

The Ultimate Mag

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Protecting One's Own

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

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

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

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

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

Two Peaceniks

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Deviate Doings

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

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

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

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

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

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



Billy James Hargis

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

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

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Three members of the University of Cali-

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

Into the Blender

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

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

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

Televisión

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

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

Literary Jottings

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

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

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

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

What They're Doing to Tamara

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

Free to Choose

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

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

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

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

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

No Reciprocity

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

Litigious Boomerang

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

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

Tarnished Beans

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

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

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

Nothing Racial

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

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

probably live. One will probably die. Nothing racial.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still the King

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

It seemed that Darwin had finally been

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

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

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

Schizo Lillie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The War Against Singer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The White State of Mind

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

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

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

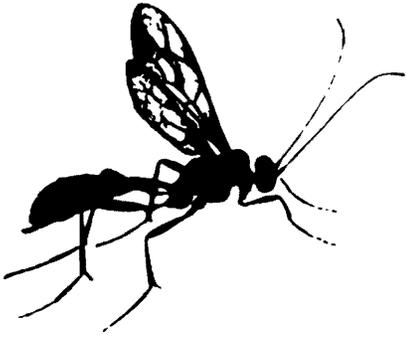
43% of whites agree it's "common sense" for parents to prevent their children from dating someone from another race.

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

23% believe blacks to be inferior in learning capabilities.

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

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



Cholly Bilderberger



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

new starting date."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where to?" Paul asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He remembered that he had once had a photograph of his

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Nobull

Notes From the Sceptred Isle

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Primate Watch



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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

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

☆ ☆ ☆

Talking Numbers



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

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

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

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

#

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

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

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

Elsewhere



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

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

The makers of our foreign policy always



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

* * *

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Israeli jails, the West only knows about Bobby Sands.

* * *

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

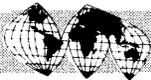
* * *

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

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

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

Elsewhere



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stirrings



Mel Moans for Millions

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shining Example

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

Address Known

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

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

The Carlson Experience

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One lesson to be drawn from Carlson's

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

Out of the Night

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

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

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

A Break for the Victims

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Committee Chairmen

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

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

Amnesty Tilt

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

Monument Saved, Words Lost

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