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Instauration®

VOL. 23, NO. 5

APRIL 1998



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Clint Eastwood

The Safety Valve



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

□ I read that one square inch of an adult's skin contains 19 million cells, 60 hairs, 625 sweat glands, 90 oil glands and 19 feet of blood vessels. This is enough to convince me that the incredible complexity known as *Homo sapiens* could only happen once, that we are alone in the universe.

770

□ In *Deconstructing Harry*, the latest Woody Allen film, Woody's brother-in-law is an arch-Zionist (played, oddly enough, by Armenian Eric Bogosian). When the touchy subject of the Six Million comes up, Woody's lament is that records are made to be broken.

752

□ The four characters in *Seinfeld* are all Jews. One of the three males, Kramer, is primarily a bizarre foil for the others. The two nerdy male protagonists look like guys who couldn't get a prom date, yet luscious blondes are always chasing them. Their dream! Our nightmare!

399

□ When I was a kid there was something called privacy. Turn on any daytime talk show and you'll see it no longer exists. Example: Monica Lewinsky's former teacher, with his wife gazing worshipfully, gives a press conference to detail his affair with Monica. Once there was something called innocence. Now at any moment TV pundits expound on oral sex.

850

□ Clinton's character fits beautifully with the late 20th-century *Zeitgeist*.

321

□ Amid all the talk about Saddam's recalcitrance, the media repeated again and again that, "Iraq must not be allowed to flaunt UN resolutions." Why was no mention made of Israel's frequent defiance of the UN? And since Israel has a huge arsenal of weapons of mass destruction (upwards of 100 nuclear-tipped missiles), why shouldn't its neighbors have the right to have arms to counter that?

504

□ I lived more than 18 years in Europe and six-plus in Latin America. I often vigorously defended the U.S. on political and cultural grounds. I really don't know what to say now.

915

□ An expert on Abraham Lincoln told a Fox News pundit named O'Reilly that Abe wanted to send blacks back to Africa. With his tone of dismay and amazement ratcheted up to fever pitch, O'Reilly asked: "Why, why, why?" He just couldn't believe anyone would want to spare us from black enrichment!

300

□ Without any debate the U.S. has assumed the role of worldwide protector of Jews. They charge the Swiss mistreated them 55 years ago and the Argentinians today. We make the Jews' business our business. Why should this be?

802

□ A full-page N.Y. Times ad showed a beatific Michael Jordan towering over worshipful teens. So far as I know, hoopster Jordan is a nice guy. He seems no better or worse than most basketballers. True, he helps hustle costly Nike gear made for pennies in Third World sweatshops, but disclaims responsibility: "Not my affair." Top black athletes who can keep out of jail assume demigod status in this mad, mad world!

111

□ Clinton pal Asst. Secretary of State Strobe Talbott deplores the nation-state. The future is the New World Order, run by people like him and unburdened by the distractions of voters and parliaments. It's already clear how the new system works and who will be the win-

ners and losers. Investment bankers are the big winners. They get to keep the profits from "risky" ventures in Mexico, Korea, Thailand and Indonesia. If things get shaky, they can count on a multibillion-dollar bailout "to save American jobs." Those who cobble together the bailout are also big winners, such as Treasury Secretary Rubin, architect of the Mexican rescue, beneficiary of \$28 million the previous year from Goldman Sachs. Clinton and his campaigns are also winners: Millions of dollars were provided by the Indonesian Lippo group, who helped out another Clinton pal, Webb Hubbell. You smell a rat?

200

□ Did Clinton lie about sex with Monica? "Who cares," said a TV panelist. "What matters is whether he lied about his promises to Israel!"

966

□ Feminists have very different standards, depending on whose ox is being gored. A man who tells a gal an off-color joke is unfit to be a Supreme Court Justice, whereas a pro-choice President can get away with just about anything with nary a peep from the professional feminists.

510

□ What is it about life in America that causes Americans to want their military to go to the other side of the world and kill people?

715

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Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

- \$35 (third class)
- \$45 (first class)
- \$48 Canada
- \$50 foreign (surface)
- \$67 foreign (air)

Single copy price \$3, postpaid

Magazine is mailed in plain white envelope

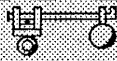
Wilmot Robertson, editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen.
Florida residents, please add 6% sales tax.

Third-class mail is not forwarded.
Advise change of address well in advance.
ISSN 0277-2302

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The Safety Valve



□ It may be recalled that the famous conductor, Arturo Toscanini, had an infamous touchy-feely problem. Many an old-time newsreel showed the famous conductor gently groping female admirers. Had Toscanini been fired from the RCA Symphony Orchestra, had he been banned from the world's symphony halls, opera houses and recording studios, how many masterpieces would have been lost to the world in deference to puritanical nonsense?

472

□ The INS wants to double its charge for applications for U.S. citizenship. The current fee is \$95. Latinos think the jump is too steep. American citizenship is not worth the cost of a cheap two-piece suit to such folks, even though they swarm over our borders in droves. My Latino housekeeper tells me the cost of medical exams that accompany application for a Green Card is prohibitive. Her solution is to show up at the emergency ward of the local hospital and have it all paid for by Medicaid.

911

□ Yugoslavia was multiethnic. All-Croat Croatia and all-Slovene Slovenia broke off. Nearby the Czechs and Slovaks called it quits. Few complained. But what we will spend billions to prevent is letting the various population groups of Bosnia do the same thing. If it's good for all those other new European countries, why not for Bosnia?

948

□ I saw Clinton speak at a "prayer breakfast," thanking the American people for their outpouring of support and their "scriptural advice." I would presume the latter dealt with situations like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba or King David and Bathsheba, not with those dreary commandments against adultery, stealing, coveting or lying. Clinton is beyond parody!

804

□ While Holy-wood continues its endless duet with the Hollow-caust, Monica got caught playing more than the harmonica with Billy. Now lawyer Ginsburg, in the role of Shylock, wants his pound of flesh. Starr is trying hard to be Portia.

065

□ It's said that when Howard Hughes asked a woman if she'd sleep with him

for \$1 million, she gave him a passionate kiss which he took for a "yes." He then asked, "How about for \$100?" She gave him a hefty slap, saying, "What do you take me for, a whore?" His reply: "We've established that. Now we're dickering over the price." White House please note.

668

□ Perhaps one of the principal goals of our rulers is to destroy the traditional role of mother as nurturer and homemaker. The unisexers want both spouses to be the same and play interchangeable roles. The state (Hillary's "village") will do what Mom used to do.

115

□ Queen Elizabeth II must regret that the Prince of Wales did not marry a stand-by-your-man-no-matter-what, old-fashioned gal like our Hillary! If Princess Di had learned from Hillary's, "I love him" speech six years ago, she'd have gone on TV, denied that Prince Charles even knew Camilla and blamed it all on an anti-Monarchist conspiracy.

224

□ Wealthy landowners are importing illegal Latino laborers into hundreds of small farm towns in Oregon and Washington. These newcomers then proceed to form gangs, sell methamphetamine and rape or think about raping teenage Nordic girls.

972

□ Last night the news reported two hit-and-run accidents. One produced a dead white kid, the other a dead white man. Having nearly been run over by Mexicans a couple of times in the past year on my bicycle, I am inclined to think that "these accidents" should be described as murders.

775

□ Need a good nonracial argument against affirmative action? It asks us to do for strangers what we often have a hard time doing for ourselves.

Zipless

□ I can't understand the furor over Monica Lewinsky. She is typical of today's young Zionist woman. She simply can't keep her mouth zipped.

813

□ Coal black Samuel Jackson plays a math genius in the flop sci-fi flick,

Sphere. In real life there's not one such creature in the whole wide world!

944

□ Critics say the Independent Counsel has become like a fourth branch of government. The Left liked the idea when the purpose was to hound Nixon from office. Hillary was even a minor witch in that witch-hunting extravaganza. Now that the tables are turned, the libs scream "foul."

060

□ What's everyone making such a fuss about Clinton and the Lewinsky chick? Hell, he's been in bed with Jews for years!

752

□ Bill Maher, host of *Politically Incorrect*, facetiously complained, "It's a shame people get their news from this program." It sure is, Bill. The other night Bill complained that no one has been caught in the Whitewater investigation. The token conservative, a Republican congressman from Florida, failed to point out that Starr's investigation has resulted in 14 convictions, including that of ex-Governor Tucker of Arkansas.

443

□ We are slandered as bigots and crazies because the nation is sick, not us.

420

□ For a leader to be more than just a bureaucrat with power he must also have moral authority. Clinton and morality are antithetical.

113

□ The press said that blacks rioted in downtown Seattle, trashing an Asian-owned shop and robbing a department store because they were excluded from a private disco. The next day one of their "leaders" explained that the real motive was "oppression." "We were following the teachings of Martin Luther King. Dr. King was with us last night."

981

□ Al Capone was a multifaceted crook finally jailed for the mundane crime of tax evasion. Clinton?

112

□ Everybody says Hillary is a feminist role model. How so? She tied her career to a man, whom she has faithfully served, despite his publicly humiliating her.

386

The Clintessential Eastwood

Back in 1976 when reviewing movies was part of my regular—albeit poorly paid—journalistic duties, I was invited to a press conference where John Wayne was to plug his latest (and, as it turned out, his last) movie, *The Shootist*. The local media folks gathered at a posh downtown hotel, where we were seated at round tables in one of the dining rooms (and fed a free lunch—which I always appreciated in those lean days). The great man table-hopped, granting a few precious minutes to the reporters clustered at each table. Obviously, one could come up with droves of questions for someone who had been in the motion picture business for almost 50 years and had been an icon of popular culture for at least 35, but the circumstances were not amenable to an in-depth interview.

After the luncheon broke up, I paid a visit to the men's room. As I parked myself at the urinal, I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I turned and discovered that my temporary next-door neighbor was the Duke himself. Well, here was a chance for a question—but which one? "I'm curious—what do you think about Clint Eastwood?" I asked. Eastwood was then the box office champ, a leading actor/director in the western genre and the heir apparent to the Duke's throne.

Wayne zipped up and pondered the question for a

In terms of movie roles, Wayne was certainly right. At that point, the only Clint Eastwood star vehicle that had bombed was *The Beguiled*, a 1971 Southern Gothic stew in which he played a wounded Union soldier who was done in by a coven of finishing school girls. (The film was waggishly nicknamed *A Fistful of Dollies* during shooting.) In 1982, Eastwood starred in *Honky-Tonk Man*, a movie about a Depression-era country and western singer who died of tuberculosis at the end of the film. Not a bad movie, but a box office dud. Clearly, this is not what the public wanted.¹ They wanted that flinty Mount Rushmore physiognomy (a Norman Mailer apotheosis of Eastwood referred to his "Presidential face") with that almost epicantastic squint:

Every role he's played—cowboy, pilot, detective—heightens his image as a loner. He is the supreme example of the man who has made his own rules and made them work for him. He represents our most prized fantasy—to be totally independent and self-sufficient.²

The essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic and a killer. It has never yet melted.³

The on-screen Eastwood was invincible: a lean, mean killing machine. John Wayne, of course, could shoot straight, but if the script called for it, he could die at the end of a film without also killing off the box office receipts. "I do all the stuff Wayne would never do," remarked Eastwood. "I play bigger-than-life characters, but I'd shoot the guy in the back."⁴

In his private life, Eastwood was also invulnerable—until recently. His priapic private life has now become public in two books: (1) *Clint Eastwood: a Biography*, by film critic Richard Schickel; (2) *The Good, the Bad and the Very Ugly: a Hollywood Journey*, by Eastwood's former longtime paramour, actress Sondra Locke. Schickel's opus is admirably Teutonic in its thoroughness but a bit too worshipful. Locke's work, on the other hand, is more of a kiss-and-tell/woman-scorned tale. Elements in both books should be dis-



With black actress VONETTA MCGEE in *The Eiger Sanction* (1975)

couple of seconds. "That guy's too damn invulnerable," he said, shaking his head. Then he turned and went away.

turbing to Instaurationists who are fans of the "conservative" Eastwood.

The basic Eastwood bio has been delineated in countless magazine articles. Born in 1930, he had an itinerant childhood as his father moved up and down the west coast looking for work. Clint knocked around at odd jobs in his youth before he developed an interest in acting. He signed a contract at Universal, appearing in bit parts in an assortment of forgettable movies. He got his big break when a chance encounter with a network executive resulted in an audition for the TV show, *Rawhide*. Eastwood snared the part and the show ran from 1959 to 1966. During his hiatus in 1964, he filmed an Italian western, *A Fistful of Dollars*, which transformed him from TV star to movie star—as tricky a metamorphosis then as it is today. Two more Italian westerns followed, then American westerns, the *Dirty Harry* series, and various and sundry other features, some good, some bad, some indifferent—a number of which were directed by Eastwood himself. A few (*Breezy*, *Bird* and the recent *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*) feature Eastwood as director, not actor. Away from the screen, his foray into politics as mayor of the boutique, artsy-crafty town of Carmel has been well chronicled.

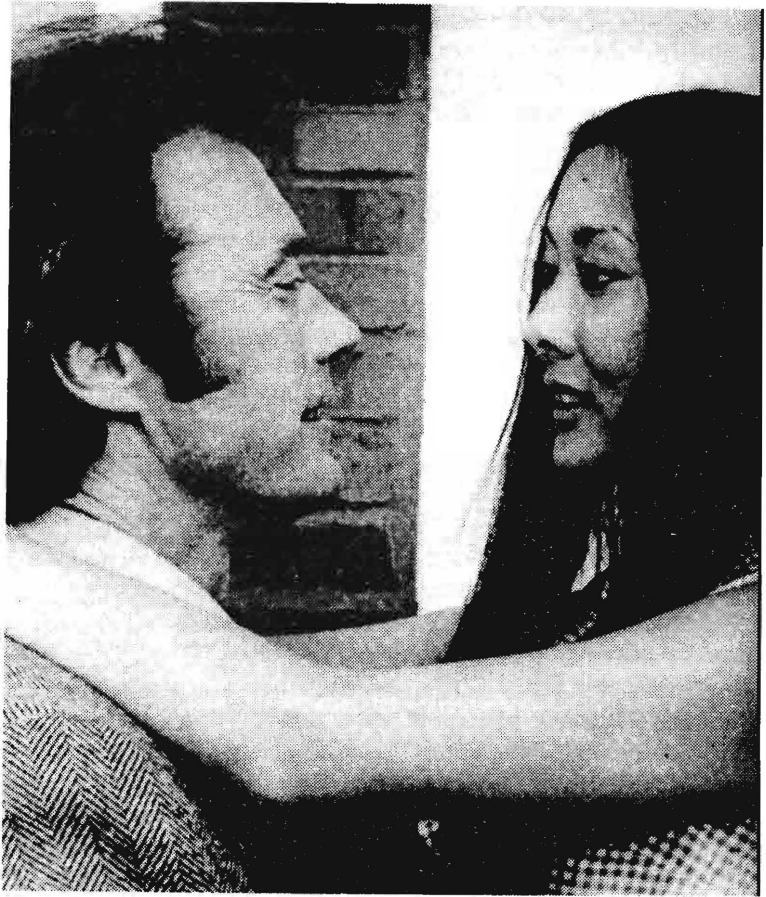
For someone who built a career as an anti-hero, Eastwood has become an entrenched part of the establishment cultural scene. The Clint Eastwood Cinema Collection was established at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and at the Wesleyan University Cinema Archives. He has received lifetime achievement awards from the American Film Institute, the Film Society of Lincoln Center and American Cinema Editors (the abbreviation A.C.E. often appears in movie credits after the name of member editors). He received the Irving Thalberg Award from the Motion Picture Academy of Arts & Sciences and the California Governor's Award for the Arts. He has lectured twice at the British Film Institute (where he is a fellow) and was appointed to the National Council on the Arts by Richard Nixon. Retrospectives of his work have been mounted by the Paris Cinematheque and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. The French awarded him the Chevalier of Arts and Letters Medal.

When not receiving awards, Clint could be found at awards ceremonies or fundraisers in Washington with movers and shakers like the Reagans and Caspar Weinberger. He even tripped the light fantastic with the late Princess Diana at an official state function, hobnobbing with her again in London. He also dutifully logged time raising money for the Armand Hammer Museum in Los Angeles. Written up countless times in the mass media mush magazines, he has also been the subject of articles in serious film journals, as well as in the *New York Review of Books*.

Biographer Schickel estimates that Eastwood's films have raked in more than \$3 billion, so his establishment status is warranted. But how did he manage to have such staying power? Is he that good an actor? Is he that good a director? Is he as self-sufficient as his screen persona? Or

has he been overly promoted by the powers that be?

While the surface Eastwood is Nordic (Scotch, English, Dutch and Irish) and politically conservative (he supported both Nixon and Reagan), there are troubling currents in the underground man. During his adolescence he had the



With Asian actress Adele Yoshioka in *Magnum Force* (1973)

good fortune to live in Piedmont (CA), a town with “no blacks. . .no Asians, only one or two Jewish families,”⁵ yet he chose to attend high school in Oakland, which “at that time had the largest black population of any city west of Detroit.”⁶ During those years, Eastwood developed his lifelong fascination with jazz and the musicians of color who produced it. He once revealed that during his adolescent years, he thought of himself as “really a black guy in a white body.”⁷ Of his popularity with blacks, he muses, “I suppose they see me as an outcast. I play a lot of outcasts.”⁸ Of film critic Pauline Kael, who never acquired a taste for his films, he opined, “When somebody is that dogmatic, I feel like I do about somebody who’s prejudiced against Jews or blacks or whatever.”⁹

Instaurationist moviegoers may recall with fondness Eastwood's famous confrontation with the black bank robber in *Dirty Harry* (“Do you feel lucky? Well, do you, punk?”) or his “Make my day” tag-line before blasting away at a group of melanoid miscreants in *Sudden Impact*.¹⁰ His behind-the-scenes affinities are another story. In more recent years, he received an award from the NAACP for contributing to the employment of black ac-

tors via the film, *Bird*, the story of jazzman Charlie Parker. For his efforts on behalf of jazz Eastwood was inducted into the American Music Hall of Fame.

While the predictable assortment of Jewish agents, executives and business managers are threaded throughout his life, one of his earliest Jewish connections was Arthur Lubin, a hack homosexual director who is today best known for bringing *Mr. Ed* to the TV screens of America. This is not to say that Eastwood had a "relationship" with Lubin, but he might have strung him along in order to advance his career. Certainly, Clint Eastwood in his youth is the stuff gay dreams are made of.

A more important Jewish relationship, artistically speaking, was with director Don Siegel. Though not a household word, Siegel was a solid director, particularly of action movies. His career in Hollywood ran the gamut from film librarian to assistant editor to director of montage (brief, often cleverly edited sequences put together to show the rapid passage of time in a film) to short subject director to a director of highly regarded B movies and, finally, A movies.¹¹ As for his ethnicity, Siegel once made the following curious comment: "The question of being Jewish has never really been much of a problem with me, possibly because most of my enemies are Jewish."¹²

Siegel directed Eastwood in *Coogan's Bluff*, *Two Mules for Sister Sara*, *The Beguiled*, *Dirty Harry*¹³ and *Escape From Alcatraz*. He co-signed Eastwood's application to join the Directors Guild and made his one and only appearance as an actor in *Play Misty for Me*, Eastwood's directorial debut.

From a business point of view, Eastwood's most important Jewish connection was with the late Steve Ross, head of the Warner Communications, now Time Warner, imperium. Eastwood's production company, Malpasco, has released all of its films through Warner Brothers since 1976. As Schickel notes:

No one gets the kind of acclaim that has accrued to Clint over the last decade and a half without institutional support. If nothing else, the logistics of celebration have to be attended to, and in this respect Warner Bros. has been wonderfully attentive.¹⁴

After Ross's death in late 1992, Eastwood remembered him the following year in his Oscar acceptance speech for *Unforgiven*.

One cannot help but wonder if Time Warner influence didn't play a part in covering up Eastwood's sexual escapades. More than likely they were protecting their cash cow (or bull), just as studios of old did when their stars departed from the straight and narrow. In today's tabloid climate, it is almost inconceivable that a public figure of Eastwood's magnitude could indulge in such sexual athlet-

ics unnoticed. His private life was very private until Sondra Locke's palimony suit forced it into the public record.

While feminist critics have long complained about Eastwood's on-screen treatment of females, even more illuminating is his off-screen treatment of the opposite sex. He skirts close to the status of cad. A cursory examination of photos taken during his youth (at age 15, he had al-



With current Latina wife Dina

ready reached his full height of 6'4") readily explain why he was as attractive to women as he was to Arthur Lubin. In 1953 Eastwood decided to marry one Maggie Johnson, a tall, tan Berkeley grad who did swimsuit modeling. As classic an Instaurationist coupling as one could ask for, this relationship was not good enough for Eastwood. He was understandably reluctant to have children during his lean years as a contract player, but even after he achieved some measure of success in *Rawhide*, he rebuffed his wife's desire to bear children. This, however, did not stop him from fathering a child out of wedlock. In 1964 one Roxanne Tunis, who worked on the *Rawhide* set, gave birth to his daughter, Kimber, who has since made him a grandfather. After wife Maggie recovered from a serious illness, Eastwood relented on parenthood within wedlock. His two children, Kyle and Allison, born in 1968 and 1970, respectively, are picture-perfect Nordics and both have appeared in some of his movies.¹⁵

In 1975, while filming *The Outlaw Josey Wales*,¹⁶ in

which he co-starred with Sondra Locke, the two become an item. Locke, something of an odd duck, grew up in a small town in Tennessee. Her childhood sounds like something out of a Truman Capote story. She married a high school chum, one Gordon Anderson, an acknowledged homosexual, and remains married to him to this day. She became pregnant by Eastwood twice, though there is some debate as to whether her two abortions and her tubal ligation were her idea or his. Her revelations that Eastwood has a temper, is a health and fitness buff, and had a hair transplant are hardly shocking. At any rate, Eastwood eventually tired of her (and may have used his influence with Warner Brothers to sabotage her career). It cost him almost as much to get rid of her (\$20 million) as it did to divorce his wife (\$28 million). Despite the high cost of such activities, he sired two illegitimate children by one Jacelyn Reeves, a former stewardess who lives in his hometown of Carmel. He later moved on to one Frances Fisher, a small-time actress, who bore him a child in 1993.

Such behavior is hardly admirable, but it is pointless to get on a moral high horse. How many men have had women throw themselves at them from youth to old age? When a physically attractive man attains wealth, fame and power, he has sexual options that surpass the average man's fantasies. For the most part, however, the women Eastwood consorted with were all good-looking Nordics,¹⁷ with the notable exception of Barbra Streisand.

Eastwood met TV reporter Dina Ruiz in 1993 when she was doing a series on prominent people in the Carmel area. She was barely 30 when she married Eastwood in March 1996. Now we are not talking about a daughter of the old California dons but a *mestiza*, as a glance at her picture reveals. Eastwood, who was once so reluctant to father children by white women, has already fathered a child (born in January of 1997) by his dusky young *esposa*. Ironically, in this respect, he has followed in the footsteps of John Wayne, who favored Latinas as wives.¹⁸

I think the Duke was right about Eastwood being "too damn invulnerable" in his early screen appearances. In his professional life, however, Eastwood was hardly the independent, self-sufficient man he frequently portrayed. He obviously knew how to play ball with the Chosen to get what he wanted. They enriched him; he enriched them. Perhaps it would be forgivable if his movies were better. But a complete overview of the Eastwood canon shows a few winners, a few stinkers and a lot of mediocrities.

Is it really all about money and power? When a man with the power and influence of Eastwood does so little to help his race and so much to undermine it, one can only wonder. Can we theorize that the greatest physical exponents of Nordicism are not necessarily those who are most committed to it?

So often in these pages the question arises as to why Nordic women act against the best interests of their race? In light of the behavior of Clint Eastwood, perhaps the question should also be asked in relation to Nordic men.

JUDSON HAMMOND

ENDNOTES:

1. Though the ending of *Escape From Alcatraz* (1979) is ambiguous, a case could be made that the Eastwood protagonist could not have survived the treacherous currents and icy water surrounding the famed federal prison.

2. Stanley Platman, University of Maryland psychiatrist, quoted in *Clint Eastwood: Riding High* by Douglas Thompson (Contemporary Books, Chicago, 1992), p. 121.

3. D.H. Lawrence, *Studies in Classic American Literature* (The Viking Press, New York, 1970), p. 62.

4. Iain Johnstone, *The Biography of Clint Eastwood: the Man With No Name* (Morrow Quill, New York, 1981), p. 51.

5. Richard Schickel, *Clint Eastwood: a Biography* (Knopf, New York, 1996), p. 37.

6. *Ibid*, p. 39.

7. *Ibid*, p. 427.

8. *Ibid*, p. 323.

9. *Ibid*, p. 281.

10. As if to counterbalance these scenes, Eastwood also features a fair amount of interracial hanky-panky in his films (e.g., *Magnum Force*, *The Eiger Sanction*, *The Outlaw Josey Wales* and *Bird*). *Unforgiven* and the *Dirty Harry* films pair him with minority or female partners, and it probably didn't hurt that he portrayed Russian Jews as heroic freedom fighters in *Firefox*.

11. Siegel also directed *The Shootist*, the John Wayne swan song mentioned at the beginning of this article.

12. Stuart M. Kaminsky, *Don Siegel: Director* (Curtis Books, New York, 1974), p. 20.

13. Of *Dirty Harry*, Eastwood offered the following observation: "After World War II we went to Nuremberg and we tried members of the [Nazi] party in Germany at that time. We tried them and convicted them for not adhering to a higher morality. Well, that's the way Dirty Harry is. He listens to a higher morality above the law." Quoted by Johnstone, p. 84.

14. Schickel, p. 372.

15. Maggie Eastwood's second husband was a "Dutchman" by the name of Henry Wynberg, a former used car salesman who gained some notoriety by consorting with Elizabeth Taylor between her two marriages to Richard Burton. Wynberg's brushes with the law include a conviction for statutory rape and a fine for turning back the odometers on his cars. Wynberg provided his underage sex partners with alcohol and drugs and took pictures of their escapades. His 1985 marriage to the former Mrs. Eastwood ended after four years due to his verbal abuse, boozing, free-spending and philandering. In 1992 he married a 19-year-old Costa Rican woman.

16. It was something of an embarrassment for Eastwood when it was revealed that Forrest Carter, author of the novel, *The Rebel Outlaw: Josey Wales*, was a member in good standing of the Alabama Ku Klux Klan.

17. During the filming of *Paint Your Wagon*, Eastwood had an affair with Jean Seberg, the white renegade actress profiled in *Instauration* (Dec. 1980, p. 27).

18. Another irony is that Eastwood's least macho film, *The Bridges of Madison County*, was largely filmed in John Wayne's hometown, Winterset, Iowa.

The Schizoid President

Clinton as Casanova

There's little to say about Clinton that hasn't been said. Instauration's take is that he suffers from some kind of sexual compulsion. How else can his perpetual randiness be explained? He puts his office and his reputation on the line every time he rubs up against some bimbo, white, black or more recently Jewish. Monica Lewinsky is a new twist. Politically he surrounds himself with Jews, but only with the advent of Monica did he go for a Jewish bimbo—one whose motormouth may eventually do him in.

Clinton's round-the-clock sexuality has become the unrelenting butt of every talk show host, tabloid scribbler, cartoonist, even the so-called mainstream reporters. As for Hillary, she is paying a high price for being and continuing to be First Lady. She may be, as ex-presidential adviser and foot fetishist Richard Morris intimated, a lesbian, which would automatically relieve her from being too critical about what her husband is doing in his off hours. But even queers have feelings. How would it feel to wake up every morning and hear of some new sexual exploit by the man who is sleeping in the same bed with you or who at least shares the same bedroom? Moreover, how would it feel to have a husband whose latest paramour writes him postcards with the salutation, "Dear Schmucko?"

Then there's Chelsea. She and Hillary may be putting on a brave front for the media, but down deep the non-stop skirt-chasing of the President must really hurt. A girl of Chelsea's age likes to look up to her father, not read about his vulgar antics in newspaper headlines.

Despite Clinton's emphatic denials, his private life must have some effect on the way he runs the government. The temptation to switch the media's attention to a serendipitous little war in the Middle East must be great. More war equals less scandal. So far Clinton has rejected this option, thanks largely to the United Nations Security Council's refusal to go along with an automatic military onslaught, if Saddam Hussein continues to misbehave.

It should be obvious by now that if any Republican president had committed a scintilla of Clinton's lubricious sins, he would be out on the street almost the next day. With the mainstream media largely in his pocket, aside from his impossible-to-ignore satyriasis, Clinton has so far managed to hold on, a feat that may or may not continue to the end of his second term.

Starr Struck. The son of a fundamentalist preacher who sold Bibles to help pay his way through college, Kenneth Starr has been forced to spend much of his time defending himself and his staff against White House innuendo and spin doctors. The independent counsel's family, needless to say, is getting death threats. Even the fact that

he has a Jewish wife (yes, they're everywhere) has not earned him much sympathy. How long this state of affairs will last and what will be the final outcome is anybody's guess. Monica's attorney, William Ginsburg, who started out vigorously defending his client, has been inching over to the side of Clinton.

The pressure for someone high up in the Clinton clique to jump ship and spill all the hidden beans is great. But as of this writing the Jewish and scalawag types who prop up the the scalawag President and his administration have remained steadfast.

Clinton as Wannabe Conquering Hero

It has come to this. The troika in charge of U.S. relations with Iraq and primed—still primed—to wage war against Saddam consists of three Jews: Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, born in Czechoslovakia; National Security Adviser Sandy Berger, whose ancestral roots in the U.S. are skimpy; and Secretary of Defense William Cohen, who, though only half-Jewish, has boosted his minority status by taking a showbiz Negress for wife #2.

How did the U.S. get to the point where its destiny has been placed in the hands of three people, none of whom, including their boss, has ever served in the military? The answer to this all-important question can only be found in the muddled brain of the President. The members of the trio he chose to decide whether or not to blast Iraq once again are all wildly pro-Israel and wildly anti-Saddam.

The odds are a million to one that a random selection of Americans to be in charge of war and peace with Saddam would be three, or to be totally accurate, 2.5 Jews. Why would Clinton "overload" his anti-Saddam campaign with Chosenites? For the same reason he overloads his entire administration with them. Jews provide at least half the money for Democratic presidential campaigns.

The real danger arising from U.S. ventures into Middle Eastern affairs is that they are slowly reviving the Cold War with Russia, Iraq's shadowy ally, in addition to activating onerous disagreements with France and China.

It often seems that Clinton and his troika are intent on making as many enemies as possible. Much of the Arab and Muslim world has been turning against Washington for its all-out support of Israeli aggression and, let's face it, the Jewish state's flat-out anti-Arabism and racism. Much of Asia and Africa is beginning to follow the same route.

The Vietnam War peacenik and draft dodger wants desperately to lead a devastating attack on a nation, which, despite all the warmongering propaganda about weapons of mass destruction, is practically defenseless. How times change.

Predators on the Loose

The new predator criminal class operates in a way that rewards career criminals and punishes Constitution-based defenses. Before they become predators, however, these misfits are cultivated and coddled by the welfare state until white society is ripe for plucking. In this way, our families continue to succumb to the two-pronged decimation of the predator-statist combine—the largest and most destructive criminal class in the history of the nation.

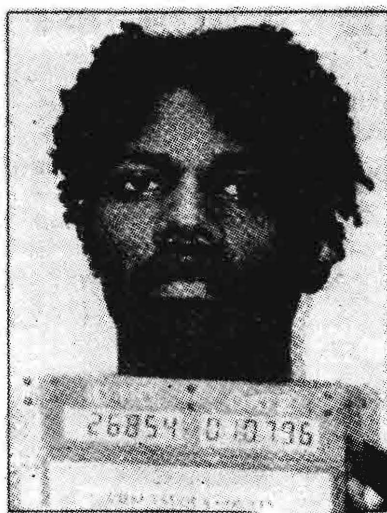
Consider the example of the “deadly sex spree” of the crack pushing, sex extortionist, armed robber, sodomite, Bloods gang member and rapist, Negro Nushawn Williams.¹ Certain aspects of it were highly publicized and the rest was covered up. The Washington Times editorialized that his was a “one man AIDS epidemic. . . sad, evil and obscene.”²

Williams, who has the AIDS virus, intentionally exposed somewhere between 75 and 150 young women to his disease. According to one report, he “delighted in keeping track of his sexual conquests,” much like basketballers Wilt Chamberlain and the AIDS-infected Earvin “Magic” Johnson.³

According to the Chautauqua County (NY) health commissioner, Williams would “lurk around the edges of schools or parks, maybe where kids would be playing basketball,” and carefully select his victims.⁴ We know that, so far, he has directly infected at least 28 of them, including one 13- and one 14-year-old girl. He has infected another 53 indirectly, as his disease passed from person to person.⁵

Williams was given one of those new, unpalatable, feminized Afrocentric names, in multicultural scorn of Western, Anglo-Saxon, Christian names and surnames: He is Nushawn, a “New” Shawn for a new age—the age of the New World Order. He was also known by his gangster rap names of “Face,” “JoJo,” and “Shyteek Johnson.”⁶ The androgynous nature of these Afrocentric names is evident—the result of Negro children born and raised in homes without husbands/fathers.

What is not so obvious is that everything that Nushawn Face JoJo Shyteek Williams was and has become defines him as the perfect domestic disciple-soldier of the globalist-equality state. Several facts related to this story tend to implicate the most favored philosophies of the liberal statist order. These facts tend to show that the liberal



Nushawn Williams, a walking plague

elite and the predators cooperate in many ways to destroy white, middle-class American society. The story broke from Jamestown and Mayville (NY), which “could be Mayberry R.F.D.,” in the opinion of one journalist.⁷ It demonstrated that the most heinous predator criminal activity has spread into the suburbs, to where it finds new sustenance and life.

Williams admits to cruising these areas in search of girls who appeared to be, he said, “in a risk-taking mode.”⁸ Note that he uses the very language the psycho-social experts use to describe his crimes!

A local official, Andrew Goodell, remarked on the arrival of this particular criminal predator in their community:

No one is safe from this type of event. . . . We thought we were relatively safe because we have a low crime rate, a relatively small number of AIDS cases, a solid conservative social fabric, by and large.

But we just got a wake-up call. . . . And it came from a guy who is HIV-positive, yet has no moral compunction whatsoever about preying on young kids.⁹

This contrast is exactly the point. It is no mere coincidence that predators are drawn to white communities. It is part and parcel of education and training required in the super-tolerant, super-immoral institutions of the multicultural state.

Mayville is in Chautauqua County, the site of many globalist cultural seminars in the 60s and 70s, hosted by the upper crust of New York and attended by the world elite. James Barron of the N.Y. Times quoted one local student as saying, “This is the last place the police would think of investigating.”¹⁰ First came the equalitarian ideology, then came Nushawn. Today children are catching it from both sides. No longer are the upper-class enclaves safe, as the elite have effected the total acceptance of the anti-social basis of monster predators.

Consider, for example, that while Williams is a black, lower class career criminal, many of his victims appear to be middle-class whites, with a sprinkling of some upper-class members. Columnist Tom Knott states:

He is, judging by his picture, hardly a heartthrob. Sadly, there are no standards among the desperate and the

misguided and the young. . . .He preyed on pretty girls, some barely old enough to menstruate.¹¹

These facts signify the power of propaganda and public school instruction in matters of pluralism, diversity, equality and integration. In our postmodern, multicultural age, children are taught to forsake their own identity, heritage, culture and morality, in deference to "oppressed" peoples, criminal rappers and other such public figures, and unsavory athletes who use sports as a cultural weapon against the white West.

In short, our children have been taught to seek out and emulate ugly freaks. Gang members, by the way, take the appellation "freak" as a form of compliment for their destructive behavior. More specifically, they use the term to brag about their abnormal sexual exploits, from pedophilia to sodomy, rape, murder, even necrophilia. White suburban youths now proudly use the word "freak" to describe themselves: "Yo, wat-up, freak?"

Among these kids, the sledgehammer of guilt manipulation leads them to believe that race-mixing is actually a blessing. Speaking of his daughters' "little white hip-hop friends," Negro actor Samuel L. Jackson said, "They're basically black kids with white skin."¹² The next step for these hip-hop children of rap culture is the adoption of new standards of truth, beauty and behavior. Good is "bad," and the ultimate adjective and noun is "mf." The ultimate form of expression is the drive-by shooting, which ranks with AIDS as the number one killer of young people who are plugged into this new American anti-culture.

Danielle Crittenden, writing in *Women's Quarterly*, speaks of the effect of the new multicultural ideal on little girls. She complains that "ugly is in" and everyone

seems to want us all to look like battered lesbians. . . . Ironically, the only group of people still encouraged to make themselves sexually attractive to men are homosexuals.¹³

By so easily taking up alien cultures and peoples the children quickly learn to mix with the barbarians, even the criminals, even the predators. The Western cultural decline in the ugly face of predator anti-culture is pushed along by the integrationist and sodomite agendas, i.e., "civil rights" for all racial, political and sexual minorities. More often than not, these agendas merge in their extreme toleration of immorality and destruction. That someone like Nushawn Face JoJo Shyteek Johnson Williams could hide behind a veil of effeminacy, bisexuality and sodomy while murdering members of pristine, rural white communities speaks volumes as to the means and effectiveness of such toleration.

Another indication that lib-min ideology is infused throughout this tragedy is that lawmen knew Williams was HIV-positive back in mid-1996.¹⁴ Nothing was done to mark him, to stop him. Knott informs us:

When he would show up in the county jail on occasion, his HIV-positive status was withheld from law enforcement officials because of confidentiality rules. . . .Privacy is his chief accomplice. . . .¹⁵

Productive Americans are often required to surrender all manner of private information in the so-called equalitarian state, but it is often just the opposite with predators. Most states have failed to pass any laws punishing HIV-infected offenders, thanks to the sodomite lobby.¹⁶

One of Williams' victims, an 18-year-old blonde named Amber Arnold, recently appeared on television on the *Montel Williams Show*. It is a venue in which the black host uses any sensational current event he can to berate Western culture and the white race. Arnold cried and blamed herself for catching the disease because, she confessed, she had failed to wrap a condom on Nushawn Williams.

For his part, Montel Williams emphasized the failure of the victims to engage in "safe" sex and totally ignored the monstrous acts of his soul brother. Negress columnist Sandra Smokes of *USA Today* joined the racial call to black unity, whining that the case of Nushawn Williams "would have faded and disappeared" were it not for the fact that he is black and his victims white.¹⁷ It is therefore clear that public educators, government agencies and programs, government-endorsed religious institutions and the mass media have taught people that it is politically incorrect to identify the racial, cultural and other special characteristics of the predators.

Arnold was also deceived into sacrificing herself to the "oppressed" minorityite, Nushawn Williams: "Me and Face, we had this bond. . . .He told me everything, everything. Except this." Except that one little thing. Even after her infection was diagnosed, she exclaimed, "But I'll stand by him through it all, because he said he loved me."¹⁸

Montel Williams and some of Nushawn Williams' victims portray him as the primary victim, everyone else as victims of "no condoms." Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post* and former black Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders all lamented the lack of free condoms for children as the source of the problem.¹⁹

History will not recall Nushawn Williams because he is not the first such beast to willfully spread his disease. Darnell McGee, a 28-year-old St. Louis black, trafficked in crack and HIV-positive sex. His rappin', rapin' name was "Boss Man." St. Louis authorities have spent 12 months, so far, tracking down Boss Man's victims. While he knew he was HIV-positive in 1992, Boss Man went ahead and had sex

with an untold number of females, some as young as 12, and has been linked to at least 30 cases of HIV-infection. . . . He was a purveyor of death.

One count put his number of sex partners at 100. Because of the failure of the equality state's criminal justice

system, McGee was ultimately shot to death, execution style, sitting in his car. Columnist Knott says McGee's killer is unknown and so "has not come forward to collect his key to the city."

The predators are not limited to the U.S. In Finland, the AIDS-infected Negro Steven Thomas was arrested after having unprotected sex with 100 women. In England, the AIDS-packing Ugandan Christopher Mayambala was arrested after he attempted to rape an 11-year-old girl. How many such murderous creeps are as yet undiscovered, both here and abroad?

All of Western civilization is under attack from the criminal-equality state combine. How much more destruction and suffering will it take before parents remove their children from public schools and ignore the brainwashing of the mass media and government-endorsed religious institutions? If we fail to do this, we will either "be bad" like Mike (Tyson or Jackson, it's all the same) or we most certainly will "be had."

JAY LOCK

Endnotes

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3. Bill Sammon, "A 'scorekeeper' in a deadly game, HIV-positive man's victim tally hits 100 in cross-state sex spree," *Washington Times*, Oct. 29, 1997, A1, 8.
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11. Tom Knott, "Infectious predator's killing a public service," *Washington Times*, Oct. 30, 1997, C2.

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17. Sandra Smokes, "White victims made the AIDS predator big news." *USA Today*, Nov. 7, 1997, 25A.

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Uncovering a Forgotten War Crime

During the War of 1812, largely a trade war provoked by the British, thousands of U.S. prisoners of war were held first in stinking hulks anchored offshore at Plymouth (England), then force-marched 17 miles to the grim jail at Princetown on the bleakest heights of Dartmoor. They went to join thousands of French Napoleonic prisoners for whom the jail complex had originally been built as "an area of concentration." Conditions were appalling. Many American prisoners died, their bodies unceremoniously tossed over the high prison walls to rot on the fields or be ravaged by wild animals.

After peace had eventually been signed between Britain and the U.S., there occurred what became known as "The Dartmoor Massacre," when a drunken British officer ordered his troops to fire upon a

dense crowd of American POWs who were clamoring for a speedy repatriation. Many Americans died or were wounded. The British official inquiry was a blatant whitewash.

It is my experience that very few American visitors who yearly flock in the thousands to Plymouth because of its association with the Founding Fathers have any knowledge or inkling of what happened at Princetown to their forebears. Local guide books make only a cursory reference to those events.

Not long ago I published a brief account of the Dartmoor Massacre in the *Barnes Review*. It aroused a lively interest among those who wished to learn more about the ghastly atrocity at Princetown. By chance last summer when visiting Princetown I managed to have a conver-

sation with the curator of Her Majesty's prison there. He was able to provide me with a wealth of hitherto unpublished material to supplement the research I had already undertaken. Prison authorities showed me every cooperation, which was surprising considering that the mass killing does not exactly represent a glorious page in British history.

The church at Princetown, built by the forced labor of French and U.S. prisoners, is now closed and in a sorry state of disrepair. The dust, dirt and cobweb-covered stained glass window, presented early this century by the Daughters of the War of 1812 Society, are making it virtually invisible. I heard recently that the church is up for sale. It is one of the most mournful sights in all England.

BRITISH CORRESPONDENT

The black Heimat is still very black

An African Travelogue

The title of his book notwithstanding, Redmond O'Hanlon is no intrepid Stanley or Conrad. Although he is the natural history editor of the Times Literary Supplement, he is perhaps better known for his modern jungle adventures, first in Borneo, then in South America. This time his destination was the Congo, his stated purpose to visit Lake Télé, a semi-mythical lake in the deepest swamp forest, and home to Mokélé-mbembé, the legendary Congolese version of Scotland's Nessie.

"The finest writer of travel books in the English language," one critic says of O'Hanlon. I beg to differ. Though relatively clever, he is clueless about Western Man. In this day and age there is no longer a grand purpose to global exploration, as evidenced by the body of tepid, neurotic, self-involved travel literature.

Redmond O'Hanlon is a collector of specimens, both animal and human. His books are peppered with sharply etched ethnic "characters" with whom he has been forced to associate to complete his journeys. One of his well-worn comic devices is to chaperon a totally naive white traveling companion and meticulously record his reactions once he is removed from the comforts of civilization. On this particular trip Redmond was attended by Lary, a "decent chap" with multiple sclerosis, a rational, liberal "All-American" professor who had built his three houses with his own hands and whose wife jets to California to shack up with an African American. So what does Decent Lary do? He decides to travel to Chocolateland, to explore the mysterious charm of dusky derma.

Redmond is not above exploiting the specter of a dark and dirty Africa to titillate his armchair Western audience. When Lary informed the tropical diseases expert at his university that he was going to the Congo, the latter commented, "Well, sure, why waste time? Why not jump in an open sewer and start drinking?" Teases like this, along with references to the Ebola virus and barbaric native customs, are cynical attempts on the author's part to shock his readers. The upshot is that nothing awful happens. Scarcely has the reader begun to nod off after yet another narcotic description of a tropical bird when there will ap-

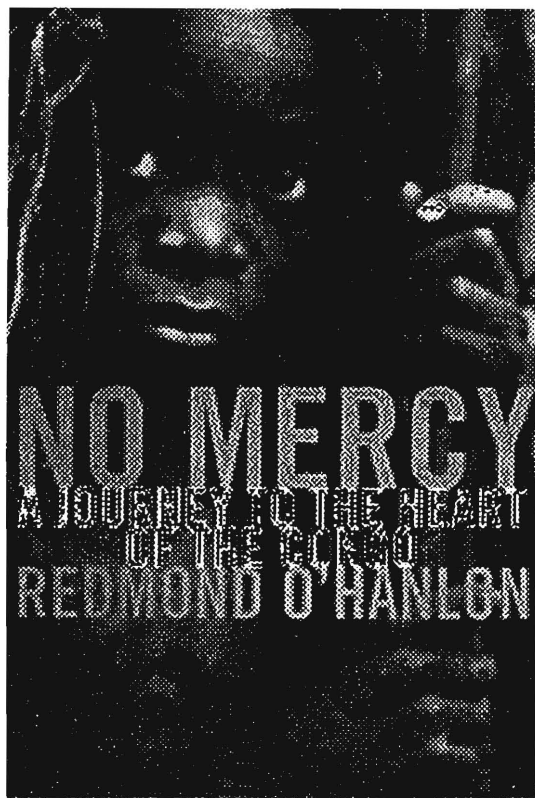
pear an eye-opening tidbit about some horrifically burrowing river parasite or intimate interlude on the part of his priapic Congolese guides. (It is believed that having sexual relations with an 8- or 9-year-old virgin will remedy syphilis and gonorrhea. Parents care little for their daughters and will sell them to diseased men at the drop of a totem.)

And that—not the search for Mokélé-mbembé—is the thrust of the book. The author was taken for a wild monetary ride. He had to give this man a fistful of coins to use his boat, this woman a handful of cash for a chicken, this boy a pile of bills for medicine to treat his yaws. Redmond shelled out his funds like the World Bank. It was one long financial hemorrhage. In addition to all the supplies, medicines, food and gifts, he had to disburse a series of fat bribes to innumerable Kalashnikov-toting Congolese petty officials simply for the privilege of camping outside their villages. More baksheesh was necessary for his head guide, Marcellin, the Congolese Minister of Wildlife, and all his mooching brothers. Although educated in Europe, Marcellin is African to the core. He lives in eye-

ball-rolling fear of his chicken-waving sorcerer relatives, constantly harassed by his poacher uncle and totally imbued with the cheapness of life on that ancient continent. (At one point, a man fell off the steamboat and no one tried to help him. The passengers idly watched him drown and then returned to whatever they had been doing.)

The psychological power of magic, from the *fetichouse* who reads O'Hanlon's future in cowry shells, to the witch doctor wars later in the book, is a theme he returns to again and again. The difference between fetishes and museum specimens, he concludes, is not as great as arrogant white men think. "You just don't get it," Marcellin screamed at the oblivious European left-brainer bumbling around in a minefield of deep magic.

O'Hanlon insinuates that the core of the difference between Western and African Man is that Africans, exceptions made for slaves and refugees, do not stray far from their roots, while the more linear whites, in storming the skies, have lost something integral. Perhaps the latter-day



explorer would be a good candidate for Odinism. The inference he should have made was that magic and science intersect in many mysterious ways, but whites have evolved an awareness of the relationship. Blacks seem unaware of it.

What of Mokélé-mbembé? Well, after all the hassle of getting there, bribing everyone and his brother, puffing and sweating his way through the humid forest, he hitches up with a dangerous backwoods rebel named Doubla (as in double-the-money) and a handful of slave pygmies (enslaving little forest people is a grand old African institution). After an exhausting journey O'Hanlon and party finally reach Lake Télé, where the creature is supposed to hang out. The author writes:

"Look," I said, feeling like some 19th-century ethnographer, "I'm sure you can tell me the truth in this holy place. There's something I'd really like to know. Have you seen Mokélé-mbembé?"

"What a stupid question," said Doubla, looking genuinely surprised, stopping with the water-bottle half-way to his lips.

Needless to say, O'Hanlon did not find what he expected to find. He staggered out of fly-mobbed Brazzaville a slightly wiser and substantially poorer man. And what he may really have learned he could not have printed.

ELIZABETH

Let Puerto Rico Be

In the past U.S. political leaders have made great numbers of blunders, a major one being the annexation of Puerto Rico and the Philippines as booty after our "splendid little war" with Spain.

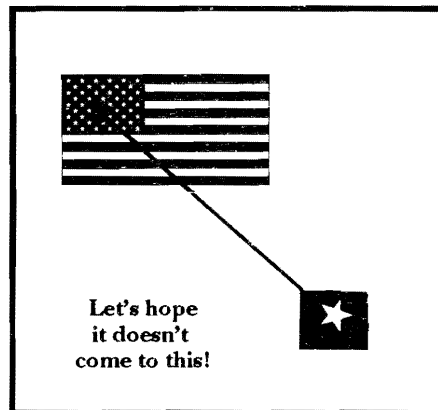
We more or less freed ourselves from the problems and troubles of the Philippines when we granted them their independence in 1946. On the other hand, we retained sovereignty over Puerto Rico. Since 1917, Puerto Ricans have been granted statutory U.S. citizenship and may travel or move to the mainland without immigration restrictions.

Today, Puerto Rico has one of the highest birthrates in the New World, its population climbing from 2.3 million in 1960 to 3.8 million in 1995. Projections are it will pass the 4 million mark in 2010. One of the planet's most crowded areas, it has a population density exceeding 1,000 per square mile. By comparison, the figure for Japan is 860; for the U.S. 75. Sixty percent of the births on the island are illegitimate; 60% of the families are on food stamps. Unemployment runs at 13%.

Republicans are pushing for a referendum on Puerto Rico in 1998 to determine whether it will be the 51st state, whether it will win independence or whether it will retain its commonwealth status. In the 1993 referendum the vote was 48.6% for the commonwealth and 46.3% for statehood. Since independence would cut off U.S. government handouts, it has unfortunately little chance as an option.

The argument of statehood vs. the present commonwealth status centers around money. The question is which of

the two alternatives will enable the islanders to reach the farthest into the pockets of U.S. taxpayers. Puerto Ricans do not pay federal income tax, which is the main reason cited by some citizens for it to remain a commonwealth. Puerto Rican proponents of statehood on the other hand claim that increased U.S. welfare benefits would far exceed the small federal income tax the islanders would have to pay.



Plagued by drug-related violence, the island has a far greater crime rate than any of the 50 states. Trying to cope with rampant crime and drug problems, Governor Rossello in 1993 called in the National Guard to police some of the most crime-ridden housing units. An Associated Press report noted, "It is the first time American military units have been pressed into routine crime fighting service with police." Here it might be noted that on the mainland some of the worst inner-city slums are peopled by Puerto Ricans.

One of the most challenging arguments against Puerto Rican statehood is language. Only about one in five Puerto Ricans speaks more than a few words of English, Spanish being the predominate language for the vast majority. At one time after the Spanish American War, English was the only language taught in public schools. In 1949 Puerto Rican activists succeeded in establishing both English and Spanish as dual official languages. Anti-English sentiment became so strong that in 1991 legislation was passed designating Spanish as the sole official language.

Republican congressmen are displaying mind-boggling lunacy in their push for Puerto Rican statehood. First of all, it would give the new state six seats in the House by removing six members from other states, plus adding two new senators. Records consistently show that welfare recipients vote Democratic.

This basically antiwhite campaign on the part of the Republicans seems to be tied to the G.O.P.'s passion to prove it is open to diversity, believes in a multicultural America and is not racist. The new state could well mean the end of the Republicans as a major force in U.S. politics.

Without the tax money of productive Americans, Puerto Rico would be one of the poorest Third World countries. To saddle U.S. workers with the added responsibility and expense involved in granting statehood to Puerto Rico would be an act of ultimate stupidity without precedent.

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