended sentence -- the usual way of silencing inconvenient critics nowadays. Note also that one of Faurisson's fines was for remarks made on TV. The very fact that he is allowed on TV at all is a sign that France is a little freer intellectually than the Anglo-Saxon countries. But still, Faurisson has had to undergo the expensive, degrading rigamarole of a staged trial, confronted by overwhelming influence and limitless funds. As Eliot said in *The Cocktail Party*, we learn to survive humiliation, and that is already something.

Driving up to the hoverport at Boulogne, I was struck by the featurelessness of the hinterland as compared with rural Kent, just across the Channel. The place names of the villages behind Boulogne and Calais are mostly Flemish, the language of the Franks, who gave their name to France. I cannot help thinking that the relative architectural unproductiveness of this part of France, as compared with Flanders proper or the thoroughly French parts of France, has something to do with the partial assimilation of the people into the French scheme of things. The absorption of even a kindred people takes so many centuries and creates so much bad feeling that one cannot help wondering whether it is really worthwhile.

The waterfront of Boulogne is truly sordid -- a long line of cheap cafés catering to the tourists from England, and depressing eateries selling the soggy chipped potatoes and slimy fish to which the British working class has become accustomed. Among the trippers were children from a state comprehensive school, across from London for a day. Over half of them were what I heard a bloody-minded young man describe as "niggers, chinks and untouchables." Such is the

state of feeling among the more vigorous working-class elements. I was sorry for the little white children mixed in with them, but not for their teacher, a rather handsome young Englishman in faded jeans, who was fingered by the black children whenever they wanted to attract his attention. (The English children, brought up in the same educational environment, instinctively did not do this.) Most of the white trippers looked like gargoyles, mutants resulting from two hundred years of coddling. They hope, in a vague sort of way, that the coloured people will leave them in peace if they only show enough tolerance. They are wrong. The coloureds despise as well as hate them, and with some reason.

An hour later, I was being carried across the sea by that convenient British invention, the hovercraft, to the shores of friendly Kent. Ribbon development has spoiled stretches of the coast, and the roads towards London too, because they were not developed into motorways until too late. However, the country in between is as lovely as ever: the sleepy village church with its mediaeval tombs, the churchyard with its ancient yews (once used to make the English longbow), the fine old avenues of Spanish chestnuts, the smooth green lawns and the quiet voices.

It was in these idyllic circumstances that news reached us of the rioting, looting and burning by crowds of blacks and Indians, accompanied by some token white leftists, in cities all over England. The reaction of the Establishment was pathetic. All sorts of authority figures appeared on TV to swear that race had nothing to do with the riots. They said it was all a matter of unemployment (which had been even greater among the white working class in the 1930s, but without the same results), or social frustration or whatever. One preposterous professor even claimed that the young people had been overexcited by the high concentrations of lead from car exhausts. How, then, do we account for the absence of such riots in Reykjavik? I cannot help noticing that they have plenty of exhaust fumes there, but no concentrations of racial aliens.

I saw Enoch Powell at a distance across the Palace of Westminster, and he looked as grave and imperturbable as ever. But he would not be human if he did not feel that this rioting -- and worse to come -- is just what he had predicted:

Round de ghettos am a-ringin'  
De darkies' hostile screams,  
Where de mockin'-bird am singin'  
"Blood be gonna flow in streams."

Down in de High Street,  
Hear dat plate-glass smash,  
All de darkies am a-screamin'  
"Brother, come and have a bash."

The police have sustained a lot of injuries, but most of them still believe the law-and-order protestations of the politicians. They have not yet realised that, as highly visible Majority members, they are being set up for public humiliation, worn down with constant riots and "trained" not to



arrest black transgressors where they would certainly arrest whites. Only that fine old judge, Lord Denning, has spoken out openly, and he has been accused of racism because he claimed that the Bristol rioters had got off scot-free because half the jury was black. But most significant of all is the growth of white vigilante groups among the tough white working class in areas threatened by coloured rioters. No

wonder the powers-that-be are worried. Black frustrations were not scheduled to boil over until their electoral power had been increased by the arrival of an enormous new generation of voters. Now the Establishment sees the danger that polarisation may take place too early. It may even save us.

## Father Machree

# Notes from the Ould Sod

I would like to start off this column by telling Zip 900 just how much I enjoyed reading his remarks in the August issue, but I must inform him that despite his contention to the contrary, everything in the Bible -- even when correctly translated -- does most certainly not agree with nature. The story of Jonah is a satire that was written centuries after the real Jonah expired. There is only one case on record that I know of where a man was swallowed by a whale. He was an English sailor of a much later period. He was not inside the whale anything like a period of three days, yet he was unconscious by the time he was rescued. He was also bleached a sickly shade of white for the rest of his life from the whale's juices, and, had this happened to Jonah, the Bible writer would have no doubt mentioned it. As for the Song of Solomon, it is nothing short of silly filth. Indeed, when it was translated into English it had to be cleaned up. As those who are able to read the Hebrew well know, the language is a lot more than simply just blue -- hell, Zip 900, it's dark purple!

I realize, Zip 900, that you must feel rather lonely being a 100% Bible-believing Christian among the general run of *Instauration* subscribers. As an Irish nationalist, I oft' times feel pretty lonely myself midst all the pro-British readers which appear to make up the vast majority of Instaurationists. However, I still feel more at home among fellow nationalists (even Limey ones) than I do among liberal Irishmen and one-worlders. Good luck and God bless, Zip 900 -- and hang in there!

\* \* \*

If the Catholic Celts in old Erin were not enough to contend with, the British in England now have another Catholic problem. I was recently reading that a group of crazier Catholics, officially known as Opus Dei (unofficially known as Octopus Dei) is making a few gains even in holy Ireland. The Opus Dei has been secretive, power-

seeking, money-mad and political almost from its beginnings. Members go in for self-mortification along with a few other strange practices -- like having a whip with five or six thongs applied by the numeraries on their own hind ends while at the same time attempting to pray. This masochism was thought up by Monsignor Escriva, a half-nuts Spanish priest -- or perhaps an all-nuts Spanish priest. Anyway, the nonsense gang, founded in 1928, was actually able to obtain a Decree of Final Approval from the Holy See in 1950. These crazies have been running around loose ever since. The fact that a great many Opus Dei members are viewed as holy rather than poor souls with mental problems does not speak well for either our Catholic Church or the semi-moronic pope who now leads us.

\* \* \*

The recent marriage of Prince Charles and Lady Di will do nothing to relieve unemployment in England, nor will it have much effect on the war in North Ireland.

Being Irish, and perhaps too much influenced by the writings of the early American revolutionaries (especially Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Paine) I am quite unimpressed by royalty and by the great many religious spectacles that I have been forced to endure by various popes.

However, these royal affairs (like some of the religious spectacles) do tend to unite the best nationalists and patriots.

While I'm glad all went well, I can't resist sending a poem that was written by my American friend, who, tho' certainly an American nationalist, was equally unimpressed by the recent pomp and circumstance in England.

*The Royal Sideshow's here at last,  
Prince Charles, the Duke, the Regal  
cast,  
The Lady Di -- oh, she's a dear,*

*A glimpse of Margaret Thatcher's  
rear,  
The horses gaily trotting by,  
The Guards afraid to bat an eye,  
Three choirs, Archbishop and the  
rest,  
The Queen demands the very best.  
I thought of what the cost would run,  
But they still can't pay us for World  
War II!*

While on the subject of the royal newly-weds, I might point out that Charles is a slumlord. That's right, the royal family owns the Eagle Star Insurance Company, of which the Rank Corporation is a subsidiary. The Rank Corporation, in turn, owns that seamy slice of 42nd Street that is the porno, dope and crime center of midtown Manhattan.

Then there is Princess Diana. She is a high school dropout. Lord Spencer dropped a bundle to send her nibs through the West Heath School, a very proper British boarding school. She quit at the age of 16. Pops then sprung for a very expensive finishing school in Switzerland. Diana was finished after six weeks.

If someday the pair visit Ulster, the descendants of the real queens of the land, Maeve, Eire, Fionna and Saraid, will be expected to curtsy respectfully.

\* \* \*

It was very interesting to note John Nobull's recent comments about Switzerland. It seems, considering that 90% of 'em have access to nuclear shelters, that the Swiss are not as convinced as the Washington politicians that a nuclear war is out of the question. It also seems that, unlike the Washington politicians, the Swiss do not believe that their general public should be written off if such a war should break out. One reason that Swiss citizens are generally more patriotic than Americans is that the Swiss government has more concern for its citizens.

# Talking Numbers



The D.C. Voting Rights Amendment (cooked up to add two black senators and one or more black representatives to Congress) has been ratified by 10 states. To become part of the Constitution, the amendment must be approved by the legislatures of 38 states by January 19, 1985.

# # #

Goldblatt's, a vast and usurious Midwest bazaar, filed for bankruptcy after running up an \$830,000 tab with the *Chicago Sun-Times*, one of the most "liberal" newspapers in the U.S. Yes, they do this to their best friends.

# # #

Each day approximately 215 California youngsters are attacked in the state's public schools -- a grand total of 17,145 students assaulted from September 1, 1980 to January 31, 1981.

# # #

In the 18 months ending last July 20, 24 Israelis were killed by Palestinian attacks from across the border in Lebanon. In the same "time frame" (liberalese for "period"), Israelis holocausted 675 Palestinian and Lebanese men, women and children (hardly any of the men were soldiers). Since these statistics came from *Time*, there were "arguably" (liberalese for "probably") many more Palestinian and Lebanese fatalities than 675.

# # #

Palm Springs, habitat of the fealthy rich, received \$667,756 from the U.S. Treasury this year to help pay for various municipal luxuries and amenities that Palm Springers (hard "g") should pay for themselves.

# # #

The number of births in Los Angeles County public hospitals last year was 24,478. In 16,419 (67.5%) of the cases, mama was a wetback.

# # #

Of America's colleges, Rutgers ranked first in crime, followed by the Universities of Illinois, Florida, Maryland and California (at Berkeley). Indiana U., with 11 rapes last year, won the academic honors in that category.

# # #

Almost one-quarter of U.S. non-Jews have "strong negative beliefs about Jews," according to an American Jewish Committee survey. In view of the media's taboo on seeing, hearing or speaking evil of Jewry, these must be gut feelings. Where else could such ideas come from?

# # #

The U.S. is now a hive of 535,000 lawyers -- up 50% from 1970. One-fourth of the shysters live in California and New York. In D.C., which hosts the biggest swarm of attorneys in the world, there is one for every 64 residents. West (by God) Virginia has the least pettifoggers per capita -- one for every 1,100 residents.

# # #

Howard University, which pocketed more federal money in 1979 than all but one (Johns Hopkins) of America's colleges, will get a raise of \$19.2 million from the administration that is sharply cutting federal funding for higher education. In all, American taxpayers pay about 75% of Howard's academic expenses, which include \$13,122 a year spent on each black student. Georgetown University, the D.C. college which is second in student spending, only allots \$8,570 to each undergraduate. Howard President James Cheek has an annual salary of \$101,432, plus house, plus car, plus a \$25,000 expense allowance, plus a plethora of other creature comforts. Six Howard vice-presidents have annual stipends ranging from \$74,750 to \$92,279.

# # #

Black graduate students numbered about 6% of full-time graduate students in 1975. In 1978, the last year for which figures were available, they comprised 5.6%. Some 1,200 blacks were given Ph.D.s in 1980. They obtained 8.8% of the doctorates in education, 4% in the social sciences, 1.5% in life sciences, 1.2% in engineering, 0.9% in the physical sciences. Since whites collect 10 times more Ph.D.s in hard science than blacks, there seems to be some discrimination going on. The quota people better get busy. Soon there may have to be forced busing of white physics students to the more affirmative environment of a black studies classroom.

# # #

The three countries boasting the world's highest homicide rates in 1976: Lesotho

(where dat?), 136.7 per 100,000; Nigeria 80.7; Peru 36.0. The three countries with the least murders: Spain 0.4 (1974); Norway 0.6 (1976); Denmark 0.7 (1974). The three leaders in suicide: Hungary 40.3 (1977); East Germany 30.5 (1970); Finland 25.1 (1974). The three least suicidal: Philippines 1.1 (1974); Angola 1.0 (1972); Jamaica 1.0 (1971). The U.S. came in the middle of both categories: 9.7 per 100,000 in homicide; 12.5 in suicide. Black Africans greatly preferred murdering fellow blacks to self-murder. White Europeans, particularly those forced to live in or near the cage of the Russian bear, preferred to turn their homicidal tendencies inward.

# # #

Only four groups of Americans have more Republicans in their ranks than Democrats, says a June 18, 1981 Gallup poll -- (1) farmers, (2) those with incomes of \$25,000 and above, (3) persons from professional and managerial backgrounds, (4) the college educated. All the other categories, whether designated by sex, age, region, class, religion, economic status, occupation and race, have more Democratic voters than Republican. Jews and non-whites were the most heavily and fanatically Democratic (57% to 17% and 74% to 9%, respectively).



## Primate Watch



Leathery-faced, foghorn-voiced **LIONEL STANDER**, who plays the "irascible, lovable" chauffeur-butler Max on "Hart to Hart," recently used a *TV Guide* profile to portray every Majority ripple in American politics as a potential riptide. Inventing both words and facts as he went, he called the name Moral Majority a "misnomenclature. It's like the 50s all over again: HUAC, Communist witch-hunting." Stander, who became a rich Wall Street broker after being forced out of Hollywood, insists the blacklist hurt a lot of people you would not think of. "After the hearings . . . people wouldn't cast W.C. Fields in anything but a character role. He couldn't do his satire." We'll say he couldn't! Fields died back in 1946, when Stalin was still Uncle Joe.

☆ ☆ ☆

Columnist **IRV KUPCINET** is disturbed by the rise of "one-issue" organizations in America. Whether or not Sandra O'Connor favors abortion is a petty point to him. "Candidates for office or judicial appointments should be judged on the totality of their commitment to the public good, which should be the touchstone. Democracy can founder if voters base their judgments solely on one issue." Can the Zionist Kupcinet be so blind to his own double-standard that he fails to see that his own crowd has been the "one-issueist" of all peoples in history?

☆ ☆ ☆

The confidential cable from the U.S. embassy in Guatemala raised a lot of diplomatic eyebrows. It reported that New York Congressman **STEVE SOLARZ**, off on a Latin American fact-finding trip, asked the State Department to "attempt to arrange meetings with Israeli ambassadors in country or any other Israeli official able to meet him."

☆ ☆ ☆

In 1950, **JUDITH D. COPLON** was convicted of conspiracy to give secret Justice Department documents to a Soviet "diplomat." But she had to be released because of a "technical fault" in her arrest. Her defender was **ALBERT SOCOLOV**, a legal associate of Red-leaning shyster Leonard Boudin. Now they are married, and Socolov has just been acquitted on charges of laundering the vast illegal profits of a heroin ring. The judge told the jury it had to acquit unless it knew with perfect certainty

that Socolov knew the loot came from dope sales.

☆ ☆ ☆

**PAUL ALAN LEVI** has composed an original cantata for the "Natural History of the Water Closet," a half-hour film combining documentary, animation and Levi's music that provides a look at America's water-borne sewage system. Leonardo da Vinci was one of many firm believers in the idea of "affinity." In his *Treatise on Painting*, he noted that lively painters usually give their subjects their own vivacity, pious ones their own heavenward gaze, lazy ones their own sluggish attitude. The initial selection of the artist's subject, according to Leonardo, is the second aspect of affinity.

☆ ☆ ☆

**GARRY TEMPLETON** is the black short-stop to whom St. Louis baseball fans are obligated to pay \$680,000-a-year for the next six years. Throughout the 1981 season he played lackadassically, repeatedly faking injuries so he could quit half-way through games. The fans razed him for it, so on August 26 he made obscene gestures at a hometown crowd. Manager Whitey Herzog's voice still quivers with outrage when he recalls the incident. "That was the most disgraceful thing I have ever seen in baseball." He ordered that Templeton be suspended without pay until he publicly apologized, which he did three weeks later.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Take Prince Charles, today's quintessential Imperial Briton. He's so white: stiff, awkward, stuffy, nerd-like." So wrote **BILL MANDEL** in his San Francisco *Examiner* column. To him, the royal wedding was offensive, a "bloated showpiece." "Are we to forget the years of brutal world domination" under the Empire? Mandel apparently forgot that the real bloodbaths began in the Third World only after the British had pulled out. Mandel was right on one thing: "[Britons] didn't hate the colored wogs under their heel; they were hardly aware of them." What white people the world over desperately need today is not hatred of colored people, but an intense awareness of colored people.

☆ ☆ ☆

Helene von Damm is President Reagan's longtime personal secretary and now his executive assistant. Nancy Reynolds is a

friend so close they call her "the other Nancy." Ursula Meese is the wife of one of his top advisers. **PHYLLIS KAMINSKY** is the press liaison for national security adviser Richard Allen. These four ladies, and twenty others in the presidential inner circle, were given a free trip to Israel and Egypt last summer. Kaminsky arranged it with the help and funding of the Jerusalem Women's Seminar, a Zionist organization. White House lawyer Fred Fielding reviewed the \$50,000 junket and awarded it his "no conflict of interest" blessing.

☆ ☆ ☆

He was "neither architect nor planner, lawyer nor legislator." His power to reshape the face of New York City was "nominally derived from the chairmanship of obscure park commissions." The only time he ran for office, he lost the New York governor's race by a record 800,000 votes. He was **ROBERT MOSES**, recently deceased at age 92, the autocrat who urbanologist Lewis Mumford regrets to say had a greater influence on the course of American cities in this century than anyone else. Moses championed the erection of sterile public housing towers which became high-rise prisons, with gang leaders for wardens. He favored the Hiroshima approach to urban renewal: level everything and start from scratch. A quarter of a million New Yorkers were displaced by his road projects alone. He defied mayors, governors and even presidents by plowing ahead with rejected projects. One obituary recalled Christopher Wren's epitaph in St. Paul's Cathedral: "If you seek his monument, look about you." But no compliment was intended.

☆ ☆ ☆

As the co-author of *Six Million Did Die*, **ARTHUR SUZMAN** claims to be an expert on revisionist history. Our doubts as to whether he ever actually reads the stuff were not exactly assuaged by the blooper he pulled in the March issue of *Jewish Affairs*. Asking, "Who are the publishers, distributors and purveyors of these scurrilous publications [meaning the books questioning the Holocaust]?" he answered, "The Organization of American Historians and other similar anti-Semitic bodies." The OAH happens to be the establishment body whose mailing list the revisionist Institute for Historical Review (IHR) once rented. As one observer noted, it was another case of Suzman "leaping from the springboard without bothering to check for water in the pool."

☆ ☆ ☆



**Britain.** A London Instauratorist reports. In regard to the recent riots that temporarily turned Britain into the good old U.S.A., every attempt was made to defuse the racial aspect by describing the rioters as "young people" or "white and black youths," though occasionally the double-talk, in spite of the most strenuous efforts by mediocrats, slipped into remarks about "deprived young blacks." The truth is that Brixton, one of the main riot areas, had, until the flames went to work, one of the best shopping centers of South London and was one of the British capital's most prosperous suburbs. A few minutes by underground from Central London, Brixton is in Lambeth Borough, whose Marxist leader, Ted Knight ("Red Ted") has practiced a stern antiwhite racist policy of "positive discrimination." In Lambeth, publicly financed loans are only available to coloured businessmen. As might be expected, blacks have not taken advantage of these subsidies, which have been used by Asians to buy up most of the small local shops.

*Ebony News* claims that 75% of the whites who took part in the riots were members of Brixton gay organizations, which are noted for their extreme effeminacy and have taken over several houses in Brixton for their orgies and daisy chains. Most are of Irish-Catholic origin, as are most of the pub drag queens in the area, including Danny La Rue (O'Carroll), who has made his fortune by his exotically queer performances. There are also numerous Marxist groups in Brixton, among them many perverts and nuts who sell weirdo publications in the foyer of the Brixton underground station. Some of these print peddlers are Jews. Most are lapsed Irish Catholics.

An interesting book could be written on the disintegration of the Irish in England. They swarm to every far-out religious and political group and are extremely numerous in both the far left and far right. Michael McLaughlin of the British Movement is the son of an IRA man and gets very upset when his second Christian name of Dermot is mentioned. His swastika-draped skinheads often have such things as "made in Sligo" tattooed on their shaven skulls. Visits to Hare Krishna temples reveal that though the accents come from all over Britain, there is nearly always an Irish-Catholic parent or grandparent in the family tree. The same applies to Buddhist groups, many of whose members worship a goddess named "Green Tara."

Hundreds, if not thousands of whites live in Brixton because of the availability of drugs from the large number of blacks. The latter do not take much interest in politics

generally, though they are easily stirred to violence. Typically, the Brixton Defense Committee, the watchdog of black interests, has as its chairman a man who, although he calls himself a West Indian black, is in fact a West Indian Asian named Rudi Nariyan.

\* \* \*

Although published in England way back in 1972, Chaim Bermant's *Point of Arrival* (Eyre Methuen) is a book that needs to be unearthed. It's a fascinating historical account of London's East End. Many chapters are devoted to immigrant groups, especially the Jews. Being one himself, Bermant is more free and more open than any non-Jewish author tackling the same subject would dare to be. Today, immigrants of every brood and breed automatically "enrich." In the old days, Bermant shows us, immigrants were associated with less euphemistic verbs.

For instance, the *Liberal News* said of turn-of-the-century Jewish immigrants, "these unwashed, cringing, lying and wage-cutting aliens have elbowed thousands of Englishmen out of their homes and out of their employment." This was in keeping with the Liberal party's views of the Boer War as a conflict fought on behalf of mainly Jewish "Rand lords." Lloyd George said in almost as many words that it was a Jewish war, while the radical *Reynolds News* published such verses as:

Oh Tommy, Tommy Atkins  
My heart beats sore for you  
To be the eternal catspaw  
Of the all-pervading Jew.

There were allegations that notices in Jewish shop windows declared: "No English Need Apply," which brought forth this poem in the *Eastern Point*:

O spirits of bygone heroes!  
O souls of England's best!  
Can ye in the grave find slumber  
Can ye in the grave find rest?  
While your sons with their wives and  
children  
Go forth in the winter's cold  
At the bid of the stranger's children  
By the power of the stranger's gold?  
List now ye old time spirits  
List to the bastards cry  
In England, O Mother of Nations,  
No English need apply.

Bermant is especially interesting when he discusses the situation in East London before the Balfour Declaration. Most of the Jews there were Russian citizens and could not be called up when conscription was introduced in 1916. This caused anti-Jew-

ish feelings that alarmed the Zionists who were trying to influence the British government to support the idea of a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

Vladimir Jabotinsky, the Zionist leader who is Menahem Begin's hero, wrote:

The Jewish East End is a separate world shut off as by a thick wall from embattled England. There are thousands of youths in the East End who go in mufti while others go in khaki. This fact cannot be explained to the mothers and sisters of the men who are in the trenches. So long as they see young Jews in the thousands at large, they will not relax their pressure.

Jabotinsky and Weizmann campaigned amongst the East End Jews and called on them to join the colours, but few did so.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* was another publication that took a dim view of Jewish immigrants. "People in the East End here are maddened to frenzy by the filth, the insolence, the depravity of this refuse of Europe which is being dumped at our doors."

The British government finally decided to send Russian Jews who would not join the British army to Russia to join the Czar's forces. The Military Service Act, which became law in July 1917, gave friendly aliens the choice of conscription into the British army or that of their country of origin. Because of the confused situation in Russia, however, the law was never really enforced. The Bolsheviks seized power in November 1917, the same month the Balfour Declaration was signed. The Balfour Declaration can be considered another attempt to persuade Russian Jews in the East End to enroll in Britain's desperately over-extended forces. Now they wouldn't just be fighting for Britain; they would be fighting for a Jewish homeland. But they still refused to enlist. One East End paper published a bitter poem on the subject:

30,000 Russian chaps, fit and fat and  
gay,  
See 'em swanking in the East End any  
Saturday  
See 'em prancing up and down, curled  
and oiled and sleek,  
30,000 Yiddishers that lick the world for  
cheek.

30,000 Russian chaps faring on the best  
Speed the parting Englishman crowding  
in his nest  
All with healthy appetites, were the  
alien's brood  
30,000 greedy chaps to stuff with British  
food

30,000 Russian chaps, fit and fat and  
young  
(Guileless as Old Nick himself) strafe our  
English tongue  
Bribes and lies to tell the tale, dope to  
make them sick  
30,000 dodgers they and up to every  
trick.



As a result of the desperate labour shortage on the home front in World War I, East End Jews were able to make a killing. War profiteering, it turned out, when added to the wealth of the Rothschilds and other Jewish pound millionaires, was a prime cause of the Jews' rise to the great influence they wield in Britain today. The new rich were able to buy up many British family businesses whose sons had all been killed in the war and whose owners no longer had the heart or money to carry on, especially in the slump of the early 1920s.

\* \* \*

Margot Strickland in *Angela Thirkell, Portrait of a Lady Novelist* (Gerald Duckworth, 1977) mentions that Miss Thirkell had to alter incidents in her 1940 novel, *Cheerfulness Breaks In* because Knopf in its 1968 reprint of the work objected to the names and actions of her Jewish characters, the Warburgs. She not only had to change their name to Warbury but also change their behavior. As Miss Thirkell explained to a friend, "His [Knopf's] point of view is Jewish. My Warburgs, alas, are all too true and the things they say not overstated in the least . . . If it were really necessary I could make them Christians." She did not, in fact, go so far as to make them Christians. But one wonders whether other non-Jewish novelists have not run into similar difficulties.

**France.** A high French court has remanded the case of Samuel Szyjewicz (known in Israel as Samuel Flatto-Sharon) to a lower court for trial. Flatto-Sharon has been accused of defrauding Frenchmen of 300 million francs (\$60 million) in various real estate and building scams. Several years ago he fled to Israel, where he managed to get himself elected to the Knesset to avoid extradition for similar swindles, for which a French court had sentenced him in absentia to five years in prison and a 30,000-franc fine.

Last June, Flatto-Sharon, having been in the world's headlines for financing Jewish hit teams to track down and kill various Arabs, Ugandans and alleged European anti-Semites, lost his bid for reelection to the Knesset. At the same time an Israeli court sentenced him to three years in prison for vote fraud. He is now out on \$60,000 bail pending appeal of his conviction and sentence.

When and if -- the if is a big one -- Flatto-Sharon serves his time in Israel, he

may have difficulty escaping extradition to France. But then again he may not. The Flatto-Sharons of this world have a habit of making others, not themselves, pay for their crimes.

\* \* \*

The late novelist Romain Gary was the "bastard son of a Lithuanian Jewish woman who immigrated to France," which means, for the *Washington Post*, that he "possessed the kind of tortured sensitivity that sometimes requires a suspension of disbelief."

Gary, whose American wife, actress Jean Seberg, killed herself in 1979, followed suit in 1980. Now his cousin, Paul Pavlowitch, has revealed that for six years Gary had him pose as Emile Ajar, the shadowy author of four bestsellers.

What did Gary gain from the ruse? The 1975 Goncourt Prize for one thing. France's most prestigious literary prize, it is intended to recognize new talent and assures a best seller, translation, and -- in this case -- a successful movie. (Since Gary, then over 60, had won the prize in 1956, he was disqualified.) The lower taxes which go with dividend revenues was another bonus. France's sharpest lawyers are now trying to untangle a legal mess complicated by the entry of Diego, Gary's 18-year-old son by Seberg. Diego accuses Pavlowitch of jumping the gun on the authorized version of the hoax, written by his father, in order to reap publicity and profit.

**West Germany.** When opposition leader Hans Kohl mentioned the Hitler-Stalin pact at a recent youth meeting in Hamburg, an 18-year-old retorted, "That's another one of your cold war lies, and we won't take them any more. There never was such a pact." According to *New York Times* correspondent Flora Lewis, who spoke with Kohl, "The great bulk of the audience applauded." Kohl told her that when Germans watch the Poles on television, they feel acute envy for a people with such a strong sense of identity. As Lewis notes, "It's about all Poland has, and the only thing West Germany lacks. But it matters and underlies the Federal Republic's malaise."

Not everything she said made as good sense. Describing the battle between Solidarity and the Communist party over the rewriting of Polish textbooks, she called it a tricky problem because the "compulsion" to control history "is an integral part of the Soviet system, though it has nothing to do with Marxism." And unlike in the East,

"history was never officially suppressed in West Germany."

\* \* \*

About the only people with a worse identity crisis than the real Germans are the phoney Germans. First-, second- and even third-generation immigrants in the Bonn Republic are finding that they don't know who they are. An 18-year-old Turkish girl says: "I think in German but feel in Turkish; I can't stand it any longer." A German woman teacher observes: "Foreigners are in the majority in my class and it has struck me that they have the same behavioral hang-ups and learning trouble as German classes for the educationally subnormal."

Worst of all, the children of many Southern European immigrants have begun denying their origins, to others and even to themselves, in a bid to win social recognition. Since "passing" is much more than simply a black-white phenomenon, a lot of borderline racial aliens, and especially their mixed offspring, may soon be passing as real Germans. Perhaps one day they will be the only kind of German.

\* \* \*

As vice president of the lower house of the national parliament, Annemarie Renner is an important West German. She has cordially asked Menahem Begin to withdraw his remark that all Germans were responsible for the Holocaust. Begin did not even bother to cordially decline.

\* \* \*

Indian diplomats jumped onto the stage at Göttingen City Hall last May and joined in the gypsy dance at the Third World Roma Congress. A Stuttgart reporter said, "There was more than just a whiff of the Punjab, the original homeland of the Roma [gypsy] people, pervading the crowded hall." Simon Wiesenthal was the main speaker, and European Parliament leader Simone Veil received a delegation the next day.

\* \* \*

The Sinhalese and Tamil ethnic groups have been savaging each other in Sri Lanka (Ceylon) recently. Scores have died; the world press has been almost silent. Now Communists have helped over 5,000 young Tamils get to West Germany and automatic "political asylum." There, they will have the reproductive power of over 15,000 Germans taken from a complete range of age groups. If nearly all are male, which is likely, they must either go childless or they will miscegenate with the impact of 30,000. And if one angry German should decide forcibly to suppress Tamil procreation, the world press will proclaim the umpteenth rebirth of Nazism.

**Israel.** Three dates to remember in the history of American-Israeli relations are June 7, June 30 and July 17, 1981. Begin bombed the Iraqi reactor on the first date, a Beirut residential district on the third date, and his moderate opponent Shimon Peres "bombed" in the election on the second date. The political fallout from all three bombings continues to drift down months later.

Columnist Joseph Sobran argues that "Israel is losing the liberals" and a lot of evidence bears him out. Black commentator William Raspberry, observing that "Begin's guiding principle seems to be two eyes for a tooth," bluntly stated: "The fact is that America has a madman for an ally." He also compared the Jewish response to Begin with the black response to Idi Amin: "It was a long time before America's black leadership could even bring itself to say anything against Uganda's Idi Amin."

Other media men are saying equally surprising things. Smith Hempstone, late of the *Washington Star*, finally conceded, "The Israeli tail does indeed wag the American dog . . . . The facts of American political life are that there is one law for the Israelis and another for everyone else." Lars-Erik Nelson of the New York *Daily News*, calling Israel "above the law," noted, "Even for a friend, that is an untenable position." Joseph Kraft pointed out that Yasser Arafat is not "more prone to use terrorist tactics than Menahem Begin." After eight years of ostracism, former Senator J. William Fulbright's hour of vindication seemed at hand.

Hard language came from every part of the political spectrum. William F. Buckley, Jr., admitted that Begin is a "thoroughly unreasonable man." Georgie Anne Geyer called him "a man who believes that the entire non-Jewish world is anti-Semitic. Therefore, there is no hope and no compromise, only endless war against the outside." His goal "is to recreate a ghetto for Israel; while keeping the Middle East in chaos in order to annex the Arab West Bank." "Undreamed-of disasters," a future "too awful to contemplate" are in store for America if we do not adopt "a harsh attitude toward Israel."

*The Economist* headlined an article "Begin versus the World," which warned he

is prepared for an all-out war with the Palestinians -- and the Syrians too -- at the price of a grave quarrel with the United States, even including an embargo on arms and money . . . .

The impression in Israel is that if the Palestinians continue their cross-border fire the Israelis may launch a major ground attack into southern Lebanon. Such a land offensive might well provoke Syrian intervention. This would permit Mr. Begin to advance on both his quar-

ries -- the Palestinians and the Syrians. He intends to put the seven months that remain before the last slice of Sinai has to be returned to Egypt to Israel's best military advantage.

\* \* \*

Israeli rabbis have been flexing their muscles lately. Digging at the City of David was temporarily suspended because the country's most important archaeological site happens to coincide with an ancient Jewish cemetery. "Lonely hearts" services, which have been invaded by partner swappers, sadomasochists and prostitutes, may be forced to clean up their act. And Jerusalem's first Passion Play, whose script had to be rewritten four times to satisfy the authorities, will portray the Roman rulers as louts while using dancers to symbolize "the evil of the world," in place of the traditional Jewish mob.

\* \* \*

Israel's recent sale of \$27.9 million worth of arms to Ayatullah Khomeini was all in a day's work for the Zionist merchants of death. Deposed Iranian president Bani-Sadr says that similar deals occurred even while Iran was holding American hostages and the U.S. was asking for a boycott of the country. Israel is now the world's seventh-largest weapons dealer, with \$1.4 billion in exports in 1980.

**Egypt.** Islamic fundamentalism is growing rapidly in Egypt as proved by the bullets pumped into Anwar Sadat in early October. Mosque attendance is way up. Many women are reverting from Western dress to scarves and long gowns. Prohibition has been imposed by popular demand nearly everywhere that tourist dollars do not go. Reed prayer mats are becoming common in the hallways of modern office buildings. Even Napoleonic justice may soon give way to the Islamic kind.

Unlike American fundamentalism today, but like its counterparts throughout the Third World and in Germany in the 1930s, Egyptian fundamentalism is strongest on the nation's college campuses. During the past two years, the Islamic Associations -- which make the once-feared Moslem Brotherhood look lax by comparison -- have won overwhelming control of the student councils at most Egyptian universities. When Sadat's henchmen cancelled the elections on technicalities, dozens of violent campus riots erupted.

There is no place for the spirit of Camp David in Islamic fundamentalism. One banner at a recent religious gathering proclaimed: "Believers do not take the Jews and Christians as friends." Leaflets, decry-

ing a nation "without creed or vocation," remind many of the tracts which circulated throughout Iran during the Shah's final days. Sadat promised he would allow "no politics in religion and no religion in politics," and his September purge bore him out, but the fundamentalists, in or out of jail, represent Egypt's largest political opposition. "Egypt is a boiling pot 24 hours a day," says one professor. By next April, if Israel lives up to its promise to return the remainder of the Sinai, it will be boiling only 60 miles from Jerusalem and Tel Aviv.

**Black Africa.** Food relief programs the world over accept theft as a fact of life. A 3 percent rate of loss is considered good, while 10 to 20 percent is not shocking. But in Somalia, the world's hungriest country, a 30 to 50 percent food loss is commonplace in the south, and 60 percent has vanished en route to some refugee camps.

\* \* \*

When blonde reporter Everly Driscoll was shot in the heart during a car robbery in the Nairobi suburbs she became the fifth American fatality in a recent crime wave directed at foreigners. The attractive, 41-year-old aerospace writer and editor from Texas, who never married, had reluctantly left the U.S. for the first time only days before.

\* \* \*

The slayer of 69-year-old conservationist Joy Adams of "Born Free" fame, was sentenced in Nyeri, Kenya, to detention "at the pleasure of the president." He avoided hanging by claiming that he was under 18 when he stabbed the defenseless lady.

**Mexico.** Costa Rica is the most stable country in Central America because it is the most European; Mexico is the second most stable because it has an escape hatch to the United States. Prof. Claude Pomerleau of the University of Notre Dame says that the Mexican Southwest is Mexico's most economically depressed and socially explosive region because it is the most distant from the American border and pressured by immigrants from other nations further south. In comparison with the rest of Mexico, it has "disintegrated substantially" in the last ten years. The Center and West are relatively stable and prosperous largely because its unemployed and landless peasants automatically head for the States. (Whether or not a similar disparity is growing between our own Southwest and Midwest, and for analogous reasons, is an



## Elsewhere



obvious question that Pomerleau passes over.)

Most of today's Central American refugees come from El Salvador. Between 70,000 and 150,000 are believed to have entered Mexico in the last two years, but many of these passed straight through to the American border. More troublesome for Mexico have been refugees from Guatemala's civil war, since whole communities of them flee across a 550-mile common border and threaten to bring their fighting along with them. In July, Mexico deported all but 46 of one group of 1,900 in-fighting Guatemalans.

\* \* \*

Besides emigration, oil is the one thing that has kept Mexico from exploding. But the government has borrowed so heavily against anticipated oil revenues that the present world oil glut is sending the country's foreign debt sky high. The equivalent of three-quarters of this year's \$16 billion or more in Mexican oil exports may be needed simply to service that debt. The nation's ruling "Institutional Revolutionary Party" (now there's a neat trick) is struggling to keep its massive development program going, but the new Mexican factories are having one devil of a time competing against more efficient foreign operations.

\* \* \*

If everything else fails, many Mexicans know one surefire method of keeping up with the gringos. It is no coincidence that Texas leads the nation in the theft of heavy equipment. Some \$30 million worth of construction equipment was stolen in the Houston area alone during 1980, half of it destined for Mexico. Machinery stolen from a Houston work site after midnight can be loaded into a waiting truck and be across the border before it is missed the next morning. The border patrol estimates

that it catches only one-fourth of the illegal traffic since it is mixed in with a lot of legal purchases heading for the oil fields. Many Houston-area contractors have been forced to add 10 percent to their bids to cover loss from theft.

A 1936 convention between the United States and Mexico deals with the recovery and return of stolen boats, planes and motor vehicles. When the State and Justice Departments asked Mexico to agree to an extension covering farm and construction equipment, the answer was "a polite but firm no." They claimed that Americans are in a better position to halt the flow; that innocent Mexicans who have purchased stolen goods without knowing it should not be injured. (After all, why should a bargain basement price tag arouse any suspicion. When a new \$32,000 tractor is fenced on this side of the border, it goes for \$8,000 to \$10,000, and, presumably, prices are similar elsewhere.)

Justice Department attorney Steve Weglian says the real reason why Mexican officials are uncooperative is that they feel they need such equipment more than we do. More evidence of this Robin Hood mentality comes from California, where nearly 4,000 cars valued at more than \$30 million were driven south of the border by a single car theft ring. Fourteen of the 28 men charged were believed to be Mexican officials, mostly in the DFS (Department of Federal Security), although employees of Mexican Customs, the Federal Judicial Police and the Federal Automobile Registry also appear to be involved. The DFS is the Mexican equivalent of the CIA. The stolen cars, ranging from Mercedes-Benz models to expensive recreational vehicles, were delivered to Mexico City, Guadalajara and other locations for low-cost sale to top government officials.

It is not exactly preposterous that 28 people are being charged in what has to be a

vast criminal conspiracy, but the chief immediate response of Mexican authorities was a threat to kill any American law-enforcement officers who come down after the 14 hombres still at large. The threat is being taken seriously: Baja California State Police have had shoot-outs with Mexican federal police after catching them with stolen cars.

The eight-month FBI investigation that cracked the ring was begun after two stolen cars driven by Mexican citizens had been stopped by San Diego patrolmen. Since FBI agent Robert L. Montoya played a key role in infiltrating the racket, and Jesus Rangel helped write the *San Diego Union's* article describing the operation, one might say that white America is coming to rely on foxes to guard the chicken coop. It's a perfect replay of the late Roman Empire, when more and more Germanic warriors were needed to keep other Germans at bay -- only this time we're on the wrong side of the *limes*.

**Australia.** From an American subscriber on a six-month visit to the island continent. I'm concerned about the avoidable mistakes I see Australia making. The newly announced tax laws provide generous benefits for "large families." Australians will come to regret this when the water supplies run low. Only the country's perimeter is green. The vast interior is desert. Worse, the World Council of Churches and similar groups are bringing pressure to do more for the non-English speaking immigrants (mostly Southeast Asians) whom the government is welcoming. Only 30,000 to 50,000 this year, however, compared to the hundreds of thousands Americans can expect. Nevertheless, it is both a joy and a shock to be in a predominantly white society. The children are so handsome. I had forgotten that there are TV commercials without a mandatory minorityite. And Australians can still get away with ethnic and racial jokes.

## Stirrings



### Guns for Everyone

Only one section of the Bill of Rights does not seem "right" to a lot of America's opinion-molders -- the Second Amendment. A recent TV satire had a bunch of racial Levantines, dressed up as the Founding Fathers (we weren't supposed to notice), debating whether changed conditions in the far distant future should, perhaps, make them qualify the right to "keep and bear arms." Cute.

Since the police have gradually acquired

something like a monopoly on the right to actually bear arms on their persons, it would not be remarkable if they sought to maintain and even expand the privilege. Certainly, a lot of top law enforcement officials -- appointed by politicians -- have plugged "gun control" before national audiences. But a new poll taken of real cops on the beat shows a very different point of view prevailing.

Nearly 80 percent feel that current gun control laws have had no effect on crime

in their area.

83 percent think that gun control aids the criminal.

64 percent feel that an armed citizenry deters crime.

86 percent would keep firearms even if they were private citizens.

Two-thirds believe that federal gun registration would not help solve crimes.

None of this should surprise anyone who remembers that a single policeman is sometimes responsible for 12,000 civilians; or that only 1 percent of those arrested for felonies in New York City ever

spend a day in jail.

Columnist Joseph Sobran suggests that we adopt the "Swiss approach," which encourages responsible citizens to own and train with guns. What have we got to lose, he reasons -- all the wrong people already own Saturday night specials and are not about to surrender them. "The Willies might behave very differently if they couldn't count on their victims being unprepared to shoot back." Sobran was referring to Willie Bosket, convicted of murdering two New York subway riders "because it was fun." Bosket is to be freed in 1982 after only four years in the clink.

### Odin Comes to Oakland

The Althing is known as "Iceland's parliament," but since it first met in 930, long before the Normans' original parliament, perhaps the latter institution should rather be called "Britain's Althing."

Half-black, half-baked Oakland, California, seems the unlikeliest of places to hold an Althing, but that is where the Ásatrú Free Assembly met last August for four days of rituals, classes, workshops and bonfires -- together with "our notorious Viking feast." Ásatrú is the correct name for "Odinism."

Nearby Berkeley is home to the Church of the Northern Dawn. One day last May, at the Finnish Brotherhood Hall, a full-bearded young man named Stephen A. McNallen led the congregation through a meditation which he called "guided visualization." When the group had closed its eyes and relaxed, McNallen had them "connect with nature." They felt themselves rooted to the earth while extending to the sky, "somewhere between the micro- and macrocosm." They contemplated the DNA inside their bodies and how it linked them to the wisdom of their forebears. They mentally projected themselves into their descendants.

Later, McNallen spoke about the need for Northern Europeans to be joined again to a "living religion" that emphasizes racial kinship and unity with nature. For those in touch with the "archetypes of the Northern European collective unconscious," who cannot make themselves believe in notions like "guilt" and "original sin," Christianity can never be other than a "dead Eastern religion."

The meeting was on a Sunday but Ásatrú teaches that a religion restricted to "Sunday only" is no true religion. That is why it promotes special interest groups like the Varangian Guard, "a warrior fraternity," and the Committee on Odinst Social Concerns, which warns of a Northern European "population implosion," brought on by miscegenation, vasectomies, crime and other causes. Home base of the Ásatrú Free

Assembly is 3400 Village Ave., Denair, CA 95316.

### A New Anthology of Racial Wisdom

Robert Lenski is the editor of an out-of-print journal called *Body and Mind*, which has featured several articles on the racial variation in physical factors and the corresponding variation in behavior. The journal's most important effort was his own article, "An Introduction to European Constitutional Psychology," in which he analyzed European subracial data given in an appendix to William H. Sheldon's *The Varieties of Temperament*. The article is full of insightful quotations from Sheldon and generously sprinkled with the author's own observations. Other articles include comparisons between Englishmen and Italians and among different Scandinavian nations.

Comes now a whole book from Lenski, his first, *Toward a New Science of Man: Quotations from Sociobiology*. It is a well-organized source book of quotations from thoughtful men of all periods, on subjects pertaining to race and racial values. Such a compilation is timely, for we are still learning to ask the right questions about race. Only the flat-earth egalitarians deny the importance of race anymore, but they control the purse strings of academia and the post-Hitler inquisition on racial studies will certainly continue into the foreseeable future. The first series of questions to be answered will deal with just what the race differences are. The second, more important and more difficult, will deal with how these differences interact with history.

The quotations demonstrate directly or indirectly how some of the great minds of the West have endeavored to answer such questions.

Who is not interested in beauty, form, evolution, hedonism, inequality, manners, liberalism, character, love, the sexes, to give a few of the titles from Lenski's alphabetized list of subjects? Quotations from the famous and undeservedly less so do not amount to scientific proof, but they incite the imagination and lead to asking the right questions. The author provides an elaborate cross-indexing system for pursuing ideas in their many tangents and an author index (and descriptions of the most important books) for following a single man's chain of thought.

Buy the book, read it in bits and pieces, and keep it handy. You may take issue with some quotes, but others will stimulate you to think deeply and perhaps originally about race and racial differences. The connection between character and physical beauty is perhaps overemphasized, but nevertheless it makes fascinating reading. The author may quote too extensively about intra-European subracial differences

and not enough about the far greater differences among the races themselves. One suspects that Lenski agrees with those he quotes most generously, but it needn't matter; it is having the quotes that is important, not whether there are a bit too many on a given issue or a given side.

The book might have been subtitled *An Anthology of Racial Wisdom*. Let us all buy it and be inspired to add our own quotations to it, as we are urged to do in the author's preface.

*Toward a New Science of Man* will go down in the future history of raciology as a critical, seminal book. Better books of this type may be written, but this will be the one that inspired them.

*Toward a New Science of Man* (251 pages, index) by Robert Lenski may be ordered from Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920. Price, \$7.25, plus \$1 for postage and handling.

*A more extensive review of Toward a New Science of Man will appear in the December issue of Instauration. For information about Lenski's out-of-print journal, Body and Mind, write Pimmit Press, Box 4815, Washington, D.C. 20008.*

### Fresh Air in Physics

A group of aspiring young physicists met at Salt Lake City's TerraLab on July 11 to hear Mensan Dick Hazelett champion the ideas of Herbert E. Ives as an alternative to Einsteinian relativity. No one could find anything wrong with Hazelett's presentation but, as one of those present recalls:

the offended spirit of Einstein invaded the air conditioner in mid-discourse, causing the room to fill with acrid smoke. The truth will out in any course, however, and we regrouped outside in the fresh air.

### Sent Packing

Under West Germany's constitution, if you say you are a political refugee then, by golly, you are a political refugee, and the government is powerless to deport you. Things may be reaching that stage in America -- or again they may not. The Reagan administration has quietly taken the first steps toward deporting thousands of Salvadorans in California who had applied for political asylum. The State Department sent them letters, saying that the vast majority do not meet the government's refugee criteria -- even though a civil war is raging in El Salvador. Several thousand Haitians have also been told that they are only "economic refugees" and must go home.

### Liberty Reunion

Stan White of Yankton, South Dakota, is trying to stage a reunion of the U.S.S. Liberty survivors. The problem is that the gov-



ernment, ever fearful of displeasing Israel, won't cooperate by giving him names and addresses. He started out with 20, and has now reached 82, but his leads have "run dry" with hundreds yet unreached. Nearly everyone contacted is enthusiastic and plans to attend. The reunion will be held on June 5-6, 1982, probably in Kansas City. Anyone with information as to the whereabouts of *Liberty* survivors (34 did not survive) should call White at 605-665-9311 or 605-624-5129.

**Write, Team, Write!**

The *Tulsa World* recently printed about the best letter we have ever read on American-Israeli relations.

How dare any American Jewish group or Israeli politician criticize the United States! There would have been no way that the State of Israel could have come into existence or survived the last 33 years without the assistance of the U.S. This was done by ignoring the rights of hundreds of thousands of Palestinians that had been native to the area for thousands of years. We have given Israel billions in loans and gifts with no chance of ever being repaid, and yet they cry "more."

We have alienated many good and friendly Arab nations and have even guaranteed Israel a supply of oil despite any world crisis that may arise. Israel has refused to sign the nuclear non-proliferation pact and they have a supply of atomic bombs at their disposal. Sen. Baker was refused the right to inspect a nuclear plant for which we supplied the money to construct. We stripped our defense capabilities during one of their wars with the Arabs. [They attacked] an unarmed American naval vessel with considerable loss of American lives and they constant-

ly presume to dictate American foreign policy.

Now, in direct violation of our agreement with them that no American arms be used for offensive actions, they constantly bomb Lebanon and destroyed, without consultation with the U.S., the Iraqi nuclear reactor with American-supplied bombers.

This is our "best international ally." If so, we are scraping the bottom of the barrel for a friend. Name one other country in the entire world that has so abused its constant protector.

Dexter P. Moody

Dick Tarpley, the executive editor of the *Abilene Reporter-News*, may have seen this typeset trumpet blast. (Abilene and Tulsa are only 300 miles apart.) Right after returning from a free trip to Israel, where his ego was stroked and his supper dish filled, he repaid his hosts with an editorial: "American Letter-Writers Lead Opposition to Mideast Solution."

An American band of letter-writers is even more dedicated to eradication of the Jewish state than the leaders of Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Libya, Algeria, and others of the 21 Arab neighbors of Israel.

These "hate letters" were threatening the existence of a "tiny" state, the "only democratic nation in the Middle East." They also happened to be threatening the existence of one of the few remaining forums of free expression in this country. That's why the ADL and freeloaders like Tarpley want to gag all letters to editors that might stray too far from the liberal-minority line on Israel.

Speaking of letters and letter writers, a "white power" message strikes most read-

ers as intemperate, whereas "white survival" seems much more reasonable, at times even commendable. Obviously, the way the world is headed, we cannot get white survival without first reasserting white power. But there is no reason to say so; in fact, there is every reason not to say so. Instead, recite some of the grim statistics which appear regularly in *Instauration*, and then say you wish to save all of us from drowning in a sea of uncontrolled immigration, crime and political venality. That will establish you as a radical -- but as a "good" radical who will be tolerated by a press that cares only for certified underdogs -- and, unfortunately, by such an attitude have created a land full of whimpering underdogs.

**Affirmative Tyranny**

"Miserable, ruthless, vicious" were the words used by Utah Senator Orrin Hatch to describe the Labor Department's Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs. Congress had been unwilling to ask "the difficult, critical and unpopular questions," said Hatch, "for fear of being labeled racist or sexist," so as the Senate's new Labor Committee chairman he would begin asking them. Industry spokesmen gave a lot of grim answers. Chairman Robert A. Beck of Prudential Insurance said that the Labor Department's enforcement of affirmative action "is marked by an adversarial atmosphere of threat and intimidation." The department had demanded all Prudential computer tapes containing data on the company's personnel under threat of disqualifying the firm from all government contracts. Stephen Glenn of San Jose's Bank of the West testified that his bank had to spend \$83,350 over 18 months in complying with Labor's orders, although nothing had ever been found amiss in its affirmative action program.

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