

# WHITE MAN

**THINK  
AGAIN!**

A JACOB



## **WHITE MAN, THINK AGAIN!**

Born in England, Anthony Jacob is a free-lance journalist. Prior to the Second World War, he studied the historical, political and racial background of seven different countries of Europe. During the War he served with the Royal Artillery for two years in India and saw service in Burma for another two years. Since the war he has lived in Africa, spending two years in South West Africa, four in Rhodesia and eleven in South Africa. During that time he visited at intervals the following countries, Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Zambia, Tanzania, Malawi, Kenya, Uganda, Eritrea, Egypt, the Sudan and Portuguese East Africa. He has seen at first hand what is developing in many of those countries and is thus in a position to write with authority on the events which threaten the existence of the white man.

Is the white race fated to be overwhelmed by the non-white races, or is it destined to triumph over them? Are we going to retain our racial identity, or are we going to allow ourselves to become an admixture with a 'world people'? Is White submergence inevitable or are we being merely persuaded and manoeuvred into handing over our power? These are some of the questions this book examines. It surveys the world political scene mainly from a South African point of view; it refutes the theory that all men are equal and insists on the importance of racial inequality and White superiority. This book maintains that the white race must either rule the world or suffer obliteration. Vigorously written, challenging in its directness, this is a book which many will welcome, many will attack but which none will be able to ignore.

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# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
Introduction .....	7
I The Egalitarian Fallacy .....	15
II The United Nations Organisation.....	28
III The United Nations Organisation and South Africa	48
IV South Africa.....	55
V South Africa's Withdrawal from the Commonwealth	82
VI South West Africa .....	91
VII Bechuanaland .....	103
VIII The Rhodesias and Nyasaland .....	111
IX The Congo .....	167
X East Africa .....	180
XI Great Britain .....	212
XII The United States of America .....	236
XIII Black and White .....	280

*A farmer whose sons were always at loggerheads tried to persuade them to mend their ways, but found that no words made any impression on them. So he decided to give them an object-lesson. He made them bring a bundle of sticks, and started by giving them the bundle as it was and telling them to break the sticks. Try as they would, they could not. Then he untied the bundle and handed them the sticks one at a time, so that they could break them easily. "It will be the same with you, my children," he said. "As long as you agree together no enemy can overcome you; if you quarrel, you will fall an easy prey."*

*Divided, men are vulnerable; it is union that makes them strong.*

— Aesop.

*The division of Europe into a number of independent states, connected, however, with each other by the general resemblance of religion, language, and manners, is productive of the most beneficial consequences to the liberty of mankind. A modern tyrant, who should find no resistance, either in his own breast or in his people, would soon experience a gentle restraint from the example of his equals, the dread of present censure, the advice of his allies, and the apprehension of his enemies. The object of his displeasure, escaping from the narrow limits of his dominions, would easily obtain, in a happier climate, a secure refuge, a new fortune adequate to his merit, the freedom of complaint, and perhaps the means of revenge. But the empire of the Romans filled the world, and when that empire fell into the hands of a single person, the world became a safe and dreary prison for his enemies. The slave of imperial despotism, whether he was condemned to drag his gilded chains in Rome and the Senate, or to wear out a life of exile on the barren rock of Seriphus, or the frozen banks of the Danube, expected his fate in silent despair. To resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly.*

— Edward Gibbon. 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'.

# INTRODUCTION

*It is my somewhat novel purpose in this introduction to introduce my intentions, that the reader may at the outset be given to understand the nature of the book. This will encourage those who might share my sympathies to read on, and spare those who will never share them the pain of reading any further.*

*I must therefore state without delay that I am particularly guilty of the modern heresy of admiring my own Anglo-Saxon race and kindred races above all others, and that it is my intention in this book to make them more conscious of their worth and more aware of the many threats to their triumphant survival. It is my purpose to indicate the great future that awaits them if they will but follow along the path of their own inborn characteristics and their own native desires and intuitions. Together with this, it is my plan to expose the many fallacies of common opinion and pseudo-scientific statement which are being employed in the cause of a One-World design; fallacies forming the substance of an all-embracing process of mental conditioning coincident with events such as racial integration in America and Britain, and the abdication of the White colonial powers in Africa and elsewhere. These are processes and events against which the instincts of our peoples, however belatedly, are beginning to protest. It is my self-imposed task, then, to be in the forefront of this protest.*

*I should perhaps state that with regard to most of the matters dealt with in this book, I speak of them from personal experience rather than from hearsay. Of English birth, I lived for several years in Asia and on the European Continent. Since the Second World War, Africa has been my home. Thus I am what is known in both the Western and the Communist world as a diehard white settler; a term*

*of intended opprobrium which in view of its source I am inclined to accept as a compliment. I would also be described as a Right-wing extremist; anyone not of Leftist persuasion invariably being described as an extremist. Certainly I am undeviatingly Right-wing in political conviction. I believe, most emphatically where it applies to the world as a whole, in the aristocratic as opposed to the democratic principle. I believe in quality as opposed to quantity, in the rule of the qualified elect over the unqualified many, in the validity of breeding as opposed to indiscriminate coupling. I believe in the democracy of aristocracy but not in the aristocracy of democracy. Though I make no claim to aristocratic connection in the accepted sense, and am but a scion of unpretentious English farming stock, I value my identity accordingly. I believe in the validity of my racial identity and treasure the continuity of my national traditions. I believe in, and honour, all those time-hallowed values and factors which have led us to greatness in the past, and which if retained will guarantee the greatness of our posterity. For unless we maintain the highest standards of which we are capable we shall not survive except as the slaves of others, which in the long run would mean that we would not survive at all.*

*Thus I am indeed biased and prejudiced. I am indeed a 'racist' and in fundamental matters an extremist. Yet it is of course the Leftists who are the revolutionaries, not the conservatives. It is the Leftists, those who seek to overthrow the established Western order, who are the real extremists. The Rightists, those who would but conserve the established order, are provoked into extremism only by the Leftists. They have learned that it is only by extremism that extremism can be defeated. Conservatives are naturally willing to accept innovation and eager to encourage genuine progress and culture, but they refuse outright to regard all old-established things as bad and all new things as good. They are not so shallow-minded as to condemn as 'reactionary' that ultra-conservative rule under which Europe attained to such unparalleled eminence in all fields of human endeavour. They are not so blind, or so deaf, as to avoid noting that whereas the bygone 'reactionary' aristocracies of Europe sponsored Beethovens, modern 'progressive' democracies sponsor nothing but Beatles. In short, Conservatives know that all change is not growth, as all movement is not forward. And they see no reason to subscribe to their own extinction merely for the benefit of Moscow, Washington and Bloomsbury.*

*It needs to be appreciated that there is more than one power group seeking to extend its influence at our expense; more than one power group seeking to dominate the world. At bottom, biology taking precedence over everything else, these are simply racial groups, though commonly disguised in political garb. Politically, the threat to our survival can be summed up in one word — Communism. But to see Communism in its proper perspective we have to appreciate that this, too, owing to the said racial factor, assumes more than one form,*

*and that Communist nations can war against one another just as bitterly as Christian nations have always warred against one another. As we know, Russian Communism, by which we understand Russian nationalism and imperialism, unchanged from the days of the tsars, is not the only menace confronting us. There is the more dangerously headstrong nationalism and imperialism of China, likewise calling itself Communism but practised by yellow ant-men differing as much from ourselves as men from another planet. Still another form of Communism, international rather than national, having its headquarters in the United States and operating at the highest levels, represents a threat all the greater for being insidious and undeclared. In addition, there is the influence of the Pinks — the Socialists and Liberals. Moreover, in our own Anglo-Saxon lands, nothing is more internally corrosive than the diluted Communism that passes for sound political opinion even among the otherwise conservative strata of society.*

*It is apparent that the West — as represented chiefly by America — is not being true to itself and to its own values, but is being true to something else and to some other values. No doubt it is seeking unity of a sort, but not of a sort that should interest us. A desirable unity would be anything but synonymous with indistinguishableness, still less with submissiveness. The sort of unity that should interest us would provide for the full self-expression of each sovereign state within a broad framework of voluntary association, much like that of the British Commonwealth before the disastrous and arbitrarily imposed membership of Coloured, artificial sub-nations. If for the sake of a supposed security the various nations of an alliance surrender their respective identities and huddle together in one shapeless heap, they are clearly defeating their own ends. It is not the kind of arrangement that will enable them to defeat their enemies. The only kind of security it will give them is the security of the secured. It will give them equality, but only the equality of servitude. It is quite necessary then that we should retain our individual national identities and characteristics, and should work for our own individual good if we are to be in a condition to make a worth-while contribution to the whole. The only individuals the law commonly restrains are criminals and lunatics, not the individuals upon whose strength and initiative we rely for our prosperity and protection. In fact an individual nation that is weak, weak in itself irrespective of its size, has no right to exist. To be swallowed by some sort of International Order is the proper fate of such a nation. All the more reason then that it should not be the fate of ours. For if we cannot stand on our native soil and call it our own, we shall not have anywhere to stand at all.*

*Unity, in any event, is strength only when it is based on enduring family ties, on the unity of like peoples. That is why Aesop's object-lesson on unity was given to brothers and not unrelated men. It is nothing short of lunacy, or Liberal unrealism, to attempt to weld civilised white men and uncivilised black men into an enduring 'family*

unity'. The two cannot mix; and all attempts to make them mix will work gravely to the detriment of the Whites, upon whom civilisation exclusively depends. To my mind it is self-evident that the Anglo-Saxon and kindred peoples are absolutely irreplaceable, and that without them the civilisation they engendered and represent would, with the possible exception of one or two curious deviations or malformations, soon cease to exist. Let there be no mistake about this. When we speak of civilisation we are referring to that which is wholly our own. There is no other civilisation whatever. At best there are one or two minor foreign cultures. At best there are one or two successful foreign copyists of our civilisation's more material aspects. But there are absolutely no imitators of its moral and spiritual uniqueness, because there are no other people like the Westerners whose possession it is.

Without the Westerners, even the successful material copyists of our civilisation would not further nor even for long maintain that which they have copied, any more than the froth on the surface of a great river would continue to exist were the river to dry up. The source of this Western river, moreover, is Europe. It is in fact very largely due to the comparative eclipse of Western Europe that we are experiencing the present world-wide chaos — the so-called emergence of the under-privileged peoples of the world, but more accurately the return to savagery and tumult of the permanently inferior peoples of the world. This is the condition which the late President Kennedy was pleased to call democratic liberty, and towards which he quite correctly said the world was moving. It is essentially a condition of disintegration; a condition entirely beyond the power of democracy to remedy.

Without in the least underestimating the vital importance of America, the fate of the world still hinges on Europe: the Europe that could conceivably be destroyed but never supplanted; the Europe which is suffering a temporary eclipse only as a result of it having been divided against itself. Yet, largely because they have had no intimate contact with non-White peoples, and because their opinion-moulding newspapers and magazines are concerned with the propagation of misinformation, slanted information, One-World idealism and White defeatism — with the sapping rather than the inspiring of White confidence — the European peoples have remained largely unconscious of their own worth and of the magnitude of their potential destiny. The common people have remained unconscious of them because they are ignorant. Their leaders have remained unconscious of them because they are educated. Thus they nearly all believe they should be resigned to their present secondary position in the world because they are hopelessly outnumbered by the non-European peoples; because Europe is spatially too limited; because history proves that all great empires and states must inevitably decline and pass away; because history

*proves that the centre of power has always moved mystically from east to west — and so on and so on.*

*But it would be truer to say that people decline when they impose needless limitations upon themselves. Man, above all White Christian man, is a spirit, not a hopeless lump of liberal dough. The White race has always been hopelessly outnumbered, but it has never been conquered. On the contrary, it has conquered the world. Nor is there anything inevitable about the decline and disappearance of empires and nations. It is true that the ancient Greeks and Romans, our preceptors in culture and civilisation respectively, disappeared from the world. But that is precisely the point: they simply ceased to exist at all. They disappeared through assimilation with other peoples. To be sure, the ancient Greeks paved the way for their disappearance through their unrelenting fratricidal strife, exactly as we have been doing in the last two world wars; while Rome itself was simply inundated by multiracial torrents springing from all parts of the empire and beyond; resulting eventually in a corrupt multiracial Senate; in the gradual amendment and ultimate abolishment of the laws and constitution of the Res Publica; in the official declaration of universal human equality (which in depriving the Roman citizen of his privileges also deprived him of his sense of duty and responsibility) and finally in complete racial amalgamation. Rome, having been declared to exist everywhere, ceased to exist anywhere.*

*Nevertheless it was not inevitable, except after the process of racial assimilation had become too far advanced. Provided a nation retains its energy-material, which is its people, intact and unimpaired (save perhaps for a limited and judicious infusion, at prolonged intervals, of good, related blood), it will always be capable of rising again to whatever eminence it may have attained in the past. Very few nations are capable of greatness. But those that are, though they may alternately expand and contract, much like the breathing universe itself, need never resign themselves to oblivion provided they cleave to their distinctive identities.*

*Pessimism and despondency never formed part of the equipage of a victorious army; and the more we understand the nature of that which is threatening the Western order, the more we realise the need to set ourselves upon a footing of disciplined militancy. Our first task will be to cleanse the Augean Stables. It is precisely because ours is so matchless a civilisation that it is particularly vulnerable to corruption. That is to say, it is easy to downgrade it but difficult to improve on it. Furthermore, downgraded it has been and is being. It will be our Right-wing task, therefore, to rectify the general debasing of standards and the constant pandering to the lowest common denominator. We will have to rectify the loosening of discipline, the undermining of authority, the disclaiming of responsibility, the stultifying of initiative, the praising of the bad, the substituting of brainwashing for education, the blunting of instincts other than the*

more pernicious, the equating of sex with sadism and realism with sordidness, the replacing of backbones with wishbones and purpose with humour, the rejecting of national loyalties and the general shaping of a mass Communist mind. We will have to rectify the equating of Socialism with Christianity; the notion that public welfare should be imposed by the State instead of being promoted by self-help — a State-imposed public welfare which would of course be transformed overnight into a cumbersome machinery for crushing 'unco-operative' individuals.

If our army is to advance, it follows that nothing must be allowed to impede its progress. It is not enough that we should be so cravenly anxious never to do anybody else any harm; it is much more important that we should now be concerned with doing ourselves unlimited good, regardless of the casualties this might cause among those who delight in getting in our way. It is indeed vital that we do ourselves unlimited good, for certainly nobody else will do us any good. It is more than time then that we rid ourselves of our degrading concern for the underdog, and gave our attention to fostering that which is best and strongest in ourselves. Since it is we who are now in the position of the said unspeakable animal, our sympathy ought properly to be reserved for ourselves. The Cult of the Underdog, which is both the cause and the outcome of our present decline, of our inculcated sense of guilt and inadequacy and self-pitying orgy of egalitarianism, is a hideous alien worship which we must quickly discard. It is a monument to the lowest elements in our own midst; to those who are rapidly being corrupted by their own emancipation.

If our respective Western nations are to survive it is necessary that we find a common racial purpose. It is also necessary that we declare our beliefs and state our purpose no matter whom we may offend. We can but offend our natural enemies by doing so. In the present struggle for the minds of men it is necessary that we hold firm ideas of our own. It is necessary that our position be clear to ourselves first and foremost. We must know upon what foundations to build, what star to steer by. Equally important, we must not fall into the trap of imagining that when other branches of our racial family are under sustained attack it is because they are as wicked as our newspapers would have us believe, and that 'our' newspapers are appealing to us because they are convinced of our unique decency. The attack is directed against all of us; for our enemies recognise our fundamental organic unity even if we fail to recognise it ourselves. As we are not free to criticise everyone in our midst, there is all the more reason that we should think twice before exercising our democratic privilege to criticise freely and maliciously those of our own racial family.

It is necessary that we should always ask ourselves the simple question, *Cui Bono?* — For whose good is it? The ideal of One-World, for instance; Is it designed for our good? Is school integration in

*America designed for the good of the white children, or even for the good of the Negro children? Or with regard to the retrogressive and artificially-contrived events in Africa, is it believed that the general capitulation of the colonial powers was for Europe's good or even for the good of the native inhabitants of the territories concerned? Surely we realise that if Africa, the vacuum, is filled by the Communists or by anyone at all who is hostile to us, NATO will be outflanked and Europe cut off from a vital source of raw materials? We must remember that Mackinder's geo-political Heartland is already firmly in Communist hands. Racially, if we care to make an exception of that little spit of land known as Western Europe, we control only the world's fringes — much like primitives. Where shall we be then if, as we are doing, we abandon Africa as well, instead of securing it?*

*Almost the last and by much the strongest and most important Western bastion in Africa is South Africa, which ever since the end of the Second World War has been subjected to attacks of unrelenting intensity from all quarters — not least from the West itself. Clearly, nothing could be more suicidal and racially treasonable than Western hostility to this resolutely anti-Communist nation. The same applies to Western hostility to the resolutely anti-Communist countries of Southern Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique.*

*It behoves us then to examine this Western Sickness; to examine it and find the cure, that the Western peoples might speedily be rid of it — and rid of it for ever.*

ANTHONY JACOB

Johannesburg

1965

*It is inevitable that between the writing of this book and its publication many events should have taken place which cannot be recorded in this edition. One example is the Unilateral Declaration of Independence by Rhodesia. Because these events have in no way invalidated the views set forth, it has not been considered necessary to make any amendments or to bring the book right up to date. It is all to the good that it should stay as it is, without alteration.*



# CHAPTER I

## The Egalitarian Fallacy

*It is a delusion to imagine anything great could originate from the bottomless sea of a universality.*

— Jacob Grimm

*You preachers of equality, thus from you the tyrant-madness of impotence cries for 'equality': thus your most secret tyrant-appetite disguises itself in words of virtue.*

— Nietzsche

Of all the many fallacies of our times, the greatest is that all races are equal. This is the fallacy upon which most of our disasters of policy and faults of argument are based. It is also the fallacy underlying the political philosophy of the United Nations Organisation. That it should so far have prevailed, that we can have been persuaded literally that black is white and white is black, is proof not only of the extensive propagation of a great untruth but of an equally systematic discouragement of the truth itself.

The theory of race equality maintains that racial differences are merely skin deep. This in itself, however, is at once an admission of difference and not of sameness. The theory goes on to claim that aside from differences of environment and opportunity, there are no genetic or native differences whatever. Illustrated, this means that although there are undeniable differences in appearance between, say, a Pygmy and a Norwegian, or a Papuan and a Scotsman, they are purely dermatological differences. And the equally undeniable differences in behaviour and achievement are due to the aborigines having been denied the advantages of a Western university education.

While there are many distinguished anthropologists and geneticists who refute the egalitarian theory in its entirety, and give their scientific support to the common sense view of the layman, their conflicting theory of racial inequality is not widely circulated. They do not command the publicity which is afforded their evidently more influential opponents. Yet it is odd, to say the least of it, to find anthropologists denying the validity of race, for it means they are denying the validity of that which they are studying. They are like astronomers who would deny the existence of different kinds of

stars, or geologists who would deny the existence of different kinds of rocks. They are like physicists who would deny any difference between black coal and white diamonds on the ground that both are composed of carbon.

Nevertheless the egalitarian anthropologists do deny inherent racial differences; and their lead is followed by the social scientists, who strictly speaking of course are not scientists at all. Most ministers of religion also support the egalitarian dogma, because they feel there is something essentially un-Christian about all notions of inferiority or superiority — except, we trust, where the undoubted superiority of the Christian religion over other religions is concerned. Thus, as the American psychologist, Professor Garrett, has observed, the egalitarian scientific groups and the religious groups tend to support one another. The scientific groups fall back on moral denunciation when their evidence grows feeble, and the religious appeal to 'science' when feeling the need to bolster their ethical sermons.

The liberals, for their part, are usually a little more cautious. They, with characteristically meaningless grandiloquence, declare that all men are equal in the sight of God. This would indicate, if it indicates anything, that the wickedest men are equal to the best, and that God does not differentiate between them. It would indicate that God and his good Liberal lieutenants — who are always so obviously working in close liaison with the Almighty — quite fail to see any difference between a Gilles de Rais and a Saint Joan of Arc, or a Messalina and a Florence Nightingale. It would also indicate, apparently, that through their authoritative pronouncements upon the Deity's eyesight the Liberals have now appointed themselves celestial opticians.

In our Western colleges and universities the indoctrination proceeds apace, and the students parrot the egalitarian dogma with increasing frequency and confidence. Our intellectuals, too, have espoused the dogma as uncritically as they have accepted the closely related tenets of surrealist — i.e. 'above realism' — art, which expresses their despairing atheism and nihilism to perfection. Being iconoclastic owing to their inability to believe in anything positive, and wishing at all costs to keep well ahead of the common herd in order to impress us and themselves with their formidable mental powers, theirs is a conventional unconventionality which is at least as ludicrous as it is dangerous. Rather more alarming is the fact that only the bravest or most reckless of young scientists, the aspiring high-priests of tomorrow, would venture to jeopardise their careers by disputing the approved dictum. If they want to succeed they must toe the party line like their counterparts in Russia; for the party line in this instance, need it be said, is also the Communist line. The Russians continue to propagate the egalitarian dogma (though no longer in their own essentially aristocracy-orientated

country) because it serves to subvert Western society and power. By turning everything upside down, the white man in the colonies is deposited at the bottom of the ensuing heap, and in his racially homogeneous land of origin the hereditary ruling classes are overthrown by the masses — who then come under Communist rule.

This is to be expected of the Communists, but not of our own Western political leaders. Disconcertingly, however, these none the less zealously adhere to the common dogma. It would be bad enough if they were to do this for reasons of a misguided political expediency; but one strongly suspects they have been genuinely converted and sincerely believe their own statements. Thus, for example, Mr Diefenbaker, until recently the so-called Conservative Prime Minister of Canada, said that “Whatever the colour, whatever the race, all are equal. No other principle is sufficient. No other principle is acceptable.” Because he believed that “Ghana and Canada share the same principles of freedom and justice in our national affairs,” whereas the racial segregation practised in South Africa was an “abomination”, he eagerly visited the Black Dominion of Ghana but flatly refused to visit the White Dominion of South Africa. Indeed, he gave practical emphasis to his opinions by initiating the break-up of the White Commonwealth by forcing the expulsion of South Africa. He believed in “the brotherhood of God and man,” but evidently with certain reservations. In any event, in spite of his sanctimoniousness, he is now out of power because he was rejected by the brotherhood of Canadian man and apparently by God as well.

The successive presidents of the United States of America, from Roosevelt onward, have likewise echoed the new creed. President Truman said that “God has no favourites”; President Eisenhower stated that racial inequality, which was caused by the “bitter prejudice about skin pigmentation,” was one of the blemishes that mar the image of the United States; and President Kennedy said it was a “cruel disease”. Nor did Mr Macmillan (who, much like Diefenbaker, said that “Ghana is the shining light of the British Commonwealth”) fail to follow along the same ideological path. In fact he never hesitated to repeat the most common and ill-advised views on the subject. In Cape Town, at a luncheon given by the liberal City Council, he stated that “India, what is now Pakistan, Malaya and Ceylon, these were all great civilisations born when we were savages. They had great philosophies and religions when we were wandering about as savages on our little island, dressed in woad.” Having administered this drubbing to South Africa, expressed his contempt of Britain, and extolled the ancient Aryan civilisation of India, he then, a few days later, when intimating that Britain would no longer remain neutral at UNO and elsewhere on the question of South Africa’s domestic affairs, announced that “We reject the idea of any inherent superiority of one race over

another. Our policy, therefore, is non-racial". In this last sentence in particular, however, he revealed the complete unrealism that accompanies all statements of racial equality. For unless it be applied to a wholly hybrid community or world, what can the phrase 'non-racial' possibly mean? It is a supreme contradiction in terms. We can hardly believe that Mr Macmillan would tell his apparently despicable white grandchildren that he is going to take them to the London non-animal zoo or the Kew non-botanical gardens, or would point to horses and zebras and llamas and camels and say that they belonged to the same non-genera.

The systematic suppression and distortion of the truth in order to force it into the Procrustean framework of a Godless One-World Government clearly presages a return of the Inquisition. A political universality brings in its train, in its very van, dungeons and racks for the heretics. And while we may marvel at the mediaeval schoolmen, basing their unanswerably logical arguments upon unexamined or untenable premises, it is in no less irrational a manner that modern One-Worlders proceed with their sophistries. Indeed, the danger is now all the greater, for even the Inquisition did not seek to deny the identity of European man as such, nor did it deny God. On the contrary, though a semi-oriental institution in itself (practically every refinement of torture was introduced into Europe from Asia), the most notorious branch of it, namely the Spanish, was actually born of the racial clash between Christian Spaniards and non-Christian Asians. Nevertheless, whereas our more doughty rulers of former times — of the times when we really possessed rulers — never permitted the Inquisition to establish itself in England and other northern European countries, there is every indication that our present rulers would welcome its modern equivalent.

Hypocrisy being the tribute that vice pays to virtue, the process of this One-World establishment is being conducted under the cover of supposedly unimpeachable slogans such as Freedom, Justice, Humanity, Brotherhood, etc; the very values it would inevitably suppress. That it has proceeded stealthily step by step to encompass its aim, points in itself to nefarious design. It is evidently felt that the peoples of the West would resist it if they did but grasp its practical implications. The concept of Humanity, after all, does not include us. Humanitarian propaganda itself has revealed this, however unwittingly. When, having finished reading our daily newspapers, we shut our eyes and form mental pictures of Humanity we do not see clean and upstanding white people but only jostling, unwashed masses of demonstrating coloured underdogs. By the same token, it is not for these masses of humanity that the modern Inquisition is being prepared, but for us alone. Necessarily so, as, apart from the question of racial vengeance, we are the only ones standing in the way of world domination by others. African Negroes, for instance, represent a barrier to no one, and a threat to none

but a handful of white settlers. Having no future greatness before them, if any future at all, they are merely useful pawns in the game. Furthermore the Negro race would have little or nothing to lose by admixture with other races, whereas the White race would be wholly undone by admixture — above all by admixture with the Negro.

The work of Communist and Liberal, of conspirator and wayward idealist alike, is made so much easier by the unsuspectingness of their victims. This applies particularly to the English-speaking peoples, who never seem to realise that the world is composed of other than English gentlemen and is concerned with other than English or American or Australian welfare. To be sure, the world would not have anything too terrible to complain about if it were to come under the jurisdiction of English law and be kept in order by kindly English bobbies — in much the way it was administered under the Pax Britannica. But the inhabitants of the Anglo-Saxon countries would not be quite so happy with Mongolian police posses enforcing the decrees of an Asian-style World Court. Though everyone knows how easily attention may be diverted from the real issue by the creation of a hullabaloo about something else, it is remarkable that we of the West should be so befogged by propaganda that we are unable to see that the 'world concern' for the 'under-privileged' races is essentially a smokescreen concealing the threat to ourselves. Benumbed by the force of this propaganda, or habituated to its uncontested prevalency, we are being persuaded to endorse the plans for our own downfall at the very time when we should have been most sharply alerted to our danger. Without evincing the least trace of suspicion or making the least protest — because we have been told that it is only in wicked totalitarian countries that people are subjected to brainwashing — we have pledged ourselves unthinkingly to the said ruinous, not to say highly insulting dogmas of racial equality, common humanity, universal brotherhood and so forth; little realising that we are the only people in the world fair-minded enough or silly enough to believe in them, or warm-hearted enough to practise them. Neither do we appear to understand that this same attitude of ingenuous sentimentality must unavoidably sap our necessary instinct of self-assertiveness, our ability occasionally to state what we demand rather than what we are prepared to yield. It must also nullify our healthy and eminently justified pride of race, because if all the races are equal there can be no justification for believing our own to be any better than the worst, and absolutely no acceptable reason for objecting to processes of mongrelisation.

It is in keeping with the surreptitious nature of the present Liberal-cum-Communist world revolution, where it affects the West, that it should be referred to not as a revolution but as an evolution. Elsewhere it is openly called revolution, but for our benefit it is called evolution precisely because it is an 'evolution' against us.

Theories of political revolution, in any event, are generally repugnant to us because they offend our innately conservative Anglo-Saxon instincts. We are a strange people in that we prefer stability to anarchy. The theory of evolution, on the other hand, as propounded by three great thinkers of the West — Lamarck, Darwin and Wallace — is one which has gained complete ascendancy over us, and it is because it has gained this ascendancy over us that we are at a loss to know how to refute it when it is translated into political terms. Yet the theory of evolution, certainly as popularly conceived, contains many absurdities and is beset by no fewer apparently insuperable difficulties. The subject is too vast a one to be examined at any length here, so we will but touch upon some of the more common absurdities or misconceptions as we go along. For our present purposes however, it might be remarked here that the word involution occupies just as large a space in our dictionaries as the word evolution, and that the word retrogression occupies just as large a space as the word progress.

Similarly, concerning the differences between the White race and the Negro race, differences so basic that they permeate their respective structures from the skin to the very bone, I will delay detailed examination of them until the last chapter of the book. It will be sufficient at this stage merely to glance very briefly at some of the more popular notions relating to them. Firstly, as to the patently absurd notion that the sole difference between the black man and the white man is that of skin pigmentation, it would be pertinent to ask how this can be reconciled with the African albino. In Africa the Native albino is accepted unquestioningly by black man and white man alike as being in all respects a Negro except for the colour of his skin. Except for the colour of his skin he is not remotely a white man. In rather similar vein, the white man in Africa, according to our popular ideas on evolution as determined by environment, should perhaps have begun to acquire a black skin. But those white communities that have been settled in Africa for generations and even hundreds of years, provided they have retained their race intact are still perfectly white in colour. And of course if the white man were to live in Africa for thousands of years, even until the crack of doom itself, his skin would still remain perfectly white.

Though we do not see any peculiar half-forms emerging from the scum of still waters any more (transitional forms which would be incapable alike of existence and self-propagation), science believes that evolution, if only in a subdued form, is still taking place. But are we to assume from this that the black man will evolve into a white man, even if he fails to acquire a white skin? Are we to assume that his pithecoïd features are going to become Caucasoid features, and so on? It is hard to think that anyone could believe this, unless he could believe that the gorilla will evolve into a Negro. (It might

well be asked, incidentally, why the apes have not evolved into men, if man is descended from an ape.) The Negro will not evolve. He will always be a Negro and nothing else. His only way of escape is by climbing the ladder from mulatto to quadroon, from quadroon to octoroon. If, under the rule of advanced peoples — more biologically refined peoples — he is forced to change his old primitive ways and dress in European clothing and drive motor-cars and locomotives, or even peer down microscopes, this does not mean he has evolved into a superior type. Evolution is change, yes, but change is not necessarily evolution. Nor does education effect more than a superficial change in him; for while education may change the style it does not change the substance. As we have observed everywhere in Africa, or in America for that matter, the moment White discipline is removed the Negro reverts to type; and he is all the more grotesque for having picked up enough of the white man's ways and figures of speech to be able to mimic them to his own supposed advantage.

The extreme difference in skin colour of the Caucasoids and Negroids is a most difficult factor indeed for the protagonists of racial sameness to explain away. They cannot explain it away; so they try to circumvent it. And this they do, not so much by evading it as by emphasising it in order to decry it and to obtain for it the acceptance of over-familiarity. They know we do not see with our eyes so much as with our minds, and that if blinkers cannot be attached to the former they can be to the latter. By dint of continually stressing 'the mere colour of a man's skin', which they know perfectly well is the glaringly plain index of a profound biological difference, they hope to forestall White objection. They hope to make us feel stupid at thinking it important, and guilty at mentioning it. Repetition is the main ingredient of successful advertising and brain-washing; and except that it is being employed here for inhibitory ends, the identical process by which products are marketed and sold is being put to work. We are being 'sold' on an idea. Repetition is a form of hypnotism, transfixing us by effacing superfluous sensory perceptions. It is like the focused rays of a burning-glass, boring deeply into our minds until it touches the pure responsiveness underneath; that basic mind-stuff which we might picture as being like a mirror-smooth jelly recording all impressions and reacting to the stimulus of any will. Once this has been achieved we can be relied upon to act according to hypnotic or even post-hypnotic suggestion; whether it be to utter solemn mechanical clichés like a Western prime minister or to jump up at the end of the show and shout out: 'Chocolates! Cigarettes! Peanuts!' We are thus conditioned to repeat to ourselves: 'After all, it's only the colour of their skins. We are all human beings.'

Yet if we are all human beings it is strange we should feel the need to protest it. Certainly Negroes are not human beings in the

sense we normally convey by that term, meaning that they are fairly identical specimens to ourselves, but are something decidedly different. Of course, they are fundamentally similar though by no means identical in form to white men, and share the same fundamental functions and most of the same fundamental needs. But so, in all sober accuracy, do the apes, which are also fundamentally similar in form to men. Such however is the extent of egalitarian propaganda that we are somehow given to understand not only that Negroes are human beings exactly like everyone else, including Mongols, but that they are actually in some vital sense more truly human than we are. They are the same as us but more so. There appears to be something vaguely bogus about us; for our race, we are told, is anything but pure, and in spite of our arrogant pretensions we are really no more than despicable mongrels masquerading as real people. The Negro race on the other hand is intensely real, both racially and humanly. When, therefore, you look at a Negress you should appreciate that you are looking at something eminently true and noble and genuine, and in all respects solid. But when you see a white woman you would be well advised to ignore her. She may appear to be a very distinct type and she may well be remarkably fair to look upon; but she is nothing like so real as a Negress. There is something so inherently false about her that she is not really there at all. She is an illusion; a sheer invention of the racists.

Together with other popular evolutionary assumptions, it is generally taken for granted that the African of today is at much the same stage as our own forebears of Roman times, and that he will develop as they developed. Or to put it another way, it is generally assumed that there was no difference between our barbarian ancestors and their Negro contemporaries. But whichever way we would put it, it is a wholly erroneous belief. It is another fallacy which we will examine in greater detail later on. Suffice it here to say that our early forebears were of a different material altogether to the Negroes. Nothing has ever evoked a response, an answering chord, in the dull breast of the Negro; neither the example of previous civilisations nor the natural challenge of great rivers and beckoning seas. In contrast to this, our pagan ancestors ranged the world in their superb longships, from the Caspian to America. The stuff of poetry was in them from the beginning. There were horizons to be crossed, distant and unknown lands to be explored, perils to be faced, enemies to be smitten, mighty empires to be toppled — all forming the material for their great sagas and epics. They had considerable powers of organisation; for no mere barbaric rabble could have overthrown Rome, still less have preserved it and defended it against the hordes of Asia once having conquered it. However much, on other occasions, they plundered and destroyed, yet they built all the great nations of Europe, including Russia. They were free men, not bondsmen; and no matter how formidable

to their enemies they honoured their women and treated them as equals. Long before the coming of Christianity they recognised the marriage bond, the one wife and companion. Polygamy was never practised by them, any more than cannibalism.

History therefore refutes the popular conception, and insists there is something innately lacking in the Negro and always has been. Unlike the white man, the Negro has never dominated his environment, and has always been completely dominated by it. In this respect we might compare Africa with Iceland, and African art with Icelandic art. In spite of Iceland's isolation and its almost absolute lack of raw materials suitable for artistic reproduction, Icelandic art — let alone Icelandic literature and poetry — has been incomparably superior to anything produced in Africa, notwithstanding the very great natural advantages enjoyed by Africans. In all branches of endeavour the Icelanders have far excelled the Africans, and have behaved as a biologically refined people can be expected to behave, no matter how isolated and barren their country. It is not too surprising then, even in these post-war years, to find some prominent scientists boldly agreeing that there is something distinctly odd about the Negro even from the orthodox evolutionary point of view. Professor Carleton Coon, for instance, who is president of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists, recently presented evidence that the Negro race is fully 200,000 years behind the White race on the ladder of evolution. He stated that this is due to the Negro race having inhabited an area of evolutionary stagnation during the Pleistocene, as distinct from the centres of evolutionary activity which the White race inhabited.

Yet another widely propagated figment of the imagination, related to egalitarianism and plunging us into a defeatist gloom, is that which assures us the non-White peoples of the world must inevitably overwhelm us owing to their vastly superior numbers. We are urged to surrender to them all that we possess in the hope, despite all the appalling injury we have done them in the past, that they will be induced to treat us mercifully. This can be called the policy of making us helpless by making us hopeless. If successful it will cause us to capitulate without a struggle; which is what the West has almost finished doing now in Africa after having completed the process in Asia and half of Europe and, it could be added, in the United States as well. It even prompts our ministers of religion, who are usually so much concerned with political un-Christian behaviour on our part, to press us into accepting the coming mastery of these un-Christian peoples. One of these modern clerical prophets of despair is none other than that hero of the Press, Pastor Niemöller, who, in Canada (which would appear to be a natural centre for anti-White expression), said that "There is no possible way to stop the world domination of the yellow-, brown- and red-skinned races. All we can hope for is that they treat the White race with mercy."

I do not know why Pastor Niemöller excluded the black-skinned races from his statement, and included the red-skinned race. Perhaps he was speaking in a Redskin Reserve. The traditional Christian Church, however, believes that Christian Europe was supernaturally created; which makes it difficult to understand how any of its ministers — even though they differ so markedly from their cruder but more vigorous predecessors — can maintain that it will be heathenly destroyed. Personally, I do not for a moment believe it will be. The supposedly overwhelming non-White forces that are being marshalled against us are largely the products of our overwrought imaginations. They are being marshalled, but they are not overwhelming. The giant non-White nations are almost all of them giants of straw, barely able to support the weight of their own teeming populations and the corruption of their administrations. The giant Black Spectre before which Mr Macmillan trembled and collapsed is indeed a mere phantom; and the giant Brown one is no more substantial. In fact there are only two non-White (because near-White) giants who constitute a potential or immediate menace to the West — China and Japan, the old Yellow Peril. They are a danger because in addition to vast numbers they possess energy. Yet even these yellow peoples are not such as shall dominate the world. They do not possess enough of the qualities that make for world domination and rulership. Their trouble is that they are not completely human, just as they are not completely white.

According to Darwin's theory of evolution, numerical superiority is a proof of genetic superiority. The genetically successful types flourish at the expense of the genetically inferior types. This would appear to prove that Indians are superior to New Zealanders and that Brazilians are superior to Finns. Nevertheless, not to play with words and theories, we need not doubt that the numerically superior non-White races lack the genetic qualities which would otherwise unquestionably ensure their domination of the world, and which would equally have ensured it in the past. It is actually Russia, siding with the Afro-Asian peoples, that has made them appear so much more formidable than they really are. Yet the Russians are White and of Europe, whether they like it or not. Russian athletes do not compete in the Asian Games, they compete in the infinitely higher-performed European Games. China in particular resents Russia's White superiority; while Russia has always despised Asiatics in general. The present rift between Russia and China is essentially a final one, even in spite of America's intervention in Vietnam drawing them together again because it is based on this irremovable racial difference. But without going into this, it is germane to our present assessment merely to visualise one factor: If Russia (and America, for that matter) were to withdraw its remarkably short-sighted support of the Afro-Asians and side with

the West against the East, where would the non-White menace be then?

I do not like to ape the liberals by talking about the inevitability of this and the inevitability of that — referring always of course to that which must ‘inevitably’ overwhelm us. I do not take kindly to the ‘It’s got to come! It’s inevitable!’ kind of patter . . . the ‘It is coming’ of the early Communists and Syndicalists. Nothing is inevitable except death; which in all verity is the very kernel of the Liberal philosophy. As a self-appointed visionary, however, I consider it my right and in fact my duty to pontificate as loudly as any liberal or red cleric, and to directly opposing ends. Therefore I will state that if anything can be called inevitable it is our triumph and not our defeat. The White race *must* dominate the world — as in fact it does — because there is no other race able or fitted to do so.

That it now seems so certain to our political soothsayers that the non-White races must sweep everything before them, is due to their habitual misinterpretation of the obvious. Having no vision or insight they are obsessed by numbers and false ideas of evolutionary emergence. In reality the cacophonous shouting of the Afro-Asians is their swan-song, their first and also their last outcry. It is the cry of their impending and this time everlasting subservience to the rule of worthier peoples — to the rule of the White race. Their attempts to overwhelm us will fail, as will all similar attempts. It is not meant that those who are the vehicles of enlightened purpose and genuine humanitarianism shall be overthrown by those in whom there is no promise of these qualities whatever.

The real test of a people’s worth and right to exist is simply this, Would the world be the poorer for their extinction or the better for it? Would, for instance, the world be the poorer for the loss of the Congolese? Would the United States be the poorer for the loss of the Negroes or would it be the better for it? We can be sure that in the world of the future there will not be room for worthless peoples. Those locust-like myriads who are devouring the earth’s sustenance without giving anything in return will meet their check one way or the other. Already, Asian countries such as Burma and Indonesia, which under White rule were food-exporting countries, now have to import food. So of course does India, and likewise China. Algeria and the Congo, having turned against the Whites, also have to rely upon White charity for their food supplies. Kenya, too, an almost exclusively food-producing country before the White farmers were dispossessed of their land, already has had to beg a gift of half a million bags of maize from America “to relieve the present food shortage”. All these strutting, White-hating countries have to depend on White countries to save them from starvation; and particularly on American charity, two-thirds of whose grain surplus is given away. (It is no less significant that America, the richest food-producing country in the world, was barely able to

support a few million Amerinds, and lay unproductive until the coming of the white man.) Moreover the more these non-White peoples are spoon-fed the faster they will breed and the less they will work, which means that even with the best will in the world the White countries' food surpluses will very soon be insufficient to feed the Coloured myriads. We, the White countries, assuredly possess our strongest card in this our ability to produce food surpluses. The power this must give us over the non-White peoples will soon be limitless. It will remain only for us, the ordinary people of the West, to make sure that our puppet politicians, in their bespoken determination to provide the non-White peoples with everything they need, do not proceed to starve us instead.

The Negro himself, much like the North American Indian, is, as a pure type at the very least, probably doomed to disappear from the earth altogether, save perhaps for a lingering existence in Reserves which a curiosity-value alone might secure for him. He can expect the same future as the African animals, which only White vigilance prevents him from slaughtering to extinction. He is too primitive a biological type to survive in a future world without that White paternalism which he has so blindly and so savagely cast off — or rather, which has been cast off for him by Whites who live outside Africa. Africa is an enormous and relatively quite empty continent waiting to be filled by those diligent enough to transform its wastelands and exploit its vitally needed raw materials. Every day there are 100,000 more people in the world; every three years 100,000,000 more! This means that every month, in terms of population, there is another White South Africa in the world; every year or so another Britain or France or Italy; every six years another United States or Russia, and every generation another China and India combined. Obviously, the importance of Lebensraum increases proportionately to this; and Africa, no longer affording the primitive Negro his previous isolation, is lying wide open and begging to be taken. Thanks to European rule, the Negro population has shot up to something like 200,000,000. Under White rule, Africa actually had the highest birth rate in the world. But it is not to be thought that other possible colonisers, such as the Chinese, would encourage the process. Quite the contrary. The Chinese would want the continent entirely to themselves, particularly as their own work-animals make much better slaves than black men ever would. Africa, however, which can never stand on its own, is most of all accessible to European colonisation. More than any other continent it is waiting to take the European population over-spill. Indeed, that this natural development should have been flung into violent reverse, that the Europeans should have been pouring out of Africa at the very time they should have been pouring in, is one of the most astonishing and artificially-contrived phenomena of our age. For there is absolutely nothing in Negro Africa itself that could have caused it,

and nothing that could prevent the process from being reversed yet again.

None the less, despite our shocking disunity and defeatism, our false theories and staggering miscalculations, all due basically to Communist indoctrination, the future lies with the White race alone. Quite apart from any rational arguments one way or the other, this vision remains crystal-clear. But to state an unavoidable Irishism (for Dame Fortune is surely a fickle Irish lady), though nothing can stop us from catching the bus we will miss it if we do not run for it. The way ahead is not going to be easy. Nor has it ever been. Nor should we want it to be. Steel can only be forged in fire. If our future is in question, which it obviously is, we will undoubtedly decide it one way by throwing up our hands in despairing surrender. But as this is not what we want to do or need do, we have to aim first of all at ethnic unity and then at the establishment of White world supremacy, as White supremacy is the same as White survival. The clash between White and non-White is going to come to a head. And if it is not going to be a matter of White supremacy it will obviously be a matter of non-White supremacy, with all its unthinkable consequences to the White race.

Ironically, as we have seen, our leaders are most obstinately opposed to any talk of White supremacy. They are much happier when telling us about the inevitability of non-White supremacy. Nevertheless, no matter how exalted their positions, those among us who do not actively desire our supremacy will be rejected by us. They have no place in the hearts and instincts of their own Western peoples, and their power will be dissolved as soon as the people see through their cynical deceptions and grow weary of their defeatism and sterile 'humanistic' — meaning atheistic — vapourings. Already many leading thinkers of the West are joining in the war against the essentially exhausted Liberal philosophy; opposing their Yes of life to the Liberal No. Already, too, the common people themselves, certainly in Africa but also in America and even in Europe, are awakening to the nature of the challenge that is being forced upon them. Moreover those in our own midst who are partly or largely responsible for this challenge, from our liberal politicians and intellectuals to the downright subversives, have clearly sensed this swing. While, on the one hand, they will be forced to make a show of stealing the Right-wing thunder, they will push ahead their racial integration and allied programmes with positively feverish haste. Such is their haste, indeed, that they have already forced matters to a stage where retreat is impossible. They have passed the point of no return and are finally committed. Time has run out for them — as it has for us!

## CHAPTER II

# The United Nations Organisation

*The United Nations Charter is "In the main a translation of the Russian system into an international idiom and its adaptation to an international community . . . UNO bore upon its brow from the very beginning the mark of Moscow".*

— Salvador de Madariaga

*Do you know what the future historians will regard as the most important event of this age? It will not be Hitler or the Second World War, it will not be the release of nuclear energy, it will not be the menace of Communism.*

**IT WILL BE THE ABDICATION OF THE WHITE MAN.**

— Lord Cherwell

The claim of the United Nations Organisation to be an organisation for world peace, alone brands it as a gigantic imposture. The primary object of the United Nations Organisation is to establish a One-World Government, if necessary by open force. This Government would be a Communist one, or one using Communistic methods; and its conception of peace would be that of world enslavement following upon the necessary subversion and overthrow of the Christian West.

In view of this, it is not without significance that UNO should have been established on United States soil, or even that its slab-like edifice should resemble a tombstone. It is not without significance, either, that Dr Ralph Bunche, the American Negro United Nations Under-Secretary (who has been associated with several Communist Front organisations), should have stated in Alabama, upon which unfortunate State he descended with the 'Freedom-riders', that "The power and authority of white men were rapidly declining as the voices of yellow, brown and black men command attention in the councils of the world." It is also significant that the first major action of this Organisation for Peace was to organise, only a year after its inception, the invasion and racial partition of Palestine. Above all it is significant that we, the taxpayers of the West, should be obliged to bear the costs of our own intended enslavement, and that a two-thirds majority in the United Nations can now be commanded by States, implacably hostile to us, which contribute a mere 2½% of the Organisation's income — and which are behind even in their payments of this amount.

The victory of the Western allies in the Second World War was switched, by means of negotiation, into a victory for world Communism. It was this which caused Churchill to come to the conclusion that we had killed the wrong pig. The outspoken General Patton, also (who was disliked by Eisenhower for his "indiscreet and inappropriate opinions about the need for Britain and America to combine to run the world after the victory should be won"), was one of the few men to realise the implications of this switch at the time when it took place. After he had relayed to his staff the order for the American retreat from Berlin, he said to them: "Gentlemen, at the moment this may mean little to you, but you will recall it. This order is the turning point of Western Civilisation." General Patton, unfortunately, did not survive the war. Yet even if he had his prescient observations would not have been heeded; for having won the war we were quite content to lose the peace.

Pathetic though it now appears in retrospect, it was perhaps not surprising that the war-weary and politically unsuspecting peoples of the West should have held Russia in high esteem, and should have welcomed the erection of an organisation for world peace. Though they had just won through to victory and peace by their own prolonged exertions, they were not in a mood to question the apparent need for other nations and a host of artificial sub-nations to share equally in the fruits of them. Britain and her European allies had of course fought primarily for their self-preservation, in accordance with the time-honoured policy of the Balance of Power. This policy was meant to ensure that no one European nation or coalition of nations would become too powerful for the rest of Europe to hold in check. In effect, by balancing European strength it cancelled it out, and ensured that Europe would never become united and never anything like so powerful as it could be. Germany's aim in the Second World War was to expand eastward, to establish a German nation extending from the Rhine to the Urals, a basically agricultural nation (undivided by overseas colonial settlements) drawing its strength from the European climate and soil. Roosevelt, on the other hand, wanted a Communist 'drang nach Westen', not a Germanic 'drang nach Osten'. He did not want a German Empire extending to the Urals but a Communist Empire extending to the Rhine. He wanted a world which would be shared equally between the United States and the Communist Empire, at the expense of Europe and the "evil" British Empire. He was friendly to Uncle Joe and inexorably hostile to what he was pleased to regard as the machinations of an outmoded British imperialism. Fundamentally, however, it was not so much European imperialism that was outmoded, but the European Balance of Power.

None the less, although Britain and her European allies fought for what they believed to be their self-preservation, it cannot be

forgotten that their declared aim was "To protect the sovereignty of small nations" — specifically Poland's. At the end of the war, however, we saw Poland and several other European countries permanently flattened beneath the Russian steamroller, and witnessed the formation of a now predominantly Coloured world assembly whose main recreation consisted from the very beginning of attempts to interfere with the domestic affairs of whichever small country failed to conform with the said assembly's particular brand of idealism — an idealism anti-White at root, and which of necessity tends to align itself with the lower orders of mankind and oppose the higher.

This situation was enabled to come about because the peoples of the West were persuaded to place greater faith in UNO than in themselves, and were prepared to make even ruinous sacrifices for the sake of its smooth and successful working. They were led to look upon UNO as a sort of earthly reflection of the heavenly judgment seat, where divine justice would be meted out impartially by an assemblage of racially disinterested and preferably dusky saints. Duskiness was in fact quite essential; partly because only the non-White races were thought to be free from unwholesome racial and nationalistic prejudices, and partly because our sense of poetic retribution would be most suitably expressed, and our induced sense of guilt most fittingly expiated, by White abasement. Among those who know them best these dusky peoples have never been altogether renowned for their interpretations of the humanities, nor for their honesty of purpose. Nevertheless, by means of a judicious parade of the appropriate humanistic slogans and attitudes they helped considerably to divide us against ourselves; and even though they have since resolved themselves into something more closely resembling a nest of spitting cobras than a band of holy men, our totally misguided dependence on their goodwill still continues to maintain the split in our ranks.

One good reason, no doubt, why the West was initially so deeply impressed by these dusky personages was that in their supercilious attitudinising, their moral vapourings and trite clichés, they 'cut-liberaled' our own liberals. This, admittedly, was no mean feat in itself. Like our liberals too, the chief dusky personage himself, the late Pandit Nehru (Eisenhower's "moral equal"), stated proudly that "I believe in no religion, in no dogma, in no faith." Nehru, who had no religious objection to pocketing several hundreds of millions of American dollars, nor any moral objection to accepting shipments of American food to save his corrupt country from starvation, splendidly demonstrated his gratitude and the value of Coloured support by withdrawing his strictly non-combatant Red Cross units at the height of the Korean War. Being an English Public School-educated Brahmin, an irreligious mental hybrid or a sort of jaundiced brown man with white motions, he was naturally

an ideal One-World figure. And it was simply not understood by the Western peoples that the Organisation he represented, and in which they placed their good Christian faith, was not remotely a Christian organisation and was very far from interested in their Western welfare.

The true value of this Organisation to the West should none the less have been gauged by the fact that at its inception not less than 200,000,000 Europeans were unrepresented — approximately half the total population of Europe, excluding Russia. Furthermore, whereas the whole of Europe had only seven votes, and Canada and the United States one vote each (though the United States pays one-third of all the UN costs), the Arab-Asian bloc had sixteen votes and the Latin American countries twenty-three. Nor was this situation altered, other than for the worse. Thus mighty Yemen was given its weighty vote while some of the European builders of civilisation were and actually still are barred from participation. Moreover, as the United Nations Charter is based on Article I of the Soviet Constitution, which declares that "All men are equal, irrespective of race, colour and creed," it is only logical that the vote of Haiti or Liberia should be equal in every respect, voodoo or no voodoo, to that of Sweden or Holland. There is complete democratic voting equality at the United Nations; though of course there was no equality of effort in Korea.

Despite this intolerable and unworkable situation, it was a long time before any Western protests were heard. Even when it was aggravated by the UN's patently subversive activities, little or nothing was said about it. To the best of my knowledge the first public figure to protest was the late Lord Beaverbrook, who said, "America has erected the biggest fifth column headquarters in the world — the United Nations. The United Nations headquarters are filled with men who wish to subvert the government of the United States. Why a great nation like the United States bothers to belong to such a monstrous organisation — why any great nation would care to join — is more than I can honestly comprehend."

Apropos of this, it is interesting to note that the Justice Department of the United States Government defines a Communist Front as being any organisation which has been infiltrated by Communists, with the purpose of influencing the organisation to work for Communist aims and objectives. It has listed hundreds of these Fronts in America on a subversive organisations list and has advised Americans against joining them. But the UN is not listed even though a jury, impanelled in 1952, to investigate subversion, found evidence that a very large number of American citizens with Communist records had gained employment in the UN. Later, a Senate sub-committee brought about the discharge of some of these Communists; but a UN tribunal reinstated them by insisting, quaintly that membership in the Communist Party is no different to member

ship in any other political party. The UN General Assembly then disposed of the case by upholding the verdict of the tribunal and awarding 200,000 dollars in damages to the Communists involved. Thus, on American soil, a considerable sum of American taxpayers' money was arbitrarily handed out to proven Communists by an assembly of discoloured foreigners. But, of course, it is claimed that the UN building does not stand on American soil at all. It stands on International soil!

The debacle of the Korean War (where the United States armed forces, made subservient to the authority of the United Nations, were defeated for the first time in history) brought the first spate of criticism, especially from the American military hierarchy. General Stratemeyer, for instance, when approached by the C.B.S. network for a recording of his views on the lessons of the Korean War, warned his country: "Don't ever again fight under the United Nations. You will not be permitted to win." But this statement was deleted from the actual broadcast notwithstanding a solemn promise that nothing he said would be censored.

Additionally, the extraordinary instances where the authority of the UN Charter has been invoked for the purpose of overruling the United States Constitution itself in matters relating to American domestic law, has naturally caused many American Senators to express their alarm. Senator Patrick McCarran stated: "We Senators want a Constitution Amendment to protect us as well as the American people, and I am compelled to admit here publicly that I have been so busy that I have voted for a number of treaties that I never read. If I had known how these provisions of the United Nations Charter were going to be used to make domestic laws, I would never have voted for the Charter. I am sure I will regret to my dying days that I ever voted for the United Nations Charter." Or, as Senator William Jenner put it, "The United Nations Charter is the machine-gun that looks like a baby carriage."

It is not for nothing, of course, that international charters are so forbiddingly bulky and turgid. It is well understood that if their presentation is accompanied or preceded by the approved humanistic build-up and pious claptrap, practically no Western politician will actually nerve himself to read them before voting for them.

Following the Suez debacle, Churchill and Menzies began to hit out at UNO, stating that justice was not being achieved there. Towards the end of the Second World War, Churchill had looked forward to the establishment of a supra-national organisation such as the UN. He had considered it necessary and inevitable. But in proportion to his growing disillusionment, he came to place increasing faith in a union of English-speaking peoples rather than in an impossible union of heterogeneous elements such as the member-States of the miscalled United Nations. The Belgian Foreign

Minister, M. Paul Henri Spaak, who in 1946 was President of the UN General Assembly, was another European who, at the time of Suez, expressed misgivings as to the value of UNO. He said he had been "horrified to see now Asian and African people, who outnumbered the Europeans at the United Nations General Assembly, hated the peoples of Europe." He remarked that the General Assembly displayed great leniency towards the Soviet aggressors in Hungary even while severely condemning Anglo-French action in the Middle East; and added that the situation had become exceeding grave because the United States, and Britain and France, were now in opposite camps — as, indeed, the United States and France still are to this day. In view of these factors, M. Spaak said, the Belgian Government believed that the answer to Western problems was to be found in European integration and consolidation alliances.

To my mind, however, the most disturbing aspect of M. Spaak's statements was that they showed quite conclusively that post-war Western affairs were being determined by men whose world-naivety was frankly remarkable. M. Spaak, a good socialist and erstwhile ardent one-worlder, is for all that an honest man and a good European; and having sincerely believed that the non-White races would love us for bestowing all our possessions upon them, he did not hesitate to confess how horrified he was when he discovered that each successive surrender of the White race served only to inflame the non-Whites to fresh peaks of anti-White vindictiveness. Yet even so I cannot recall that he had anything to say against the granting of independence to the Congo. Above all, because he cannot wholly forsake the ingrown fundamentals of his socialism, he is still bent on abolishing European national sovereignty.

With regard to Mr Macmillan, it was always more difficult to assess his opinion of the United Nations if only because he had no convictions about anything other than the bad taste of having any convictions at all. He seldom made straightforward statements; and when he did it was usually to retract them the following day. Nevertheless, his Foreign Secretary, Lord Home (now Sir Alec Douglas-Home, and Macmillan's successor), undoubtedly with Macmillan's approval, criticised the UN on the occasion of India's attack on Goa, when four members of the Security Council voted for a resolution condoning India's use of armed force. When, on the other hand, Portugal had successfully resisted the Communist-led invasion of Angola, the shouts of rage at the UN had almost raised the roof. But when India overran a tiny territory which had been Portuguese for more than four and a half centuries, there had been no UN condemnation but only condonation. With this in mind, Lord Home stated that the resolutions of the General Assembly on colonial issues revealed "an almost total lack of responsibility and certainly pay no heed to the main purpose of the United Nations,

which is to ensure order and peace.” He opined that if the debate on Goa had taken place in the General Assembly a majority would have backed India’s unprovoked aggression, even though it constituted a gross breach of international law and a breach of India’s obligations under the Charter.

Needless to say, Lord Home’s observations gave rise to a storm of protest, as much from Britain itself as from the non-White countries. Sidney Jacobson, the political editor of the Daily Mirror, asked wrathfully: “Is Lord Home fit to represent the British people after condemning the United Nations?”! And the late Mr Gaitskell, the then leader of the Opposition, made a “slashing attack” on Mr Macmillan for having spoken a few words in support of Lord Home, and asked how he too could criticise India’s attack on Goa after he had condoned “Portugal’s aggression in Angola” (sic). Mr Macmillan’s reply to this absurd attack was vague and ineffectual; while Lord Home himself denied that he disapproved of the UN and said that he was in fact “a strong supporter” of it.

One could go on endlessly in this vein: about the millions of White slaves under Communist rule, about the massacre of the young Hungarians, about Indian and Chinese aggression, about the atrocities in the Congo, about the even more terrible atrocities perpetrated upon the white men, women, children and babes in Angola — all of which the UN prefers either to ignore or justify. It prefers to ignore or justify these things because it is overjoyed that the White race is suffering and retreating. It is in any event much too busy ranting about Southern Rhodesia’s civilised White Government, or debating whether South African Natives earning up to £40 a month and more, enjoying a score of free services and renting State-supplied homes at £2 a month, can be classed as slave or forced labour. Far from being an organisation for peace, the UN is in reality an Organisation for War against the White race. In exact imitation of Communist strategy, it stirs up trouble in peaceful territories and then seeks to intervene on the pretext of preserving world peace. Far from representing the conscience of the civilised world, it has no conscience and is anything but civilised.

Naturally, the UN has always held out the promise of the most alluring Utopias, which is why the majority of the Western peoples snatched at the bait. Deception, as any military textbook will tell you, is a fundamental element of strategy and perhaps the principle most likely to lead to victory. Indeed, Utopia itself means Nowhere, or Not a Place.

The United Nations, for example (whose Charter was shaped by the Russian Communists and the notorious Alger Hiss), professes itself to be as much concerned with human rights as with the preservation of peace. Article 55, based on the Soviet Constitution, states that the UN, in respect of the principle (actually two principles) of

“equal rights” and “self-determination of peoples” (shades of President Wilson!) shall “Promote higher standards of living, full employment, and conditions of economic and social progress and development;” and “universal respect for, and observation of, human rights and fundamental freedoms for all, without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.”

But this might sound more convincing if we did not know that equal rights and self-determination of peoples are Red shibboleths, absolutely without existence in the shabby Russian Empire itself. As far as they exist anywhere they exist in the West, and nowhere else. Why, then, do the Communists seek to impose moral principles upon us which we have usually observed, but which they never have and never will? Full employment, too, can usually be obtained only by State control of labour and the formation of Soviet-style labour armies, composed of White slaves without “human rights and fundamental freedoms” of any sort whatever, nor with any “distinction as to race, sex, language or religion”. Nowhere will we find more full employment and more human equality than in a Siberian salt mine. Similarly, State or UN promotion of “economic and social progress and development” likewise entails State monopoly via nationalisation of all the facets of human life and activity. This may well sound like very heaven to the Communist robot-peoples, but is hardly something that should appeal to us.

The exact nature of “human rights and fundamental freedoms” is nowhere defined in the UN Charter. How can it be? If anything, it would mean that an Australian Aborigine would have the same rights as a white Australian (which he has now been given) but also the same responsibilities, which of course he is incapable of assuming. Human rights must always presuppose the fitness to shoulder corresponding duties. In fact, in spite of Tom Paine (the English “Prophet of the American Revolution”), no human beings have any rights whatever, other than those which they have established by their own efforts and secured by their own vigilance. While I agree that man possesses an inborn moral sense, and also an inborn immoral sense, and that we frequently confuse the two, still we live in a world which gives us nothing for nothing — unless we are coloured men living on American hand-outs. The only manna that floats down on us from the skies is the weather; and if we are not clever enough to earn our daily bread we shall starve. God is not a socialist; he helps those who help themselves. Therefore a Westerner is entitled to more rights than, say, an Indian, because by virtue of his superior creative energy and character he has established for himself a wholly superior way of life. Conversely, if the Westerner is made to share his hard-won rights and wealth with the Indians, the outcome will be no more than a drastic lowering of his standards to those of the Indians, meaning that all his rights would be sub-

merged in a common stagnant swamp of Asiatic misery and squalor. Thus it is wildly unrealistic to prate of common human rights. For how can there be common human rights when there is no common humanity? Just what are our Aborigine's rights anyway? — the right to daub his naked body with ochre and worship kangaroo totems? Or a Congolese's rights? — to rape more white girls and eat more human flesh? Or a Papuan's rights? — to collect human heads in peace?

Much the same applies to UNESCO — United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation — which was set up with the avowed purpose of spreading universal learning, but which was actually designed to lick us into mental shape for the coming world government. Characteristically it is aimed principally at our children. They are taught that love of one's country interferes with world citizenship. Thus, in Britain, the UNESCO publication, 'In the classroom with children under 13 years of age', declares blandly: "As long as the child breathes the poisoned air of nationalism, education in world-mindedness can produce only precarious results. As we have pointed out, it is frequently the family that infects the child with nationalism." And it goes on: "Alfred, Elizabeth, Drake, Nelson; now what *virtues* do these stand for? All history books show this nationalistic bias, which prevents humanity from acquiring a common outlook."

Before a One-World Collectivist State can be firmly knit together it will be necessary to impose what Sir Julian Huxley, a former Director-General of UNO, described as "a single world culture, with its own philosophy and background of ideas, and with its own broad purposes." But before this can be achieved it will be necessary to abolish national sovereignty. The position was made clear at the first meeting of the U.S. Commission for UNESCO on September 23rd, 1946, when William Benton stated: "We are at the beginning of a long process of breaking down the walls of national sovereignty . . . In this process Unesco can be — and indeed must be — the pioneer." This admirable ideal is actually carried further in Chapter VIII of 'The Synthesis of the Communist Textbook on Psycho-politics', which states: "If we could effectively kill the national pride and patriotism of just one generation we have won that country. Therefore there must be continual propaganda abroad to undermine the loyalty of the citizens in general and the teenager in particular."

It is clear, then, that a sense of national pride in Anglo-Saxon children and youngsters is a poisonous thing which will have to be eradicated if they are to acquire a common outlook with Negroes and Eskimos; and this would best be achieved by taking them away from their reactionary parents altogether. Once this noble aim has been accomplished and the Western peoples have been dragged down to the level of Humanity, the next and final step will be

comparatively easy — for there will of course have to be another and final step. That is to say, before a One-World Collectivist State can really be firmly established it will be necessary to do more than merely abolish national sovereignty and impose Huxley's single world culture. It will be absolutely necessary to abolish racial identity as well. Our offspring, having been shaped mentally for World Government, would then have to be shaped for it physically by means of racial integration and miscegenation. Admittedly, this would be a form of genocide, which the UN, with its Genocide Conventions, is apparently much concerned about. But where our race is concerned it evidently does not matter what happens to it provided what happens is bad. Without their racial identity our posterity would be as nothing. They would be raceless, rootless, traditionless and lost. They would be without form and in effect non-existent. They would be not only incapable of resisting a world government but would positively welcome the security of its tyranny. Conversely, for as long as they are of distinct race, and given political shape and cohesion by their national identities, they will always remain a virtually insuperable obstacle to any incipient world governors.

Certainly, all I have predicated of the United Nations is in marked contrast to the encomiastic descriptions of it which appear in all our most respected Western media of information. But the white inhabitants of Africa have been in an exceptionally good position to measure the worth of these said respected media, all of which are not merely implacably hostile to the 'white settlers' but vie with one another in the extent of their mendacity concerning them. The same, only more so, applies to the United Nations, which to the vast majority of 'white settlers' has never appeared as other than an increasingly nasty farce.

As the majority of Africa's white inhabitants have seen it, India, for instance, which until the shock of the Chinese invasion has thought itself to be a most mighty nation indeed instead of a sheer monumental heap of corruption, has been flogging the anti-colonial horse for the purpose of demonstrating her imagined ideological and moral leadership of Asia, and also with a view to increasing her influence in Africa. African colonisation would help to ease the problem posed by India's appalling rabbit-like birth rate and would be the first big step in the creation of an Indian Empire. She has accurately recognised the 'white settlers' as being the main obstacle to the aspirations of the 'brown settlers', but has never suspected that the existence of the browns depends upon the existence of the whites.

The Arab countries (some of them undisguised black slave-owning countries), Liberia, Ethiopia and suchlike places echo the glorious anthem of anti-colonialism — though none of them are

colonies — out of a sentimental regard for the solidarity of the non-White races as against the White. Beneath all the talk of moral values, the tactical shuffling and hypocrisy, lies the confident enmity of the non-Whites for the Whites; a confidence inspired by White disunity and capitulation, and an enmity born of envy and inferiority. The members of the Afro-Asian bloc, the Frankensteinian monster of our own creation, are happy in the knowledge that they outnumber us not only at the UN alone but at all world councils; and the African child-States in particular are made to feel their importance by the manner in which the White powers are struggling with one another for their favours — for their markets, their raw materials, their support against the Communists, and so forth. Having quite needlessly abandoned that which we once securely possessed, we pretend it is more democratic to go on our hands and knees to get it back again.

Russia's game at UNO for all its subterfuge is, probably, the most obvious one of all. Russia is on the side of the oppressed underlings everywhere, other than within the confines of the Russian Empire itself. In the Hypocrites Marathon, in fact, the Russians were edged into second place only by the Flying Pandit himself, and now that the said Brown Wonder has fallen permanently by the wayside the Russians are well in the lead. Russia's aim is to foment strife and discontent, and engineer subversion all over the world in order to realise the Red dream of a world of 'collectivist' slaves ruled by a so-called Communist elite. She has not ventured to exert direct force against the West, therefore subversion is her forte, and in this respect the UN has suited her well. It is at once a foothold on American soil, a listening post, a propaganda rostrum, a safe seat of sedition and an inviolable centre of espionage. As the American Army Chief of Research and Development, Lt.-Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau, confirmed, "We are a country that is highly penetrated."

Russia, like every other major power, is also deeply interested in Africa. She hopes to score by creating unrest that will unseat the few remaining White powers in Africa, and by gaining control of any rebellious or nationalist elements anywhere on the continent. She knows that her anti-colonial declarations at the UN will be hailed by the Afro-Asian bloc in direct proportion to their breathtaking humbug. Mr Khrushchev, for example, in an address to the General Assembly, spoke at great length of the crimes being perpetrated against the downtrodden peoples of Africa. He spoke of the "moaning" of the people of Kenya who were being "mercilessly exterminated" by the British; and he asked how anyone could remain calm in the face of the "unending carnage" of the populations of Rhodesia and Nyasaland and South West Africa.

The West as a whole sympathises with this cant and repeats it word for word. It matters not that under British rule the population

of Rhodesia has increased four-fold, or that since South West Africa has been under South African administration the population has trebled. Facts which contradict the Communist and Liberal outlook are simply not wanted. The result is that those few White nations at the UN which are aware of the facts and are willing to accept them, are too frightened to mention them. In this regard however we must make an honourable exception of the Australian Prime Minister, Mr Menzies, who in spite of sharp rebukes from Pandit Nehru has bitterly denounced the Russian anti-colonial cant on more than one occasion. He accused Khrushchey, the puckish Butcher of the Ukraine, of trying to inflame the minds of the Africans with shopworn slogans of imperialism and colonialism, and said that "It is an act of complete hypocrisy for a Communist leader to denounce colonialism as if it were an evil characteristic of the Western powers, when the greatest colonial power is the Soviet Union itself." Above all, he added, Russia was not colonising backward peoples but was "enslaving advanced peoples."

Britain's role at the United Nations is mainly one of apology, or at best a reiterated protestation of her capitulating humanitarianism. She has always acted as if every member state or sub-state had the H-bomb except herself. Lord Home, to make Britain's position perfectly clear, stated that in no circumstances would Britain allow irresponsible action by some members of the United Nations to divert her from a programme of orderly and peaceful transfer of power to elected governments of colonial territories. In other words no threats of any kind will deter her from surrendering everything she possesses, including apparently her own national sovereignty. She is going to be absolutely firm about this, if about nothing else. The bulk of the British voting population, of course, feel little shame or regret at this voluntary liquidation of their wonderful Empire because they never really knew they had one. In any event they have still got their football pools and their Beatle culture; and they want the world's underdogs to be given everything for nothing because that is exactly what they want themselves. The more educated Britons, for their part, are resigned to the liquidation because they have been told it is 'inevitable', and they do not suspect it might be the result purely of their Government's inability to take a firm stand over anything for fear of giving offence. Many of them try desperately to convince themselves that Britain is 'playing it cool'; that her policies are too deep for less experienced peoples to fathom, and that her setbacks are more apparent than real. Unfortunately, in reality, Britain's decisions are non-decisions, a disconnected lurching down the line of least resistance. It is a form of national locomotor ataxia. She is, it is true, subjected to severe international pressures; but no more so than, say, Portugal. But whereas the Portuguese can withstand these pressures, the British

cannot. Britain is a democracy of the Left, whereas the detested Western dictatorships, patriotic and uncorrupted, have arisen precisely as a counter-action to corrosive anti-nationalist influences. Irresponsible democracy, or demagoguery, such as obtains in Britain thanks to the 'reformers', leads to a decline in national stamina and self-reliance and general moral fibre. And a decline in moral fibre is accompanied by a decline in intelligence as well.

At the United Nations it must be particularly galling to Britain to find her weakness unapplauded. She believed that by surrendering her Empire and betraying her own kith and kin she would win universal respect and gratitude. But instead she has reaped only contempt; the contempt that engenders hatred. She has found that discussion of Russian colonialism is not at all *de rigueur* at the UN, but that British colonial oppression in places such as Rhodesia is still passionately debated and condemned — complete with pathological weeping black terrorists, encouraged by 'revolutionary' America, being called forward to testify against her. Mr Healey, the British Opposition's chief Commonwealth spokesman, during the course of a speech in which he demanded that the rights of the British settlers of Rhodesia be instantly subordinated to African terrorist ambition, bewailed this injustice. He said it was tragic that Britain, in spite of her "shining and unique" transfer of power to subject peoples, was still the target of attack even from those who had been "liberated". "We find ourselves in the dock of world opinion with Portugal and South Africa," he lamented.

It can be seen, then, that an added difficulty in the way of strong British response at the UN to Russian and Afro-Asian attacks on British colonialism, or what is left of it, is that most of the British representatives fully agree with the views expressed. How can they do otherwise when they have been educated in the same anti-colonial philosophies at their universities and at Fabian headquarters? There is Sir Hugh Foot, for example, who was appointed leader of a British delegation to the Trusteeship Committee. Having been appointed to represent Britain's attitude on the Rhodesias — or to apologise for it — he promptly resigned because of the banning in Southern Rhodesia of a highly dangerous African political organisation known as ZAPU. Yet before this happened our newspapers assured us that Sir Hugh was the very man to stand up to the Russians. He was "ebullient, a passionate speaker, a dedicated man of endless vigour and energy, an expert in parliamentary rhetoric, and a man who thrives on opposition." It was an inspiring build-up; and it was evident that Sir Hugh's political background and convictions had met with unqualified Press approval. The Government must have approved of him too. But all that happened was that he resigned his position and scuttled off from the UN, with endless vigour and energy, and wholly regardless of the consequences to his country. Notwithstanding his lofty moral principles he felt no

compulsion to resign from the Civil Service itself, nor did any of his superiors expect him to. In Britain, if you are Left you are right, and no one dare point an accusing finger at you.

The role of the United States at the United Nations is the least easy to understand, like her political role in general. The UN was not founded by 'grass-root' Americans. One-World Government is not a grass-root American ideal. Americans are isolationist by inclination, not internationalist. There is plainly a dualism in America, not merely a difference of opinion. Nevertheless, this aside, we may assume that America's democratic idealism has something to do with her membership of the UN. Modern democracy, however, implies a belief in the fundamental goodness of all men, which is a thoroughly un-Christian belief. It also implies a touching faith in the political wisdom of the common man, not excluding that of savages and cannibals. Perhaps America thought that with the aid of an irresistible combination of dollars and God, she would, in Indian style, overwhelm the world with her moral rectitude, and in British style reap rich rewards in loyalty and gratitude for favours bestowed. If so, she overestimated her own intelligence and underestimated the viciousness and depravity of the world's lower orders. Naturally, her old isolationist policy no longer being possible, she had to try to do something. America has become the active leader of the free world whether she likes it or not, and has no choice but to extend her frontiers and spheres of influence. Having had the leadership of the West thrust upon her, the precious babe is now in her protective arms, and it is up to her to make the best of it.

None of this would be so bad, were it not that America is not making the best of it. She might not be making the worst of it, but she is certainly not making the best of it either. In the first place it seems she is a mother who does not much care for Western babes, and is inclined to prefer black ones. This applies to her own Southland as well as to Africa and UNO. If there was a Suez there was also a Little Rock. It would appear that America believes in the irresistibility of Coloured, Afro-Asian 'emergence', which if nothing else is a grave miscalculation. Though she is obliged to defend western Europe, having arranged for the surrender of the eastern half, this solicitude does not extend beyond Europe's immediate boundaries. If we are to judge by Roosevelt and Eisenhower and company, America has little real knowledge of Europe and equally little interest in it, though she is herself a child of Europe. Certainly she reacts antagonistically to the idea of Europe becoming genuinely strong in its own right. It was not for nothing that Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert described Kennedy as England's worst enemy. And De Gaulle, of course, who prevented Kennedy from taking control of an integrated Europe, gives the American Government more nightmares than the Communists.

In Africa, similarly, the more staunch and anti-Communist her White allies, the more America has frowned upon them. It would seem that from the point of view of many Americans, colonialism in Africa or anywhere else is a reprehensible thing because it was a bad thing for eighteenth-century America. Seemingly they do not consider that there is any difference between the Americans of two hundred years ago and the Africans of today, nor any difference in British colonial administration. They also, incidentally, overlook the fact that the British administration of America was much more reasonable than it is generally thought to have been; which is why the great majority of Americans remained loyal. Nevertheless, although America has several colonial possessions of its own, one is given to understand that American dislike of European colonialism is as deeply ingrained and as much beyond reason as fetish-worship in Africa or emperor-worship in Japan. In spite of all the facts and figures, which Americans normally venerate, and in spite of all the monuments of White enterprise and humanitarianism in these otherwise savage and desolate colonial lands, Americans remain sceptical not to say actively antagonistic. It is an attitude, needless to say, which is a boon to the Communists, who have lost no time in taking advantage of it.

On the other hand, while many Americans do unquestionably react in this manner to European colonialism, and while the American Government itself unquestionably does all in its power to confirm their sentiments, its universal American application is much to be doubted. It is more than probable that the forefathers of most of those Americans who most vehemently condemn British colonialism were nowhere near America when it was a British colony. We can be sure, however, that the people of the Southern United States have considerable understanding of the position of the white people in Africa — the great majority of whom in any event are not colonists. Their respective evaluations of the Negro and of his proper standing vis-à-vis White society, are identical. Speeches by Southern Senators and White African Senators are essentially indistinguishable. This in itself testifies to the accuracy of their evaluations, as opposed to the assessments of those who entirely lack their experience. But many informed Americans in the North as well as in the South (who represent a growing and already formidable body of conservative American opinion) fully appreciate what European colonialism has achieved, and how perilous a vacuum has been created by its almost complete disappearance. They well understand that the departure of colonial rule in Africa also entails the departure of civilisation itself. They realise perfectly well, too, that colonialism is not dead (and never will be dead) but is being reintroduced under different management and often in a different guise — as often as not a form of colonialism grabbing the profits but evading the responsibilities, as in Liberia. Some of them even realise that Americans should be

the last people in the world to condemn British colonialism, as it was precisely this which created the United States.

The present American Government, however, in aligning itself with the Soviet Union in its anti-colonial campaign, or more strictly anti-White campaign, does not appear to be in the least disconcerted by so strange a companionship. On the contrary, Mr Adlai Stevenson "rejoiced" that "the Soviet Union shares the distaste of the United States for colonialism." Admittedly, one does not have to glance twice at Stevenson to see what sort of a man he is. But this makes it all the more difficult to understand why such a person should occupy so senior a position in the American Government. Come what may, America is determined the black man shall be paramount in Africa no matter how many Congo situations might ensue. She is perfectly willing to oppose or even betray her European and White African allies in the hope of winning the trust and affection of Black majorities, of obtaining access to their raw materials, and developing them as a market for her surplus productivity. Such at least is the usual explanation of her behaviour. She also seeks to curry favour with the Black majorities in Africa in order to placate and win the votes of her own Black minority at home. So the Whites lose and the Blacks win whether they be in a majority or a minority; which makes the usual explanations rather pointless. While Africa was under the rule of the colonial powers, America did not need to grovel at the Africans' feet for favours. While the Africans were under colonial rule they were naturally unable to debase world councils by their participation, and to hold the balance of UN voting power and divide the West against itself. In addition, every single European colonial power was a bastion against Communism. Yet although America has always claimed that she wants to "contain" Communism (not defeat it), all she has actually done is to get rid of the containers.

The only picture that emerges clearly from the confused welter of events in Africa is that the white man — with the sole exception of those in Southern Africa — has been thrown out. This is something that makes plenty of sense to the Communists if not to the free world. So the question frames itself anew. As Africa under the rule of the colonial powers was anti-Communist and in no way a threat to America, why should America have striven to reverse that position? Having given China and half Europe to the Communists, is she determined to give them the whole of Africa as well? America should surely realise that having lost all along the line in her struggle against Communist encroachment, there must be something wrong with her policy somewhere. Communism of course enjoys the great advantage of appealing to the world's underdogs; and the world is positively chock-full of underdogs. It also appeals to their destructive instincts, which are the only instincts they can usefully employ. It encourages racial antagonism, the most basic antagonism of all.

Communism scores because it believes all men are wild beasts who must be kept behind bars, whereas we make the mistake of believing that the lower orders of men — though not the higher — should have no restraints imposed upon them whatever. Because the child-races are impatient of restraint, we suppose them capable of freedom. We confuse an innate tendency to lawlessness with a need for unhampered purposefulness, and mistake unruliness for high-spiritedness. But for all these very reasons America should surely realise that in acting against the White race and even against her own White citizens for the sake of appeasing unappeasable non-Whites, she is demonstrating a most remarkable short-sightedness if nothing else. A policy of trying to beat the Reds by 'out-Redding' them cannot possibly result in anything but universal Redness.

And here, I think, we come to the crux of the matter. It is a delicate crux in that we have to draw a distinction between Communism and Liberalism, which is virtually too fine a distinction to be drawn at all. I mean by this that the executive of the present American Government, or the Finance that controls the American Government, does not really want to oppose Communism as such, as an idealism. America's political philosophy, like the Communist, reaches no higher than the navel. She believes that hunger and poverty and want are the causes of war and unrest — which is a most naive belief indeed. She believes that man is the product of his environment, and that by changing his environment he can be moulded to whatever shape is desired. She believes, in other words, in Materialism, Environmentalism and Egalitarianism; and therefore has little or no basic idealistic quarrel with Communism whatever.

The present American Government, after all, is the child of the Roosevelt regime. And Roosevelt would hardly have wanted to share the world with the Soviet Union if he had seen anything fundamentally amiss with the Soviet system or its idealism.

The overall position at the United Nations today is that the original membership has more than doubled, there now being 110 or more member-States as compared with the original 51. The Afro-Asian bloc now commands at least half of the total General Assembly votes. Thus, although the great majority of these members are without responsibility, knowledge or emotional control, and wholly lack the character and ability to manage their own affairs in a civilised and enlightened manner, they are given every opportunity to sway or even decide the destinies of Western nations. To be sure, Adlai Stevenson claims that it is "a gross perversion of the facts to accuse the new States of universal irresponsibility," and that we must bear in mind that "colonial control is still a fresh memory of a direct and brutal fact." But Stevenson thereby overlooks the much more direct and brutal fact that it was colonialism that brought

civilisation to Africa, and that everything Africa possesses today in the way of civilisation is the direct result of brutal White endeavour. He prefers not to recognise that the African protest against colonialism is no more than a protest against the white man as such and against civilisation itself.

Clearly this state of affairs cannot be permitted to drag on indefinitely. The West cannot continue to be forever on the defensive, in a state of rigor mortis, forever appeasing, apologising and retreating. By far the majority of the States we seem to find it vitally necessary to appease are primitive tin-pot artificialities where the word freedom has had to be borrowed from the English, and where, to quote Churchill — or rather, Thomas Hobbes — life is “brutish and short.” Indeed, as Nationalism is so deplored, as it is the West alone which is so unerringly selected for the breaking down of “crippling barriers” such as national sovereignty — and which we are given to understand has been the cause of Western backwardness in the past, as compared with the dynamic progress of other parts of the world! — what can the purpose be of creating so many artificial non-White ‘nations’ except as a means of destroying the genuine White nations? I do not need to point out, except that I am pointing it out, that the manipulation of primitive peoples for the purpose of overthrowing White Civilisation is a manifestation of evil incarnate.

Since we ‘won the war against totalitarianism’, the world, thanks largely to the efforts of the few surviving democracies, has become almost completely totalitarian. It is our tragedy that at a time when immense issues are at stake, such as the matter of our very survival, we should be addicted to so many brainless little liberal catch-phrases and should have dedicated ourselves to the all-transcending ideal of equal rights for unequal men. Our only consolation is that the United Nations Organisation, the great would-be neo-colonial power and world ruler, is doomed to failure. Having been given enough rope, it has almost finished hanging itself. It is essentially a Disunited Nations Organisation. It represents the fragments of a disintegrating world; a world much like Salvador Dali’s exploding rhinoceros. It presents a picture, as De Gaulle remarked, of nothing but “global incoherence”; a Tower of Babel. It is a mongrel creature, a conglomerate sort of a dog, without agreed morality or aim, and with the African representatives in particular spending their American taxpayers’ money like water but not paying their dues. We are being exploited to support the under-developed countries (I beg your pardon, the “developing” countries!), not of course for the purpose of spreading Communism but for the purpose of “containing” it. Yet in the pursuance of this laudable policy it is obviously not the “under-privileged” peoples of the world who are being exploited, it is — as I have said — we who are being exploited.

The Russians, too, are equally reluctant to pay their dues. At least they are smart enough to recognise a farce when they see one, especially one partly of their own devising. In any event it is against Russia's principles to pay money to the West, particularly as she does not have any money anyway. It suits her better if America pays; and in fact if it had not been for America's prompt assistance, the great destitute Russian giant with whom we are supposed to be locked in a life and death struggle might even have starved to death. Altogether, then, it would seem clear that the UN, under any normal circumstances, will break up through financial stringency even if it is not torn apart by irreconcilable ideologies and ambitions based upon racial differences. Under any normal circumstances it would be too much to expect America to go on for ever, carrying almost the entire burden herself. On the other hand we have to bear in mind that circumstances are not normal; they are most abnormal. We have to bear in mind that, as Dr Ralph Bunche said, the UN's creditors "were not pressing." We have to bear in mind that Politics and Finance are inseparable, with the latter controlling the former; and that the U.S. supports the U.N. with a view to establishing a One World Government. In other words if the West is to be reduced to the equality of subjugation it is quite necessary that its own wealth and power be employed to bring this about, as it cannot be achieved otherwise. The American Money Power holds most of the member states of the United Nations in the bonds of irredeemable debt and in hopes of further credit. Therefore, knowing the nexus between International Finance and World Revolution, it is to be doubted that the UN would be allowed to break up through lack of funds alone. It will break up, or be reduced to impotence — and it is already impotent — simply because its basic diversities and inequalities prohibit concerted and effective functioning.

This, of course, does not mean that the plan to create One World, or at the very least a world-wide Communist competition, will be abandoned. Far from it. International Finance is still very much with us; and it may be recalled that as long ago as 1920, V. C. Vickers, who was Governor of the Bank of England for nine years, made the momentous statement that international finance and civilisation could no longer exist side by side. The threat to our free survival remains; yet the collapse of the United Nations Organisation does mean that, thanks entirely to Providence, we have been granted a reprieve or breathing space which, if our native wits and resolve have not wholly deserted us, we should lose no time in turning to our advantage. Therefore, where it concerns ourselves — and we should not be concerned about anyone but ourselves — the question arises, What should we put in UNO's place once it has finally disintegrated? And the answer is that we should replace it with an active, militant faith in our own individual yet united Western

strength and destiny. For what other destiny do we need, and what other temporal faith?

If cohesion, co-operation and mutual understanding based upon racial kinship necessitate an organisation, let it be a United Western Nations Organisation — not so clumsily named but something with that meaning. General De Gaulle has set the example. His concept of a European Third Force, so unceasingly decried by our brave Western Press, is something which we should all — and not least the American people themselves — do our utmost to support. We should all literally 'buy French'. For if I may state a neglected truism, whatever befalls we shall never regret being true to ourselves.

## CHAPTER III

# The United Nations Organisation and South Africa

As we are about to enter Africa via the portals of South Africa, the most consistently attacked and maligned member of the United Nations Organisation, let us first take a glance here at her relationships to it.

We will note, to begin with, that she is one of the very few members who have always paid their dues and have never asked for a penny in return. Dr Verwoerd, the Prime Minister, has stated that the Republic of South Africa did not need, and would never accept, assistance from the United Nations. "It has always been my attitude," he said, "that we, as the most prosperous and most progressive State on the African continent, are able to look after ourselves and those entrusted to our care."

South Africa, aside from being by far the wealthiest and most advanced country on the African continent, is also the West's finest and (with the sole exception of Southern Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories) only real ally in Africa. She is of all countries in the world the most implacably opposed to Communism; and was one of the few at the UN who responded immediately to the call in Korea. Her reward for this has been to meet with nothing but Western calumny. No official Western word has ever been spoken on her behalf. In fact it was left to a Korean, General Sun Yup Paik, while on a visit to South Africa to decorate the airmen who fought in the Korean War, to state simply: "Your country and mine fought side by side, even to the death, for the free world against the Communists."

In view of these considerations we might well enquire what crime South Africa is committing, apart from her uncompromising opposition to Communism and related ideologies, that she should

earn such single-minded world-wide hostility. It is no longer seriously contended in responsible political circles that she is ill-treating her Natives, or is engaged in genocide against them. On the contrary, it is known that they are very much better paid and better cared for than the Natives in any other part of Africa, and that they are multiplying rapidly and healthily. It is known that South Africa's difficulty is to stop too many poverty-stricken foreign Natives from pouring into the country, not to stop her own Natives from fleeing it. Unlike the Natives of other parts of Africa, South African Natives do not live an animal existence in grass or mud huts, but live very largely in Western style. South Africa, indeed, is scarcely a part of Africa at all. The difference between her and the rest of Africa is the difference between a climatically temperate modern Western country and a tropical slum or savagery. South Africa, moreover, is a Western parliamentary democracy, not a primitive despotism. Neither is she a Moslem or Hindu or Pagan country, but is a Christian country. Nor is she engaged in aggression of any sort whatever against any other country. Altogether then, we might well ask where or what is the unspeakable evil she is supposed to be perpetrating, and where the awful threat to world peace?

Not to beat about the bush, there are two immediate or more obvious things about South Africa that enrage the world. One of them is the policy of Apartheid ('Apartness', or racial segregation); and the other, more important one is that the Whites rule the Blacks instead of the Blacks ruling the Whites. Furthermore, world rage is increased, of course, by the realisation that South Africans have no intention whatever of abdicating.

But let us consider these factors carefully. Racial segregation does not imply racial oppression or genocide or anything Communist like that, but means purely what it says. It means that the white race and the black race, the one advanced and the other primitive and polygamous, instead of mixing retain their widely disparate customs and identities. Basically it means only this: That the white race is determined to stay white. This, aside from the sheer impossibility of two such widely disparate races living on mixed and equal terms, is absolutely all that racial segregation means. Yet purely because of this, and purely because a civilised white race is ruling a primitive black race instead of the other way about, the world is given to understand that South Africa represents a grave threat to world peace and is a moral abomination.

Now if these do constitute the grounds for the world condemnation of South Africa, including Western condemnation, it must be suspected even by a person of the meanest intelligence that what is going on in the world is something quite different and infinitely more menacing than his newspapers would have him suppose. He is bound to realise that no amount of popular moralising can disguise the nature of the threat to the white race as such. He must conclude

in fact that this threat to the white race is the overriding if underlying motive of modern political events. It could not be otherwise, if the determination of a mere three million white people to stay white and to remain the masters of their own country represents a threat to world peace. For would the world be prepared to go to war because of a black people who wanted to stay black, or a brown people who wanted to stay brown, or because a place such as the Sudan insisted on Arab rule? Obviously, too, it must be the giant Afro-Asian bloc that wants to fling the world into war against South Africa, and not little South Africa that wants to go to war against the world.

Once again those odd bedfellows, the United States and the Soviet Union, the US and the USSR, have made common cause in their condemnation of South Africa. The Russian attitude towards South Africa may of course be taken for granted; but because we are expected to regard America as a non-Communist country primarily devoted to shielding and buttressing the free world, her antipathy to South Africa and to the white Christian inhabitants of Africa in general has merited closer attention. It has merited, for example, a close examination of Mr Adlai Stevenson; a man whose ideas might well set the whole of Anglo-Saxondom atremble but scarcely our enemies. The same applies to Mr Francis Plimpton, Adlai's protégé, who advised a special UN committee on Apartheid that "in recognition of the explosive character of affairs in South Africa, the Security Council be requested to maintain a close and continuing watch on the situation as one which might precipitate a serious threat to world peace and security." He also volunteered the statement that South Africa's Apartheid was a deliberate flouting of the UN Charter; though the United States itself was clearly no longer making the slightest pretext of honouring the non-interference clauses of the Charter it was quoting. Conversely it seems to have escaped the notice of America's representatives at the United Nations that South Africa has never yet supported a resolution against the United States, nor ever would do so.

Not surprisingly, Britain has aligned herself with the Plimptonian sentiments. Ever since Suez she has been an American echo. In fact she started to oppose South Africa at the UN even when South Africa was still a member of the Commonwealth. Mr Patrick Wall, for instance, another of Britain's promising young Fabians, excelled himself by telling the Trusteeship Committee that South Africa had deliberately deprived the people of South West Africa of their basic human rights for over forty years, and that Apartheid was "morally abominable, intellectually grotesque and spiritually indefensible." Mr Wall, of course, was not to know that racial segregation in South Africa was first officially instituted under British rule. Nor would he have cared to recognise the real implication of his words: That the white race is so infinitely more advanced than

the black race that segregation, by making this distinction clear-cut, actually makes it look like oppression.

Probably the only countries at the UN which have dared to say a word or two in South Africa's favour are Australia and New Zealand. Admittedly their political leaders have made it their business to declare their unequivocal detestation of racial segregation in any shape or form, and of South African racial segregation in particular. It does not occur to them that their inability to integrate even their own meagre coloured minorities points to a profound biological difference between white and non-white, and to basic incompatibilities and consequent difficulties of social adjustment which, in South Africa, are in every way a thousand times magnified. None the less the Australians in particular, who like the New Zealanders normally believe in proving their loyalty to those who fought by their side in both world wars, as well as in Korea, realise that what would be forced on South Africa today would surely be forced on Australia tomorrow — namely the abolishment by UN command of the White Australia policy, and the flooding of the country with Asian peoples. This is a prospect, needless to say, which is sufficient to dampen the ardour even of those Australian integrationist leaders who otherwise seem as keen to adulterate their own people as to adulterate white South Africans.

There is little doubt, however, that whether the South Africans receive any support at the United Nations or not, they are much too determined a people ever to capitulate to a 'world opinion' whose dictates would manifestly spell disaster to them. Even if South Africa were not financially independent, her resolution is such that she would never kow-tow to foreign interests or ambitions prejudicial to her own, no matter how powerful these might be. But being financially independent — much to the world's frustration — she has no need to go begging to any foreign State or international organisation whatever. Her financial viability is such that panics on foreign stock exchanges barely affect her at all. Such is the confidence of her people and Government that in spite of all the UN motions calling for her expulsion, and all the threats of sanctions and war, she alone of all the countries in Africa is surging ahead on a continuous boom of prosperity. Though she is keenly aware of the perils besetting her, she is not one whit intimidated by them. She knows she is right in what she is doing and that the rest of the West is wrong; and on that basis she goes forward prepared to face her destiny. She knows that white and black can never and will never mix. She knows that integration will never succeed, either in Africa or America or even Britain. She knows, too, that the West will sooner or later be obliged to recognise biological realities and change its present outlook.

In this connection there is another aspect which South Africa understands but which other White nations apparently do not.

This is that the misbehaviour of the Africans at the UN is not so much caused by anything South Africa, but is something that is natural to them. South Africans well realise that Africans would smash up *any* organisation they joined, and that South Africa amounts to little more than a specious excuse for this behaviour. If South Africa never existed at all they would behave the same way. How else, indeed, can the Africans make their presence felt? — not by anything constructive or balanced or original! Never stable at the best of times, they are power-drunk now, and will not calm down merely because South Africa might be dealt with. Quite the contrary in fact.

The disruptive, pathological activities of the Africans, far from being confined to the UN, extend to the International Labour Office; to the International Olympic Committee, to the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union, to international tourist conferences and even to the Red Cross. There is absolutely no limit to them. It seems inconceivable that those who attended the International Labour Office conference and heard what can only be described as the incessant animal howlings of the Africans when the South African representative was speaking, can actually pretend it was normal and justified and was caused by South Africa's racial segregation or the supposed ill-treatment of South African Natives. It seems inconceivable that they, the representatives of civilised White countries, can sympathise with such behaviour and can fail to suspect that it will soon turn about and wreck the entire I.L.O. The West, in other words, will very soon be obliged to recognise either that the child-races will have to be forcibly restrained and put in their proper place, or else that all Western organisations will be disrupted by them.

The fact of the matter is, of course, that Marxism and Liberalism have been eating into us for so long — into our native intelligence and will to survive — that the grotesquely abnormal is now accepted as the normal. We have all been told for so long that 'It's got to come' that when we see the mighty, civilised West being paralysed by a gang of semi-illiterate black primitives we merely nod our indoctrinated heads and say to ourselves, 'Well, this is it. We knew it had to come.'

However, it is time for us to enter the Dark Continent of Africa and see it for ourselves. From the beginning of time and until the advent of European colonialism, Africa has been indeed a dark continent, inhabited by naked black savages to whom killing, destructiveness and cruelty represented normality. It was and still is a continent of wonders; but despite its brilliant sunlight a continent of darkness none the less. And now that the colonial powers have almost all departed the darkness is fast closing in again. In the place of colonial law and order, the mangled remains of white women

and children pay mute testimony to the practical culminating realities of modern Western 'socialistic' policy. The near-insane egalitarian-inspired attempts by the West to impose Anglo-Saxon democracy upon African primitives, and to bribe them according to the best Marxist principles into alignment with the West, have failed dismally. The West, disdainful of South Africa's repeated warnings, has simply refused outright to understand the black man and recognise him for a different creature altogether to a white man. The result has been nothing but chaos and dead white bodies; and it will not be a moment too soon when the West wakes up to the fact.

Almost the only remaining ray of hope in Africa is that in South Africa itself the powers of returning darkness, and the non-African influences that are unleashing them and spurring them on, have been repelled at every point. The Afrikaners in particular, a mere two million in number — as distinct from the one million English-speaking South Africans — have successfully held in check and actually driven back in confused rout the entire world forces of disruption and death. They have never hesitated to attack them wherever they have found them, nor have they ever failed to recognise them when they have seen them. The Afrikaner, a lone voice at the UN, a midget in national stature but a giant in courage and resolve, is in effect single-handedly defending the survival and true destiny of the entire white race. It might well be asked what fears the peoples of America and Europe would have for their future if their own giant nations possessed but a tithe of the faith, fortitude, foresight, incorruptibility and pro-White conservatism of the solitary Afrikaner. It might well be asked whence South Africa obtains that which, in the light of Western nervelessness, appears as a positively superhuman strength.

The Afrikaners are a people necessarily independent and self-dependent, a people who had to make their own way in a land far removed from centres of civilisation. They never sought anybody's approval or permission before setting out to traverse the forbidding African terrain. They have never felt a need to consult others on how to lead their lives. Dependent only upon their own qualities and their Christian God, they crossed deserts and mountain ranges, and braved the onslaughts of savage multitudes. Thus the deserts they are crossing now, and the savage multitudes encompassing them, are but a continuation of an old, familiar pattern of life. It is no doubt significant that South Africa's hardiness and resolve, and its undeviating dedication to European values and traditions, should have arisen in a totally alien and un-European environment; an uncompromising African environment which has to be directly mastered if it is not to be submitted to. Afrikaner history, one of unremitting struggle against all but overwhelming odds, records the reaction of Afrikaner character to the challenge of this environment. It has been a struggle which above all has taught the Afrikaners the

truth both of General MacArthur's dictum, "There is no substitute for victory," and Churchill's statement that "Without victory there is no survival".

South Africa, then, derives its strength from its people and from the ordeals of the recent past. She is a young nation, almost a pioneer nation; not an old nation, jaded and disillusioned. It is not to be expected that such a nation should subscribe to Western defeatism, or passively submit to Liberal brainwashing and 'white anting'. For all her insignificant size she towers like a giant because, rejecting corrosive foreign ideologies — which are for foreigners — she stays resolutely true to herself; to her Christian faith and moral discipline, and to her Western traditions.

In considering South Africa, it needs to be repeated that the campaign against her is nothing more or less than a campaign against the White Christian race itself. It is actually a misnomer to call it an anti-South African campaign. It is an *anti-White* campaign. It is a war against *all* of us.

## CHAPTER IV

# South Africa

*The struggle of our time is to concentrate, not to dissipate; to renew our association with traditional wisdom; to re-establish a vital connection between the individual and the race. It is, in a word, a struggle against Liberalism.*

— T. S. Elliot

South Africa, hitherto a relatively insignificant country tucked away at the tip of the African continent, has in a vital sense become almost overnight the most important country in the world today. The United Nations Organisation has made this fact abundantly clear, while Lord Cherwell's observation points to the same conclusion. The reason for South Africa having assumed such normally disproportionate dimensions in the eyes of the world is that she is the only country, belonging by race and tradition to the West, which has refused flatly and uncompromisingly to accept a single feature of the New World Order. She will accept neither the international order as laid down by Moscow, nor the anti-national order as laid down by Washington, nor the synthesis of the two as represented by the United Nations Organisation. This means that for as long as South Africa continues to reject this new world order (and she will reject it for as long as she has life), she will stand as an undimmed beacon of hope and guidance to all those Western peoples who have not yet entirely lost their national instincts. She will represent a rallying point, a standard around which the semi-vanquished nations of the West might regroup themselves. And by the same token, for as long as she remains unvanquished herself, the progress towards One World will be retarded and thus seriously jeopardised.

While, in practically every other part of the West, the Liberal ideology appears to have stifled all real opposition, in South Africa the trend of public opinion is flowing powerfully against it. South Africa has analysed the falsehood and sickness that lie at the core of Liberalism, and has denounced them. She has, as I have stated,

denounced and repulsed the forces of the Left on all fronts, and of all shades from bright red to pale pink. Communism was outlawed long ago; and the Soviet Consulate closed and sent packing as soon as positive proof was obtained of its nefarious activities. In South Africa not only have the Communists and Liberals suffered a major reverse, but also those who commonly finance the latter and sometimes the former. Owing to her success in this, South Africa is again offering a reminder to the West of the strength and value of its forsaken traditions. She is formidable, not only on account of her courage and tenaciousness, but because she has the truth on her side as against the untruth of her adversaries — those who, in America, to be strictly factual, must needs employ tanks and bayonets against white schoolchildren to sustain this untruth.

Because South Africa stands for Western Civilisation as opposed to One-World Communism, she is naturally subjected to the Big Smear. Her point of view is met, not with rational argument, but with smearing. The Big Lie always needs the support of the Big Smear. Instead of being answered, her arguments are either ignored, misrepresented or simply drowned by disapproving roars. It is enough merely to hiss the word Apartheid to bring about the conditioned reflex of disapproving roars. South Africa's very talk of Western Civilisation is drowned by cries of disapproval from the West itself; while her mention of Christianity is met with ridicule from the other Christian countries. One of the smears is to the effect that South Africa is a land of pastoralists too backward to understand new trends. Afrikanerdom is described as an anachronism, as something that is out of step with the world, or as something that is trying to swim against the whole current of world opinion. In both these latter respects, indeed, the critics are quite right. Afrikanerdom is out of step with the world — much to its own credit. While as for swimming against the current of world opinion, any jellyfish can drift downstream with it.

It is not true, however, that South Africa is a backward country. On the contrary, though much of the land is taken up with ranching and farming, it is a country which is industrially highly developed where industries are needed. Though she has not produced any thermonuclear weapons, South Africa happens to be one of the world's nuclear powers, which scarcely bespeaks a technological backwardness. Her major industries are very largely devoted to the exploitation of her great mineral wealth or to the artificial processing of such strategic products as are otherwise lacking — such as the processing of oil from coal. Owing to the threats of boycott and embargo she has to aim at self-sufficiency; an aim which has been already so far realised that no boycott, even assuming it could be universally applied, could effectively cripple her. Nevertheless in aiming at self-sufficiency South Africa has of course recognised the supreme importance of food, and hence the need for retaining and

developing the country's essential 'pastoralism'. Minerals, after all, cannot reproduce themselves, and when they are exhausted that is the end of them. Moreover, it is necessary for other reasons to keep the land well populated, not to drain the land of people and flood the towns with them. In the towns they would be rootless and would easily be managed by those who would thus control the entire rootless nation. The strength of the nation is based upon the land and its development, not upon the development of factories.

Economically, as we know, South Africa is in a very sound position. Although the international Press claims that segregation is an "economic absurdity" as well as a moral abomination, the South Africa currency continues to enjoy a higher quotation in U.S. dollars than any other Sterling Area currency. South African money is literally worth its weight in gold; the convenient economic fiction that gold is wealth happening rather ironically to work greatly to South Africa's advantage. Nevertheless it is by no means only because of South Africa's great natural wealth that she is economically so sound. Her fiscal policies are conservative, she pays her debts and meets her commitments with scrupulous care, she possesses competent economic and industrial management, and her exports are always dependable because strikes are illegal and the trade unions are non-political. Being independent financially as well as ideologically, South Africa discourages any form of foreign investment with strings attached, but greatly encourages private foreign investment. There is more American money invested in South Africa than in all the rest of Africa put together, but it is private American investment. At least the shrewd private American investor has no illusions about the best and safest place for investment in Africa, nor for that matter has the British or any other private investor. The main factor (one which greatly attracts the smaller, independent foreign capitalist) is that in a world almost totally homogenised and dominated by international finance, South Africa represents a strong nodule of free national wealth. Once again South Africans are out of step with the world in actually owning the wealth of their own country. Once again they represent an unravelled knot of infuriating resistance to world homogeneity. In all respects South Africa believes in authentic national sovereignty, whereas international finance does not. Western Capitalism might stand opposed to a Russian-centred Communism, but both stand opposed to a political Nationalism drawing its inspiration from the minds and instincts of ordinary human beings. Both Communism and Capitalism amount to the same thing — to power! But Money foolishly believes it can control the chaos that results from the breakdown of national authority. It believes it can seize and retain the reins of power once Red agitation has made a country ungovernable — as if tanks can be stopped by throwing bundles of banknotes

at them, or as if Negro nature will fall obediently into line with infallible Liberal blueprints.

South Africa is additionally fortunate in possessing political leaders of an extremely high calibre. They are anything but backward, even though they do disagree with Western newspaper opinion. They are very well informed, and appear to be more so than other Western politicians if only because they act on their information instead of merely nursing it. Certainly they display a good deal more accurate foresight and anticipation than other Western leaders, not to mention considerably more loyalty to their own people. In view of South Africa's orderliness and almost run-away prosperity in this disintegrating, money-begging world, particularly on the chaotic, bankrupt African continent itself, it follows that those who guide her policies must possess uncommon ability and acumen. She is indeed a nation with perfectly clear and positive aims and methods of her own; and it is partly because of the success of these methods, in the face of all assured predictions to the contrary, that she is so much hated by the Afro-Asian bloc and the Western liberals. That, and the stupefaction of these enemies of the White race that so small a nation should continue to defy them when great nations like America so readily bend the knee.

It is undeniably remarkable that world trends or forces that swamp other small nations — and even giant nations — with little or no apparent effort, meet with an insuperable obstacle in the form of the Afrikaner people. While Africa collapses in chaos around her as a direct result of the policies she is castigated for not following, South Africa flourishes proportionately, a haven for the white refugees from other parts of Africa whose own morally righteous governments have failed them. With each election, the voting figures reflect the rapid increase of public support for the Government's policies. This means that despite a violently anti-Government English-language Press, events have proved to the English-speaking South African voting public that the Afrikaner politicians have been right from the very beginning — actually from long before the outbreak of the Second World War! To the Afrikaner people, of course, the world has always been divided very distinctly into black and white. The world and its 'basic issues' have always been perfectly clear-cut, with no possibility of confusion. Furthermore South African political leaders — who have always been Afrikaners — have to be on their toes all the time because, as the national history shows, the moment they show signs of faltering they are rejected by their people. As a Voortrekker woman expressed it over a hundred years ago, "If our leaders grow tired and tearful, the Nation will take over."

The qualities of courage, shrewdness, forcefulness and unyieldingness which distinguish the Afrikaner are as much needed today as they were in the days of President Kruger. South Africa's

position brings to mind Oswald Spengler's observation, in 'The Decline of the West', that "the only moral that the logic of things permits us to know, is that of the climber on the face of the crag — a moment's weakness and all is over." Hence Dr Verwoerd's statement that South Africa's policy must be one of granite. To be sure, every nation in the West is in this position; except that in South Africa it is more obvious, and that the South African Government does not hesitate to act accordingly. The seeming paradox is that South Africa is fighting the black man's battle as well, which to say the least is not generally understood at present. None the less those who are genuinely devoted to the black man's welfare (which I am not) should also be genuine enough to admit that more is being done in South Africa to elevate him in the scale of civilisation than in any other African country or territory. It is under South Africa's guidance and protection, not under that of the United Nations or any of South Africa's critics, that the black man is being best cared for. This is largely because life can only flourish where there is strength and order. The point is that the South African Government *rules!* It does not misrule or refuse to rule at all. Admittedly, it has not as yet received any Western peace prizes or gold medals, these being reserved exclusively for agitating primitives and newspaper editors. Nevertheless, even in the absence of these iron crosses of appeasement, the fact remains that it is a weak rulership, a liberal rulership, not a strong rulership, that creates an explosive situation — above all in Africa. Liberal rule has ever been distinguished by its transitoriness; and in Africa and Asia it has never been able to exist at all.

When, in 1948, the Nationalist Government came into power (yes, even democratic governments are supposed to come into *power!*), it was instantly claimed in the West that South Africa had come under a "reign of terror". True, there were no lynchings taking place (nor have there ever been any lynchings in South Africa, either of white or of black), the Opposition was still enjoying its lawful freedom, the Press was still free to say — or not to say — what it liked, there were no signs of machine-gun nests or whips or execution squads or anything like that, and the citizen was still free to criticise the Government without fear of a midnight knock on the door. Nevertheless it was said in the West that South Africa had been plunged into a reign of terror even if nobody knew exactly where the terror was. Therefore it had to be assumed that the terror consisted in the fact that the Nationalist Government, in the first place, had ousted the more liberal-minded United Party Government of General Smuts, and in the second place had declared Communism to be illegal.

Similarly South Africa has consistently been described by the international Press as the world's unhappiest and most explosive country; both of which epithets are remarkable for their manifest

inaccuracy as well as for the degree of wishful thinking they reveal. Whenever we pick up our morning newspaper we find there has been a new explosion here and another explosion there, until there is now scarcely a country left on the map that has not exploded. But South Africa has not exploded. Moreover in spite of the general conflagration in Africa, in spite of concentrated world hostility and South Africa's relatively huge non-White population, she is not likely to explode in the future. Therefore we must assume that South Africa has to be pictured as a "seething volcano" because to suggest otherwise would be to explode the Liberal myth upon which the desired overthrow of the Christian West depends.

Domestically, South Africa is not persecuting anyone other than Communists and those committing treason and sabotage. She detests Communists and acts vigorously against them. But why the Western rage over this? Are we supposed not to be fighting the Communists, even though they are fighting us with every weapon they can employ and have never ceased their aggression? The South African courts do not condemn as Communist anyone who is not proven to be an active member of the Communist Party. There are no faked trials. The Government does not control the judiciary. South Africa is not a Police State; other than to criminals and the said Communists, traitors and saboteurs. She is actually more of a democracy than many other Western countries with a democratic system, in that the Government and the Opposition are — or certainly have been — genuinely and vigorously opposed. No one has ever been able to suggest that they are mere sparring partners performing under the same management. The Government has also demonstrated its readiness to hold referendums on questions of vital national importance; and no one has yet accused it of trying to hide the truth from the people. Far from being noted for 'double-speaking' or evasiveness, the South African Government is noted — and in many quarters detested — for its forthrightness. Even when the Nationalist Party was in the political wilderness, it never equivocated but made its intentions absolutely clear to everyone. Thus, for better or for worse, there has never been any confusion in people's minds about what the South African Government represents.

Nevertheless, although South Africa is a democracy, it is perfectly true that South African Natives — the Bantu — do not have the vote; at least not outside the confines of their own 'Bantustans'. But neither, for that matter, do white South African children and minors have the vote. Nor, if it comes to that, do the thousand million or so white and yellow inmates of the glorious Communist empires have a choice of vote — though for some reason or other the Western democracies are not scandalised by this. Democracy, as even the outside world must surely have learned by now, is neither understood nor wanted by Africans. The vote is a

European fetish, not an African one. Furthermore it is obvious that were the franchise to be extended to the Black majority, the White minority and the civilisation they represent would be swept out of existence. Democracy in its true sense, in any event, has never meant a mere counting of heads without consideration of what is in them. Good government simply cannot exist on such a basis, least of all in Africa. Even in England, universal suffrage — among a racially homogeneous and highly civilised people — has only very recently been introduced, and has proved anything but beneficial to the country. In the days of England's greatness, when it was more clearly understood that only qualified minorities have ever ruled successfully, English democracy was essentially a parliamentary autocracy. The power that had been taken from the king, wisely or unwisely, was retained by parliament, not dissipated among the populace. Even in present-day America the illiterate Negro has no vote; though admittedly the Government is in the process of altering this. Being democratic, it is altering this not by making the Negro literate but by giving him the vote whether he is literate or not, and is calling it "justice for all". Logically, then, it may be the American Government will extend the vote to the lunatic asylums as well, that the most hopeless idiot might become the political equal of the President himself.

Although South Africa does not permit Natives to participate politically in White South African affairs, she treats them with far greater material generosity than is enjoyed by the Natives of any other African territory. So much so that it would not be an exaggeration to describe South Africa as a Bantu Welfare State, with 87% of the costs of Bantu benefits being paid by the white man. South Africa employs the Bantu, feeds them, clothes them, trains them, houses them, educates them and nurses them. In other words she is holding them up, not holding them down, as the world claims. She even provides them with old age pensions; whereas in former days the old folk were simply dragged into the bush and left to the hyenas. Not only that, but she is even giving them complete self-government in their own areas of the country; that they might, with indispensable White assistance, develop to the full extent of their capabilities without feeling oppressed by the ethics of White civilisation.

The South African Bantu, though they now walk about in European clothing and drive about in more European cars than are owned by the citizens of Russia, are still primitives like all the other black inhabitants of Africa. Where they behave in a reasonably acceptable — and to them, subdued — manner, it is because White authority obliges them to do so, not because they have been given schools and clinics and high wages. Even so the serious crime rate among them is enormous, and would of course be much worse if it were not for the police. Yet this, by definition, indicates their

savagery or primitiveness, not necessarily their discontent. In addition, even if they were to be seething with discontent (which they are not) they would hardly constitute a major threat to a modern nation able at short notice to field 250,000 well-armed and well-trained men and an equal number of home-guards.

It can be said that the main internal danger to South Africa springs — or rather, sprang — not from supposed Native discontent, but from a situation in which the parliamentary Opposition has been virtually eliminated. The United Party has been so decisively defeated at the polls that its spokesmen scarcely dare open their mouths for fear of making its position even worse than it is. Therefore the forces which formerly backed the Opposition, in order to achieve their object of unseating the Government have been moving more and more to the Left and depending increasingly on the trouble that can be made outside of Parliament — both at home and abroad. It is actually they who have lost their much-trumpeted faith in democracy, as in this extraordinary country of South Africa they have found it can no longer serve their purposes. Where the more extremist elements are concerned, this meant that a state of war had been declared (or undeclared), which in turn obliged the Government to introduce legislation to deal with the situation. This, to some extent, is what the anti-Government forces wanted; for it was naturally better that their persistent cries of Government tyranny should have had some substance rather than none at all. The Liberals in particular have to dig up a tyrannous opposition from somewhere in order to satisfy their need for martyrdom and give them the chance to make fine speeches about the rights of man. Having no real existence beyond the confines of their own particular little humanist desert, they are impelled to seek opposition and martyrdom as a confirmation of their imagined puissance. But it was not so much the local Liberals the Government was concerned about (other than those who are actually disguised Communists, and those who actively collaborate with the Communists and agitate among the Natives) as the threat of large-scale sabotage, especially in view of the link-up between the local White-led subversive elements and the Communist and revolutionary African countries. The Government's fears in this respect were far from imaginary as its university-educated police agents had long since worked their way into the Communists' inner councils — via, of course, the English-language universities — and had blithely travelled even to Moscow itself to attend the Conspiracy's meetings. It was owing to excellent police work of this nature that the Communist ringleaders of the plan to overthrow the country by violence were rounded up . . . caught literally red-handed in their secret operational headquarters. This, however, did not meet with the approval of the Western Press; which in the first place had claimed that by her anti-Communist and anti-sabotage measures South Africa had

placed herself beyond the pale of the civilisation she was pretending to be upholding, and when the conspirators had been run to earth stated that they were being persecuted for opposing racial segregation! But the Western Press being what it is, this reaction was to be expected. It was also to be expected, incidentally, that the American National Council of Churches should have donated thousands of dollars for the legal defence of the Communists concerned; part of the mirthless joke being that the South African police had obtained tape recordings of the Communist cell meetings of which the Johannesburg barrister who led the defence happened to be the senior member!

Aside from her disconcertingly efficient struggle against the Communist Conspiracy, South Africa knows that in her other related struggle against the Western New World Order she is fighting a battle of time. Nevertheless she has faith that she will win through. She is rightly sure that the liberal idealism at present dominating the West must sooner or later destroy itself. There is indeed nothing more certain than this. A philosophy built on a foundation of untruth and fantasy cannot long withstand the blasts of reality. The Liberal creed, one of nihilist despair, is however one which happens to be admirably suited to a One-World technocracy and to the needs of the Financiers, which means that it could easily destroy the West before it destroys itself. Liberalism serves the purposes of the Financiers because both believe ardently in 'Freedom'. Finance wants 'freedom' because it detests any form of restraint which might be imposed on its pursuit of absolute power; and the Liberals, materialistic and irreligious, want 'freedom' — as an unqualified good in itself — because they favour an equal sharing of goods and desire to put an end to responsible, protective and thus inhibitory Government. Hence the link between Financiers and their Liberal scribes or running dogs.

Liberalism, moreover, contemptuous or despairing of man as he is, envisages a more perfect type of man adapted to the machines he serves, rather like a well-behaved Communist zombie. The Liberals, like Freud and Marx, regard man as being the product and the victim of his environment, and thus they treat people like the media of science, inert and adaptable to egalitarian social engineering. This is exactly like the Existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre, a man who at least has the courage to declare himself openly as a Communist and not a Liberal. According to the tenets of Existentialism (which has always been afforded an outstanding degree of publicity) man has no individual identity and there is "no human nature". Man is a mere emptiness who — or rather, which — can be moulded to any image or pattern and fitted into any desired scheme, system or plan. He has no innate qualities striving for, and needing, fulfilment. He is a nullity, nothing but a nothing, starting life — or death — as nothing and ending as

anything his manipulators might wish him to become; his manipulators, apparently, somehow contriving not to be nothings. Now this philosophy in turn is closely related to, if not identical to, that known as Humanism; a word which the Press has eagerly coined, knowing that it has a fine-sounding ring and that very few readers will actually know what it means or will bother to find out. The Press actually has the effrontery to equate this Humanism with Christianity, when in fact it is nothing less than a denial of spiritual man and a denial of the God who made him.

Further to this nexus between modern technology and intellectualism, the South African, Professor Bradshaw (who to judge from his pronouncements must be very unpopular indeed with his Liberal colleagues), having examined the latest ethico-scientific world culture plan, remarked that it is "a plan promoted by mechanist intellectuals whose followers have multiplied into a collective breed of 'progressive type' administrators. The plan has the effect of homogenising all cultural aspects with technological systems because of an excessive and almost exclusive esteem for progress in technology."

This brings us to the South African English-language Press; specifically to the occasion when it divulged something of the Opposition's real policy. It is possible that the Opposition was surprised to find it had a policy; but at any rate the Cape Argus, in an editorial on August 15, 1957, wrote:

"The fundamental problem . . . is whether South Africa is to be an industrialized technological society, with all that that implies, or a caste society in a Spartan state devoted to maintaining rigid apartheid by legislation and police action.

South Africa cannot be both. The one social order, by its nature, is open and flexible; the other is closed and fixed. A caste society founded on colour means every man in his place; an industrial society means a place for every man.

South Africans today cannot finally evade making the decisive choice between the two . . .

Nevertheless, the question exists and is fundamental. The United Party has recognised it and come out squarely on the side of the 'opportunity' State drawing its economic strength from industrialization and technology. This implies a responsibility for the welfare of workers of all races, for their social security and for the fairer distribution of the increased wealth resulting from the rise in production, and also a problem of political representation.

The United Party has shown itself fully prepared to accept and further an industrialized society and to grapple with its implications."

Yes, it is the 'implications' that count. We are living in a world fairly bursting at the seams with implications; and it takes a Party like the United Party to grapple with them. An "industrialized

technological society, with all that that implies" would of necessity be a mixed, multiracial society with all that *that* implies! Notwithstanding all the nonsense about an industrial society meaning a place for every man instead of every man in his place, it would be a fully integrated, de-racialised, de-nationalised and caste-less society of de-humanised robots enjoying full "social security". In South Africa it would be under Black majority rule, but controlled and directed by international financiers probably operating through those Godless agencies, the United Nations and Unesco.

The South African English-language Press has always liked to pose as a bastion of traditional English-style conservatism. But somewhere along the line the conservatism, if it ever existed, seems to have got lost. It is a Press which in actuality represents Western Capitalism and preaches International Socialism. It hates Communism, but reserves its most vicious editorial comment to attacks upon the anti-Communists. This at least helps us to understand why the West seems unable to defend itself against Communist infiltration and subversion.

Yet whereas the South African English-language Press tells its readers in no uncertain terms what it is against, it is more cautious when it comes to informing them precisely what it is advocating in the positive sense. It is really only by a process of elimination, however simple, that we can gauge its positive intentions. Thus, when the Cape Times speaks of the "half-baked, ill-founded theories" which the Government insists on flinging in the world's face, and calls Dr Verwoerd "a dangerous fanatic", we know that it is alluding to South Africa's insistence on White racial integrity and White rule; which leaves us to infer that an unfanatical fully-baked policy would be one of racial miscegenation and non-White rule. The Cape Times came about as near to stating what it positively represented when it announced that the real struggle in the world today was between Totalitarian Communism and Liberal-Democracy. This, which was rather like announcing a fight between Rocky and Marciano, or Joe and Louis, quite overlooked the possibility of any other form of idealism entering the fray. Yet in South Africa, after all, it has not been Communism that has so completely upset the Cape Times' liberal apple-cart. It has been White national Conservatism.

The struggle then, where South Africa is concerned, is one which is being waged on all sides and on all fronts — economically, culturally, politically, intellectually and physically. We are not to suppose, of course, that a struggle of this nature is motivated by an anguished compassion for the Bantu. Only the veriest political simpleton would believe that the powers that are de-forming the world are more concerned with Black welfare than with the destruction of White Christian national sovereignty. Whether the South Africans ill-treat the Natives or spoon-feed them, whether they mix with them or do not mix with them, makes no real difference

at all to the implacable designs of the Communists and One-World Capitalists. It is essentially a struggle which Dr Verwoerd described as an attempt to replace the White controlling hand that is seen by the White hand that is unseen. With the English-speaking South Africans having been won over to the Afrikaner camp, the struggle within South Africa will now take the form of attempts to penetrate the Afrikaner laager itself by means of flattery and bribery. The beast is betrayed by its spoor; and if the technique should be familiar it is because the ultimate purpose of the struggle is as fixed as it is obvious. It is by its very nature a struggle which is going to be fought to the bitter end; a type of struggle which the Afrikaners — the 'bitter-enders' — are particularly well qualified to wage. Because, as has been noted, South Africa has retained its traditional Western values intact instead of having become fossilised by some particular alien 'ism', she has retained the freedom and power to exercise her own choice in all things. As we are customarily impressed with the urgent need to give primitives the chance to 'develop along their own lines', it is encouraging to see an advanced people having the nerve to do the same thing.

Practically all visitors to South Africa express their surprise at the marked discrepancy between what they find here and what they expected to find. The more popular conception of South Africa would appear to be that of a Tarzan-like jungle inhabited by unshaven, begrimed and gin-sodden white degenerates, living in derelict bamboo shacks surrounded by lurking wild beasts and coloured tarts. The white degenerates all wield rhinoceros-hide whips, with whose liberal aid they impose their vicious rulership upon otherwise happy tribes of unspoiled savages — all of whom are somehow inspired by elevated concepts of humanity and constitutional democracy. In commonplace reality, however, South Africa is not a jungle but a country much like Arizona or California. In fact Americans have always remarked upon this resemblance, and often call South Africans the Americans of the African continent. The climate for the most part is temperate; and the majority of the inhabitants work in offices and mines and shops and factories, and have to go to zoos or remote game reserves to see what African animals look like.

In order then to make the general picture as clear as possible, it is necessary that the more salient facts about South Africa be set forth briefly and without delay.

### **The Salient Facts About South Africa**

Unless many of these facts are known, no profitable discussion of South Africa can even begin to take place. One of them is that the racial composition of South Africa has no counterpart anywhere else in the world. Another is that the country was not wrongfully wrested from the Bantu (who are a mixture of Negro and Hamitic

stock, with a touch of Hottentot and Bushman); as the Europeans entered it via the Cape of Good Hope at about the same time that the Bantu were entering it from the north-east. A third consideration is that South Africa is an independent and fully-fledged republic in its own right, and is not a colony. Yet another is that segregation is as natural to the Blacks as it is to the Whites; and as it has always been practised and accepted by both races it requires a good deal of subversive propaganda to suggest to the Bantu that the custom is a wrong one. Still another consideration is that the Africans cannot by any stretch of sane imagination be thought capable of sharing equally in the government of a complex modern nation, or of assuming the responsibilities and acting with the civilised discretion incumbent upon full citizenship. In short, they are ranked as second-class citizens precisely because they are not first-class ones. They are in any event so vastly dissimilar to white men that 'togetherness' is not only undesirable but frankly impossible.

Now in view of modern racial problems it has been suggested (as Mr Neame, in his book, 'White Man's Africa', has pointed out) that the globe be partitioned off into separate well-defined areas — a global Apartheid in fact. Thus Europe and America and Australasia are marked off as being the natural or indisputable home of the white man, Asia the natural habitat of the brown and the yellow races, and Africa the home of the black man. In apparent confirmation of this the white man has in effect retired from Asia altogether; which he has been able to do because he has never formed much more than a garrison there and has never, generally speaking, regarded Asia as his home. At least there has never been a white man's Asia.

But there is a white man's Africa. And it, South Africa, is inhabited not by a mere garrison but by a nation roughly the size of Norway or Ireland, neither of whose titles have yet been disputed on the grounds of numerical insufficiency. South Africans, moreover, have no home but South Africa; and the majority of them speak a language which in spite of its close affinity to Dutch and Flemish is spoken nowhere else in the world. Furthermore they have been established in South Africa for over three hundred years; Van Riebeeck of the Dutch East India Company having founded a settlement at the Cape of Good Hope (so named by the Portuguese navigators because it promised to open the way to India) not long after his compatriot, Peter Stuyvesant, had arrived in New Amsterdam — now better known as New York.

Owing to the somewhat unimaginative Dutch East India Company's monopolistic stranglehold, the interior was not opened up. The Cape served only as a revictualling station for the Company's ships plying to and from the more immediately lucrative East Indies. The Cape interior was a wilderness, offering at best a meagre return for a great deal of labour and hardship. South Africa did not really

begin to develop until the ubiquitous and more enterprising British occupied the Cape in the early nineteenth century. Since then it has grown to a country of 472,500 square miles; with a White population of 3,335,000, a Bantu population of 11,915,000, a Coloured population of 1,703,000, and an Asian population — almost entirely Indian — of 520,000. Of the White population, roughly two million are Afrikaners, one million are of British origin, and 100,000 are Jewish. The Afrikaners, though largely of Dutch origin, have a strong infusion of French blood (from the French Huguenot settlers of the late seventeenth century), a fairly strong infusion of German blood, and a fair amount of British blood. The South African Coloureds, for their part, are the descendants of an original mixture of Hottentots and East Indian (Malay) slaves, plus a certain amount of White blood and rather less Black blood — the Blacks having come from slave ships intercepted off the tropical African coasts by the Royal Navy, and who were then brought to the Cape.

As we have noted, there were no Bantu worth mentioning in South Africa in Van Riebeeck's time. There were some who had settled in the coastal plains of the north-east, and a few who had filtered down the east coast; but they were all confined to this fringe and were not strictly native to it. The black man is native to Central Africa, not to the South or the North. In the Cape itself there were only strange not to say extraordinary prehistoric men, roving bands of Bushmen and Hottentots (worshipping an insect god, the praying mantis), who had no permanent dwelling place in the area where the Europeans began to cultivate the soil. The Cape in effect was empty; and White Man's Africa came into being not by conquest but by settlement. Even 150 years later, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were still no Bantu within 500 miles of Cape Town. They were confined to the hinterland where they were engaged in a war of mutual extermination in which the Zulu king, Chaka, was alone estimated to have brought about the death of many hundreds of thousands of enemy Bantu. It was, incidentally, this depopulation of the interior which made it possible for the Cape Boers (the word Boer means farmer, or boor) to embark upon the Great Trek of 1836. Nowadays, certainly, the Bantu are domiciled all over the country, including the whole of the Cape. Yet even so, some white people in the remoter north-western parts of the Cape Province (which is slightly larger than Texas) had still never seen a black man until during or after the Second World War. And it is possible they will not be seeing him in the future either; as the Government intends removing the Bantu from these areas of the Cape and reserving it for Whites and Coloureds only, as it was originally.

The Whites in South Africa at the present time are outnumbered by rather more than four to one by the non-Whites. This, if applied

to the United States, would mean that some 175,000,000 Whites would find themselves in the midst of 700,000,000 non-Whites; or, in Britain, that 50,000,000 Whites would be intermingled with 200,000,000 non-Whites. As Churchill once remarked, those countries which have no colour problem are inclined to adopt a very superior moral attitude towards those which have; but we may be sure that the above situation would radically alter Britain and the Northern United States' present racial outlook. Yet this numerical disparity does not end here either, for in the whole of Africa there are altogether something like 240,000,000 inhabitants, which means that in relation to the continental population the South Africans are actually outnumbered by eighty to one. Applying this again to Britain and America, it would mean that the former country would contain some four thousand million non-Whites, and the latter country fourteen thousand million!

With the addition of South West Africa, which is in effect a South African province, the population remains essentially unchanged, but the land area is increased substantially to a total of just under 800,000 square miles. This is almost half the size of Europe excluding Russia, and a quarter the size of the United States (though it is only about one-fifteenth the size of all Africa; which is as large as the Soviet Union and the United States put together, or the size of the combined areas of Canada, Alaska, Greenland, the United States and Brazil). Of this area of 800,000 square miles, 114,000 square miles are reserved exclusively for Natives (54,000 square miles in South Africa proper, and 60,000 square miles in South West Africa), whose numbers in South Africa, incidentally, have increased fourfold during the last one hundred years of White administration. These Native areas, moreover, which roughly represent the original Bantu 'homelands', or the areas historically occupied by the Bantu, are being extended. In South Africa itself, when all the extra land has been purchased, the Bantu territories will comprise approximately 66,000 square miles, a land area larger than England and Wales together.

There are, additionally, either adjoining South Africa or actually situated within its borders, the three British Protectorates of Bechuanaland, Swaziland and Basutoland, with a total area of 293,420 square miles. These, containing a total of one million Natives and only about 12,000 Whites, are also in effect Native Reserves. Furthermore they can be counted as South African Native Reserves, not merely because of their geographical position but because they are economically part and parcel of the Republic, and wholly dependent upon it. Therefore, in the whole of the African sub-continent outside the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique, and the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, an area of approximately 400,000 square miles is reserved for thirteen million Bantu — an area twice the size

of France, and almost exactly half the total land area of South Africa and South West Africa together.

Admittedly, much of this land, in South West Africa and Bechuanaland, is semi-desert or desert. Nevertheless it is settled tribal land, an African habitat, from which the tribes would not want to be moved. It is, also, the sort of land on which White farming communities flourish; for it is on such arid ground that sheep and karakul (Persian lamb) thrive, which makes it the most profitable land of all. Even in the Kalahari, which has a tall if coarse grass growth, the handful of Whites who have been allowed to occupy and turn to economic advantage Crown land which was lying waste, have done exceptionally well with cattle-ranching. In South Africa itself, however, the greater part of the reserved Bantu areas receives more than its share of the country's mean annual rainfall; and an analysis has shown that 100 acres in these Bantu areas have, on the average, the same potential as 147 acres in the White areas. In fact the South African reserved Bantu areas comprise half the best land in the country, and have an enormous over-all economic potential. Nevertheless, although they are  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times the size of Belgium, which supports a population of 9 million, and although the majority of the Bantu are settled outside of them, dissatisfaction has commonly been expressed at the size of the Reserves, and more land has been asked for.

From the point of view of the Native this demand is not necessarily as unreasonable as it might appear, mainly because the Native conception of farming entails the accumulation of as many head of cattle as possible, irrespective of quality or of the land's ability to sustain them. This of course leads to stock debility, disease and soil erosion; the time-honoured Native answer to this being simply to move on to pastures new. Owing to Government firmness and helpfulness, and its imaginative 'Bantustans' project, the position generally in this respect appears to be much improved. But the going has been hard. The Native is frankly disinclined to adopt methods calling for sustained exertion (in the Reserves only the women work); and when, hitherto, the Government countered his request for more land by offering to reclaim the eroded land and instruct him in the arts of animal husbandry, agriculture and soil conservation, he would spurn the offer and mechanically and often truculently repeat his demand for more land. Not unnaturally, the Government would demur, telling the Native that unless he was prepared to show more interest in soil conservation no more land would be forthcoming — as he would otherwise merely extend the areas of erosion until the whole country had been turned into a gigantic dust-bowl. But when the long-suffering Government explained this to the Native, it was either unheeded or else advised to Quit Africa. Then, when the Government had no alternative but to take very positive action to save the land, particularly

with a view to thinning out the herds of cattle occupying the higher land ranges, it was sometimes resisted, clashes would occur between the tribesmen and police, and the Whites would once again be accused of brutality by the world Press.

Yet this sort of situation, of course, has not been confined to South Africa. All other African territories report the same trouble. In East Africa, for instance, the vast cattle herds of the Masai are worse than a plague of locusts; and as the world unanimously approves of locust control it ought logically to approve of Native cattle control as well. In the British South African Protectorates the story is the same. Acute soil erosion is caused by over-stocking and over-grazing, and by Native indolence and refusal to learn. Needless to say, all the wealth of the Protectorates comes from White mining projects and from the White farmers, and nothing comes from the Natives except problems. Among the Natives of the Protectorates animal husbandry is virtually unknown; and whereas the cattle herds of the White ranchers in Bechuanaland have been much improved by British Government stud-farms and specialist advice, the Natives so stubbornly refuse improvement that it has literally to be forced upon them. Similarly, where Native agriculture is concerned — if it can be graced by such a title — the British authorities in the Protectorates, who on occasions appear to have absorbed something of South Africa's positive approach to rulership, have in some instances simply told the indigenes that unless they co-operate in anti-erosion measures they will be sent to jail. The resultant improvements, best seen in Basuto terracing, are then featured in illustrated magazines and semi-official publications as examples of Native skill and industry.

It is all part of the white man's Burden of Empire, which Mr Nixon has always found so amusing. White empires, to be sure, were not built for the benefit of the coloured populations, but they have benefited none the less. Once the initial foothold in a country had been secured, rapaciously or otherwise, the white colonial rulers, being of a nation-building character, were usually sure to set about developing it. It is a very big mistake, fostered by the teachings of our modern Marxist universities, always to seek a narrow explanation in economic motives alone where the activities of superior peoples are concerned. It immediately puts our thinking on a par with that of Indians, who could only imagine that white men were trying to climb Mount Everest because there was gold on the summit; or on a par with the Ecuador authorities who were likewise convinced that Edward Whymper was looking for gold when he scaled the volcano of Chimborazo. These are strictly Oriental or Hybrid interpretations of Nordic behaviour, and as such are scarcely interpretations we ourselves should accept as valid. In fact Mr Nixon has only to refer to the history of the American occupation of the Philippines to realise the falseness of such inter-

pretations. There is always, for example, the natural irritation that advanced peoples feel at the sight of wasteful, clumsy and destructive methods, and their detestation of graft and corruption. Morally, as advanced and expanding people, the Whites were right to occupy backward lands. They were but obeying a law of nature: the abhorrence of nature for vacuums. They were but obeying their own irresistible outward-reaching energies, given wings by their superior inventiveness in weapons and modes of transport. No doubt this outward-reachingness was comprehended in some still deeper life-motivation; something which today is expressed in such White marvels as space flight and the sending of rockets to the planets. But whatever their motives, conscious or unconscious, the white colonisers took with them their administrations, their scientists, their missionaries. Though they have received precious little recognition for it, they brought civilisation and development, and alone are responsible for having raised the living standards of the non-White inhabitants above their former animal levels. This situation in general with regard to Africa can actually best be expressed by Kipling's word on India: "Yearly the work of pushing and coaxing and scolding and petting the country into good living goes forward. If an advance be made all credit is given to the native while the Englishmen stand back and wipe their foreheads. If a failure occurs the Englishmen step forward and take the blame. Over-much tenderness of this kind has bred a strong belief among many natives that any native is capable of administering all the country, and many devout Englishmen believe this also, because the theory is stated in beautiful English and with all the latest political garnish."

An official South African Government survey of the Bantu (the 'Tomlinson Report') revealed that cattle and ancestor worship are inseparably related in the Bantu mind. "Because their cattle are their most prized possession," the Report stated, "the cattle kraal is regarded as the home of the ancestral spirits, and the cattle as the medium through which contact can be established and maintained with the spirits. To the Bantu the cattle kraal is his church and the centre of his family and community life."

Such Bantu beliefs naturally lead to all sorts of unforeseeable difficulties. For instance, the high mortality rate among the cattle in the Libade district of the Transkei Native Reserve was attributed by the Natives to the fact that a White official from the Government Veterinary Department had cut the tail brushes of all cattle that had been vaccinated. The local Native councillor, T. Mangala, asked that the practice be discontinued as his people believed there was a hoodoo attached to it. The South Africans no doubt suspected that Mangala, for all his superior station, believed in the hoodoo as firmly as any of his people, and was most probably the one who had conceived the idea. Still, after all the pros and cons had been taken into account, it appeared that the Natives were perturbed because,

fundamentally, they believed that the veterinary official had in effect been cutting the tails of their ancestors, and that the enraged and mutilated ancestors by quitting their habitations in the animals' insides had caused them to die. On the other hand, in the northern Transvaal, as the managers of what is said to be the world's largest citrus estate discovered to their surprise, the ancestors of the Bapedi tribe do not associate with cattle but take the form of snakes. Owing to the high price of meat, the estate managers had decided to feed their Bapedi labourers on fish. But the Bapedi rejected it. "How do we know," they asked, "that this is not snake? Our ancestors live in the form of snakes; and we do not eat our ancestors." So the managers ordered the fish to be delivered with the heads still on. And the Bapedi, seeing that they were in fact being offered fish and not ancestor, settled down without further complaint to their new diet.

It can be appreciated from these two random examples that white men who set out to help and advise Africans have to be, or should properly be, as well versed in demonology as in anything else. Of course, Africans like to raise all sorts of difficulties and objections because of their dislike of the white man's interference. Nevertheless the nature of their objections is even more revealing of their mental primitiveness than of their desire to resist improvement. The key to Native politics has ever been a knowledge of Native religion and the machinery of witchcraft; which amount to the same thing. Moreover it is a mistake to equate African witchcraft with mediaeval European witchcraft; for whereas the latter was a superstition, a punishable aberration, African witchcraft forms the very warp and woof of the Native's daily life. Even in South Africa it continues to flourish mightily. The wealthiest Natives in South Africa are the 'herbalists'; and at least one of them is an authentic millionaire. To give an instance of this, one Khotso Sethhunsa, a witchdoctor from the Transkei Reserve, came into the little town of Umtata with a large leather suitcase fastened with a chain and padlock, which he took into a car dealer's premises and, on opening it, produced from it £3,200 in assorted and much-handled bank-notes — the price of a new Cadillac. The counting of the notes took three men about an hour to complete. And when they had finished, the twentieth-century witchdoctor climbed proudly into his shining new mobile juke-box and drove back to his savage abode — the chief centre of resistance to the unwanted intrusions of White veterinary officials.

But again, of course, these circumstances do not apply only to Southern Africa. In an article on conditions in Nigeria — which appeared in 'The Spectator' way back in March, 1952 — Winifred Whalley, fresh from England but obviously at liberty to report things as she found them, said that the African peasant was 'apparently incapable of making the smallest advance on the road to

civilisation without external aid." She was shocked by the extreme violence and anti-White tone of the local newspapers, and found the Natives to be "suspicious, ungrateful and scheming . . . hating and fearing the white man because they hate and fear each other." "Even this," she went on, "is not all. In the last few years they have been infected with a particularly virulent form of nationalism — unreasonable, emotional, aggressive, passionate — and no one should be surprised that when it is allied to the pre-existing ultra-sensitiveness its results are pathological."

Yet as it happens it cannot be said that the South African Bantu, in their outward behaviour, are quite such pathological specimens as these West Coast Africans of 1952. Because the Government and the white people generally are firm with them and give them the discipline and direction they need, they are more respectful and also more cheerful. They are also superior in themselves; not necessarily more advanced or less intrinsically pathological but bigger and stronger and less pithecoïd in appearance. A Zulu in the Congo, for instance, would stand out from the local Africans like a sore thumb. The Congolese would certainly go in fear of him, and with good reason. African nationalism, after all, is nationalism only in so far as it is anti-White. Otherwise it is little more than an inflamed tribalism. None the less, from the Cape to the Sahara, the Native inhabitants are essentially much alike. It is their similarity and not their differences that impresses the traveller. Aside from odd non-Negro exceptions such as the Bushmen, they are in fact very much more alike than the inhabitants of northern and southern Europe.

Nature, moreover, as I have remarked, has fixed so vast a gulf between the black man and the white man that it is the height of unrealism to think in terms of social or national homogeneity in countries like South Africa. In this respect South Africans would agree with the sentiments expressed by the Great Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln, who contrary to general belief was a staunch advocate of racial segregation. In fact, like Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, he had a lifelong desire to remove the Negroes from America altogether.

After he had signed the Emancipation Proclamation, President Lincoln stated:

"I have urged the colonization of the Negroes, and I shall continue.

My Emancipation Proclamation was linked with this plan. There is no room for two distinct races of white men in America, much less for two distinct races of whites and blacks.

I can conceive of no greater calamity than the assimilation of the Negro into our social and political life as our equal . . .

Within twenty years we can peacefully colonize the Negro and give him our language, literature, religion, and system of government under conditions in which he can rise to the full measure of manhood.

This he can never do here. We can never attain the ideal union our fathers dreamed, with millions of an alien, inferior race among us, whose assimilation is neither possible nor desirable.”

Well, the colony was Liberia, of which the less said the better. But it may legitimately be doubted that the founder of the Republican Party entertained genuine high hopes for the transplanted Negroes. He was obviously primarily concerned with getting rid of them; though he knew that in order to succeed in the task of making his country united and great he had to pander to conventional sentiment, and pretend that he was as much interested in the future of the Negroes as in the future of his own people. The American Negroes, although they are much more superficially advanced and sophisticated than the raw African Negroes (owing to education, to their civilised habitat, to a fairly extensive if diluted infusion of non-Negro blood, and above all to their being obliged by reason of their relatively insignificant numbers to follow willynilly in the ways of the White race), have still to this day remained the traditional hewers of wood and drawers of water. However unkind it may be to say so, they have so far excelled only in pugilism, jiving and crime; and it can scarcely be disputed that if the immense disciplinary influence of the Whites were to be removed they would speedily adopt a ‘Father Divine’ style of culture at best, and more probably a starkly Obeah one. They would break up into lawless gangs or tribes, and be all the worse for having acquired a certain ‘refinement’. I say this can scarcely be disputed, not only because the history of all independent Negro States demonstrates it, but because the present relaxation of White American disciplinary control is causing this reversion to take place now. In fact, to be strictly accurate, it is not so much causing the Negroes to revert to type as allowing them the freedom to behave naturally.

In South Africa, in order to protect the white race and eliminate the possibility of internal racial strife or friction, the Government, as we have seen, is developing and setting aside areas in which the Bantu will have self-government. It is the sort of solution which has often been advocated in America, and is much the same as Lincoln’s ideas on the subject. While it may not be foolproof it is undeniably the best policy available in the present circumstances. In addition to this regional Apartheid there is also a rigidly applied racial segregation in public places. The outside world thinks this is morally reprehensible and indefensible, very largely because it is not concerned that integration would make life impossible for the Whites. Nor, where segregation is applied to public transport, does the world stop to think that if it had not been for the Whites there

would not be such things as trains or buses in Africa at all. No Negro brain ever has invented, or ever will invent, anything so marvellous as a petrol-driven motor or a steam-driven locomotive — still less a jet-propelled aircraft. But it is not surprising that the leading critics of segregation in the Republic itself are, aside from those of overseas origin such as English ministers of religion and newspaper men, almost invariably those wealthy liberal gentlemen who are safely segregated from white and black alike by the impenetrable interiors of their luxury limousines and country residences. In the main, however, the natural instinct of racial segregation applies to absolutely all the various peoples in South Africa. The Coloureds will not mix with the Bantu; the Indians will not mix with either; the Bantu observe a tribal differentiation, despising the weaker or more primitive of their own kind; the Bushmen have very sensibly hidden themselves away in the Kalahari Desert; and all of these races are segregated from the Whites, who are themselves differentiated. So as the South Africans say, there is really no racial problem as such, other than what is deliberately fostered by malcontents and those with dubious political ambitions. And, in essence, when a newspaper such as the New York Times declares that the social mingling of black men and white women represents the acme of enlightened morality, we in Southern Africa — and in South Africa in particular — maintain exactly the contrary view.

The amount of work the South African Government has done in improving the Bantu Reserves, in improving Bantu labour and living conditions and in caring for Bantu health and general well-being, has deeply impressed those foreign visitors who had hitherto imagined the Bantu to be terrorised and neglected and living in the kind of petrol-tin hovels exclusively depicted in foreign magazines. They have discovered that the Bantu workers are frequently better off than the workers in many parts of Europe, and that in view of their simple needs it might even be said that they are at least comparatively better off than the Whites themselves — who in any event have to foot all the bills.' Admittedly, there are still a number of Native shanty towns left, for South Africa's industrial revolution is of very recent date and was accompanied by the usual chaotic influx of population into the towns. But this state of affairs is being cleared up so rapidly that the hypercritical foreign magazines will soon have to leave out the photographs altogether when they 'cover' the Republic, and adhere strictly to the printed word.

In its efforts to uplift the Native, the Government is being both generous and sincere. It is indeed remarkable that a handful of Whites can support four times their number of primitives at so high a level. It is not a feat that has been achieved anywhere else. Nevertheless, as I have indicated before, the Europeans did not settle in Africa for the benefit of the Natives but for the benefit of themselves. They did not build cities in the heart of the African wilderness for

the sake of the aboriginal inhabitants; they built them for themselves and their posterity. They are not obsessed by the popular manufactured concern for the African; they are concerned much more with their own situation. It should, furthermore, be appreciated that they have not always been so well off financially as they are now. Until fairly recently they were for the most part obliged to live thriftily. At one time, and not so long ago at that, there were actually so many poor white people in South Africa that they posed a distinct national problem: the Poor White problem. This problem has since been cleared up and employment found for everyone — thanks to the Government and not the liberals!

It is perhaps only natural that the people of Europe and America should be more interested in the Natives of Africa than in other white people like themselves. None the less it must be emphasised that of all the various aspects of the foreign view of South Africa, nothing is more noticeable than that the Whites are so much overlooked that they might just as well be non-existent. Apart from the stress that is laid upon their supposed brutality they are conspicuous only by their absence. Unless it be a photograph of a policeman wielding a truncheon they simply do not appear in any of the foreign illustrated periodicals when these devote sensational space to South Africa. The only inhabitants of South Africa the world is permitted to see are the black ones: black workers sweating in the gold mines, black agitators making appeals to God and humanity, black mothers sobbing and black children looking tragic; black faces here and black faces there. The impression is given of something monstrous and almost nameless in the background which has intruded into that which is so obviously a black man's country. The minds of the readers are focused exclusively upon the black race at the expense of the white, which, presumably, might then be obliterated without regret and without being missed. The omission is all the more necessary in that South Africans happen to be particularly fine physical specimens of the northern European racial stock, more sun-tanned and generally better built but otherwise indistinguishable. It is in truth a wonderful thing that a thriving white nation should have established itself in Africa. No white person in his right mind could be other than gladdened to see transplanted European stock waxing so healthily. Unfortunately the white people overseas are not in their right minds, because they have been brainwashed. Instead of thinking it a wonderful thing that a thriving white nation should have established itself in Africa, they have been persuaded that it is a wicked and atrocious thing of which they ought to feel ashamed. They have been made to feel it is a blot upon their otherwise unstained Whiteness, for which they can atone only by helping to bring South Africa to its penitent knees.

At bottom, as I have also indicated before, most of the muddled thinking on Africa arises from the extraordinary notion that the

black man is the same as the white man. From this it follows that the difference between governing a racially homogeneous civilised white country, and governing a racially heterogeneous and only partly civilised country, is not generally understood. It is always inferred or assumed that as all races are the same and equal despite their pigmentation, we 'fortunate' ones with white skins should feel ourselves morally bound to share our possessions — including our wives and daughters — with those who through no fault of their own are merely 'unfortunate'. Nevertheless, because of their vulnerable position, their consciousness of their right to rule, and their acute awareness of the nature of the perils confronting all the nations of the West, it ought not to be a matter for surprise that South Africans should have such scant sympathy for these legions of Communist-indoctrinated Western idealists. To South Africans the Negro is not a brother or a demi-god or even an amusing novelty, but is simply a common-or-garden black man. They are frankly amazed by foreign liberal ideas on Africa, and find it impossible to understand how the white man overseas can bow in homage to the black man and side with him against kindred white men. They explain what they are doing to uplift the Native, and prove that they are not ill-using him. Yet in return they are met with the mechanically repeated credo that all races are equal; which even if true is irrelevant. Realising, however, that there is no point in arguing with tape-recording machines, South Africans are prepared to let time rather than words prove their rightness. They realise perfectly well that their enemies do not want to be convinced of South Africa's rightness but only of its wrongness. Nevertheless, in the long run, the truth will emerge that black is black and not white. And even if the credo of South Africa's enemies helps to explain how British newspapers can refer proudly to various pitch-black athletes as Englishmen, South Africans will still refuse to accept the logical corollary of referring to the antiquated white-skinned variety of men as Nubians.

It should be appreciated that the Afrikaners have many generations of experience behind them in dealing with Africa's indigeneous peoples, and that this experience as well as their vulnerability puts an effective check upon any inclination to wander in realms of idealistic make-believe. They simply cannot afford to make mistakes. In the olden days they usually paid for their mistakes with their lives and those of their families, and the position is not much different today. But because of this long experience the proposals they put forward as solutions to the various agitated racial problems are of considerably more practical and enduring value than all the comfortable theorising from afar. The Afrikaner knows that the Native interprets any concession as a sign of weakness if it is not offset by some unmistakable indication to the contrary. He knows that unless he draws a firm line he will be chased from

his country as swiftly and as mercilessly as were the white people elsewhere in Africa. And he means to stay, not get out. His recognised success in handling Natives is due not only to his firmness but to his knowing their mentality so intimately that he can tell what they are going to do before they themselves have thought of doing it. Thus he does not have to wait for trouble to arise before trying to cope with it. He anticipates it.

While it is a commonplace for White liberal advocates of racial equality to be shouted down by the Natives they are addressing, the Afrikaner is listened to with respect. This is not to suggest that the Natives 'love' the Afrikaner. They do not love him but they respect him; and it is respect the Afrikaner seeks to instil. In any event love is unknown in Negro Africa, and respect is always more reliable than love even where love is known. The South African knows that what the Native in his heart really appreciates is some awesome god-like being before whom he can prostrate himself; and that apologetic egalitarians, men incapable of making the simplest of decisions or of giving the simplest of commands, who lavish their emotional energies upon primitive peoples for lack of any racial purpose of their own, can expect only to earn the Native's contempt. This applies particularly to those Europeans who formerly ruled him, for by displaying their present weakness they are making a mockery of his previous submission. Furthermore their sentimental swooning over Negroes is not only undignified and unworthy of an advanced race but is contrary to the essentially aristocratic principles of Nature, without which there cannot possibly be evolution and progress but only involution and retrogression.

The African needs strong rulership, and feels lost and let down if he does not get it. In this world it is always strength in one form or another that is admired or at least respected; and in its most brutally elemental form, which is odious to us, it is nowhere more revered than among Africans. Their various initiation ceremonies always involve severe mental and especially physical ordeals. If they do not involve physical defilement they will at least involve acute physical suffering, gratifying the instincts of the initiators and deeply impressing the victim with their power. It is the only language the black man really understands and respects. As Dr Albert Schweitzer emphasised (the man who has been reproved by the Press for his insistence on treating the black man as a black man and not as a white man), it is fatal to treat the black man as an equal. One must always make him recognise one's authority over him.

The South African Government knows that unless it wishes its authority to be swept away overnight it must rule with absolutely unwavering firmness and watchfulness. It knows that its survival depends upon its resolution, and that the moment it vacillates or seeks a cheap popularity it will be lost. A civilised government is

naturally incapable of inflicting those savage punishments which African rulers everywhere inflicted upon their subjects as a matter of course — and indeed as a matter of self-preservation. Yet the South African Government resolutely maintains order, and if it says something has to be done, it is done. The Afrikaner never prevaricates. If he says Yes he means Yes, and if he says No he means No. It is an uncompromising attitude which has the tremendous advantage of being understood by everybody.

Whether one sees eye to eye with the Afrikaners or not, it cannot be gainsaid that results have shown them to be right and their critics to be wrong. It cannot be gainsaid, either, that in spite of their insignificant numbers and relative isolation they have throughout the course of this century made their presence felt in the world. The impact they have made is the measure of their European-engendered but African-hewn qualities; and it is only because their foreign critics no more understand them than they understand Africa in general that they have been so much astonished by the Afrikaners' refusal to yield even an inch to their clamour. The Afrikaners know from experience that the little hole in the dam is fatal. They know that if they had weakened and compromised on even the least aspect of their domestic policy their entire national resistance would have been swept away by the ensuing torrent. But they have not compromised and were never likely to. Their voice of authority is heard more clearly than ever; and their country is not only intact but is becoming stronger by the day. So much so that even the giant nations of the West are beginning to realise that the less they interfere with South Africa the better it will be for them.

A patriarchal folk, the Afrikaners belong to Africa as no other white people do. The traditional Boer is a man whose happiness is complete when he is sitting on the stoep of his farmhouse, miles from his nearest neighbour, with his pipe and coffee and Bible and family, gazing out upon his land extending across the veld to infinity. He is the lord of all he surveys, the world's last baron. World organisations meet with his contempt, and world opinion leaves him unmoved. His way of life is the way of life he wants, and that is the way it is going to be. The world can either like it or lump it. Without interfering with anyone else, he will fight against any odds — as he always has done — to be the master in his own house. Nor must it be forgotten that while it is an easy matter to throw a man out of an office or overthrow a caste of civil servants, it is anything but easy to dispossess those with their feet planted firmly on the soil and whose Government acts for them instead of acting against them.

The English-speaking South Africans, for their part, are no longer the power in the land that they once were. It is to the British indeed that most of the credit is due for the development of South Africa into a modern State. It is they who built the harbours and towns and railways, and it was they who finally put paid to the Zulu

menace. Yet without being other than a sturdy and upstanding people they have shared the general Anglo-Saxon malady of racial-cum-political purposelessness. Unlike the other white inhabitants of South Africa they have been leaderless — or misled — and all at sea, lacking in conviction in proportion to their educational attainments. Being well educated and well read in the English language is, after all, tantamount to being well versed in liberal defeatism and hopelessness; with a need for racial self-depreciation in the supposed interests of racial harmony and world peace. Thus they have been infected with a general vagueness disguised by the mechanical repeating of fine altruistic sentiments, and where they have expressed any conviction at all it has been to bark lustily and ludicrously up the wrong tree. Nevertheless it cannot be doubted that of late, due to Afrikaner influence and success, English-speaking South Africans have been changing to a more enlightened and positive attitude. Two or three writers among them, such as Brown and Benson and Nissen, are and always have been outstandingly positive and profound; akin to English writers in style and American Conservatives in conviction. They have always showed a precise understanding of political and human issues, and a keen insight into the nature and ramifications of the struggle being waged within the West itself. Needless to say, their writings have never appeared in any of the national dailies, which in order to discredit the Right-wing must of necessity confine themselves to ridiculing its less articulate members and avoiding any mention of its intellectuals. None the less the marked increase in votes cast in favour of the Nationalist Party during the past three or four years — and which has been especially noticeable following events such as Sharpeville, South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth and the organising of South African trade boycotts — can only have been caused by a swing of opinion among the English-speaking section of the population. English-speaking South Africans are first and foremost South Africans; but in their best British tradition they react in a positive way to the threats that are being levelled against their country. It must also be pointed out that the English-speaking South Africans, likewise in the best British tradition, subscribe to racial segregation as whole-heartedly as the Afrikaners themselves, and have never differed with them on this score. Wherever British colonisers have planted their flag they have always remained essentially aloof from their subject peoples, and have always preserved their race intact.

The Nationalist Party itself has appealed to the English-speaking South Africans to become more politically active and alert, and to find an effective English-speaking leadership. This certainly needs to be said. For if the best qualities of the English-speaking South Africans were to complement those of the Afrikaner, it would amount to a most formidable combination indeed.

## CHAPTER V

# South Africa's Withdrawal from the Commonwealth

At the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference in London in 1960, Dr Verwoerd, after listening patiently to long harangues on the evils of racial segregation, and to demands that it be abolished, announced in "quiet, measured terms" that South Africa withdrew its application to continue as a member of the Commonwealth. Although Lord Balfour's definition in 1931 of the British Commonwealth of Nations as "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status and in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs," had become law in the Statute of Westminster, it was a law which the new Coloured members who now dominate the Commonwealth had from the very outset ignored. Consequently, owing to this factor, South Africa, a 'foundation member', felt obliged to withdraw its membership.

Yet South Africa's action had not been expected. Britain had indeed given South Africa to understand perfectly clearly, long before this conference, that although South Africa was a member of the Commonwealth with the Queen at the head of the nation, it would make not the slightest difference to Britain's attitude towards her. Britain would continue to oppose South Africa, at the United Nations as elsewhere, and would continue to support the Coloured nations. But South Africa was not expected to take serious exception to this. So, too, with those members of the Afro-Asian bloc, with the devout Diefenbaker at their head, who went to the conference determined to oust South Africa unless she amended her policies. They had fully expected her to make these amendments, not to react with more determination than they themselves possessed. They had never had experience of a white statesman who refused to be intimi-

dated by black blackmailers, and were nonplussed by it. South Africa in fact was not only showing a resolve which quite baffles the child-nations, but was demonstrating a sincerity and faith that are anathema to the retrograde political philosophies of the more 'mature' Western nations. She is purposeful, not merely drifting and double-talking and double-dealing and hoping for the best. She does not compromise with the present and future well-being of her people. She does not compromise in her beliefs; and there are no pressures in the world that will make her do so. The greater the pressure, indeed, the more she is assured of her rightness and the stronger her resistance becomes. And the courage and forthrightness of her convictions must make the leaders of the West even more personally bewildered than politically embarrassed.

Following South Africa's withdrawal, Dr Verwoerd said that it was deeply and sincerely regretted by the South African Government and people, but that no other course had been open. He had insisted from the beginning that South Africa's membership of the Commonwealth was unconditional. On arrival in London he had said "I have come to Britain as a friend. It is for Britain to accept our hand of friendship or reject it." And that while "we wish to co-operate with the nations of the Commonwealth, South Africa was not prepared to change its policy or allow any interference with its internal policies."

When, however, this advice proved of no avail and South Africa was constrained to terminate her membership, Dr Verwoerd told the assembled Prime Ministers that in his opinion "this regrettable step" marked the beginning of Commonwealth disintegration. There could be no Commonwealth co-operation on matters of common concern if the accent was to be placed on individual differences. "Such practices have led to the present unsatisfactory conditions prevailing at the United Nations, and they will, I venture to predict, lead to the eventual disintegration of the Commonwealth, which all would regret." The Afro-Asian nations were using the same tactics at Commonwealth conferences that they were using at the United Nations, with the result that the Commonwealth was no longer a club but had degenerated into "a pressure group". Dr Verwoerd pointed out that if the principle on which South Africa had been forced to withdraw from the Commonwealth — the principle of numbers and not of merit and experience — were carried to its logical conclusion, Britain herself would become a province in a Commonwealth State headed by India. "Of course you thrust this aside as nonsense, but why must South Africa accept just that for herself in a smaller way?"

According to Mr Menzies at least half of the Prime Ministers at the conference had been actively hostile to South Africa. He had, however, made no secret of his own views — "I wanted to keep South Africa in." Praising Dr Verwoerd as a man of "intense

integrity and great courtesy," he said that "he came out of this conference, whatever you might think of his policy, with the very high respect of the people who attended." And he added: "What the implications for the future nature of the Commonwealth may be we do not as yet know. For myself, I am deeply troubled."

The Canadian Prime Minister's behaviour at the conference, of course, needs no amplification, though oddly enough we later found him complaining bitterly about America's "unwarranted intrusion into Canadian affairs." Sir Roy Welensky, on the other hand, said that it was "a great tragedy" that South Africa had left the Commonwealth, and that it marked the end of an era "because there was no sense in denying there were tremendous differences among the Prime Ministers." He said he found it "difficult to understand what has been achieved with South Africa's leaving the Commonwealth." But Mr Macmillan's only reaction was to complain that if only South Africa had been willing to compromise and make concessions . . . !

Mr Macmillan said that "there are some who think that the Commonwealth would be gravely and even fatally injured by this blow. I do not altogether share this view — I do not share it at all." Yet barely two years later he was doing his best to enter the European Common Market and wave goodbye to the Commonwealth and even the national sovereignty of Britain itself — and for ever! Macmillan, who regarded every challenge as an invitation to suicide, had absolutely no mandate whatever from the British people to take this extraordinary step. In South Africa the decision as to whether the country should declare itself a republic was put to the people, whereas in righteously democratic Britain the question of the very abolishment of the nation itself was not thought worthy of a public referendum. It was enough that the President of America had spoken, and it was only because that long finger of fate in France spoke back that Britain was compelled to retain the last tattered under-garments of her former imperial regalia and national dignity.

Lord Casey, the former Australian Foreign Minister, said he believed that the unity of the Commonwealth had suffered with its recent growth and that "it is no good trying to paper over the cracks." There were not enough worriers about the Commonwealth's future. "I believe its unity has been altered — and not for the better — in recent times with the accretion of new members." Mr Macmillan, however, contested this statement and said that evolution could not be described as liquidation. "I would have said it — the Colonial Empire — was moving on through progress to a position which had long been envisaged and had always been our objective . . . The nations of the Commonwealth stick together and work together because they have a common belief in the rights of the individual and a common belief in the rule of law." He said that the Common-

wealth association now depends, not upon the old concept of a common allegiance but upon the new principle of a common idealism!

In spite of this truly pathetic nonsense, the truth of the matter is of course that the new members of the Commonwealth are in it purely for what they can get out of it. The only tie is money. The old Commonwealth, as distinct from the "new" one, was held together with ties of blood, common idealism, and mutual trust and respect. But what single genuine tie or worth-while principle or belief is shared by the new Commonwealth? Does it ever vote as a concerted bloc at the United Nations? And in the event of a war, where would the new Coloured members be found — sitting on the sidelines giving aid and comfort to the enemy? No sooner, in fact, had South Africa withdrawn from the Commonwealth than suggestions were being made in Ghana and Nigeria that Britain herself should be expelled, and that the initial move to this effect should be undertaken by Mr Diefenbaker! Therefore, while the politicians who dwell in Britain's ivory towers might speak of the Commonwealth going from strength to strength now South Africa is out, to prate of the Commonwealth being a shining example to the rest of the world is to do little more than elevate cynicism into an article of faith. As Burke remarked: "A great Empire and little minds go ill together." Not only that, but we in Africa know that a dying lion is devoured by its escort of hyenas and jackals.

Britain has always been guided by two political lodestars. The first of these is that all government must rest upon consent, and the second is that it is the office of statesmanship to avert revolution by reform. This is good democracy. It is what Napoleon the Third called "government of the cattle, by the cattle, for the cattle." The volatile and quick-witted French, no strangers to revolution themselves, have in spite of Voltaire and Montesquieu's profound and aristocratic admiration for English institutions always considered the Anglo-Saxons to be an essentially bovine people for whom democracy is unavoidably the best system available. This probably explains why the French themselves are dedicated to *Égalité*. The point is however that whatever the merits or demerits of democracy, it is a system which cannot possibly be applied to child-races. You either rule child-races or you do not; and if they want to burn the house down you do not anticipate them by burning it down yourself. The child-races do not respond to indulgence; and there is no sense in glossing over the fact that they are juvenile delinquents who can be kept in order only by the fear of punishment. Moreover, as the Commonwealth contains about 600,000,000 non-Whites as against 90,000,000 Whites, the application of democratic procedure means that Commonwealth membership has become conditional on obedience to rules set by those the least fitted in the world to set any acceptable standards whatever.

The British Press, with unbelievable shortsightedness, joyously hailed the news of South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth. The Daily Mirror said "Good Riddance." The Guardian, rejoicing at the removal of "an unhealthy limb," warned that Britain must not do anything to hinder the overthrow of White domination in South Africa (sic). And the Times, in tune with the popular newspapers, claimed that apartheid, "a stuffed dummy substitute for a real contemporary policy, is stretched across the public life of South Africa with its sawdust gushing out for all to see."

Strangely enough the Times had stated immediately before the Prime Ministers' conference that "the argument that the Commonwealth is moving down a slippery slope to dissolution is formidable." But immediately after South Africa had withdrawn its membership the Times stated confidently that the action had unquestionably made the Commonwealth much stronger. In common with all the other newspapers it predicted a dark destiny for the new Republic, a future of blood and explosion and economic chaos, etc., etc. Where South Africa is concerned the Press has always cried 'Havoc!'; and all the greater its rage that not a single one of its dire prognostications has ever been fulfilled and that all its own political nostrums have been confounded in detail. The Commonwealth, it says now, with its immense capacity for self-delusion, is a "new" family of nations held together by cords of silk instead of by chains of steel, and that the very oddness of the mixture is a proof of its "new" strength. But as to this gushing of mental sawdust I feel we need only refer to Lord Baldwin, who during a debate in the House of Lords said that if the standard of the British Press did not improve, the British people's level of intelligence would soon descend to that of poultry.

In the House of Lords the withdrawal of South Africa from the Commonwealth, and the general disquiet over Macmillan and Macleod's policies in Africa, led to resignations on the part of Lord Salisbury, Lord Cardigan, Lord Selbourne and Lord Forester. There was an overall stiffening of the Right — if there really is such a thing left in the United Kingdom and not merely pragmatism, empiricism and existentialism. Viscount Hinchingsbrooke, also, in criticising the inept handling of the South African issue, said that "the British Government had done nothing to assist South Africa with a defence, in the United Nations and elsewhere, of the more positive and beneficial aspects of apartheid. It had allowed Socialist comment to bemuse everybody's mind." Mr Macmillan himself, Viscount Hinchingsbrooke went on, had in his 'winds of change' speech in Cape Town the previous year given fatal encouragement to the destructive practice of internal criticism, a practice which "may split the Commonwealth from end to end." Viscount Hinchingsbrooke then pointedly walked out of the Chamber when Mr Sandys,

the Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, said that South Africa had no friends left because of its apartheid policy. There were Labour jeers at this gesture. And the Conservative Mr Sandys (the name is pronounced 'Sands'), encouraged or bemused by this 'Socialist comment', went on to say that Dr Verwoerd was "deliberately trying to swim against the whole current of world thought," and that "in any case we cannot accept that because of the colour of their skin certain members of the Commonwealth are to be treated as lepers." Evidently it did not occur to this profound world thinker that judging from the way the Empire has fallen apart it must have been infected with something very much akin to leprosy.

Mr Macmillan's speech in Cape Town was the climax of his African tour, and was intended as such. It had been drafted in London and had been revised or added to during the tour. The British and the English-language South African Press naturally went into raptures over it. But the Afrikaner reaction to it was best summed up by Dr C. De Wet, who remarked laconically that if this speech represented all that Mr Macmillan had learned of Africa since he left England, he must have travelled by submarine.

Mr Macmillan was no doubt a politician who tried to make a virtue out of what he believed was a necessity. He was a politician who believed, not in moving with the times but in moving ahead of them. In effect this meant that he was the driver of the Empire bus who, on finding himself travelling down a steep slope, accelerated madly and piled up disastrously at the bottom. His speech in Cape Town not only gave fatal encouragement to the destructive practice of internal Commonwealth criticism, as Viscount Hinchinbrooke said, but also gave the 'go ahead' to the black rebels against British rule in the north. Macmillan stated that the time when white skins automatically represented authority was over, and that from henceforth it would be the British policy in Africa to create a society in which merit, and merit alone, would be the criterion of a man's advancement. He rejected outright the notion of an inherent superiority of one race over another, and said that justice is rooted in Christianity and the rule of common law. In all, the speech was a declaration that Britain was on the side of the Blacks against the Whites, even where the said Whites were themselves British.

This emphasis on merit as opposed to 'mere skin-colour' may well have sounded morally unassailable to people overseas; but of course Mr Macmillan did not mean what he said. He meant only that power would be handed over to the black man irrespective of merit — for what Black merit is there? By merit he meant numbers; as Dr Verwoerd was soon to remind him. It cannot be suggested that Kenya has been handed over to the Blacks because they are superior in merit to the Whites, or that Kenyatta has been made Prime Minister because of his superior Mau Mau merit. Addi-

tionally, notwithstanding the fine Fabian slogan about justice being rooted in Christianity and the rule of law, it may well be asked precisely what Christianity and rule of law there is in Kenya, and what justice there is in deliberately dispossessing the white people of the land which they alone had made worthy of possession. The rule of *European* law depends for its effectiveness upon a civilised and accepting *European* population. It almost demands that a guilty person should play the game and own up to his guilt. But when it is applied to wily, alien, amoral, primitive or labyrinthine mentalities it is hopelessly lost. Kenyatta himself made a very close study of English law, but only with a view to circumventing it. No non-European will ever do otherwise. It is in their blood.

As for Mr Macmillan rejecting the notion of any one race being superior to another, it meant only that he was deliberately blinding himself to the obvious. Like most Western leaders he was hoodwinking himself; which to say the least is a highly dangerous pastime for Western leaders to indulge in. It is because of this that they stagger so blindly from one false premise to another, and wonder why all their plans end in disaster. No doubt they are confusing Africa with Asia — with China and Japan. No doubt they like to believe that when they are trying to appease insatiable non-White ambition they are actually trying to remedy legitimate grievances. Certainly, in this so-called business of ‘coming to terms with the Africans’ — by which is meant ‘coming to the Africans’ terms’ — they would not like to suspect that theirs is no more than the art of transforming mice into elephants.

As Dr Verwoerd has said, the policy of giving the Africans everything they demand, of indulging their every whim, far from resulting in the loyalty and peacefulness which are desired will bring about the very opposite. It is not the presence of the white man in Africa that represents a threat to world peace, it is the confusion and chaos, and the vacuum, that follow his departure. Communist propaganda aims its shafts at the ‘white settlers’ precisely because Africa depends for its development and orderliness upon their presence. Barbarian gunmen in international uniform lounging about at street corners are no substitute at all — a territory has to be settled. The white man is responsible for every single civilised feature that Negro Africa possesses; and the present negrophile psychosis, as Dr Verwoerd calls it, spells doom not only to the white man in Africa but everywhere else. The line has to be drawn somewhere, for there is no limit to the demands that are made upon us. For every one demand we meet, two fresh demands are instantly made. Extended appeasement, Dr Verwoerd predicted, would lead not only to the return of heathendom and chaos in Africa, but to the eventual overwhelming of the Western nations themselves by the unopposed, and actively White-assisted, tide of colour.

Appeasement is not a policy South Africa can or will subscribe to. It is not a country where the 'It must come' philosophy can gain a foothold. South Africa believes in trying to elevate the Blacks in the scale of civilisation, but she is not prepared to do it at the cost of her own destruction. It is this very proviso which makes her the target of world hatred. It is clear that it is the downfall of the Whites and not the uplift of the Blacks which is desired. South Africa's obdurate pro-White and anti-Left stand; her aristocratic principles (the Greek word aristocracy meaning 'the rule of the best citizens'); her insistence on racial segregation and racial integrity; her stubborn refusal to bend the knee to the internationalists, and the fact that she represents the strongest barrier in all Africa to Communism and the Tide of Colour — these are reasons enough for the hatred. Not until the white people of South Africa have become the slaves of the non-whites; not until their Government has been replaced by some other government; not until their dangerous ideas have been stamped out; will the agitation die down. Yet even then the world will not be lastingly satisfied; for even if the white people exist only as the slaves of the non-whites, by their sheer existence they will still constitute an unendurable 'provocation' to non-white 'dignity' and self-esteem. Only when they have ceased to exist at all will the non-white world feel that its triumph has been finally consummated.

South Africa's course is plain. It is none other than the course she has been so consistently pursuing. Events all over the world, and not merely in Africa alone, have amply proved her policies of White rule and racial segregation to be the right ones; and she does not need the advice of 'world opinion' as cooked up for cash in discoloured republics, nor the advice of the increasingly anarchistic Western democracies, as to how to manage her affairs. South Africa happens to belong to the South Africans, and it is for them to rule it, not for others to rule it. It has been said that for Socialists hell is a place where they are forced to mind their own business, so it is not surprising the white people of Southern Africa should advise the Socialists where to go.

South Africa, being a young nation, feels strongly the promptings of an instinct which in the other nations of the West seems to have atrophied: namely the instinct of self-preservation. The white people of South Africa are actually more interested in their own racial survival than in the humanitarian necessity for voluntary self-extinction. The instinct to survive has become a criminal offence in other White lands, but not in South Africa. True, the Liberals long to "die to Self" because their Selves are as unendurable to them as they are to everybody else. They are sick, sick unto death, and they want everybody else to be sick with them. But it is

not in the nature of a healthy young nation to languish in an ideological sick-bed.

South Africa is the only country in all Africa which has a future as a major world power. Moreover as a major world power it will be ideologically what it always has been — a power unre-servedly on the side of the traditional West. If the desired revolution comes along (the revolution as desired, not merely by the East and the rest of Africa but by our brave white brothers in the United States, Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, etc.) and the white race in South Africa is reduced, at best, to Black servitude, all hope of South Africa developing into a major power and major bastion of the West will be gone. The question then will be: What will have been proved or gained? In what way will our cherished Evolution have been served?

Though it is democratic for the sheep to lead the shepherds, the outcome is always Confusion. The rule of shepherds is minority rule, like South Africa's. The white man has a genius for civilisation which the black man, to put it mildly, does not have. In South Africa this White minority rule is firm but benevolent, efficient but humane. But above all it is *White* rule, which is all that should matter to us. For are we not White?

## CHAPTER VI

### South West Africa

It is time for us to start our journey north. Instead of going the direct and easy way we shall take a longer, more difficult and interesting route via South West Africa, the Kalahari, and so on up to Nairobi. From Cape Town there is a first-rate tarred road stretching all the way through South Africa and the Rhodesias to the Congo, a distance of some 2,250 miles; but we will not often be on this road. It sounds, I know, as if I am going to subject you to the thrill-a-minute action-packed Hollywood saga nonsense. But I shall reluctantly omit it.

Leaving Cape Town and travelling past neatly cultivated fields and vineyards, we soon come to the mountains and before long to the pass winding up to the Great Karoo. The transformation is abrupt and remarkable. The Cape itself is completely un-African and Mediterranean; whereas the Karroo is a vast, flat semi-desert, totally unlike anything in Europe with the possible exception of parts of the Spanish hinterland. It is the brilliantly luminous South African veld, with its sparse and stunted karoo-bush and naked koppies and kranzes, its conical or table-topped hills melting away into the blue distance. It is the land where the earliest known man-like creatures roamed, fully half a million years ago. It is the vast sun-blistered emptiness, often covered with snow in winter, where the sweating Tommies from all over the Empire fought the swift-moving, hard-striking Boers at the turn of the century — a personally chivalrous war which on the one side was occasioned by the desire of the Empire money-men to get their hands on the immense reefs of gold the farmers happened to be sitting on, and which on the other side was the beginning of the Teuton challenge to British world

hegemony — a prelude to the 1914-18 world war. The Karoo is the land of 'Boots'; with the scarred British blockhouses still standing in mute reminder at every railway bridge. The Karoo: dusty, stony, flinty, dun; a land of violently twisted rock strata, of dinosaur tracks, of thin tracteries of green-fringed water-courses, of isolated homesteads set amidst patches of startling greenery and cypresses, of dams and thriving sheep, of clanking metal windmill-pumps swaying in the cool breeze, of brilliant sunsets and afterglows, of motels and swimming-pools, and burly farmers in American trucks and cars. But you have seen it all before, in films of the American West.

At this point we turn off the tarred road and head north-west towards the Orange River, the dividing line between South Africa and South West Africa. The landscape becomes bleaker and emptier; far removed from Cape Town's bustling streets and suburban trains. Are any of the planets in outer space inhabited? . . . Yes, how miraculous! this one is, here and there! One horizon gives way to another and yet another with monotonous succession, an infinite bowl of earth and sky, until it begins to seem as if we were stationary and the earth were slowly revolving beneath us. Our vehicle is a tiny nucleus like the head of a comet, with an immense tail of cosmic dust streaming out behind it; giving us at least the satisfaction of knowing that the universe is not unaffected by our fleeting progress through it. The landscape becomes positively lunar; and we are entering South West Africa, the land of desert and diamonds, where the railway line and road — and unwary motorists — are regularly swept away by the seasonal rush of flood waters. The little townships average about 150 miles apart, as thinly scattered as island-universes in remoter space. At night, indeed, on approaching the twinkling lights of one of them after a long drive through the darkness, one does have the sensation of steering towards a star-cluster in a space-ship.

South West Africa became to all intents and purposes a South African province following the defeat of Germany in the First World War. In those days it was German South West Africa. It fell to the South African forces under General Louis Botha, the old enemy-turned-friend of Britain. The territory then became a South African-administered mandate of the League of Nations, and all went well. The United Nations, however, displays no such impartiality; and the territory has become a bone of bitter contention. The United Nations claims to be the heir of the League of Nations. But South Africa fails to see the logic of this claim and points to the difference between a league of civilised white nations and a league of uncivilised coloured ones. Consequently she refuses outright to submit reports, and the United Nations once again finds its edicts and authority defied by an intractable South Africa.

Though South West Africa is the size of France and the British Isles put together, it contains only 500,000 inhabitants. Of these, 75,000 are White, and 20,000 of them live in the capital town of Windhoek. This is almost identical to the white population of Kenya and Nairobi. There are altogether rather less than two inhabitants to every square mile, though the population is by no means evenly distributed over the territory. Of the non-Whites in South West Africa, 65% of them live in Reserves and are for the most part concentrated in the northern areas adjoining Angola. The remainder of the population — both White and Native — is largely confined to the central strip running from north to south, and which is bounded on the east by the Kalahari and on the west by the Namib Desert. The diamond-strewn Namib is the only other part of Africa aside from the heart of the Sahara which is a total desert. In fact both the South West African police and the British police of the Kalahari employ regular camel patrols.

The southern half of the territory is also a treeless wilderness (to any one but a Boer even its supposedly more habitable central strip is a howling wasteland) inhabited, apart from the Natives, mainly by Afrikaner sheep- and karakul ranchers. The northern half of the territory is thinly-wooded savannah country — cattle country — and is inhabited largely by Germans; immigrants and born South-Westers alike. The old 'Africa hands' still unthinkingly refer to South West Africa as 'German West'; and they are not greatly at fault in doing so. Windhoek for instance is essentially a German town, with its main street — Kaiserstrasse — still dominated by pre-1914 German architecture. South West Africa has always been a rough and crude territory, and old German Windhuk does not compare with old German Dar es Salaam. Nevertheless the Germans are doing very well for themselves in South West Africa. Their ranches are usually exemplary, with everything — including the animals — neatly on parade and functioning with clockwork precision. They are happy with the South African Government and always return the Nationalists to power at the elections. The whole of South West Africa is Nationalist, and becomes more strongly so after each brush with the United Nations.

The Natives of South West Africa are divided into three main tribes: the Hottentots in the south, the Herero in the central regions, and the Ovambo in the north. They are all distinct one from the other. The Hottentot, as we have noted, is — at least in comparison with the Bantu — a southern African aborigine. He is taller and less curiously steatopygous (fat-buttocked) than the Bushman, but like the Bushman looks rather like a cross between a Negrito and a Chinaman. According to most anthropologists the Hottentots are in fact the result of a cross between Bushmen and a long-vanished race of Caucasoid Hamites — whatever that might mean. But at any rate it seems fairly clear that whatever the original Hottentot

race might have been, the Hottentots the Europeans encountered were already more Bushmen than anything else.

The Herero, though he is no longer so distinct a type as he was, is characteristically a tall, lean, relatively thin-lipped and copper-skinned man. Though he is a Bantu he looks as if he has a stronger Hamitic — or perhaps Hottentot — strain in him than other Bantu. The Ovambo, for his part, is solidly Bantu, but blacker-skinned and more primitive than his relations in South Africa. He is thought to have come from the Central Lakes of equatorial Africa and to have settled in South West Africa and Angola about 300 years ago. There are also the Berg Damaras, the traditional slaves of the Herero, small and very black and terribly primitive in type and habit. They worship fire like the Zoroastrians, and even have Vestal Virgins to tend the flames. Otherwise they worship a type of tree which they believe is the ancestor of their race.

There is yet a fifth group I might mention: The Rehoboth Bastards, as they call themselves. These are the descendants of Cape Coloureds, from the best Coloured families, who in the last century decided to strike out on their own. They were convinced the Whites were hindering their freedom of development, and expressed their intention of showing the Whites what they could achieve on their own. The ambition was a laudable one. And setting out in high hopes they founded the settlement of Rehoboth, to the south of Windhoek and in the potentially most fertile part of the country. Yet they had scarce arrived before they were sending down to the Cape for a white man to come and help them. Their affairs were in disorder, the farming was failing, there was constant peculation of community funds, everybody was getting drunk and they were all shouting and brawling. The experiment was a failure, and the white has had to protect them from themselves ever since. Their land in itself is unsurpassed as far as South West African land goes. But the average Bastard would sell his portion for a couple of cases of brandy if the Government let him.

All three of the main South West African tribes were excessively warlike. The Hottentots gave the Germans plenty of trouble initially, though to their credit it must be said they had a very admirable peculiarity — they would not kill white women and children. But it was the Herero who gave the Germans the most trouble. The Herero were a menace to everybody, not only to the Germans. Consequently the Hottentots teamed up with the Germans to put them down, and the Herero were almost exterminated. Of course, the Herero cannot be blamed for having been warlike. They were warriors and not serfs like the Berg Damaras; and it was just their bad luck that they had to meet up with the warlike Germans. But ever since then they have been inclined to pose as a wronged minority of peace-loving people. Arrogant and inveterate trouble-makers, they are still as warlike as ever but in a different way.

For example, Chief Kutako of the Herero wrote to the United Nations to express his gratitude for its "tireless efforts in trying to free the enslaved people of South West Africa." His whole case for the existence of this slavery was based on the Pass Laws, whereby in South West Africa a Native is allowed to reside in a town only if he is under a service contract, failing which he is not allowed to stay in a town for longer than two weeks at a time. Chief Kutako, who did not explain why these Pass Laws exist, stated only that the non-Whites each had to carry a pass with a date stamped on it, and that if they did not return from the towns before the date of expiry they were arrested. Because of this the police were always on the look-out for Natives without passes, with the result that "the people were living in a state of fear" and spending much of their time in hiding. He then went on to say that wages were abominably low; that the people were suffering from dirt and malnutrition; that the children were dressed in rags, and that he hoped South West Africa would soon be liberated by the United Nations.

Now to those, such as the gentlemen at the United Nations, who know nothing about South West Africa, a complaint like this may well sound justified and even pitiable. The international Wailing Wall at Lake Success would certainly not refuse to amplify such a complaint. But to those who do know the territory, the Chief's words (if they are the Chief's words and not those of a white prompter) indicate nothing more than personal vindictiveness. As he well knows, the Pass Laws are designed to prevent overcrowding in the towns and the springing up of those very slums which the world is so quick to photograph and condemn. They are also designed to safeguard the Natives' own territories and their own well-being. And this was the very point that Chief Kutako carefully neglected to mention. He made no reference whatever to the fact that the Herero have their own spacious areas where the white man in turn may not venture without a pass. I have myself quite frequently entered Herero Reserves, but before doing so I first had to go to the police and obtain a pass with a date of expiry stamped on it. I had to explain to the police why I wanted to go into the Reserve, and had to offer them proof of my legal existence, and having satisfied them would then be issued with the pass which was to serve for a period of a few days only — never so much as 14 days, unless you are engaged in some sort of scientific work or have some other very special excuse.

Therefore when a white man wants to enter Herero territory he has to get a pass from the police, who will promptly come looking for him if he overstays his leave and will be none to amiable towards him if he does not have a very good excuse. And when a Herero wants to enter the White townships he has to go through exactly the same procedure unless he has a service contract to reside in them. The only difference is then that the white man has not thought of

complaining about the system, least of all to the United Nations. Moreover, if the Hereroes have to spend much of their time in hiding and are living in a state of fear (which, needless to say, is pure nonsense), could they not remedy this intolerable situation by the very simple expedient of obeying the law instead of trying to evade it? Why is it that non-Whites can never obey the laws of any land they inhabit, whether it be Africa, America or Britain? By what right do the Hereroes continually disobey a perfectly simple and salutary law, designed for their good as much as anyone else's, and then complain to the United Nations that the brutal white police are chasing them? Do they not see that if the white inhabitants are not chased by the white police, it is only because they do not break the laws of the land? Furthermore, of course, if there is nothing but slavery and fear in South West Africa, how is it that Chief Kutako is free to make mendacious complaints to the United Nations without suffering any horrible consequences?

It might be added that in the north, where the Ovambo live, regulations are stricter still, and it is extremely difficult for the casual white man to obtain permission to enter these Ovambo Reserves. The Ovambo are more primitive than the Herero and need more looking after and more watching. Nevertheless it has not yet occurred to any white man to complain about this restriction on his 'freedom of movement'. It is accepted that these laws are made with good reason and not merely for the sake of making life difficult.

As for the ragged-clothed Herero children, one does not usually see them wearing any clothes at all worth mentioning when they are at home in the Reserves or in their town locations. It is true that in the towns themselves they are compelled to wear clothing, and it is true that their clothing is usually ragged and torn in the wrong places anyway. But in the Reserves themselves the girls wear leather aprons fore and aft, and the boys usually wear inconsequential little aprons fore. In other words the Herero children wear what the Hereroes of all ages and both sexes wore before the missionaries came along and put the men into shirts and trousers and the women into Mother Hubbards. (All Herero women wear the complete Mother Hubbard outfit to this day — and out of choice too!) The healthier state of nature the Herero children live in, however, makes it impossible to mistake their general physical condition; and during the course of two years' residence in South West Africa I never saw any living skeletons among them or any obvious hospital cases. I have seen plenty of human misery and disease and starvation in other parts of the world, but not in southern Africa. Such human degradation is confined to those 'liberated' non-White nations at the UN who are the loudest in their condemnation of South Africa.

With regard to the low wages Chief Kutako complains about, it is perfectly true that Herero labourers receive low wages in

comparison with the wages the white workers receive. But the white workers are largely skilled German workers, settlers from Germany itself, who are of course to be numbered among the hardest-working and most highly skilled workers in the world. It is therefore scarcely to be expected that Herero workers should be paid the same wages. As a matter of fact, if the fine principle of equal pay for equal work were to be applied, it is doubtful if the Herero worker would be paid at all. As things are, he is being paid higher wages than he ever dreamed of receiving before.

In reviewing Herero complaints it is necessary not only to make a realistic appraisal of the Hereroes' value as workers, but also of their general background and their value as citizens. Hereroes like other Natives have emerged from the hinterland of the Dark Continent, not from a background of civilisation. They want to enjoy all the luxuries of civilisation and all the rights of civilised citizenship, yet at the same time they refuse to obey the simplest of civilised laws. They want unrestricted freedom of movement, but except in the form of raiding parties they never had it before the white man came. They had nowhere to go anyway. They want to have civilisation, except that by civilisation they mean portable radios and motor-cars. They want to live in big houses like the white people, though none of them have tried to build any houses of their own. They want everything for nothing because that is how they think the white man got it. It is the measure of their understanding that no African Natives respect the white man because of his vastly superior cultural and material civilisation. They regard these things as something which he just happens to possess, like a white skin and straight hair. They think that everything the white man possesses floated down on him out of the skies without his having to lift a finger to get it; and they think the best way to obtain these treasures for themselves is to complain to the United Nations about the owners and have them driven out of Africa. They will then sit back and expect the United Nations to give them everything for nothing, failing which they will then threaten to appeal to the Russians or the Chinese. This means that the American taxpayer, the world's patient milch-cow, will be called upon to dig still deeper into his threadbare pocket to retrieve yet another hopeless situation which his own democracy-crazy Government would have brought about. At the same time, it must be pointed out, it would be an error to assume that all the Herero are poor even judging by American standards. Some, like Chief Kutako, own much land and vast herds of valuable cattle (the Herero being more sensible with their cattle than the great majority of Natives). This makes them very wealthy men indeed. And how many Anglo-Saxons, after all, own any part of the lands they are pleased to call their own?

Not all the Native leaders agree with Chief Kutako, however. His own half-brother, Aaron Mungunda, stated that "as far as the

pass laws are concerned, these should not in any circumstances be abolished." He added that "if the Whites leave this land blood-spilling will be more dirty than it was in the old days. Already the non-Whites are fighting among themselves." There would be more bloodshed than in the old days because "parents and children no longer respected one another." Nor did Mungunda trust the United Nations. "Where have the United Nations really freed anyone?" he asked. "And in what country is the black man better off than in South West Africa?"

Likewise, Headman Nehemia, of the 100,000-strong Ukuanyama tribe of the Ovambos, in an obvious reference to the United Nations, told an assembly of chiefs that "peoples and nations are not chattels to be traded away or taken from the control of this or that country and placed under the control of another. Should any attempt be made to trade away Ovamboland and its people, or place it under some other control, it would not be without resistance — not without bloodshed."

So, too, Ananias Shapeka, the 'father' of the town-dwelling Ovambos. He is against the United Nations interfering in South West Africa as he is afraid it will result in another Congo. He said that the petitioners at the United Nations — Nujoma, Getzen and Kozonguizi — are "little upstarts" in no way representative of the Ovambo people. He did not believe that the black man was competent as yet to take over the government of the country. "If it came to that, we would revert to the old times and exterminate each other." He said he believed implicitly in separate development and racial segregation. "God has made us separate entities, not the Government. For that reason it must stay like that. We do not wish to intermarry with the Europeans. That is sin."

In these statements we might of course perceive a crafty manoeuvring for position and a deal of professional jealousy. We might also observe that bloodshed is never far from an African's thoughts no matter how moral the guise. We are aware of the essentially schizoid nature of the African mind, and how easily and abruptly it may change in mood and thought. Nevertheless, even if these spokesmen are saying what they think the Government would like them to say (and this, if it is true at all, is only partly true), it is in the circumstances a tribute to the Government that they should make the effort. Like no other government or so-called authority on Africa, the South African Government knows what it is doing in its dealings with the Native. And what is equally important, the Native realises it.

It is claimed by the agitator-nations at the United Nations that South West Africa represents a grave threat to world peace, and that the white police are shooting the people down in the streets. Among the more indignant of these agitator-nations are Saudi Arabia,

Liberia, Guinea, Ethiopia, Ghana and Haiti — supported of course by America and the West in general. In demanding that an international “police force” be sent to South West Africa, the agitators make no secret of the fact that their real intention is simply to obliterate the South African Government and overrun the White South African nation.

In all respects, South West Africa is seen as South Africa’s ‘Achilles’ heel’. However spurious the United Nations Organisation’s claim to South West Africa might be, it is felt that it could form the pretext for an invasion. The territory is more vulnerable to invasion than South Africa itself. It is vast and virtually empty, communications are meagre, and it is open to attack by land and sea. If it were attacked the entire South African forces might be drawn away from the Republic proper and manoeuvred into the deserts, leaving South African defenceless against direct attack from another quarter. Such, at least, is how one imagines the United Nations strategists would see it. Unfortunately for the said strategists, however, there have been one or two setbacks to this scheme. The Communist invasion of Angola, which would have opened the land route to South West Africa, did not succeed. And the second setback was the fiasco of the fact-finding mission of the United Nations Special Committee on South West Africa under the chairmanship of Mr V. Carpio of the Philippines.

Mr Carpio toured the disputed territory very extensively and conversed with many tribal leaders. He even started to make an impressive speech to Paramount Chief Goreseb and thirty other representatives of the Berg Damaras, until discovering to his astonishment that none of these fortunate people had ever heard of the United Nations and had no idea what he was talking about. Nevertheless at the end of his tour he and the vice-chairman, Dr S. de Alva of Mexico, drafted a joint statement in Pretoria which established three factors — that there was no South West African threat to international peace and security, that there were no signs of militarisation, and that the indigenous population was not being exterminated. In a Press interview, Mr Carpio said that what he had seen of South Africa and its people was very different to “the monstrous conception” he had formed of it before his arrival. And he added: “I would like to see apartheid succeed. It is a policy which has never been tried before and if it works it could be a solution. Apartheid I must say is contrary to what I had thought.”

It seemed evident, either that Mr Carpio was a fearlessly honest man, or that for some reason he was more immediately afraid of the South Africans than of United Nations reaction, or that he simply did not understand the nature of the Organisation he was representing. His previous opinions must have been tested and approved at the United Nations, otherwise he would not have been made chairman of its Committee. On the other hand it was possible that

because the idealisms of the United Nations harmonised with his own, he may have been under the impression that everything at the United Nations was perfectly straightforward. In any event, whatever the truth of the matter might have been, he seemed sincerely taken aback when his report was received with rage not only by the United Nations but by his own Government.

He hastily recanted, saying that he had never drafted the statement, that he had been very ill, that his coffee had been poisoned and that he had feared for his life from beginning to end of the tour. He had a violent altercation with de Alva; called for immediate sanctions against South Africa; said that South Africa's administration of South West Africa "violated the enlightened conscience of mankind;" said that "the Coloured race is just as good as the White, if not better;" advocated the immediate use of force against South West Africa — "call it war, if you please" — and said that the joint statement he and de Alva were supposed to have drafted in Pretoria was a patent forgery and a "criminal act of misrepresentation." But it did not help him. He lost his job at the United Nations and was recalled to the Philippines by President Macapagal in order "to avoid a similar spectacle happening in the future." Even the United Nations did not contest the authenticity of the joint statement, especially as Mr Eric Louw offered to show photostat copies of it. Moreover, though it was claimed that Mr Carpio had been completely under the influence of Dr Verwoerd, it was well known that he had in fact been very much under the influence of something else.

This comic opera performance was a particularly galling setback for the Organisation for Peace. It had sent the Committee to South West Africa to pave the way for that territory's subordination to UN control, not to report favourably on apartheid. Furthermore the Committee had been accorded world-wide publicity in advance of its findings; either because the situation in South West Africa was thought to be as bad as the Native petitioners had claimed, or because it was not expected that the Committee would report the truth. Such missions are intended to produce fictitious evidence to support United Nations power politics, not to produce factual reports.

Yet another deterrent to United Nations action against South West Africa is the fact that South Africa will hit back. She would quickly dispose of any force that Africa itself might send against her, whether it were under United Nations aegis or not. Indeed, any war against South Africa would have to be a major war. In addition, deserts favour those who know them rather than those who do not. It is so easy to get lost and bogged down in deserts and perish of thirst, if you are not familiar with them.

It might have been thought that there was yet another factor to be reckoned with in this matter of South West Africa. Namely, What would Germany say if her nationals were to be slaughtered by invading black savages wearing United Nations or Communist uniforms? But this factor can be discounted. The Government of Western Germany has intimated that although it is busily supplying arms and other military aid to the newly independent African States, it will not even sell a single revolver to South Africa. This resulted in a petition being handed to the German Ambassador in Pretoria by a representative body of Germans and South Africans of German origin, in which it was stated that Germans in Southern Africa feel they are being "betrayed" by the German Government and that they are compelled to regard the Federal Republic of Germany as a participator in aggressive designs against the white inhabitants of Southern Africa. The petition, however, having been drawn up by Germans, was not received by the German authorities with quite the same pious anxiety that a petition from black men would have received. Germany is still feeling very guilty at having failed to win the last world war and exterminate all her enemies; and today, materialism having been substituted for prohibited German nationalism, she is eager to prove to the world that she is equally as willing as any other democratic Western nation to sacrifice her own people in order to appease the Afro-Asians. The modern German mind is saturated with the liberal poison. In fact modern German illustrated periodicals, in their portrayal for example of the struggle being waged by the baited white minority of the American South, are even more crudely inane and offensive than the same sort of periodicals in Britain and America itself. It is the frightening truth that they are designed for an adult German population with a mental age of about 10 or 11, and that they sell by the million.

Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that the white inhabitants of Southern Africa are disheartened by this Western aid to their enemies. It makes them feel sick but it does not dishearten them. On the contrary, the world has become aware of just how determined a people they are. In any event, as the West has refused to supply South Africa with small arms it has been no trouble to her to start manufacturing her own. South Africa is in so many ways a unique nation, because at the same time that she is producing her first rifles, which happen to be distinctly superior to the Belgian F.N., she is also producing radioactive isotopes.

As has been remarked, South Africa knows that where the usual gang of agitator-nations is concerned, if she yields a single inch she will succeed only in uniting them in the insolence of their triumph; whereas if she faces them and defies them she will accentuate their essential impotence and unbalance, and set them fighting among themselves. The truth of the matter is that the Afro-Asians and their White Leftist mentors have caught a real Tartar

in South Africa, and are far from happy about it. They did not in the least expect it and do not know how to deal with it. The White Leftists in particular, that army of subterranean rodents gnawing away at the roots of the Western tree, are thrown into complete confusion when a rodent exterminator comes along and really sets to work to exterminate them. They do not expect to be genuinely attacked; they expect us to be mesmerised by them. But South Africa is really going for them, regardless of how powerful and untouchable they might suppose themselves to be. South Africa is not merely defending herself against them, she is carrying the fight to them. It is a war to the death, and is treated as such.

In South Africa that monstrous something, that pinkish Midgard Serpent encircling the world, is being hacked to pieces. This time it is Churchill's 'right pig' that is being killed. And though it is only a comparatively small segment of the total global pig, its squealing can be heard all over the world.

## CHAPTER VII

### Bechuanaland

To reach Bechuanaland from South West Africa we head eastward from Windhoek and travel along a wide dirt road until we come to the frontier at Sandfontein. If we have made the mistake of coming by car instead of by truck, this is where we would have to turn back. Sandfontein is the end of the road; beyond it there are nothing but tracks in the sand. A hundred yards or so of 'no-man's-land' separates the South West African frontier post from that of Bechuanaland's, which is an African boma with the Union Jack fluttering proudly and beautifully in the sun. Here we are met and saluted by a Native policeman, immaculate in his shining black boots and stiffly starched khaki shorts and shirt like all native policemen and soldiers in the pay of the British 'Raj'. Without asking for our passports he merely wishes us to write down where we have come from and where we are going to and why; and will we report our arrival to the white police sergeant — a South African — at the first settlement we come to? Oddly enough, Sandfontein, until very recently, was the only inspection point I ever came across in Bechuanaland. On the much more densely populated eastern side, where the Protectorate's only railway line and road form the communication link with South Africa and Rhodesia, there was no check whatever on persons entering or leaving the territory — nothing at all between the Rhodesian frontier post and the South African. For who, after all, was going to run off with the Kalahari Desert?

It is true that the traffic in this very remote corner of the world is not exactly heavy, but we are somewhat surprised to find there is no white policeman stationed at the 'frontier'. The flag and the Native policeman are all there is to remind us that we are now in the

British Empire. Apart from that, there is absolutely nothing at all except for scores of thousands of square miles of the same nothing, growing about three feet high in the shape of coarse tawny grass interspersed here and there with an uninviting thorn tree. Ahead of us lies Africa; and there is rather a lot of it. It is no more motorable than the wilder parts of Abyssinia or the Sudan. An extremely bumpy 15 miles an hour will be our top speed, until we start churning into the sand. Bechuanaland is a prime example of colonial neglect — and is perfectly wonderful! No satisfactorily-developed extension of a London suburb, this, but wild and untouched Africa of the southern deserts, the haunt of Bushmen and wild animals, where a man can throw out his arms without knocking down serried ranks of his fellow sardines. It is one of the last remaining enclaves of Empire; and it is all yours to make yourself at home in. There are — or were — no frontier posts or customs or storm-troopers. The place was literally wide open and all yours. This, apparently, was what was meant by British colonial oppression!

The real exploitation of Africa is only just beginning; and the African will bitterly repent that he demanded 'freedom' when in fact, under British colonial rule, he had it as never before and never again. Already the political agitators and conspirators, those who suppress freedom in the name of freedom, have been turning the three British South African Protectorates into hotbeds of sedition and revolt. They have also been using them — Bechuanaland especially — as escape-routes from South Africa and South West Africa; with the result that there has been a considerable increase of police activity along the borders, check-points have been established, and there is now a restriction of movement where none existed before. This very route we are on now was used by the American, Lowenstein, when he fled from South West Africa after inciting a riot in the Windhoek location — a riot in which a number of Natives were killed when the police were compelled to open fire. Lowenstein told the authorities, incidentally, that he had come to South West Africa to study bird, animal and botanical life; an interesting subterfuge in that it brought to mind Alai Stevenson's scathing indictment of the House Committee on Un-American Activities for hunting for Communists in the Bureau of Wild Life and Fisheries!

Cecil John Rhodes called Bechuanaland "the Suez Canal to the interior." It was not made a Protectorate for the purpose of protecting the Natives any more than the other two were. At the time of the so-called 'scramble for Africa' (as often as not a singularly reluctant one), Belgium, France and Portugal were extending their territories and spheres of influence, and Germany had acquired Damaraland (South West Africa). Britain herself had had the opportunity of acquiring Damaraland but had not wanted it. Neither had Bismarck wanted it, because he did not want any

colonies at all. Bismarck thought only in terms of German destiny in Europe. Nevertheless he eventually agreed that Germany should take Damaraland because, while he never hesitated to ignore German public opinion when it was merely being vocal, he never ignored it when he sensed it represented a deep national feeling. Germany, then, once having acquired Damaraland, might at any moment have moved inland to join hands with the Transvaal Republic, thus overrunning Bechuanaland and cutting Rhodes off from the north — and I say Rhodes and not Britain because Britain was disinclined to take any interest in Africa, and her subsequent activity and vision in southern Africa were essentially those of Rhodes himself. In Bechuanaland the Natives, who are largely Basuto conquerors who enslaved the previous inhabitants, were in the usual state of turmoil, with the Batlapin and Baralong tribes warring against two other tribes. The British supported the former two, and the Boers the latter two. The latter two tribes won the contest, and the Boers started to edge in. But before they entrenched themselves, Rhodes, his passionate entreaties eventually stirring the sluggish imagination of the home Government, managed to persuade it to take action. The result was that 4,000 troops under the command of Sir Charles Warren were despatched from the Cape in 1885 to proclaim Bechuanaland a British Protectorate, which was formally enacted in 1891. Moreover, in 1890, the Pioneer Column — consisting of some 500 men — set out from Bechuanaland to occupy Mashonaland and give reality to Rhodes' dream of a flourishing Anglo-Saxondom north of the Transvaal.

Of the three British South African Protectorates, Bechuanaland is by far the biggest and emptiest. It is 275,000 square miles in area (It is bigger than Texas. We must never forget this fact!) and has a population of only 300,000, including about 2,350 Whites. Basutoland, situated in the heart of South Africa, is of 11,716 square miles and has a population of 642,000, including about 2,000 Whites. While Swaziland, which adjoins Portuguese East Africa, is of 6,705 square miles, with a population of 238,000 including a fluctuating White population currently estimated at about 8,000.

All three territories are being prepared for independence. It is not necessary for us to plunge into the thick clouds of legislative detail behind which this so-called advance is being made, as nobody can see through clouds anyway. Suffice it to say that because the blacks outnumber the whites it follows democratically that they should rule. Multiracialism has been enforced; and the Press in Britain and South Africa is all agog about it. Furthermore that notorious character whom we might formally introduce as Moloch has come stalking on to the scene again, and the Press is particularly thrilled that White schools have now been thrown open to Black pupils.

In this latter respect however, at least in Bechuanaland, the integrationists have been disappointed. The Afrikaners of Ghanzi, for instance, when presented with a demand that they admit Native children to their privately-owned school, simply closed the school and sent their children to be educated in South West Africa. Similarly, the white children from the more thickly populated eastern side of Bechuanaland continue to go to school in South Africa or Rhodesia. The Whites of Bechuanaland, being for the most part of a South African or Rhodesian type, have displayed considerably more resentment at this disgusting business of multiracialism than those in the other two Protectorates. They do not enjoy being crowded out of their hotels and bars by swarms of unwashed, loud-mouthed Blacks; nor, having made the territory what it is, do they relish the prospect of a Black government unfitted to handle the affairs of a municipality, let alone a country. Understandably, anything associated with such 'progress' is, to put it mildly, anathema to them. Consequently white political refugees from South Africa have had to behave very circumspectly in Bechuanaland, while the more notorious of them such as the active saboteurs have wisely sought refuge in the local jails while waiting to be flown to Tanganyika or Britain — without passports, of course! Aside from this factor, Bechuanaland has been a perfectly safe haven for these refugees. They can always be sure of a sympathetic welcome under the British flag, and need have no fear of being delivered up to South African justice. It is true that South Africa has always returned fugitive malefactors from British territories to the British authorities, and so have the Portuguese. But the British Government prefers that this routine co-operation be an entirely one-sided affair. It knows perfectly well that many of these refugees are criminal Bolsheviks, men and women with sensitive political consciences who arrange for their dupes or hirelings to plant bombs on crowded railway stations and so forth. But precisely because they are active Bolsheviks the British Government, Conservative or otherwise, cannot bring itself to regard them as criminals. In fact it dare not.

We can be sure that whoever advocated multiracialism for Bechuanaland it was not the local Whites. Nor, for that matter, was it the local Blacks. In Swaziland and Basutoland on the other hand, which are more purely British in tone and have many South African liberals in residence as well, there is nothing like so much resistance to multiracialism nor so much pro-South African feeling. It is not, mark you, that the British actually like multiracialism. They do not like it. Yet they have been persuaded to accept it as an essentially British ideal and feel unable to accept any alternative. This means that they disparage the policies of the South African Government and dislike the realities of what they imagine to be their own. Lacking any real racial purpose of their own, however, it is only natural that they should consent, reluctantly or otherwise,

to be governed by others — even by primitives. Conversely, of course, though they might not altogether approve of Big White Brother on the other side of the border, it is something of a comfort to know he is there.

The Protectorates, though they have been peaceful under White rule, have always been known for another peaceful, because secret pursuit — that of the ritual murder of infants and children. They are no worse in this respect than many other parts of Africa, and are a lot better than some. Child sacrifice is an old African custom which, with the departure of the colonial powers, has a grand future ahead of it. Yet in the Protectorates it is not always an easy thing to conceal, neither have the British condoned it. In this respect indeed the Natives can rightfully claim that their freedom is still being brutally suppressed. Nevertheless ritual murder is a difficult is not impossible custom to eradicate because, although the British condemn it, the African leaders themselves do not. On the contrary, it is they who are responsible for it. In the Protectorates, ritual murder is practised not so much for the sake of sacrifice in itself as for the acquiring of human spare parts for purposes of fertility and magic. The Basutoland Council, presided over by the Resident Commissioner, “agreed that the suggestion to commit a medicine murder came from the witchdoctor, though with the people’s deeply rooted belief in magic, the suggestion was usually accepted without question. Human flesh is used in initiation schools, and connected with black magic and medicine murder . . . It is being sold at good prices in Johannesburg . . . The chiefs could easily eradicate it if they really wished to do so.”

Outside Africa it has generally been taken for granted that while the African masses may be rather raw, educated Africans are perfectly civilised. It has been assumed that education is the answer to all problems, and that where the Africans behave queerly it is due to the lack of it. It has been assumed that as all races are equal, a similar education would turn black men into white men. It has not been realised that education, being European, is alien to the African mind and inclined to make it more lopsided and more dangerously megalomaniac than ever. One may see the educated Protectorate African, particularly of the political upstart variety, usually wearing some fancied African Nationalist headgear but otherwise over-dressed in the most faultlessly-tailored European clothing even on the fringes of the Kalahari. He is sauntering pompously up and down, followed by a retinue carrying brief-cases stuffed with newspaper and wearing imposing spectacles with lenses of plain glass. He is clearly a terribly important personage with the power to crush any number of his despised people and even Europeans. He is a fully-fledged Mister, to be addressed by his correct European title. He is strolling up and down basking in the awed submissiveness of his people, and looking for offence partly because

he dreads finding it and partly that he might display his power by punishing it. In the good old days, after all, it was customary for underlings to go on all fours at the lord's feet, and heap themselves with dust and bark like dogs. (Only the other day, in fact, a Native behaved in this manner in front of a South African magistrate . . . entering the court on his hands and knees, curling up on the floor like a dog, and barking lustily!)

The educated African is much like King Lear on the verge of madness:

I will do such things —  
What they are yet I know not — but they shall be  
The terror of the earth.

He can feel the power coursing through his veins like an electric current, and there is no limit to what he can do. Like many of these Protectorate political leaders and chiefs he has probably been educated at Fort Hare, a South African university for non-Europeans. A few years ago the Government ordered the university to be closed down for an indefinite period (it has since been reopened under a less liberal faculty) owing to the misbehaviour of the students. A Commission of Inquiry found that the students had been allowed considerably more latitude than is extended to students at White universities, and that because of this discipline had gone to the wall and the students had become unmanageable. The Commission then proceeded to uncover a series of startling activities on the part of these incipient African leaders (which were not divulged to the public), and declared: "We have come face to face with a spirit of evil so strong as to be almost visible and tangible — a foe to all that is normal, sane and creative, like the evil possessions recorded in the New Testament."

This at least testifies to the obvious desirability (a desirability which only Liberals and Communists have ever questioned) of segregated schooling. All the more so in view of the much greater 'medicinal' value of white children as opposed to black children, and of the plan which has come to light in Basutoland to kidnap white children from South Africa.

The Protectorates have long constituted a bone of contention between South Africa and Britain. In 1951, the then South African Prime Minister, the late Dr Malan, told the British Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations: "South Africa is an independent country and is recognised as such. Constitutionally she stands on a footing of equality with the other members of the Commonwealth and with other independent nations. But in one vital respect she differs from them all; and that is that within her embrace, and even actually within her borders, she is compelled to harbour territories entirely dependent upon her economically, and largely for their

defence, but belonging to and governed by another country. Such a condition, I venture to say, would not for a single moment be tolerated in their case either by Canada, or Australia or New Zealand, not to speak of India, of Pakistan, or Ceylon or Britain herself."

In reply, the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations stated that the attitude of the British Government had always been the same, namely that the transfer of the Protectorates to South Africa could not be made until the House of Commons had had the opportunity of discussing the matter, and the Natives in the said territories had been consulted. Actually this was incorrect, like the majority of post-war official British political statements, because it had always been understood that the Protectorates would be ceded, without any reservations, to the country of which they so obviously form an integral part. In fact, in 1934, a British parliamentary committee issued a memorandum signed by Lord Selbourne, in which it was stated that the British Government "have never adopted the position that they will not transfer the Territories unless the inhabitants of those Territories consent to transfer."

Now it is not for me to suggest, even at this late stage, that Britain should necessarily transfer any of her colonial territory to anyone, least of all to the Natives themselves. As an old-fashioned diehard I have never been able to view the Empire as a sort of prize turkey to be carved up in ritual sacrifice with the pieces distributed to ensure world political fertility. Nevertheless two questions arise in this matter of the Protectorates; one relating to Britain and the other to South Africa. The first is that if Britain takes so much pride in squandering her hard-won possessions on the non-White sub-races, from whom she receives nothing but abuse in return, why does she suddenly become so obstinate and niggardly (I almost said niggerly) when a White nation, staunchly pro-Western and partly of British race, asks for a relatively tiny and unimportant slice of it which in any event is part and parcel of the said nation in every sense except the legal one? If Britain had worked things the other way about, and had refused to surrender any territory in Africa other than the Protectorates, the present situation would have been an incalculably healthier one for the West as a whole.

The second question is, Why should South Africa want the Protectorates? Apart from their having little economic value, why should South Africa want to add another million Natives to her present population? Or, if the Protectorates are needed as 'Bantustans', why should they not simply be left as they are?

With the advent of Dr Verwoerd we have had an answer to this. He has stated that South Africa has no desire as such to incorporate the Protectorates . . . "If they wish to co-operate with us we are prepared to do so in the best interests of both parties. But we do not aspire to incorporation which is clearly not practical politics."

Yet there is a proviso to this, based upon the fact that those who seek to overthrow the South African Republic have been using the Protectorates to this end. Dr Verwoerd has made representations to the British Government on this score, saying that it would be prejudicial to good relations between South Africa and the Protectorates if the British Government, or future governments in the event of the Protectorates becoming independent, did not make provision for recognising the difference between ordinary political refugees and those who fled the Republic with the intention of organising revolution within it. In addition, organisations such as the Basutoland Congress Party, with its Chinese support, have made no secret of the fact that they hope to provoke South Africa into doing something drastic in order to justify a concerted Pan-African attack upon the Republic under the aegis of the United Nations.

In other words, whatever the basis for contention might have been in the past, South Africa's present attitude towards the Protectorates is dominated by the question of national security. Nevertheless I have emphasised the power of the chiefs in the Protectorates; and in the elections recently held in the three territories the hereditary rulers were all voted into power. Moreover they are all orientated towards South Africa, not only economically but to a large extent ideologically as well. Not only have they seen how South Africa protects her own Native chiefs and encourages the preservation of tribal institutions, but like all chiefs — as distinct from the political upstarts — they hate and fear the Communists. Therefore, where South African security is concerned, the future outlook in the Protectorates — barring Communist revolutions — is a promising one.

Britain, in order to prove to the Protectorates what a doughty abdicating lioness she is, has made many snapping attacks on South Africa. But the chiefs have been more reserved. They have seen what has happened to the chiefs of the other territories Britain has abandoned, and have seen what has happened to the territories themselves. Thus, supposedly faced with a choice between Communism and Western Liberalism, they have opted for South African Conservatism instead. They are, after all, themselves African Conservatives, and as such retain whatever home-grown wisdom is to be found on the continent. Whether primitive or not so primitive, they are not Marxist parrots like the political trouble-makers whom both the East and the West insist on recognising as the true representatives of the African people.

## CHAPTER VIII

# The Rhodesias and Nyasaland

Until very recently, Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland formed what was known as the Central African Federation. The Federation, brought into being by the British Government, is now defunct owing to the said Government having abdicated. Nyasaland now calls itself Malawi, Northern Rhodesia calls itself Zambia, and Southern Rhodesia is known simply as Rhodesia.

The combined area of the three territories is 486,973 square miles (slightly larger than the Republic of South Africa), and the total population is about 8,000,000. Of this population some 300,000 are European, and there are 20,000 Asiatics (Indians).

Southern Rhodesia is 150,000 square miles in area with a population of about 220,000 Europeans and 2,500,000 Africans. Northern Rhodesia is 288,000 square miles in area with a population of about 72,000 Europeans and 2,300,000 Africans, and Nyasaland is 49,000 square miles in area with a population of about 8,000 Europeans and 2,700,000 Africans. In this entire area of what Mr Adlai Stevenson calls heavy European settlement, the said Europeans are outnumbered by about 27 to 1 by the Africans. This ranges from roughly 12 to 1 in Southern Rhodesia to something like 340 to 1 in Nyasaland. In fact, as the latest indications are that the African population as a whole is appreciably larger than previously estimated, the ratio is evidently even more in the Africans' favour.

Climatically, the entire area lies within the tropics. But as most of it is at an altitude of between 3,000 and 5,000 feet above sea level, it favours healthy and permanent European settlement. Geographically however it is not strictly a part of Central Africa, but is South-East Central. And politically, while Southern Rhodesia

is virtually a self-governing colony (since 1923), Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland were until a few months ago protectorates under Colonial Office rule. This anomaly, where the Federation was concerned, was not only the cause of a great deal of confusion but the cause of irreconcilable friction.

After the desert wastes of South West Africa and the Kalahari, Rhodesia is a revelation of greenness and lushness. One can scarcely believe it but there are trees everywhere, all growing without any discernible strain. Except for the sheer granite upthrusts which are common to the tropics, even the koppies are not naked and blistering under the sun but are clad from base to summit with vegetation and small vivid-green wide-topped trees. One's simple desert-dried soul is amazed by it all, by so much positively Sybaritic green opulence.

The town of Salisbury is no less surprising. It is not a sort of larger extension of old Kimberley such as one might expect, but a little skyscraper city with smart restaurants and cocktail bars and wide tree-lined avenues. It has a White population equivalent to that of all South West Africa or Kenya or Northern Rhodesia. The capital of Southern Rhodesia — and until recently the capital of the Central African Federation — it is in many ways the most pleasing of all the towns in Africa. It is a tribute to what the Rhodesians, starting from absolutely nothing in a completely landlocked Stone-age territory, have achieved within the space of a single lifetime. One can but wonder what is so wrong with White supremacy in Southern Rhodesia that Britain and America think it ought to be abolished. One wonders more what is wrong with Britain and America.

With the exception of those who are Rhodesian-born the people of Salisbury are quite different to those of South Africa and South West Africa. The Rhodesian-born, certainly, are very similar to the English-speaking South Africans. But they are outnumbered now — particularly in Salisbury — by the post-war immigrants. With regard to their occupations, the White population of Rhodesia as a whole is composed very largely of planters, farmers, artisans, miners, shopkeepers, professional men, civil servants and commercial employees and employers. In other words, though there is less accent on industrialism, the white people of Rhodesia are employed in much the same way as the people of homogeneous White countries. They do not represent an idle white aristocracy lording it over black slaves. If anything it is the Whites who work, not the Blacks. Southern Rhodesia however is essentially a tobacco-producing country, and not very rich otherwise. It was for this reason that when federation with Northern Rhodesia was mooted, most Southern Rhodesians welcomed the idea. It was thought that with the help of Northern Rhodesia's great copper wealth a formidable buttress of the Free World against Communism would thus be established in the part of Africa where it was most needed. A

referendum was held on the question in 1953, and roughly two-thirds of Southern Rhodesians voted in favour of it. They had been told that only union with a larger economic unit could save Southern Rhodesia from economic extinction; that federation would bring immense prosperity; that unemployment would be unknown; that white immigrants would pour in and that the Natives would be happy because of the rise in their standard of living. They were assured that the Land Apportionment Act (prohibiting non-Whites from living in White areas) would remain inviolate, and that no form of racial integration would be forced on them because of federation. They were assured that the suggestion made by certain reactionaries that Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would probably become Black States with Black majorities in their Legislatures was sheer nonsense — scarcely less nonsensical in fact than the suggestion that federation would mean that the South would become Black instead of the North remaining White. The Southern Rhodesians were also given a specific assurance by the British Government that there would be no constitutional changes of any kind before 1960, by which time it was certain that Rhodesia would have attained Dominion Status.

It all sounded almost too good to be true. And needless to say, if the Southern Rhodesians had suspected what was to ensue from it they would never have voted for it. Discerning Right-wing 'extremists', it was true, had pointed out that the term 'Partnership' had been inserted almost casually into the Preamble to the Constitution of the Federation. But on the other hand this term had nowhere been defined. Only the outvoted 'extremists' suspected that the term was something deliberately ambiguous which the Colonial Office could later quote in support of that which was entirely absent from the minds of Rhodesians in general. It soon became clear, however, that the British Government had no intention whatever of relinquishing its control of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland other than to independent Black governments; and that far from entertaining the ideal of Partnership (which admittedly is an impossible ideal) it was planning Black States from the very beginning. In addition to this, it soon began to produce new constitutions, and new amendments to the constitutions, like a conjurer producing rabbits from a hat. It proceeded to break all its most solemn agreements one by one with equally solemn perfidy. Moreover, though it had readily granted Dominion Status to the Black State of Ghana, it obviously had no intention of granting Dominion Status to a loyal, White Rhodesia.

In order to underline the essential baseness or peculiar weakness of the British Government (they amount to the same thing), it must be stated emphatically that Rhodesia is British. Rhodesia is not South Africa, but is a British territory inhabited and governed to an overwhelming extent by people of British extraction. This is a fact.

No people, either, have shown more loyalty to the Crown than the Rhodesians. It is a common bond, a loyalty they all share — or shared. If one needed them to spring to attention and toe the line like one man, all one had to do was to wave the British flag at them. This too is a fact. Yet it is also a fact that these considerations never made the slightest difference either to British Government behaviour or to British Press hostility. The only recognition the British Press gave to Rhodesia's Britishness was when it felt constrained, as a prelude to the Big Smear, to explain to its readers that Rhodesians are somehow a different sort of British more backward and more vicious than other British — and this, even though the majority of them had just arrived from Britain itself!

Federation was created by Britain, not by Rhodesia. Apparently Southern Rhodesia's role was to provide the necessary White strength, stability and know-how. But if so, they were factors which were almost instantly disregarded. Perhaps it was thought by the British Government that the Whites, having been neatly scooped up in the federal net, would submit quite happily to Black rule, doing all the work but having no say in the ordering of their lives, provided they were earning enough money. This may or may not have been what the British Government intended. Other than that the British Government is unswervingly pro-Black and anti-White, it is difficult if not impossible to analyse with exactness the mental workings of a doctrinaire Marxist afflicted with *tabes dorsalis*. Yet whatever the original intention might have been, it is indisputable that having brought Federation into being, the British Government promptly proceeded to break it up.

The British Government gave its pledge to the Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, that no Federal territory would be allowed to secede without the Federal Government's consent — i.e., without Southern Rhodesia's consent. Yet without consulting Southern Rhodesia the British Government proceeded to promise independence first to Nyasaland and then to Northern Rhodesia. There had been disturbances in Nyasaland following the activities of Dr Hastings Kamuzu Banda and his Nyasaland African National Congress, and shortly afterwards the British Government sent out an elaborate circus known as the Monckton Commission — because, as Lord Malvern put it, "it has become the custom to spend the taxpayers' money on inquiries to tell the Government what they already know."

The Advisory Monckton Report, however, amounted to more than that. It was in effect the blueprint for the liquidation of the Federation. As Captain Henry Kerby, a Conservative M.P., stated in the House of Commons: "This document is in my opinion a masterpiece in the Pavlovian technique of subjective conditioning. Nyasaland is to be prompted, encouraged may be the more correct term, to opt out of the Federation. The basic approach of the

Government seems to be that by selling our White kith and kin in Central Africa down the river we can appease a tiny handful of Black professional agitators and self-seekers and somehow gear them and their allegiance to the Commonwealth."

### **Nyasaland**

Nyasaland is a beautiful little country composed of mountain and lake. But it is poor and ramshackle. It can export little else but labour; and had to be supported by the rest of the Federation (not by Britain) to the tune of about £7,000,000 a year. It was not wanted in the Federation by Southern Rhodesia, but was included because Britain insisted.

Livingstone, the explorer of Lake Nyasa, called the territory "a charnel house." It was not in any way a political entity but a welter of savage tribes, the stronger tyrannising the weaker, and all devastated by the Arab slavers and their Native accomplices. It was not until Rhodes had sent an armed force under Sir Harry Johnston to put down the slave trade and bring peace and unity to the territory, that this was first achieved.

Sir Harry Johnston, administrator, naturalist and artist, wrote:

"Wherever it is possible by peaceable means to induce a chief to renounce the slave trade I have done so, and a considerable number of the lesser potentates have been brought to agree to give up adjusting their internecine quarrels by resort to arms, to cease selling their subjects into slavery and to close their territories to the passage of slave caravans. Their agreement, however, was in most cases a sullen one and their eyes were turned to the nearest big chief to see how he was dealt with. If he also accepted the gospel of peace and goodwill towards men they were ready enough to co-operate; but if the powerful potentate—the champion man of war of the district—held aloof and preserved a watchful or menacing attitude towards the Administration by ignoring or rejecting our proposals for a friendly understanding, then the little chiefs began to relax in their good behaviour and once more to capture and sell their neighbours' subjects or to allow the coast caravans with their troops of slaves bound for Kilwa, Ibo or Quilimane to pass through. Consequently I soon realised that certain notabilities in Nyasaland would have to be compelled to give up the slave trade before our Protectorate could become a reality."

There was much fighting to be done against the Arabs and their Native supporters. But five years later, in 1896, Sir Harry was able to report:

"There does not exist a single independent avowedly slave trading chief within the British Central African Protectorate, nor anyone who is known to be inimical to British rule. Those enemies

whom we have conquered, like all with whom we have fought since our assumption of the Protectorate, were not natives of the country fighting for their independence but aliens of Arab, Yao or Zulu race who were contesting with us for the supremacy over the natives of Nyasaland."

The Yao are from Portuguese East Africa; while the Zulu race Sir Harry Johnston mentions is more generally known as the Angoni tribe, the heavyweight terrors of Nyasaland. Prior to 1896 however, in fact as early as 1876, the African Lakes Company precariously established itself in Nyasaland, to trade and undersell the slave traders as Livingstone had advised. Then a few individual White traders drifted in, and also Indians; though not many as there were no quick profits to be made. The White traders did not last very long either, as they were soon undercut by the Indians. The White settlers who came in — the farming as distinct from the trading types — bought their land from the chiefs, who were nearly all newcomers themselves. All of this land was unoccupied waste land. But such was the industry of the White settlers that they turned the least populated area, the Shire Highlands, into the most densely populated area, with more than half of the Native newcomers having been attracted from Portuguese East Africa. Today indeed not less than three-quarters of the entire Native population of Nyasaland are either from Portuguese East Africa or are of Portuguese East African descent. Nearly all of them were originally attracted by the industry — or rather, by the comforts ensuing from that industry — which the White settlers had created. Yet these are the Africans who have now successfully claimed Nyasaland as their own.

Whatever prosperity Nyasaland has enjoyed, it has owed to these White cultivators. The Indian traders, to be sure, have made the most money. But that is about the beginning and the end of their achievement. Usually they convert their money into gold and ship it to India. The White cultivators on the other hand introduced tea, cotton, tung, coffee and tobacco, and ploughed their profits back into the land. Nevertheless their total property has never formed more than a mere 4 per cent of the total area of Nyasaland. The Government never permitted them to own more for fear of offending the Natives. In fact the Government did its utmost to whittle down even the 4 per cent of land the Whites owned. If a settler quit, his land would be given to Natives. It could not be bought by another white man. The money for this sort of transaction was obtained of course from the settlers themselves. The Whites were actually being taxed into buying themselves out — a technique which is not necessarily peculiar to Nyasaland.

The Government was trying to edge the settlers out, regardless of the fact that they were and still are producing the major proportion

of the export crops and hence the major proportion of the national wealth. Moreover the settlers were able to achieve this even though the percentage of labour costs is among the highest in the world owing to the low output of the African worker. In taxation the Whites and Indians between them, who number only 10,000, pay about £750,000 per annum; while the 2,500,000 Africans contribute only a third of this amount. Most Africans who are liable for income tax produce fabulous figures for dependants and are exempted. In addition, if their crops failed, due to neglect, the Government used to pay them out just the same. This gave them the desired freedom either to lie on their backs all day or to take part in demonstrations demanding the expulsion of the White colonial exploiters. Their ignorance is such that when the Government offered sickles at cost price to the rice growers to replace the old method of hand-picking, the said Africans bought them merely to hang on the walls of their huts as magical assurances of good crops. Then, when the Government attempted to give a demonstration in the correct use of the implement, the rice growers boycotted it because, they said, such European methods of harvesting would bring nothing but trouble to those who used them.

The White cultivators, for their part, have had to struggle very hard for their livelihood and have never been able to expect Government assistance in times of distress. It has been theirs to do the work and pay the taxes, and if they were hit by a slump it was simply so much the worse for them. In the early thirties in fact a slump drove most of them from the country in despair; and in 1962 there were only about 400 of them left — the other Whites being civil servants or employees with no permanent stake in the country. Only 400, yet they were still producing the bulk of the national wealth! In spite of this they have never been given full representation on the legislative bodies. They have always felt insecure, hating the Colonial Office and dreading its Bloomsbury 'isms'. The civil servants in Nyasaland, on the other hand, adopted with the approach of Self-Government an increasingly 'couldn't care less' attitude. With certain honourable exceptions the surrender of British territory meant little or nothing to them. Most of them, shrugging indulgent shoulders at calculated Native disobedience, were perfectly happy to speak of 'the golden handshake' or 'lumpers' — the lump sum that is paid out by the Government on abolition of office.

But there are no nauseatingly termed 'lumpers' for the settlers, and no pensions. Their property long ago became unsaleable and the country millions of pounds the poorer owing to the withdrawal of investments and the abandonment of development schemes. Scores of deserted plantations, and forests of neglected, dying tung, now testify to the wreck of White enterprise. It is the result of what a settler called "a hopeless slugging match against the padded cells

of insanity of the Colonial Office, against the marionettes cut out of the cardboard covers of Colonial Regulations.”

The Nyasaland ‘Emergency’ of 1959 came about as a result of plans hatched at the All-African People’s Conference held in the Dominion of Ghana. Here, according to Sir Roy Welensky, direct contacts were made between Russian representatives and African leaders from the Federation. Following the Conference, the “Messiah” and president-general of the Nyasaland African National Congress, Dr Banda (“To hell with Federation! We must be extreme!”), returned to Nyasaland and gave the signal for the trouble to start. And the Nyasaland Government, which had been dithering for months while the trouble built up, had no alternative but to call on Southern Rhodesia for help.

Dr Banda, who said that “they” could put him on St Helena like Napoleon if they liked, was jailed instead in Gwelo in Southern Rhodesia, where he was able to study the life of Napoleon at greater leisure. His imprisonment, the swift quelling of the rioting and the banning of the Nyasaland African National Congress, all caused the most extraordinary anti-White outcry in Britain and Russia. Moscow Radio stated: “The colonialists led by Welensky massacred peaceable African people demanding only freedom and better living conditions;” which was exactly the line adopted by the British Labour Party and the British Press. The ‘Daily Mail’ said, *inter alia*: “Remember one thing. This is the stirring of mankind in the world’s richest continent. This is evolution. This is humanity on the march. This is a mass movement of millions upon millions of men who demand freedom of one kind or another. For a few King Canutes to imagine they can arrest this tidal wave of emotion is utterly preposterous.”

In point of fact, notwithstanding this utterly preposterous British Press conception of Africa and its peoples, the tidal wave was stemmed with dramatic suddenness by the Southern Rhodesian forces, and ‘humanity’ was on the run and its revolutionary leaders apprehended almost before they had time to realise what was happening. The White soldiers met with even less resistance than the United Nations forces met with in their invasion of Katanga. African demagogues are sorely afraid of force being used against them because they know their followers will not stand up to it. For this reason, when a show of force is made and the Africans are fleeing pell-mell into the bush, it is necessary for their leaders to praise their restraint in the face of great provocation. Force is not only the one thing the African understands and respects, it is the one thing which quickly exposes the gigantic African bluff for what it is. This, presumably, is why our Press abhors ‘violence’ and never neglects to speak disparagingly of ‘gunboat policies’. It is why we are constantly told that nobody can rule by force and that

we must hasten to 'come to terms' with the Africans before they overwhelm us. Our enemies use violence, therefore we must not.

Dr Banda, however, had been put away only for the space of a year when Mr Iain Macleod arrived in Nyasaland to "discuss constitutional matters" with the authorities on the spot; and by the reluctant command of the Governor of Nyasaland, Sir Robert Armitage, Banda was released that he might take part in these talks. Furthermore, when Dr Banda almost immediately began to speak publicly of secession and independence, Mr Macleod refused to state positively that Banda had no right or justification to promise Nyasaland these things. He then invited Banda to London, where Banda again made statements about obtaining self-government and independence.

Referring to these statements, Mr John Gaunt asked in the Federal Parliament: "Why doesn't Macleod get up and denounce the man for the liar he is? Otherwise Macleod is the liar." According to Mr Gaunt, in releasing Banda from jail Macleod had given way to blackmail. He had been threatened by other Nyasaland agitators that if their Messiah were not released there would be renewed disturbances such as no army could quell. Other Rhodesians, on the other hand, opined that British policy was simply the appeasement of Black extremism, regardless of the circumstances. And no doubt they were right. But the release of Banda also provided as clear an instance as any in Africa that Britain herself has created that which she has declared herself helpless to oppose. The "irresistible tide" of African nationalism is largely of her own making. With the quelling of the Nyasaland disturbances, the imprisoning of the chief trouble-makers and the restoration of law and order, Britain arrived on the scene to release the said trouble-makers and allow them to re-establish their banned Congress under another name, and to encourage the sedition and rioting to start all over again. Having deliberately created an explosive situation, she declares the whole thing is too big to be stopped, and promptly abdicates!

In one respect Dr Banda is a mysterious figure. He is a Messiah who arrived in Nyasaland rather like a god out of the machinery. He had been absent from the country for nigh on forty years, and could barely speak the vernacular. Certainly his sudden interest in the political fortunes of his native land after so long a sojourn in Britain was a trifle odd. The story is that he left Nyasaland at the age of twelve, having received a primary education in a Church of Scotland mission school. This may well be so, as he has always been regarded as the Kirk's protégé. In fact Dr Banda is actually an Elder of the Church of Scotland, even though he is a recognised enemy of Christianity. The ungrateful doctor has indeed stated that he intends taking personal control of all the mission schools in Nyasaland, as some areas will otherwise "be left without education

because some stupid missionaries insist on a child being a Christian before he goes to school.”

There were no schools whatever in Nyasaland, of course, before the stupid Christian missionaries arrived. Nevertheless it is quite possible the Church of Scotland would welcome Dr Banda's control. It is evidently politics that interests the modern Kirk, not Christianity. Nearly all the Church of Scotland missionaries in Nyasaland are closely involved with Banda's Malawi Congress Party, in the same way that they were involved with his former Nyasaland African National Congress. It was no secret that the Church of Scotland was regarded in official Federal quarters as an acute security problem. The Kirk was at least partly responsible for the rioting and sedition, due to the sending out to Nyasaland of missionaries with decided Leftist leanings. Conspicuous among these was the Rev. T. S. Colvin, a former vice-president of the Communist World Federation of Democratic Youth.

Naturally enough the Kirk has reaped no Christian benefits from these activities, nor any other discernible benefits. During the disturbances the Moderator himself, the Rev. Dr. R. H. W. Shepherd, found the doors of his own mission stations closed to him. This was poetic justice because it had been his own predecessor, oddly enough a Dr G. F. Macleod, who had urged the missionaries to take an active part in politics. Aside from this, there had been constant large-scale thefts of mission funds, and even entire steel safes had disappeared. Furthermore one African Elder of the Kirk was found to be implicated in the murder of a Native who had been impaled on a stake after having been accused of witchcraft. Livingstonia, the Church of Scotland's headquarters and for long an object of pride to the Scottish people, today presents a picture of dilapidation and decay. The splendid buildings erected in Dr Law's time by missionary craftsmen from Scotland are falling into disrepair, with holes in the floors and large gaps in the roofs.

Nor has the Roman Catholic Church been faring much better. The late Pope John, in a broadcast message, expressed his "great satisfaction at the continual progress towards sovereignty" of the African States. He said that "the Church welcomes this and is confident of the ability of these young States to take their due place in the concert of nations." Strongly approving of Black national sovereignty, he called, with a sublime disregard for the violated white Catholics of the Congo and Angola, for the bestowing of divine favour on those in Africa "whose fundamental rights are being violated." The Malawi Congress Party, conversely, stated in 'Malawi News' that "we, the people of Malawi, shall rule ourselves, because we mean to be the Bwanas and Donas of our own country, and to hell with the Vatican Papal Empire."

When the Press speaks of Africa's "growing pains" — by which it means plenty of pain and no growth — it sometimes mentions

that the African "élite" is indifferent to Christianity, and of course suggests this is the fault of Christianity. But even Bernard Shaw observed that one never converted savages to Christianity, but only Christianity to savagery. Dr Banda, for instance, who has stated repeatedly that missionaries are lying when they claim to be the friends of the African people, preens himself visibly when his followers hail him as the true Saviour and Messiah. The sum result of Christian teaching in Nyasaland was the nailing up of parodies of the Lord's Prayer on trees and buildings, such as the following:

Dr. H. K. Banda, who art in England,  
Hallowed be thy name;  
Thy self-government come,  
Thy will be done in Nyasaland  
As it is in Ghana.

Give us this day our full self-government,  
And forgive us our trespasses  
As we forgive the imperialists.

Lead us not into Federation,  
But deliver us from imperialism;  
For thine is the self-government, power  
And confidence for  
Kwacha — ufulu — freedom.

Amen.

It is noteworthy that the glorious liberation of Africa produces no anthems, no literature, no poetry, no anything except blasphemous parodies of Christian prayers.

The motto on the Nyasaland Coat of Arms is, or was, *Lux In Tenebris* — Light in Darkness. Yet the brief British light, the light of European Man, has already flickered out. The word the Natives use for freedom, Kwacha, actually means 'sunrise', as there is no word in their languages for freedom — not even for 'freedom of one kind or another'. But what they mean by the light of dawn is the twilight of an everlasting dusk.

In direct proportion to the decline of White minority rule in Nyasaland, witchcraft, sorcery and black magic started to become more prevalent and open. In Nkata Bay a witchdoctor by the name of Chikanga began to attract thousands of Natives from all parts of the Federation and Tanganyika; his camp resembling "a refugee settlement." In the Port Herald area two women were burned alive by the mob after having been accused of magically creating a crocodile which killed a girl. Witchcraft was suspected to be behind the reluctance of the villagers of Palombe, in the shadow of 10,000-foot Mount Mlanje, to fight back at packs of child-eating hyenas — ever since a Native was charged with having represented

himself to the villagers "as exercising the power of witchcraft, to wit, pretending to be a hyena." The devouring of human corpses also became more prevalent than usual, and a number of graves in many districts were found to have been disturbed — and not by ordinary hyenas.

In another part of Nyasaland a Native disguised himself as a crocodile (by wearing a crocodile skin and some magic twigs) and waited in the Mwanza River for a certain eight-year-old girl to appear, whom he then dragged into the water and killed. It transpired that he had been hired to kill the girl by another man because her father had been "disobedient" to him. The man promised to pay the crocodile-man £4 10s. for the deed, but only gave him 10s, and refused to pay the balance unless the crocodile-man murdered another girl. The crocodile-man then complained of the non-payment to the village headmen, who advised him to see the chief about it. The crocodile-man then sued the man through the Native Court and was awarded £4 10s for breach of contract! By this time the White authorities had come to hear about it; but at the trial in Blantyre nothing could shake the belief of the three Native assessors, who were questioned by the Chief Justice of Nyasaland, that the crocodile-man had in fact changed himself into a crocodile and had not been a man at the time.

These happenings, it may be insisted, relate to the Native masses and not to educated Natives. It would probably be said that the three Native assessors mentioned above are merely exceptions to the rule. But Mr Charles Bryden, then a Nyasaland Member of the Federal Parliament, in urging the Government to take stronger action to stop the increased trafficking in human flesh in Nyasaland, disclosed that "the leader of the majority party in Nyasaland (Dr Banda) is openly recognised as a witchdoctor."

Nevertheless it happens that Dr Banda's title is a genuine one and not a merely honorary one. He is a qualified medical practitioner. He could however more accurately be described as a Doctor of Unhealth, following his refusal to instruct his people to accept smallpox vaccinations. During the smallpox epidemic of 1960-61, which claimed hundreds if not thousands of lives, and which Dr Banda said did not exist, Malawi-intimidated villagers fled from Government vaccination teams. Children at a Roman Catholic mission school ran off into the bush when a film unit arrived, as they had been told that filming was a new kind of vaccination intended to cause death or sterility. A Portuguese engineer was assaulted and injured by a crowd of Africans because he was thought to be one of the Europeans who were injecting African women for the purpose of making them sterile. The Red Cross likewise had its work disrupted by the Malawi thugs, and the European women organisers were publicly abused. Officials of the World Health Organisation's tuberculosis survey were obliged to leave the country because of

Native hostility and lack of co-operation; and even anti-malaria spraying was halted because villagers had been told it would sterilise them.

Many other instances could be given of this irresistible evolution of the Awakening Giant; but the book cannot go on for ever. Nevertheless it should be clear who the real oppressors of the African people are. To be sure, the Africans of Nyasaland never properly understood what all the Malawi shouting was about, other than that they were being offered a victim to rend — a White victim. Owing to this shouting they also realised that Malawi must be very strong indeed and the White Government and police very weak. In any event they were completely intimidated by Malawi thugs — and they love being intimidated because it makes them feel so important. In addition, as they judge everyone by themselves, and are naturally suspicious of those who try to help them without asking anything in return, they were easily persuaded by Malawi that the Whites were secretly doing them evil.

The position now is that Nyasaland is already in chaos. The Chinese in Dar es Salaam have already influenced Dr Banda's formerly devoted Ministers — Chiume, Chirwa, Chipembere, Chisiza, Bwanausi — to rebel against him. Banda, in dismissing them from their posts, said they would have murdered him in cold blood if they could have got away with it; and he added that Malawi's four cornerstones — unity, loyalty, discipline and obedience — had fallen. Nyasaland is entirely dependent on Mozambique for access to the outside world (and dependent on Southern Rhodesia and South Africa as well), with the result that Dr Banda has been most reluctant to "march with his people into Mozambique and demand back their land." He is helpless and knows it. But this has not met with Chinese approval; and only two months after Nyasaland had obtained its independence the Chinese succeeded in persuading the Great Kamuzu's devoted lieutenants to attempt a coup d'état.

Moreover the Chinese Embassy in Dar es Salaam, saying it was "a big lie" that it had been involved in a conspiracy against Banda, warned him outright to change his "unfriendly attitude" towards Peking. Thus the Chinese have hardly arrived in Africa before they are openly threatening the new African leaders and plotting to overthrow them. Even Africans, one would think, would be able to read this Chinese writing on the African wall. But of course, like President Nyerere of Tanganyika, they are convinced that "nobody can now stop Africa governing itself."

Poor Africans. They are so backward. They are almost as blind as the governments of the West!

## Northern Rhodesia

One of the cardinal principles in the Communist plans for the 'liberation' of Africa is that the revolting Africans should be found some cultural peg on which to hang their claims and aspirations. The demand of the Africans for freedom is unconvincing when it is realised that, having had it since time immemorial, they have done absolutely nothing with it. The instinct of African destructiveness, which is known as African nationalism, needs at once a cultural justification and focus. It is necessary to create the impression that the Africans are the possessors of an ancient cultural heritage, which was suppressed or obliterated when they were enslaved by the white imperialists. Thus the Gold Coast calls itself Ghana, though the ancient gold-producing kingdom of Ghana was many hundreds of miles from the Gold Coast. But elsewhere, the Africans, lacking even the least hint of previous cultural activity, are obliged to refer to natural features such as lakes and rivers and mountains. This explains why Northern Rhodesia is now called Zambia, the land where the Zambesi has its source.

In this territory where the British have allowed the terrorists to overthrow British rule, the Whites own only 6 per cent of the total land area. As in Nyasaland, they have in spite of this been wholly responsible for the territory's development and prosperity. They live for the most part in the narrow strip of country on either side of the railway line, running from Livingstone in the south to the capital, Lusaka, and up to the Copperbelt on the Congo border.

Politically, despite Federation, the territory — until the recent granting of independence — was ruled from top to bottom by the British Government acting through the Colonial Office and the local Governor. There was, it is true, a body known as the Legislative Council where the representatives of the white inhabitants were allowed to let off a lot of ineffectual steam. In other words as far as local white participation was concerned, other than the Yes Sir variety, it was more of a corpse than a body. Moreover most of the representatives, almost by definition liberals because politically active, were more in sympathy with Colonial Office aspirations than the white electorate suspected. They were determined multiracialists; which meant that the White position was undermined from the outset. Native politicians, owing to the colour of their skins and not to merit, were also admitted to the Legislative Council, and in such numbers that they were soon in a majority. Legco, then, to put it plainly, became the elaborate facade of an anti-White design.

After the end of the Second World War, during the course of which all the Right-wingers in the British Government were weeded out and the Left-wingers promoted, African political activity in Northern Rhodesia was given every encouragement. The first large

party to emerge from the welter was the Northern Rhodesian African National Congress, with one Harry Nkumbula as its president. Because, however, Nkumbula accepted the 1958 Constitution, his secretary-general, Kenneth Kaunda, broke away to form his own "Action Group" — the Zambia African National Congress. This took place immediately after Kaunda had returned from the All-Africa People's Conference in Ghana. Kaunda and Dr Banda were together at the Conference, and their plans to create disturbances were co-ordinated. The Zambia disturbances were to follow those of the N.A.N.C., and were designed to overstrain the forces of law and order.

There had been much stoning of cars and trains in the territory, and a number of white persons had been injured. As we know, Africans like to throw things at human beings, but this was more intensive than usual. It was clear, too, that even the Government knew something was brewing, owing to the strong police guards that had been positioned at bridges and other strategic points. The public, however, were demanding to know why the Government was doing nothing about the stonings; and the autocratic, multi-racialist Governor, Sir Arthur Benson, was subjected to a mounting barrage of invective. Yet as it happened this was one occasion when the Government knew what it was doing. It was waiting for the opportune moment to strike, when it could put its hands on every one of the Zambia leaders and destroy their entire organisation — before, of course, releasing them and encouraging them to start the whole process over again.

The Government duly suppressed the conspiracy. And Sir Arthur Benson, in a speech over the radio, revealed what the Zambia plan of action had been. The Zambia plan had been that its leaders, or its apparent leaders, should court arrest, and that this would be the signal for widespread violence and terrorism. A second team of leaders was to emerge and incite the masses to commit acts of violence and sabotage and fill the prisons. It was intended at one and the same time to win world sympathy for the sufferings of the African people, and a tolerant understanding of the violent measures they were taking to put an end to the tyrannous Administration responsible for them. In addition, in order that the Zambia plan (which, needless to say, was devised by White brains) might succeed in its revolutionary aim, diversions were to be created in the more remote areas of the country so as to draw off the security forces from the vital centres.

In the rural areas of Northern Rhodesia the Zambia African National Congress had in fact succeeded in instituting a secret reign of terror. Among other things, it threatened to kill and mutilate the wives and children of those Natives who voted 'wrongly' in the impending territorial elections. The Zambia agents invoked witchcraft and "unmentionable cursings" like Mau Mau, and taught

hatred of the white man. They taught that the Whites were catching and killing African women and sending their bodies to the Congo to be sold as pigs' meat (for they all know what human flesh tastes like). They made the villagers line up and recite slogans about white people: that they were "the greatest liars, greatest robbers and greatest thieves;" that "we must hate the white man;" and that "if you see anything that is white and has eyes and legs, you must hate it — spit at it." They taught the villagers a new word: Comrade. And they said it meant: "When we say come, you come."

Policemen, they went on to explain to the villagers, were the enemies of the people, and were to have inflammable liquid poured over them and be set alight. Informers, for their part, were to be "destroyed" by members of Zambia dressed in sacks like the Ku Klux Klan, "leaving only the eyes so that you look like ghosts." Members were instructed how to set fire to the houses of 'informers' and were told: "For any informer at all you should see to it that you get out his eyes . . . I who am talking to you have travelled widely in Tanganyika and Kenya."

From this brief survey of the Zambia African National Congress (which Sir Arthur Benson described as Murder Incorporated) it can be appreciated that the Government acted none too soon in suppressing it. In jailing Kaunda the Government deeply impressed the Africans with its superior strength; while Sir Arthur Benson's speech over the radio was a good, forceful speech assuring everyone that the Northern Rhodesian Government was not going to tolerate sedition or terrorism under any circumstances whatever.

Nevertheless it seemed to some listeners that there was one peculiar flaw in his speech. Namely, his reiterated faith in Harry Nkumbula. Either because he had no choice as a servant of the Colonial Office but to cast about frantically for a 'moderate' African leader on whom to pin the last hopes of Partnership or African Rule, or because he believed personally in Nkumbula, he repeated time and again that Nkumbula had not been associated in any way with the Zambia African National Congress and its activities.

Nor indeed had Harry been associated with Zambia — for which cold-shouldering he must have felt deeply chagrined. None the less Sir Arthur's speech must have restored his self-esteem and made him feel powerful and important again. It must have convinced him that the Colonial Office could not rule the country without him. So, sure enough, he started to stir up trouble, presenting a petition to Sir Arthur demanding immediate independence or else. "We will never accept a multiracial government," he said. "We, the Africans, are determined to rule this country."

Harry's followers began an intensive campaign of intimidation against the African masses — "his people" — while gangs of them, with Press encouragement and advice, started making the rounds of European hotels, cafés and cinemas demanding that they admit

Africans or suffer the future consequences. African women appointed by the A.N.C. began parading the streets with placards denouncing multiracialism — nor did it seem to matter very much that the placards were often upside down. In fact to show how lucidly African demands are formulated when the Press is not available to translate them into impressive language, the following is the exact wording of a placard some African women were displaying outside the Lusaka post office: Indians-to-day Become the British Protected-Persons Than the Africans Under-a-Poorest Constitution-Here Desolve-It-Right-Now! New Elections-Soon. Away with The=Multiracialism:

Harry Nkumbula went on to warn that if independence was not granted immediately, the peoples of Central Africa might turn to “other countries” for assistance. And he cried out:

“The white man has deprived us of our land. He struts about in pomp and calls us names. He shows us his cannon when we protest and shoots us dead when we demonstrate.

Our patience has been stretched out far too much and threatens to snap any time. One more provocation and Africa is on fire.

Africans will have to wage a bitter fight against the white man before Africa is black from Cape to Cairo. If settler-dominated countries cause the masses to wage a bitter struggle for their liberation, then the masses shall have no option but to remember the bitter past, as the Belgians were well remembered by the Congolese.

The days of the white man are numbered and Africa is awake. If I resort to violence everything in Northern Rhodesia and Southern Rhodesia will be brought to a standstill. The mines and railways will be paralysed in no time.”

Absolutely nothing was done about Nkumbula’s seditious and inflammatory speeches. The Government did not bring out its cannon and shoot him dead, as it ought to have done. As the Governor’s protégé, and a man personally favoured by Macmillan, he was above reproach. He was the Government’s black-eyed boy. Purely because of a non-political criminal offence, however, he did eventually go the way of most Africans and finish up in jail. This was for running over and fatally injuring an African police constable, for failing to stop and render assistance after the accident, and for giving false information to the police by claiming that another African had been driving.

Harry went to jail. But in the meantime Kenneth had come out, to take control of another party ready-formed for him: the United National Independence Party — or Zambia under another name. It was not long before the stoning of cars and trains started again; and the respect that the Government had gained by its action against Zambia was rapidly dissipated. During the first

five months of 1960 no fewer than 84 office bearers in U.N.I.P. were convicted of 117 separate criminal offences. These included attempted murder; proposing violence to an assembly; riot; assault on the police; riotous damage to property; conspiracy to injure a person in his trade; possession and publication of seditious literature; theft; conversion and arson. In the face of this impressive evolution, the London Daily Mirror described Kaunda as "one of the most moderate and intelligent of African politicians. With the accent on moderate, Mr Kaunda is known to be utterly opposed to violence. He wants to achieve independence by peaceful means."!

The fresh outbreak of violence could, admittedly, be attributed partly if not largely to Mr Iain Macleod's influence. It is not his fault, of course, that the Natives of ex-British Africa exist, but it was largely his fault that they were given the freedom to develop along their own lines. He was adept at producing flawless new constitutions which, by giving power to the Natives, rendered them worthless even before they had been drawn up. The Northern Rhodesian Constitution had not been in force for two years before he decided to change it. He wanted Northern Rhodesia to have a nice Kenya-type Constitution which would enable the Black extremists to seize political control. He 'sold' his proposals to the House of Commons by explaining at every opportunity that he was furthering the principle of "non-racial" politics, which of course was precisely what he was not doing. He spoke of "taking the middle course," by which he meant that he was taking an extreme course — downhill and to the left.

Macleod was confident that he would win much kudos for his political acumen by amending the constitution. It is no ordinary white man, after all, who is smart enough to do everything that Black terrorists demand he should do. The only snag was that his proposals were rejected by Sir Roy Welensky. It was something of a head-on collision; and Macleod in great agitation told the Earl of Perth: "We have run into a bit of trouble in Northern Rhodesia. I'm in an awful jam."

Squashed by the pressure of this awful jam, Macleod tried to find some sort of compromise. This left everything in a state of precarious suspension, which naturally became the signal for an intensification of Native terrorism. Mr Macleod then decided to make a personal appearance in Northern Rhodesia, bringing with him the message that lawlessness retarded political progress. The record, needless to add, showed exactly the opposite. He described the territory as "a tinder-box;" as if he had not made it such. He spoke as if his insistence on dealing only with terrorists was not an open invitation to terrorism. It was clear moreover that the Government was not acting anything like so decisively as it should have been in suppressing the disturbances. Mr Macleod's own car was stoned and smashed by UNIP hooligans in the centre of Lusaka, in spite

of his strong police escort. Referring to this episode, Mr John Gaunt (than whom no greater authority on Northern Rhodesia exists) said that one of the most extraordinary statements he had read was that the police had drawn their batons but had not used them. "If I had my motor-car with every window smashed and dented from one end to the other, I would want to know why the batons were not used. I have not the slightest doubt as far as Northern Rhodesia is concerned that if the Commissioner of Police was given instructions, he could put down all this intimidation and arson and the rest of it in a very short space of time indeed."

Even many years before this, however, the Natives were calling the White police "the dogs that bark but don't bite." But by this time a policeman was liable to face a court of inquiry if he so much as barked. The police, like those in Nyasaland, or rather like the F.B.I. in America or Scotland Yard in Britain, were allowed to amass information but forbidden to act on it. Nevertheless there is no doubt that Mr Gaunt was right. Even as things were, when Kaunda was addressing a meeting on the Copperbelt (at which he said that when the North came into his hands he would turn the prisons into welfare centres for African children) the arrival of a single police van, which accidentally looked as if it meant business, sent the hundreds of Africans running wildly in all directions like a panic-stricken herd of game, tumbling over one another in their hurry to get away. They had been stoning traffic the previous evening and thought they were going to be arrested.

Kaunda's own fear, of course, was not of anything British but of the Southern Rhodesian armed forces which were standing by during the UNIP disturbances. He had seen how swiftly the little White army had dealt with Dr Banda and his carefully laid plans in Nyasaland, and for this reason he did not scruple to appeal for protection to the very British Government his terrorist campaign was designed to overthrow. Sir Roy Welensky, he half taunted and half pleaded, "has become so powerful that the British do not know how to handle him." Was Britain going to stand up to him if he took action? Was she going to hold him in check so as "not to plunge all Africa into a Black Death?"

It is remarkable how the invincible African Giant quakes in his big bare feet at the prospect of meeting with a dose of his own medicine. It is no wonder that Sir Roy dismissed this supposed African invincibility in one contemptuous word — Poppycock! But it is thought in the West that loud noises and large-scale hooliganism denote powerfulness. Because African chaos is widespread it is therefore irresistible. Because Englishmen hate scenes and Africans cannot go for five minutes without scenes, therefore the Africans are irresistibly strong in their convictions. Yet we might well ask what Africans have ever done in a positive sense, apart from killing and destroying and disrupting. They cannot make a

Federation but they can break one up. They cannot make motor-cars but they can throw stones at them. They cannot make railways but they can pull up the lines. They cannot construct industries but they can paralyse them with strikes. They cannot erect buildings but they can set fire to them. They cannot frame constitutions but they can tear them up. Precisely because they cannot make anything at all apart from a rumpus, they have to prove how "terrible" a people they are by smashing everything in sight. The white man's marvels of constructive ingenuity are a constant affront to their self-esteem. Yet it is to these sub-people that the West is surrendering — nay, has surrendered. Their mental derangement is made all the worse, their paranoia all the more intensified, by the ludicrous ease with which they are triumphing over advanced white peoples at every juncture. How can we hope to earn their respect, or their fear (the words mean the same in their languages), when we are propounding the Communist philosophy that we are no better than they? How, in other words, can we earn their necessary respect when we have been taught to lose respect for ourselves — to despise ourselves and simperingly reject the necessity of our being the masters? How, indeed, can we sink any lower than we are except by obligingly going six feet under?

The artificialness of this White abdication could be seen as plainly in Northern Rhodesia as in Nyasaland. The entire territory was being handed on a copper platter to this sinister leader, Kaunda, purely on the strength of his ability to throw stones and mouth threats. His UNIP headquarters, in a Lusaka township, were in a building the size of a garden shed though not so tidy. The setting was one of characteristic negro squalor and tattiness. There was no electric light or telephone, the furniture was falling to pieces and the walls were covered with crude drawings of himself, Kenyatta and Nkrumah. Yet this was the man whom the West deemed irresistible! It mattered not in the least that the security of Europe, and of America, let alone that of the Whites in Africa itself, is inextricably bound up with security in Africa. It appears only that we want the enemy to overrun us and will do everything in our power to help him do it.

Proclaiming that he had a three-stage Master Plan, Kaunda, who said that whatever form this took it would be purely non-violent, stated none the less that he counted on receiving active assistance from the Afro-Asian countries in the task of destroying the Federation. He said the plan was necessary because "the British Government has betrayed us and is treating us like pieces of dirt." In Dar es Salaam he was met by enthusiastic crowds chanting: "Master plan number three, cha cha cha, that's OK." And he told them: "The master plan has been launched and I am going back to what must be a hot situation. If it is not very hot yet, I am going to make it so. My patience is completely exhausted. I cannot sit and see my

people shot down." He said he had erased the word patience from his vocabulary and would shake the British Government to its very foundations.

The 'non-violence' which duly took place followed the usual pattern, and continued unchecked until army units began to move up from Southern Rhodesia, whereupon it came to an abrupt end. At this, Kaunda hurriedly thanked his people for "behaving so well under great provocation when the Army was mobilised."

Nevertheless Unip, like Kaunda himself, was still intact. Kaunda was evidently considered to be above the laws of the land; and after a brief period of quiescence his party started to bluster and swagger again, issuing warnings to the Whites and the British Government, and instructions to the intimidated Natives. Women members of Unip were even threatening to walk about naked and stop having babies if the British Government did not comply with Unip demands. They sent an important telegram to the British Government which read- "All women behind Kaunda. No compromise with him, no marriages. We will go naked. Tired of giving birth under Colonial yoke" (sic). To give emphasis to this terrible threat, a mob of them invaded a Federal office in the heart of Lusaka and completely disobeyed.

At a meeting addressed by Unip's secretary-general, Sipalo, the Natives were commanded to thrust their forefingers into the ground and keep them there for two minutes to signify their agreement with Unip's struggle for home rule — a clever physical method of reaching the Natives' minds and of ensuring their subservience. Europeans and Africans alike were warned that opponents of Unip would be jailed without trial when that party came into power — "You can see that Kwame Nkrumah has put the opposition in jail in Ghana. We will do the same here." Unip's monthly publication, 'The Voice of UNIP', went on to warn African members of the Legislative Council not to smile while the Council was in session, and to make themselves known as agitators, trouble-makers, stone-throwers and the like rather than as "Liberals". It further stated that Christmas was going to be abolished because Kaunda, the mission-educated African, did not approve of it. "When Kaunda begins to rule Zambia our own holidays will be introduced. All imperialist holidays, including a legendary Christmas, will be abolished."

The indefatigable Voice of UNIP went on to warn the Europeans that if they failed to vote for Unip in the forthcoming territorial by-elections they would forfeit their right to stay in the country — "This is the last deal we will make with the white man." Kaunda himself, meanwhile, was also ardently operating this African 'early warning system'. He warned the British Government that if Unip was not asked to form a Government there would be nothing but trouble. He said that if the British Government did not dissolve the association between Northern and Southern Rhodesia, all Northern

Rhodesian industries would be paralysed by strikes and “nothing would be left standing.” He claimed that Unip was “ready for anything” and that his massed regiments of supporters would “quick march” whenever he gave the order. “This is my final warning,” he added.

Much of the trouble in Africa is due to the fact that the black man has been so much spoon-fed by the white man that he is infuriated if his incessant demands are not instantly met. He simmers with murderous rage when he meets with a rebuff, and is genuinely astonished when the white man puts his own interests first. On the other hand, as this very seldom happens north of the Zambesi, nothing is easier for him than to adopt a menacing attitude towards a British or Belgian Government. It is a sheer gollywog’s piece of cake-walk. We, the white people, were never brought up to believe that disobedience and hooliganism were effective ways of getting what we wanted. On the contrary, we were given very sharply to understand that unruliness would lead to certain, painful punishment and to the loss of whatever privileges we enjoyed. So it was, at least, when I was a boy; and I am not stiff in the joints yet. But this does not apply to the African child-race. They are given very clearly to understand that the very opposite is true. From this it follows, moreover, that when we talk about raising Native standards we really mean that we are lowering the White. The Native does not conform to our standards, so we have to conform to his. This, in turn, means that it is the Whites and not the Natives who are brought to heel and discriminated against. The British Government, normally paralytic, does not hesitate to act against its own people with all the force at its command, until the time is ripe to hand them over trussed and helpless to the mercies of a Black Government equipped with all the necessary machinery of vindictive coercion.

The process is naturally not a fortuitous one. It is deliberate British policy; a policy in which betrayal of the white race is an article of faith — a holy mission. As we in Africa are always being told to face facts, we may as well face this one first. The cause of the white race, after all, means nothing whatever when ‘non-racialism’ and One-World mongrelism — or rather, the deliberate extirpation of the Christian white race — is the underlying motive of all Western politics. Lord Milverton, a former Governor of Nigeria, writing in ‘Optima’ a few years ago, put it this way: That both the Central African Federation and South Africa were seeking racial harmony, albeit along different roads, but that the British policy of racial integration had to be accepted on Christian and statesmanship grounds. “We believe,” he wrote, “that the Native, at a future date, however remote, will be the equal of the European, and that race prejudice will disappear so that intermarriage will be practicable and will convey no stigma.”

This, at last, was official British policy straight from a lordly horse's mouth. It was no longer nebulous but naked and crystal-clear, revealed in all its pristine splendour. It envisaged a glorious millennium when we would all be able to admire the nice muddy colour of our new Christian skins and the statesmanlike texture of our new frizzy hair. No wonder Western politicians are so inspired and inspiring, when they have their eyes fixed on such shining ideals! It must be admitted however that even Lord Milverton, as an afterthought, did make a rather important reservation; one which already has been amply vindicated. He said that however abnoxious a policy it might be, "apartheid, unlike integration, would not mortgage the future irretrievably if things went wrong."! And in fact, much more recently (on June the 20th, 1964, to be precise), in a letter to the London Times, he praised apartheid without any qualification whatever, saying that as Africa was "strewn with the wreck of multiracial dreams, surely there is everything to be said for separate development."!

We then had the statement of Lord Home, the then Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations and more latterly Prime Minister of Britain, who said: "What is the goal of British policy in Central Africa? It is partnership, *social*, economic and political, between African and European. It is a high and honourable aim because if the bridge can be built which transcends race and colour and religion, we shall have healed nature's great divisions between men."

This was also a perfectly clear and definite statement, expressing a political idealism of an unmistakable colour, and expounding a philosophy which can be related in practice neither to this world nor to any other. Nevertheless the Europeans of the Federation took a long time to realise that British policy was seriously working against them. Never having been a party to white betrayal themselves, they were much too innocent to suspect it from their own British Government. They were adopting a very parochial view, of course, and not a statesmanlike world view. They were thinking only in their narrow little way about what was going on 'here' instead of adopting a broader view of what was going on 'there'. As we all know, 'there' is always a much more important place than 'here', even if 'there' is often 'here' and 'here' is often 'there', depending on where you happen to be at the time. It may seem rather complicated, but it is all perfectly clear to our Western public opinion moulders.

Here, in Northern Rhodesia, British idealism meant that the white people would be forced to mix socially with those who wear tea cosies as hats, who urinate in the streets, who stink abominably, are filthy and unwashed, who are sexually partial to little white girls, who barge into white women and lift their dresses and punch them in the stomach, and so on. It meant that they would be forced to integrate with the likes of those tropical woodland hob-

goblins who burned Mrs Burton alive, and accept the rulership of a Unip which lamented the execution of the murderers.

Not surprisingly, they objected strenuously, and all efforts to persuade them to accept integration failed. The Press had done its usual noble utmost; the most crafty thin-end-of-the-wedge tactics had been tried; and do-gooder organisations had pleaded daily for an Act of Faith. But all efforts were in vain, and the people were not having any. It was apparent that the White public had not been conditioned properly and had failed to understand that racial integration is inevitable. So to show just how wrong the public were, the Government — the White Government — promptly passed a Bill making racial discrimination illegal. Furthermore the Bill was supported unanimously by the Members of the United Federal Party, the white men who were supposed to represent the white electorate. One U.F.P. Member, Mr Hugh Stanley, who described racial segregation as a cancer, was speaking for all of them when he said "It is the inalienable right of all persons of whatever colour, race or creed to be treated as human beings. I do not care whether they are the most primitive and backward or the most advanced and civilised. The European in Northern Rhodesia sets himself up — on the whole with good reason — as a civilised person. Yet some are prepared, for reasons of which I know nothing, to practise or uphold this colour bar — a bar which is the antithesis of civilisation and which is based on the most primitive and repulsive of human emotions."

In reality, civilisation ever having been the product of only the merest handful of races, segregation is of the very essence of it. No amount of human emotion and corny liberal hyperbole will alter this truth. Moreover, Mr Stanley's party did not win any Black votes for this revolting betrayal of its own people. These diseased liberal ideals, or political tactics, did not pay off in Northern Rhodesia any more than they have paid off anywhere else. The immediate result of this integration legislation was large-scale brawling amounting to rioting. The Press referred to "screaming European mobs" and White "savages". Africans were emerging from European hotels at high speed and head first, while others were being sent "literally sailing through the air". Showers of stones and bottles were raining down in the streets, with the police striving valiantly all day and all night to restore order. The scene of the worst trouble was at Kitwe, which oddly enough is Mr Hugh Stanley's constituency!

The white "savages" realised perfectly well that there can only be a front line of resistance to integration processes. There are no lines of retreat once the front line has been pierced. The wedge having been driven in, the breach having been made, those Whites in Northern Rhodesia who thought they could retire to the seclusion of their clubs were soon to discover that the Government would not

permit club liquor licences to be renewed until Africans had been admitted as members. Those who thought their children would remain safely segregated in private schools were soon to find the said schools being swamped with unpaying black pupils; this being the best method of destroying white children short of actually killing them. There are absolutely no limits to the vindictiveness of the real race fanatics: the White integrationists and their Black stalking-horses. Nor is there any limit to their influence, as they represent a vast organised Western movement of Money and Government.

With Northern Rhodesia having been granted self-government, and expecting to become fully independent by the end of this year, 1964, Kenneth Kaunda has been duly instated as its first Prime Minister. This puts Kaunda level with his old crony, Banda. They have both come a long way since their conspiratorial meeting in Ghana. Prior to becoming Prime Minister, Kaunda, like Banda, had been making many statements to prove his suitability for such an office. In the first place he had warned Mr R. A. Butler, the Minister for Central Africa, that he was "completely fed up" with delay, and that "although we have tried to keep ourselves and our followers in check, we don't have a double portion of patience."

Then, in Sweden (through which conveniently neutral country considerable sums of money had been channelled to his political organisation in the past), he had said that he saw "a very dirty line-up in that part of Africa which is not yet free — Welensky lining himself up with Verwoerd, Salazar and Tshombe." He had called for a total boycott of South Africa, particularly of oil supplies. He said that a total boycott was the best non-violent way of preventing "the calamity that South Africa is heading for," and that failing this he foresaw a revolution worse than the French Revolution.

In America, where he received an honorary doctorate of law, he had meetings with Mennen Williams, Ralph Bunche and U Thant. They got along famously together, and Kaunda was "very happy" with their understanding of the urgent need for Western pressure to be exerted against the last remaining Western strongholds in Africa. While he was in America, Kaunda took the opportunity of remarking that he saw a very dirty line-up in that part of Africa which is not yet free. "It is," he said, "a disturbing situation, and I am afraid I am growing more and more pessimistic about it. Unless the United Nations finds a way of intervening, bloodshed is inevitable." "I am afraid it will be worse than in the French Revolution," he added.

Immediately before he was appointed Prime Minister, Kaunda made a dramatic call to South Africa for an exchange of diplomatic representatives, which he said might help to bring about a change

of heart in the Republic. "I find myself obsessed with the tremendous problem of South Africa," he said. "I fear that if bloodshed really does begin in South Africa it will have a ghastly effect, not only within the Republic itself but throughout the whole continent of Africa. It is up to every thinking man and woman with a conscience to try to save the situation in South Africa, to try to change a situation which at present seems set to inevitable tragedy, to try to change a situation which can only end in bloodshed."

The South African Government did not reply to this childish transparent tirade. But, when it was approached through the proper diplomatic channels, it said quite simply that it was not interested in having Kaunda's representatives on South African soil. Dr Verwoerd, as a matter of fact, stated later on that he might consider accepting one African ambassador, but that this one person would have to represent *all* the African States and not merely his own!

Kaunda, astonished and disconcerted by this rebuff, and possibly even beginning to hear a few little alarm bells ringing, abruptly dropped the subject of South Africa and swung round savagely on Southern Rhodesia and its "Right-wing lunatics." He warned Southern Rhodesia not to think of declaring itself independent, and forecast "civil war and much bloodshed" if this were to occur. Indeed, he said he would welcome British troops using Northern Rhodesia as a jumping-off point for action against the British people of Southern Rhodesia should they insist on independence! He said he would not tolerate such a rebellion against the British Government and such disloyalty to the Queen!

Meanwhile, the Whites in Northern Rhodesia, having been hunted down by legislation until they had nowhere to stand, have now been finally abandoned by Britain and handed over to a Government of primitive people. As a reward for having been loyal, law-abiding, industrious and white-skinned, they have been crushed out of effective existence by the authentic partnership of British politicians, Black terrorists and internationalist mining magnates.

In view of so systematic a betrayal it is not in the least surprising that Kaunda should fully expect the British Government to send British troops to shoot any British people who might still openly object to Black Rule.

### **Southern Rhodesia**

In Southern Rhodesia something happened at the eleventh hour which is probably unique. Here the sickening succession of White capitulations to Black diabolism and ochlocracy, and to the 'softly, softly, catchee monkey' processes of racial integration, were halted and flung into reverse by the merest handful of Whites in the face of every conceivable kind of opposition and pressure. That is to say the December 1962 territorial elections saw the voting

into power of a maligned and untried Right-wing political party — the Rhodesian Front — opposed by the full weight of a Liberal Press monopoly, by all other media of propaganda such as radio and television, by the mining, financial and commercial combines, by the British Government and Press, by the United Nations and the whole of Black Africa, and by the opposition of a party — the United Federal Party — which had been in power in one form or another for about thirty years and which under the guise of Partnership was insidiously paving the way for Black rule. The Rhodesian elections proved that no matter how insuperable the odds might appear, the forces of Liberalism are far from invincible against a resolute and awakened people, however few in number. The people had been led to the very brink of the precipice, and at the last moment recognised it for what it was. It was in vain that the all-pervading Voice of Liberalism urged them: No, it is not a precipice but a shining golden meadow, a land of milk and honey, which you will refuse to enter only at the cost of your certain destruction. For the people answered: It is not a meadow we see but a precipice, and we will be dashed to pieces if we do not turn about and retrace our steps.

It will not be necessary to burden the reader with the political history of Southern Rhodesia to any extent, or with the legislative ins and outs. It will be necessary only to sketch the barest outlines. But to begin with it has to be understood that the Rhodesian people stand, and always have stood, beyond any question whatever, for racial segregation and White rule. Rhodesian political uncertainty, however, has been due to several novel factors. There has been the complicated business of Federation and also the large influx of voting immigrants, the great majority of them knowing nothing about Africa and holding Leftist views. The colony also suffers from an unequalled legislative complexity, which Federation made a hundred times worse. Southern Rhodesia is only a very little horse, yet it can barely support the extraordinary weight of its legislative and constitutional harness. Then the Press and the Government made the confusion worse confounded; between them aiming at racial integration and Black majority rule but perforce proceeding by a series of quick little nibbles concealed by a clamour about something else. Partnership, admittedly, was mentioned well in advance; but the electorate did not believe it meant anything serious. Lord Malvern, the Prime Minister at the time, made a semi-jocose reference to it as the partnership between a rider and a horse. The Press too, it must also be conceded, stated on one bold occasion that "African rule in Southern Rhodesia, at some future date, is inevitable. The White Rhodesians themselves accept that fact; but are not prepared to hand over political control for some time to come."

The hypothesis was thus presented as an acknowledged fact, though too remote a one for anyone to worry about. And the pill of partnership was cleverly introduced at an early stage but heavily sugar-coated. The gulf between the Whites and the Blacks is so immense that, as has been said, integration and a quietly revolutionary reversal of their respective positions was not seriously envisaged by the White electorate. The Rhodesian (the "White" Rhodesian, the Press had started to call him; inferring that the Blacks were equally Rhodesians), to be sure, has always tried to help the African along and raise his standards. He believes — or believed — in advancing the African, at his own financial expense but not at his social or political expense. Yet this was used to confuse the situation even more, inasmuch as Rhodesian-approved African advancement came to mean the same as Rhodesian displacement. Naturally, it was never promulgated as such. If a decision be given against the Whites it is invariably announced as a decision in favour of the Africans. White subjugation is never known as such; it is known as Negro emancipation.

We are obliged then to make a sharp distinction between the Rhodesian people and their previous Governments; a distinction which is not at all unusual in modern Anglo-Saxon countries. For practical purposes it can be said that the real Rhodesian political jugglery started in 1958. Politically there were two schools of thought: whether the Federation or Southern Rhodesia (more confusion at once, you observe) should remain under White control, or whether it should accommodate itself to future "majority rule" — to rule by Africans. The White school of thought was represented by the Dominion Party, and the Majority Rule school of thought by the United Rhodesia Party. In the territorial elections of 1958, the electorate, now that the issue seemed clear to them, voted overwhelmingly for White control. The United Rhodesia Party was so decisively eliminated that it failed to win a single seat, an outcome also possibly unique in democratic voting annals. Yet in spite of this the Dominion Party was not elected! It was beaten by the United Federal Party, even though this party had won considerably less votes.

It is necessary, needless to say, to make this bizarre situation as clear as possible too. The leader of the United Rhodesia Party, and the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, was one Mr Garfield Todd, a New Zealand ex-missionary who had been seized with worldly political ambition. Having come to power in 1954 he soon began to show markedly pro-Black tendencies, even to the extent of persuading the Blacks they were hard done by and that he was their only true friend, and so forth. He was not an easy person for his colleagues to rub along with; and in 1958 there was a split in the party. It was a split partly of personalities and partly of policy — though not because his colleagues disagreed with his policy but

because they were alarmed at the speed with which he was trying to implement it. They hastily jettisoned him and a few of his closer cronies, and then announced to the electorate that they had purged their ranks of the extremists. In reality they had done nothing of the sort, and had merely made a move to ensure they would remain in power. They substituted Sir Edgar Whitehead for Mr Todd; a man even more extreme than Todd but more 'diplomatic'; and with him at their head they formed their United Federal Party in time for the elections. In addition, to increase their chances, they managed to alter the Electoral Act and introduce an involved preferential voting system, whereby, though they won less votes than the Dominion Party, they won 17 seats as opposed to the Dominion Party's 13.

Aside from this preferential voting skulduggery, what had happened was that the United Federal Party had persuaded a goodly section of the electorate that it was "moderate" and "sensible", not "liberal" like the United Rhodesia Party or "reactionary" like the Dominion Party. Those who voted for it, in other words, believed that it would keep the Africans happy yet would retain the franchise and the government of the country in civilised hands. These voters did not altogether fancy the Dominion Party because they thought it a rather ragged and inexperienced party and suspected that it wanted to link up with South Africa. Naturally they wanted Rhodesia to remain independent; as indeed did the great majority of those who voted for the Dominion Party. They also wanted segregation to remain a quietly accepted custom and not be turned into a political issue. They believed, vaguely, in some form of Partnership. They wanted to live in peace, discarding if necessary a few minor garments of White supremacy here and there to keep the Africans contented. They did not stop to think that if they discarded a few minor garments they would be expected to remove their foundation garments as well. They saw Sir Edgar Whitehead as a worthy successor to Lord Malvern — a middle-of-the-road Englishman, a member of the English Establishment, admittedly half deaf and half blind, but a sound pipe-smoking man for all that, elusively unmarried, and whose portrait rather pleased the women voters. That 'sound' views have come to mean extreme liberal views did not really occur to them.

In the United Federal Party there was no right of centre but only a left of centre. Sir Edgar himself, who has since thrown in the political towel and gone back to England, was so left of centre that when he was pushing through his integration measures he repeatedly warned that he would stand no nonsense from those "extremists" who objected to them. In trying to force integration upon an unwilling white population, and in trying to contrive a transfer of power to the Blacks, he was pursuing a policy that might have been prescribed by Nehru, Khrushchev or a President of the United

States of America. But as a Liberal, a man convinced that he possesses a political divine right, he was like that eighteenth-century politician of whom it was said: "To the last he would confront, with the authoritative port of an ambassador of heaven, the anger of the powers and principalities of the earth."

The United Federal Party also engaged in a great deal of convenient shadow-boxing with the British Government. It was quite common for the United Federal Party secretly to endorse, or consent to, British policy, and then give vent to an impressive howl of protest when that policy was implemented. Nothing was easier than for the United Federal Party to blame the British Government for any unpopular measure that it, the United Federal Party, introduced; and certainly the British Government could always be relied upon to play its unpopular part. No doubt there were a number of genuine disagreements between the United Federal Party and the British Government; but that there were many genuine agreements between them can hardly be doubted either. Basically, apart from Britain's resolve to break up the Federation, there was little or nothing for them to disagree about.

Where Southern Rhodesia's hopes of Dominion Status and independence are concerned, it was for long a matter of contention (and added confusion) whether Britain still retained reserve legislative powers which could adversely affect this — whether in fact Southern Rhodesia was or was not fully independent. Apparently Britain did retain such powers; though it was not thought she would ever exert them. It is quite possible that Britain herself had originally had no intention of exerting them, and had buried them and forgotten all about them. None the less, when the matter was raised, Britain found it politic to disinter the said powers. In the House of Commons, in July, 1961, Mr Duncan Sandys stated that "at the very outset of the Southern Rhodesia Constitutional talks I made it clear to Sir Edgar Whitehead that the British Government would not feel able to give up its reserve powers unless there was a significant widening of the franchise and a substantial increase in African representation in the Legislature."

In the debased English language of British politicians the word widening, of course, really means lowering. British politicians know everything there is to know about the lowering of standards, but they are strangely squeamish about calling it such. Nevertheless the British Government did make it perfectly clear that it would not grant complete independence to Southern Rhodesia until White supremacy had been overthrown and Black supremacy had been established in its stead. What, after all, did the outmoded British people of Africa think the British Government represented — British interests? The idea was preposterous. But for all that it gave Sir Edgar Whitehead a sound reason for going ahead with integration and "majority rule". Although there was obviously no point in

going all out for a carrot-dangled independence, which amounted to little more than the fine adjustment of an obscure legislative clause, if the price was to be White overthrow, that was what Sir Edgar eagerly chose to do.

The then Federal Prime Minister, Sir Roy Welensky, was himself a member of the United Federal Party. His battles with the British Government, where the Federation was involved, were real ones. He strove unceasingly to preserve the Federation and prevent it from being handed over to "hungry-for-power African politicians who would not be able to make a success of a village management board." In the face of his homeric if hopeless efforts to hold the British Government upright, it seems like ingratitude to say that he none the less stood foursquare with Sir Edgar Whitehead in his territorial policies. As the Rhodesian Sunday Mail cautiously said of him: "Who knows, even his most implacable enemies in the Labour Party may yet be persuaded that even though his ideas on African advancement do not match their own sweeping formulas, he is not a villain, and might even be motivated by some of the aspirations to which they themselves lay sole claim."

Or as Mr Charles Olley, the outspoken senior City Councillor of Salisbury, put it:

"It is really amazing how easily the general public can be hoodwinked into believing anything said by the two Prime Ministers — Sir Roy and Sir Edgar.

These gentlemen are being applauded for their defence of the white man against black concentrated nationalism. For years I have been preaching that the electorate is being bluffed by the United Federal Party politicians into accepting partnership and integration. Day by day they are brainwashed into accepting a state of affairs that cannot mean anything but the ultimate exodus of the Europeans.

For several years we have heard of little else but what Sir Roy Welensky is going to do. He was going to make the country great, notwithstanding that he knew from Lord Home, when he was here, the conditions for Dominion Status. He well knew and understood that he could not get higher status without the quid pro quo of a substantial black franchise — irrespective of civilisation or sense of responsibility.

Now it is beginning to dawn on some politicians that Sir Roy is actually a party to a sell out. He could not do it on his own, so called upon Sir Edgar Whitehead, our territorial Prime Minister, to use his brains in outwitting the electorate."

Sir Roy had in fact stated in Britain that "we're going as fast as we dare" towards full democracy, and that he had no objection whatever to mixing socially with Africans. In Rhodesia itself he

had joined Lord Malvern and the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie — not to mention the American Consul-General, Mr Joseph Palmer — in the mental conditioning of white schoolchildren; Lord Malvern telling them that in the future colour would not count; Lord Dalhousie telling them to remember the vital importance of White humility, and Sir Roy telling them to have no fear about facing the reality of future racial equality and equal partnership. It is true the schoolgirls hissed them and cried out Shame!; but this did not deter the notables from pursuing their noble mission.

It was Sir Roy, too, who took the first steps in breaking down the colour bar, on the grounds that all the “pin-pricks” that annoy the Africans must be removed. A Johannesburg Jewish newspaper reported, also, that at a B'nai B'rith Lodge meeting Sir Roy had paid a special tribute to the late U.S. Supreme Court Justice Brandeis for his part in the U.S. Desegregation Ruling of 1954. But the belated realisation of Sir Roy's aversion to segregation came as a profound shock to the average Rhodesian voter. Indeed, the rejection of the United Federal Party in the 1962 elections was in large measure a rejection of Sir Roy himself. It surprised him greatly; and we can be sure that his defeat was not in its personal sense a matter for rejoicing on the part of the Rhodesian people. But it was the measure of Rhodesian resolve to stay White; a resolve which he evidently did not share.

The Manchester Guardian assessed the position correctly for a change when it said of Sir Roy that he “is a capable and vigorous man of affairs, not without a liberal vein, but dependent on a limited and highly conservative electorate, which would discard him ruthlessly if he acted as we should like to see a Rhodesian Prime Minister act.”

Unlike the British Press, Rhodesians are of course “limited” in that their loyalty and political idealism extend no further than the Union Jack and the preservation of British blood and British institutions. In these respects, due no doubt to their African environment, it must be conceded that they are positively archaic. Being so limited their more ‘sophisticated’ leaders were quite easily able to mislead them, at least for a time. Lord Malvern, for instance, who had always stood for traditional British values such as racial segregation, abruptly faced about at a critical period and called it “that foreign race ideology.” In somewhat similar style, Sir Roy Welensky stated that although he did not have a single drop of British blood in his veins, under his rulership the Union Jack would continue to fly in Rhodesia long after it had been hauled down everywhere else in Africa. And this was truly said. But with integration and creeping Black rule, what was the Rhodesian supposed to think the flag would represent?

There was also Mr Macmillan's speech in Salisbury, which if designed to add to the confusion could not have been better worded

It was a masterpiece of evasion, spoken at great length and saying absolutely nothing. This in itself, needless to say, should have given the game away. But Henry Fairlie of the London Daily Mail, without any intention of irony, gushed enthusiastically: "Macmillan stuns them. I have never seen Mr Macmillan at his most evasive, ambiguous best until today in the heart of Africa. If the Southern Rhodesians know where they stand this evening . . . they are better men than I am. He brilliantly confused every issue which worries the Southern Rhodesians. And this, of course, is Mr Macmillan's favourite trick of statesmanship."!

Yes indeed. But this is hardly the way 'we should like to see a British Prime Minister act'.

It would take too long to detail all the improvements in the lot of the black man that have been brought about by the Rhodesians. In any event it is not a subject that interests me. Nevertheless, only South African Natives enjoy a higher standard of living than Rhodesian Natives. Some indication of the prosperity due to the advent of the white man is shown by the fact that at the turn of the century every twelve Africans in Rhodesia owned one head of cattle between them, whereas today they own cattle at the ratio of nearly one head per person. What makes this ratio even more significant is that since 1900 the Native population has increased fivefold.

Since 1900, as these figures suggest, Southern Rhodesia has been a very peaceful country. The Natives have been prevented from slaughtering one another, and until very recently there had been no firing on rioting mobs since the Mashona rebellion of 1897. Even recently the rioting has been confined almost exclusively to the Native townships themselves. Under Sir Edgar Whitehead's regime, however, the position was steadily becoming much the same as elsewhere, with the Native demagogues openly doing their utmost to oust the 'White oppressors'. The only difference was that in Southern Rhodesia they were not having the same success as elsewhere, owing mainly to there being a sufficiently large number of unintimidated settlers to be formidable in spite of Partnership. The leader of Southern Rhodesia's African nationalist movement, and the equivalent of Banda and Kaunda, is one Joshua Nkomo, a burly London University-educated Matabele and Methodist lay preacher. He is known as "Our Beloved Messiah" and wears a ladies' leopard-skin hat. He has been successively the leader of the African National Congress, which was banned; then of the National Democratic Party, which was banned; then of the Zimbabwe African People's Union, which was banned; and then of the People's Caretaker Council, which was banned.

I will not burden the reader with the details of these organisations either, except to outline very briefly the penultimate one, ZAPU,

which was the most dangerous one largely because it was allowed the longest lease of life. Having described Kaunda's and Banda's organisations one has in effect described Zapu and its methods. Most of its funds came from Communist or Communist-affiliated sources, and its aim was the overthrow of White rule by means of revolution. It had the usual history of threats and intimidation, petrol bombs and stone throwing, sabotage of railways and industries, strikes and lying stories at the United Nations. Its activities were mainly directed against the Natives themselves; with the destroying or disrupting of all the civilised facilities they had been given. Schools were burned down, medical inoculations were represented as devices to make African women sterile, land husbandry works were represented as schemes to rob the Africans of their land, and so on. Zapu threats were directed as much against Britain as against Rhodesia — against "the British thugs." Nkomo stated: "You must punch Britain, and punch hard." Welensky and Whitehead, on the other hand, and all the other local White imperialists, were "homeless beggars who have taken advantage of the courtesy and politeness of the African people." Zapu's general political philosophy was summed up in its own words (strictly speaking its words when it was the National Democratic Party): "We are prepared to leave our country to the sweet winds that come in the wake of devastation."

Many Rhodesians must have been thankful to Nkomo for calling his strikes. It is difficult to conceive how much more pleasant a place Salisbury became when there were no more Africans in sight. Suddenly there were no more Bantu: and the world was serene and beautiful and clean and sane. It was a perfect pointer to the ideal African world of the future; with the Morlocks banished and a purposeful Eloi inheriting the earth. Nevertheless Sir Edgar Whitehead took an unconscionably long time in banning Zapu, and only did so when the situation was almost out of hand and he was left with no alternative. Violence and disruption, after all, represent African freedom of political expression, without which there could not be any Partnership. Sir Edgar gave the impression that he would have been much happier banning White organisations; and in fact he almost fell over himself in his haste to ban the so-called Rhodesian Republican Army, a secret, militant little organisation of hard-core Rhodesians who were threatening to use their own methods of disposing of Nkomo and presumably Whitehead himself. He cannot be blamed for having banned this organisation. But his known anti-'White extremist' propensities explain why the members of the Opposition were uneasy when he introduced his amendments to the Unlawful Organisations Act and the Law and Order Act. They feared he might ban them as well.

Whitehead was always referring to a hypothetical majority of decent, law-abiding, moderate Africans; a mythical assemblage upon whose mythical existence his liberal myths depended. He did

not wish to acknowledge that there could be any serious African rioting under his liberal regime, or that Africans are moderate only when they are afraid to be immoderate. He said in extenuation of African behaviour that it was quite wrong to suppose the rioting had been Black against White, as it had taken the form only of attacks on other Africans who believed in co-operating with the Whites! He made no attempt to explain that Black terrorist organisations terrorise their own people first in order to forge them into a unified anti-White instrument. He made it clear that he was not banning Zapu because he disapproved of its opinions but because he could not permit the country to be subjected to terrorism. Rhodesians, he said — meaning black ones — were at liberty to hold any opinions they liked.

Following the banning of Zapu the scene became quiet again, except for a loud outcry from the Church about Government Nazi methods and South African-style Police States — much after the fashion of that side-splitting London charivari, Punch, which spoke of “Lynch Law in Rhodesia.” This was certainly most unfair criticism of Sir Edgar, as he had done all that lay within his power to give the Africans whatever they wanted. If the Africans had been aiming at a constructive take-over of Rhodesia and not merely hankering for an orgy of sweet destructiveness, they might have recognised Whitehead as a very much worthier leader than Nkomo. But as it was they invariably howled him down whenever he tried to address them and called him a “white bastard.”

In addition to the Church, the Press also had a few words of censure to pass about Whitehead’s banning measures. It drew the moral from Zapu’s activities that the Government must “press on as quickly as possible with destroying barriers based purely on colour and to create the conditions in which every man, irrespective of race, can state with pride ‘I am a Rhodesian’.” This was in fact what Sir Edgar was proceeding to do, with a sort of sustained ferocity that seemed to indicate — as indeed the Press had heavily hinted — that the Whites had been responsible for Zapu.

The Press is of course extremely powerful. The late editor of the Rhodesia Herald, Mr Cowan, pointedly remarked over the radio that he could unseat any Rhodesian government in six months. To judge the Rhodesian Press monopoly by its own words, it too is intent on “destroying” things — White things, such as barriers. It is an unflinching advocate of multiracialism, and its pages are full of black faces looking like photographic negatives sipping drinks at multiracial cocktail parties. The cocktail has become the Press touchstone of civilisation; and these pictures are meant to prove that the Mashona are fully as cultured as white people and for that reason fit perfectly naturally into the higher White social circles. They are also meant to show that if the higher White circles hobnob socially with Africans there is no excuse for the more ignorant White

circles not doing the same. Every African face, moreover, is carefully given its correct title, to such an extent that even the most glaringly aboriginal Neanderthaler from the heart of the Zambesi Valley is scrupulously labelled Mr or Mrs So-and-so.

The most favoured African couple were the Savanhus. The Savanhus were always being featured in the social pages. 'At a cocktail party given in Highlands by Mrs Gush-Muchly, the Prime Minister attended, and the Savanhus were there' . . . big close-up photographic negative of the Savanhus. Savanhu was a vitally important symbol, a prize specimen, a time-server on a good wicket, a sort of prototype of the future Homo Rhodesiensis. He was a junior Minister — Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Home Affairs. He was the living proof of the validity of the egalitarian race theory. The only snag was that he was inclined to sip too many pint-sized cocktails and suddenly start behaving like a maniac. The most extraordinary protection was extended to him; but still he kept appearing in court on innumerable charges ranging from attempted homicide to using abusive language to police constables. On one occasion he savagely assaulted a small Coloured boy who had shouted out to him: "Hey! Kaffir!"! On another occasion he had an argument with his brother, whipped out his six-shooter — unlicensed of course — and fired two shots at him. Soon he was discarding his European clothing for imaginary African national dress; not the genuine African national undress which would not be allowed even in polite cocktail circles, but a green pill-box hat, huge billowing trousers of green and yellow, and an enormous toga of the same material. (His brown British shoes, though, as he laughingly confessed, were quite fearfully wrong, as these should have been yellow Continental shoes!) He then began making anti-White statements in the Federal Assembly, such as that the non-White races had been the torch-bearers of civilisation when the ancestors of white men like the Duke of Montrose (who was then a Dominion Party Member and is now a Cabinet Minister in the Rhodesian Front) were living in caves and practising witchcraft. The Press either refrained from reporting these statements or accorded them the minimum publicity, so it came as something of a surprise to the public when Savanhu suddenly resigned. Denying that this was due to Zapu pressure or that he judged it was time to change sides, he said he was resigning because Partnership was a deliberate political fraud. Furthermore he opined that Europeans were unfit to govern an African country because they had the curious notion that they were superior to the indigenes.

In view of what Savanhu considered to be European unfitness to govern Rhodesia, we might examine what he would consider to be African fitness. Having already glanced at African political fitness we can leave that on one side. But where for example the Africans' purely humanitarian regard for their own kind is concerned,

we find the Native Affairs Department reporting that film scenes of African children suffering from disease and starvation are greeted with shrieks of laughter by African audiences. "We have found that a distressingly large proportion of our rural population see nothing but humour in the sufferings of other people," Mr Nesham, the N.A.D. senior information officer, reported. Similarly, Mr Guy, of the Rhodesian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, stated: "I have met no Coloured, Asiatic or African workers in the campaign against tuberculosis. Is it too much to ask members of these communities to come to our assistance?" Likewise, the only African-managed orphanage in Rhodesia reported that it has to rely entirely on White generosity for its support, as Africans themselves refuse to contribute because they feel that that is "the white man's ob."

Where hospitals are concerned, the Africans have been provided with better ones than the Europeans, who of course have to pay for them. Yet African nurses come out on strike for the most trivial reasons, and without the least twinge of conscience leave the tending of the patients to the handful of overworked European nursing sisters. In addition, African hospital orderlies were found to be peddling their own private price lists to patients. Charges included 3d for a bedpan, 6d or 1s to prevent an inoculation from making a patient sterile, and a weekly payment to ensure the regular serving of meals. Other orderlies were sitting outside the hospitals with their own 'practices' and charging up to 10s for treatment with stolen drugs. One of the biggest problems involves the children's wards, which are overflowing with children and infants abandoned by their mothers.

African fitness in the realms of the Gruesome and the Grisly is however very well testified. The witchcraft practised by Lord Graham's ancestors was nothing compared with the witchcraft practised by Savanhu's contemporaries. Even the witches of Macbeth were literally pallid amateurs compared with average twentieth-century African witches. A casual little news item informed us, for instance, that in the Gwaai Reserve a female witchdoctor cut the body of a still-born infant in half, cooked the top half and, together with her sister, ate it. It transpired that the mother of the infant had been severely and repeatedly beaten by her husband, and had gone to the witchdoctor asking for a love potion. To obtain the ingredients for the potion, the mother, who was pregnant, was given something to cause an abortion. And the witchdoctor and her sister made a meal of what was left.

But the Three Witches of Nuanetsi, who rode out at night on hyenas, were more accomplished in their calling than the trivial Witch of Gwaai. Appearing in the High Court at Fort Victoria, one of them, aged 17, pleaded guilty to the charge of murdering the three-year-old child of another of the trio. She said she killed the

child with a pole while it slept, and explained that the killing was in revenge for the murder of her own new-born child by the other witch. She told the Court: "I told her that as she had killed my child, I would take revenge by killing her child. After I had done it, I told her that it was all finished and no one could say that one had to pay something to the other." In evidence, the mother of the dead child said that on one occasion she and the other two witches had cast a spell over her husband, so that he died. "A little later, I and my two friends came at night on hyenas and we all went to the place where the body was buried. We dug up the body of my husband and skinned it. We got a piece of the leg and took it to my hut. We reburied the body, and at the hut we got the meat and ate it. It was good."

Witchcraft in Rhodesia is most prevalent in the Barotseland area adjoining Angola. Most of the instances of cannibalism and ritual killing take place there. In Mongu in 1957 no less than nine witchdoctors were simultaneously sentenced to death by Mr Justice Somerhough for a number of killings with kalelose guns. The kalelose — a 'gun' of wood and human bone firing 'bullets' containing parts of the human body — is still dealing out death on a considerable scale to the primitive tribesmen. By all civilised or White standards it is perfectly harmless, of course. But its power over the fundamentally different mind of the African makes it a lethal weapon. It has been known to drop a healthy African dead in his tracks; though it usually sends the victim into a coma from which he never recovers. One method is for the witchdoctor, or the hirer of the gun, to fire it into the victim's back while he is asleep. No harm is done except to waken the sleeper with a jolt. The witchdoctor then passes the sentence of death; and the victim turns his face to the wall of his hut without protest, refuses to accept food or drink, and within a day or two is dead. If a man wants to obtain a kalelose he has to pay a witchdoctor about £1 to make one. The witchdoctor tells the man to sleep overnight by the side of a grave. In the early hours the witchdoctor awakens the sleeper, and they open the grave and take out the body. The upper arm becomes the gun stock. Then the witchdoctor begins the business of making the death-dealing 'bullets'. For this it is necessary to cast a spell over a pregnant woman and cause her to have an abortion. The mutilated fetus is then burned, the ashes also being incorporated in the bullets, while the explosive itself is formed from millet or corn kernels.

The Native Affairs Department of Southern Rhodesia claimed that it had put an end to many witchcraft practices, though "these evils would return if that influence were removed." The disappearance of Native boys, however, would scarcely be noticed by the N.A.D. Sometimes when it is felt that a chief is becoming senile and is thereby affecting the vitality of the whole tribe, professional murderers and ghouls known as the 'makuchi' are sent out to acquire

youthful male genitalia. It is certain they do not have to go far. But nowadays it is mostly Native gamblers and shopkeepers who need these organs. Gamblers carry them on their persons so that the cards or dice will favour them, and they sleep with the parts under their heads so that they might dream of lucky numbers. Native shopkeepers burn the parts in their shops so that the smoke might permeate the walls, as this will magically and irresistibly attract customers.

In spite of the vast and fortunately unbridgeable gulf between the white man and his intended black 'partners' which the above-mentioned customs serve to illustrate, the Press, becoming much more outspoken now that matters were obviously coming to a head, was pleading for — or rather, confidently announcing — complete integration of the races. It was urging its readers to be "Christian" and "selfless" and warning them quickly to accept the "inevitable". Segregation, it proclaimed, was an intolerable affront to human dignity. Under the heading, "Well Rid Of Them", an editorial stated that "steadily and methodically the Southern Rhodesian Government is removing discriminatory legislation from the Statute Book . . . We believe that the abolition of pin-pricking legislation is more important than almost anything else."

In addition to this degrading balderdash the same chain of newspapers in South Africa was telling its readers that "the ability of White Rhodesians to adjust themselves to their new multiracial society is one of the great wonders of Africa;" and that "if the Rhodesians can adapt themselves to such radical racial reforms, it is conceivable that South Africans may one day be able to show a similar adaptability."

It would indeed have been one of the great wonders of Africa if the Rhodesians had been adjusting themselves to their "new" multiracial society, but in reality it was not because they were not. This was shown clearly enough by the nature of the letters to the Press. There was hardly a 'liberal' letter to be seen. Each newspaper represented an ideological battlefield, with the letter columns bitterly at war with the editorial column.

Nevertheless, with a complete disregard of previous pious assurances that there would never be any such thing as enforced integration, the United Federal Party Government proceeded to go ahead with its integration measures; slowly at first but then with increasing impatience. They were measures abolishing those rights and safeguards without which the White community in Africa cannot survive. They were measures abolishing the White community as such. They revealed a breathtaking contempt for the electorate, all the greater for the lessons of Kenya and the Congo. To be sure, it is not surprising that liberal politicians should have such scant respect for those who are foolish enough to swallow their

pious gaff. It is not surprising, either, that liberals should be cynical dictators unable to believe their own ideologies and unable to apply them except through the use of cunning. The Liberal poison being fatal even to itself, Liberalism then requires the utmost use of force to maintain the position which cunning has won for it. In order to retain the power which is so dear to it, Liberalism, which is both the lackey of High Finance and the cat's-paw of Communism, unhesitatingly resorts to the tyranny which Plato said was the natural successor to the chaos engendered by democracy.

It was not long before the Pass Laws were abolished together with the Immorality and Indecency Suppression Act — an Act which prohibited sexual relations between European women and African males, and which covered offences such as the indecent soliciting of white women by Africans. Multiracialism in various creeping forms was introduced into the police force and other Government services. The liquor laws were relaxed, and there were strong rumours of a plan to open up European Crown Land to African settlement. A multiracial cinema was opened by Lord Dalhousie, who described it as “a trend in the right direction and in accordance with a trend I sincerely hope will become increasingly manifest throughout the length and breadth of the country.”

The cinema, for all Dalhousie's sincere hopes, soon closed down for lack of custom. But in another direction more ominous suggestions were being made. Mr Finkle, Director of African Education, was beginning to speak of integrated primary and secondary schools; while Mr Abrahamson, the Minister of Labour, Housing and Social Welfare, was saying that white schoolchildren had a great contribution to make to partnership because they could be taught to “get away from the shackles of old concepts.” The Government was saying that Rhodesian children were growing up with an undesirable superiority complex and that this would have to be altered — presumably to a desirable inferiority complex.

The Federal Broadcasting Corporation and Rhodesian Television, meanwhile, were yielding second place to none in their advocacy of the ‘new trend’. Where they were concerned, the sweeping away of race barriers was most decidedly a Step In The Right Direction. Culturally indeed, as far as one could judge from the F.B.C. and R.T.V., there did not seem to be any real barriers separating the two races. The F.B.C. would have been virtually silent without jazz. Music, in the true meaning of the word, is exclusively European; yet as far as the F.B.C. was concerned it might never have existed, except perhaps for an occasional doling out of the Dance of the Hours or the first half of the Moonlight — a sort of begrudged spiritual uplift to go with the Sunday joint. Bach would be played in swing-time, and would be followed by Communist plays together with lengthy build-ups by imported British intellec-

tuals. There would be earth-shaking Pink versus Pinker debates like those on Rhodesian Television; with the same kind of talk coming from the same kind of faces, from those who seep with ideological perspiration even when silent. The quality of Rhodesian Television was rather worse, if anything, than that of the F.B.C. It consisted largely of repetitive advertising jingles designed for children; Moloch being the president of consumer research organisations as well as of political organisations, with his techniques remaining basically similar. For the less intelligent viewers of intermediate age there was also a special jive feature known as 'Teen-time', where gum-chewing cool-cats twirled themselves skittily into a sort of dervish ecstasy-groove, and where of course African performers were duly introduced naturally and painlessly. English features portrayed the ex-Empire builders in screamingly hilarious situations and all speaking with the people's accents, while American features brought The Message and emphasised with unfailing urgency the essential decency and heroic calibre of American integrationists, who for some reason were usually dressed as cowboys. These American features, incidentally, were strongly supported by the United States Publicity Bureau in Salisbury; a Bureau amounting to no more than a great 'Freedom' display, showing pictures of the American Revolution against British colonial rule, and where were quoted the Constitution and laws of the very Anglo-Saxon race the Africans were being encouraged to rise up against. The Africans, of course, do not comprehend Anglo-Saxon ideals. They know nothing of Democracy and God. But, in their own way, they got the message just the same.

Yet another cultural field with an educational mission is that of the fine arts, represented in Rhodesia by the Rhodes National Gallery in Salisbury. Here was held the International Congress of African Culture, which was duly accompanied by vitriolic attacks on the stupidity of Rhodesians by the imported Gallery director, a man who chooses to call himself McEwen. Mr McEwen proclaimed that "African culture is greater than any other culture in the world, and this exhibition shows why." Needless to say, what in fact it did show was the usual crude nightmarishness of African culture, accentuated moreover by the appalling din of an African 'orchestra'. It was suggested by the philistine Rhodesian public that this "incredibly remote culture" should either be returned to its remoteness or be stopped forthwith by a battery of fire hoses; suggestions which infuriated Mr McEwen but did not daunt him. His Fifth Federal Exhibition was subsequently steeped in all the daring symbolism of avant-garde grotesquery; McEwen explaining in the foreword to the catalogue that "art is a well guarded secret" and that those who enjoyed natural beauty like Victorians were allowing their minds to be menaced by stagnation and decay. Concerning Mr Tom Maybank's prize exhibit in this exciting "new" field — to

wit, an electric insulator! — Mr McEwen stated that “it can be seen as art by anyone who has the intelligence to see it that way.”

The public reaction to this was that McEwen was most probably referring to the emperor's new clothes; though in case he was being sincere there was at least one kindly citizen who was willing to offer him a gross of insulators at the give-away price of £10 each. It was also surmised that this Exhibition might very well explain the dreamy look of so many electrical shop assistants. These sort of remarks enraged McEwen to the verge of apoplexy, coming as they did from the learned English gentry of Borrowdale and Highlands. The deadly earnestness of his artistic purpose was being circumvented — or short-circuited — by a ridicule which was reaching the proportions of a national burlesque; and the more furiously he raged the more amused the public became. But a more serious turn was taken by the display of Tom Maybank's painting of two nude and entwined white women. This was a return to the Romantic Decadence of the nineteenth century: to Baudelaire and Huysmans, Swinburne and Wilde; to flutes and pomegranates, to strange waxen flowers wilting with ennui, to silk-enfesteoned moonlit bowers and sultry androgynous limbs, and with Bluebeards lurking in the basement. Mr McEwen saw nothing controversial about it; nothing Victorian that might lead to mental stagnation and decay. It was all a matter of how intelligently you looked at it. Nevertheless a Mr John Garrs of Borrowdale went to the police station and signed a charge against Maybank of public indecency. He averred that “this business of art being above criticism except by artists has gone too far,” and that evil art which perverts morality must be stopped by public action at the very outset. The police did not do anything about it, and the matter remained hanging — for sale at £250. But there were no further paintings of a like nature after that.

By and large, then, the new trends were not doing too well. A few hotels experimented with multiracialism, but with distinctly adverse results. Mrs Little, the owner of Bulawayo's leading hotel, stated that she had “lost an awful lot of business” and that she had decided to close the lounge to Africans “to avoid bloodshed.” Other Bulawayo hotels were reporting the same loss of custom, while those which had continued to cater only for Whites were reporting an unprecedented boom. In Salisbury there were brawls; and the experiment was hastily dropped by all except one or two subsidised hotels of ‘international’ standing.

None the less the Government, undeterred, had proceeded to announce that there were going to be sweeping changes in the Constitution, including a “wider” or devalued franchise on the basis of a two-roll voting system originally devised by a United Federal Party Member, Dr Hirsch. There were to be two voters' rolls, an ‘A’ roll and a ‘B’ roll, with respectively higher and lower qualifications. The scheme envisaged a House of 65 Members: 50 White

Members and 15 "special" or Black Members. It was clearly the first big step to a Black Government. The United Federal Party, moreover, had obviously suspected that it would be needing African votes if it were to stay in power, and that the European vote would have to be counterbalanced or nullified as quickly as possible. The preferential voting system had saved the United Federal Party at the last elections, and for the next elections still another scheme would be needed.

But it was all very involved, and the bulk of the electorate did not properly understand it. They were being confused again. There was going to be a referendum on this complicated Constitutional change, and the bait was Independence From Britain — or virtual independence leading eventually to Dominion Status, or to some sort of status or independence anyway, maybe. At any rate the Party machine went into action. The hoary electoral bogey-men were taken out of their cupboards and dusted and displayed, and the people were solemnly warned that there would be unconstrainable domestic strife and disastrous economic recession if the moderate Africans were not given a moderate say in the moderate U.F.P. government of the country. It was explained that this mild concession would satisfy everybody and completely take the wind out of the African Nationalist sails. The representatives of commerce and industry were also speaking very strongly in favour of a 'Yes' vote, as the financial situation in the country was rapidly going from bad to worse. Being experts in their field, hard-headed down-to-earth businessmen — crosses between goats and moles — they had decided it would be madness to vote against the Government which was responsible for their plight.

The referendum duly took place, and the voting was 2 to 1 in favour of the new Constitution. This result was not entirely unexpected; but it was quite remarkable both for the political obtuseness of the voters and for the false interpretation the Government placed upon it. What the mass of the voters did not realise was that they were actually being tested on their reaction to multiracialism; and that on the strength of their positive voting much more drastic multiracial steps would instantly and confidently be taken. They had been given a sort of pre-election trial run; and that they had confused the real issue at stake was partly their own fault and partly the Government's. The Government, on the other hand, though it knew the people were easily beguiled, had become intriguingly entangled in its own web. It simply did not seem to realise that the people had in fact voted for independent Dominion Status and partly perhaps for limited African representation in Parliament, but certainly not for the multiracialism the Government had in mind. It was an error that was to prove a fatal one. Sir Edgar Whitehead, furthermore, also miscalculated over the Africans. He had calculated that with the suppression of Zapu, the moderate Africans would step

into the breach and claim their votes. He could see them marching forward in their massed thousands with pro-Whitehead votes in their decent hands — Humanity on the march, with Sir Edgar at their head. But they proved to be a mere figment of his imagination. It had been said before that he did not understand the African mentality; and time was to show that he understood the White mentality even less. In sweeping away all discrimination he was to succeed only in sweeping away Sir Edgar.

Broadly, the 'No' voters in the referendum were, naturally enough, the Rhodesian-born, and the 'Yes' voters were the immigrants. The immigrants were not only new to Africa but were in something of an intellectual quandary. At bottom, being British, they did not know whose side they were on. According to their social backgrounds, they either identified themselves vaguely with the African underdogs but were forced to recognise the unbridgeable difference, or else were inclined to think of the Africans in fashionably 'humane' terms owing to the safe distance separating them from them. Where the great majority of them were concerned, it amounted to a conflict between the British Press Africa and the real Africa. None the less the eighteen-month interval between the referendum and the general election was to see a dramatic reversal of immigrant opinion.

Following the referendum, Sir Edgar came right out into the open and proclaimed that he would "fight like a tiger" to remove all remaining discriminatory legislation. He was supremely confident now, and in any case had passed the point of no return. He had finally committed himself. Thus he announced that he proposed to abolish the Land Apportionment Act in its entirety; which would enable Africans and Indians to live in White areas even though the Whites would still not be permitted to intrude upon African Reserves.

But the biggest uproar ensued when the White swimming baths were declared open to all races. In Rhodesia, swimming baths are as much a necessity as a luxury. Rhodesia has no sea, and the rivers and lakes are unusable because of bilharzia — Egypt's main export commodity. The baths are therefore the only places where the Whites can swim and cool off during the hot months, and are particularly desirable places for children to play about in. It can be said that swimming is Rhodesia's national outdoor pastime, though by its nature intimate and monoracial. Africans on the other hand consider swimming to be a childish not to say uncomfortable activity (there has never been any such thing as a Negro swimming champion), and for this reason scarcely use their own splendid pool in Salisbury which the Whites built for them. Yet although the Africans do not use their own swimming pool they at once tried to obtain admittance to the White pools on the grounds that their own was too crowded.

They were encouraged in this, or put up to it, by certain White intellectuals; and many Indians (who would never dream of spending money on a pool of their own, and whose women would never dream of appearing in bathing costumes) joined in the White-baiting fun as well. The result was that the people all over the country, sooner than grant these unclean coloured people admission, closed their pools down. A notable example of this was the pool at Mabelreign, an essentially immigrant artisan suburb of Salisbury which in the referendum had voted 'Yes' by a majority of 4 to 1. Now that the immigrants were being physically confronted with the ugly fact of multiracialism instead of the mere theory they shied violently away from it, as did everybody else. Mr Charles Olley — "the devil's advocate," as Councillor Morris called him — then took up the cudgels on behalf of the Whites and attacked the integrationists with such unrelenting effectiveness that he succeeded in forcing Sir Edgar Whitehead to make a wholly unacceptable and self-damaging statement. Although the people had been given to understand that the referendum result had obtained Rhodesia its independence from Britain, Sir Edgar now had the gall to say that he was powerless to do anything about the swimming baths issue and that the matter would have to be referred to Mr Duncan Sandys!

Another factor which had a profoundly disquieting effect upon the Rhodesian electorate was the sequence of events at the United Nations, including the statements made by Sir Edgar Whitehead and his representative, Mr A. D. Butler, to the Trusteeship Committee. The United Nations General Assembly, illegally and without the required two-thirds voting majority, had placed Southern Rhodesia on the agenda and was demanding that the revised 1961 Rhodesian Constitution be abolished as it was designed to entrench White supremacy! The excuse the Afro-Asian bloc gave for its contemptuous disregard of United Nations procedure was the usual one: that the situation in Southern Rhodesia was explosive and a threat to world peace. However, because Southern Rhodesia is not a member of the United Nations, the matter was referred to Britain, which was aghast at the responsibility which had so unexpectedly and so illegally been thrust upon her. Her behaviour throughout was pathetically weak; and the most she could say about the Afro-Asian bloc's deliberate flouting of the United Nations rules was that it "may not be altogether a happy precedent."

The outcome was that a team was sent from Southern Rhodesia to plead its own case; a few Africans being included to prove the country's multiracial composition. But this in itself caused so violent a reaction among the African pseudo-States at the United Nations that the proceedings degenerated, according to Mr Eric Louw, into one of the most disgraceful exhibitions ever witnessed. The delegate from Leopoldville called upon God to punish these Southern Rhodesian Africans for daring to associate themselves with white

men, and the president-general of the Pan-African Socialist Union screamed that "their children will spit on their graves." There was, of course, no support of any kind at the United Nations for the White minority of Southern Rhodesia except from South Africa, which little nation openly expressed its disgust at Britain's nerveless performance. The crimes that the White community of Southern Rhodesia had committed were obvious. In the first place they are White, and in the second place they are guilty of having brought civilisation to a land of black Stone-Age savages.

It surpasses the understanding of many white people that any white nation should condescend to account for its behaviour or feel obliged to justify its very existence to the Afro-Asian bloc, still less to apologise for them. They wonder why, if apologies are to be made, the Western nations make them and not the Afro-Asian. They wonder indeed what in heaven's name is happening to the white nations that an America should prostrate itself before a Ghana. The Rhodesian representatives at the United Nations, however, were not of this enquiring turn of mind. On the contrary, they too were conciliatory — and to an alarming degree. Sir Edgar Whitehead told the Trusteeship Committee that his United Federal Party intended to make racial discrimination in public places a criminal offence, and that there would soon be a Black Government in Southern Rhodesia. While Mr A. D. Butler, for his part, told the Committee that the 1961 Constitution was "a step in the right direction," and that what Southern Rhodesia needed was to have a black Prime Minister as quickly as possible!

The Rhodesian people then, including the immigrants, were given to realise perfectly clearly that nothing short of their total obliteration would satisfy the Afro-Asian bloc; that the West in general and the United Kingdom in particular were broken reeds; that the 1961 Constitution was no more than a temporary "step in the right direction" to complete Black rule; that the next Prime Minister was likely to be a Blackhead instead of a Whitehead, and that the United Federal Party intended making absolutely *all* forms of segregation *illegal* in spite of past solemn promises that this would never be done. The message had at last got through to them. It meant, among other things, that there would soon be integration in the schools. There was, admittedly, a legal clause prohibiting this; but the people realised now that the United Federal Party was perfectly capable of passing a law to make the law unlawful. Complete racial integration, even the immigrants realised, would mean that the white race would be engulfed. The value of properties, already unsaleable, would drop to zero. The unemployment situation, already grave, would assume unmanageable proportions. The steady recession in trade, with its credit squeezes and exchange controls, would develop into a headlong financial rout; and the country, already on the brink of bankruptcy, would take its final plunge

over the Victoria Falls. It meant, in other words, that Rhodesia as such was going to be wiped off the map unless 'Tiger' Whitehead was removed.

It was because they realised that the December, 1962, elections would provide the last chance for the removal of Sir Edgar, that the various Right-wing groups formed themselves into the one Rhodesian Front and girded their united loins for battle. Hitherto the United Federal Party had always been well ahead of the Dominion Party in electioneering techniques. For one thing it had plenty of money behind it, which the Dominion Party did not. But on this vital occasion the United Federal Party's election campaign was inferior to its opponent's. The United Federal Party, notwithstanding that it, and no other party, had brought the country to the verge of disaster, trotted out its little bogey-men again and gravely warned of unimaginable catastrophe if it were not returned to power. With the aid of the Press the Personality Cult was heavily re-emphasised, with enormous smiling photographs of Malvern, Welensky and Whitehead oozing dependability and sound statesmanship. The corollary was, of course, that all the brains were in the United Federal Party and that the Rhodesian Front possessed none that anyone had noticed. The Press editorials harped on this point; though as none of the leaders of the Rhodesian Front had ever been in power it was rather difficult to prove their failings. The Press editorials went on to stress the need for Rhodesians to pay more heed to world opinion than to their own narrow viewpoints, and advised them to purge themselves of all crude emotion and vote with their unclouded reason. The Press insisted that human dignity demanded racial amalgamation; that there should be bridges between the races and not barbed wire; that prejudice should give way to realism, and that those who believed that the best way to avoid racial friction was to keep the races separate were guilty of "confused thinking, a contradiction in terms and the subversion of logic."

The large electioneering advertisements placed in the newspapers by the United Federal Party were actually more inane and offensive than the Press editorials themselves. These spoke of Rhodesian Front "double talk" (which coming from the United Federal Party was in the nature of an expert appraisal) and of "rabble-rousing emotionalism in the worst American Deep South style." They accused the Rhodesian Front of trying to "ensure European domination," as if this were something heinous in itself, and referred to its "uncompromising racialism." According to the 'liberals' a "racist", of course, is a person who prefers the company of his own kind, not a person who uncompromisingly forces the races to mix. A "race fanatic" is a person who supports his own white race, not a person who supports alien races in their war of extermination against the white race.

A United Federal Party advertisement asked dramatically: "Are you a man or a DINOSAUR?" The moral here was that the dinosaur was a brainless creature that had become extinct because it could not meet the challenge of a changing environment, a fate that would also overtake the Rhodesians — and particularly the women and children — if they did not merge with the black race! Moreover the advertisement insinuated that the dinosaurs (which were actually the most successful of all creatures in terms of racial longevity) had had no moral right to be preoccupied with their own existence and survival. The advertisement, however, was not far off the mark when it made special reference to the women — to the sex the United Federal Party chiefly had in mind when it referred in other context to emotionalism. Mere words, after all, especially liberal words, are extremely paltry things to oppose to deep-seated feelings involving reproduction and race survival. Mothers are not likely to approve of that which directly menaces their children. And the United Federal Party, although apparently composed of eunuchs, was sufficiently aware of what it was doing to be more afraid of this than of anything else.

Another dramatic United Federal Party advertisement was headed: "HITLER is watching you!" This advertisement equated the Rhodesian Front and racial segregation with the Nazi tyranny which "we ourselves fought to overthrow." It at least had the virtue of being revealing, because if we Right-wing segregationists are Nazis there cannot be any doubt about what our integrationist opponents are. Nevertheless it was a charge that was to boomerang very badly as the ranks of the Rhodesian Front are fairly bristling with decorated ex-servicemen. The point was driven home by the Opposition, which challenged the United Federal Party to produce its 'we ourselves' fighting men and compare them in number with those of the Rhodesian Front. But the United Federal Party prudently declined the challenge.

The Rhodesian Front, for its part, came out with fifteen imposing Principles — one more than President Wilson's and five more than God's. The gist of it was that racial segregation, a White Government and permanent White settlement would be ensured. Though the Rhodesian Front could not, of course, point to its own past achievements, it could and did point to the serious state to which United Federal Party policy had brought the country. Mr Dupont, the chairman of the Front, attacked the statements Whitehead and Butler had made at the United Nations; the Duke of Montrose spoke about well-meaning but gullible people who helped pave the way for the Communist take-over of countries; and Mr Winston Field, the leader of the Front, was demanding to know whose idea it was that the white peoples should feel morally obliged to retire gracefully from the lands they had developed . . . "This talk of hand-over always staggers me. Hand over to whom?"

Of the Rhodesian Front advertisements in the newspapers, one, the famous 'legs' advertisement, caused a most extraordinary outcry. It was a picture of schoolgirls' legs — a white schoolgirl's in the midst of several black schoolgirls'. The caption to it was: "RHODESIA IS *NOT* READY FOR THIS!" And below the caption it went on to describe the evils of forced integration.

For some reason this advertisement offended the United Federal Party to the verge of apoplexy; and not only the U.F.P. but the Church as well. Cecil, Bishop of Mashonaland, was so deeply affected by it that he publicly called upon God to help Rhodesia in its benightedness. But it really was most remarkable that these professional race-mixers should have become so hysterical about an advertisement which did but present a mild pictorial foretaste of their own Nirvana. It was a reaction which proved yet again what a queer dream-world the liberals inhabit. It was a reaction which indicated, without exaggeration, that no liberal should be permitted to hold any position other than supine upon a psychiatrist's couch. For what else is it but madness to be unable to endure that which one most strenuously advocates?

It was evident from the whole tenor of the electioneering campaign that the U.F.P., with the probable exception of Sir Edgar and Sir Roy, was becoming increasingly worried. It kept on complaining querulously about emotionalism, and continued to do so long after the election was over. It seemed to think that emotion was something invalid in itself, and that its own petulant tantrums were a proof of pure intellectual pellucidness. The United Federal Party was convinced it had a monopoly of brain because it reasoned along the same lines as American presidents; and thus it assumed that that which was getting the better of it could only be emotion and not superior intellect. The idea that emotion, such as love, as distinct from hatred, could blend with and be guided by a strong intellect, was something entirely beyond its experience. Similarly, like practically every political party in the West, whose idealisms devolve upon money, it refused to recognise that instinct and emotion, deriving from the deepest well-springs of the individual and racial being, are and always will be far profounder driving forces than superficial reason, disorientated or otherwise.

Nevertheless, in spite of its peevish anxiety, the United Federal Party tried hard to perk up. A day or two before the polling the Sunday Mail admitted that a week ago the United Federal Party's fortunes had been at a low ebb, but that the tide had now turned, and "Sir Edgar Is Tipped To Win." There were large front page photographs of Sir Edgar, the old and favoured ones, showing him lurking behind his enormous pipe and beaming confidently and shortsightedly. It was Sir Edgar all the way, there was no doubt about it now, plunging his callow opponents into confusion and romping home again with his customary cool assurance.

But unfortunately for the United Federal Party there must have been a mistake in the counting of polls, for instead of victory it was met by a literally shattering defeat. Whitehead and Welensky were stunned by this result, and the Press was positively dazed by it. The British Press, needless to say, babbled mechanically about "disaster" and "tragedy" and "race hate". But in fact the United Federal Party leaders had been shown up by events as men who were wholly out of contact with the people they were pretending to represent, and who were entirely unable to contend with a reversal of good fortune. Cleaving to ruinous doctrines, they had been outrageously boosted by the Press. And now they grieved; while in all the towns and settlements of Rhodesia the people rejoiced — emotionally.

Many reasons were advanced by the Rhodesian and outside Press in explanation of this election result, but their assessments were invariably back to front. Nothing like enough emphasis was laid upon Sir Edgar and his integration mania, and nothing whatever was said about the swimming baths. Yet it is quite certain that the swimming baths issue was the prime cause of the voting swing in the towns, while in the country the prime factor was almost certainly the proposed abolition of the Land Apportionment Act — that which would have done to Rhodesia what the violation of the White Highlands did to Kenya. Close behind both these issues, and common to both town and country, was Whitehead's desire for a Black Government and his extremist disregard for his own people — extending even to school integration. There was also the matter of trade recession and unemployment, the unsaleability of property, and Black intransigence and so forth. But these were secondary factors; and I would maintain that the swimming baths issue was so vital a one that the U.F.P. might still have won the election if the baths had not been touched. The immigrants are, or were, of a strange mentality judged by Rhodesian standards. They will, as has been noted, accept all the multiracialism in the world provided they do not have to accept it physically. They will ardently participate in the talk of it, but not in the fact of it. Not, at least, when it gets that close. It really boils down to this: that even where they have newspaper heads they still have white bodies. And this was something the U.F.P., which had banked on their vote, did not reckon with at all.

In short, everything in Rhodesia was grinding to a standstill because of the lack of two basic guarantees — Racial Segregation and White Supremacy. For without these two guarantees no white community can survive in Africa or, for that matter, anywhere else in the world.

Following the general election the United Federal Party was dissolved, partly because of the thrashing it had taken and partly

because there was no longer a Federation anyway. Sir Edgar Whitehead became the leader of the Opposition and of the new Rhodesia National Party, a multiracial party which, owing mainly to Black desertions, started to crumble almost as soon as it was formed. Sir Edgar was still talking in terms of a "completely multiracial state," and was still warning Right-wing "extremists" to be neither Right-wing nor extreme. But the fanatical man did not matter any more. The country was finding it could manage perfectly well without his unemotional intellect.

Sir Roy Welensky, for his part, retired from politics, only to re-enter when the Rhodesian Front Government was threatening to declare independence from Britain unilaterally. His object was to oppose this threat — or, as the newspapers put it, to "stop the extremists" — and with this intention he formed a new party, the Rhodesia Party, which was scraped together from the remnants of Sir Edgar's Rhodesia National Party. But he was 'soundly' defeated at the Arundel by-elections and has since retired for good. Rhodesians are heartily sick of white liberal extremists and their African 'partners'; and Sir Roy's defeat was a foregone conclusion.

Another event was the deposition of Mr Winston Field as Prime Minister and the appointment in his stead of the Deputy Premier, Mr Ian Smith. According to one of his Cabinet Ministers, Mr Field was considered "a middle-of-the-road man leaning to the Left" — something which several Rhodesians had known and been worried about for a long time. Mr Field evidently regarded the 1961 Constitution as sacrosanct: the Constitution under whose terms an African majority in the Rhodesian Parliament is an eventual certainty. Mr Field quite clearly accepted this prospect with equanimity. He was no longer staggered by the thought of a hand-over; which meant that it was only the time factor which weighed with him and that he did not fundamentally disagree either with Whitehead or the British Government. The Rhodesian people, however, do not want and will not have a Black Government. This is why they supported the Rhodesian Front, and why they are asking for independence from Britain. The question of independence is ancillary to the question of White rule; and Rhodesians are not asking for independence in order to lose it to a government of vindictive primitives. Constitutions are made for man, not man for constitutions. Impressive scrolls of constitutional paper prescribing White downfall should be filed away carefully in the nearest wastepaper-basket. For what sort of consolation is it to say: Ah yes, it is true we are being obliterated, but at least we are being obliterated constitutionally!

Nevertheless the Government as a whole has so far come up to expectations. The expulsion of Mr Field was evidence of this. From the outset, by means of strict and timely legislation, it took steps to provide for Nkomo and his ilk, who have been kept in

restriction ever since. Another step was the banning of the Salisbury 'Daily News', a Thomson-owned newspaper which was openly African Nationalist in its sympathies. It was a newspaper which published the usual photographs of brutal white policemen in action against black rioters, and was full of what the Government called "useful hints" for thugs and saboteurs. The banning of the Daily News had of course a much wider than merely local significance. It meant that little Rhodesia had taken the first big step in calling the gigantic international Press bluff, and had challenged it to demonstrate precisely what it could do about it. Not surprisingly, nothing was done about it. The Government has also taken over Rhodesian Television, and this too has been achieved without a single squeak from R.T.V. The operators of our Western opinion-moulding media evidently feel that in a little place like Rhodesia there is more to be lost than gained by resorting to publicised court actions.

These things aside, the big issue in Rhodesia at the moment, as has been indicated, is that of independence. We are back to where we were. Britain is not prepared to grant Rhodesia its independence unless there is an immediate "widening" of the franchise — that is, a gratuitous handing over of political power to African terrorists. To prove her moral rectitude, Britain will readily grant independence to black primitives but not to advanced white people of her own flesh and blood. The Trusteeship Committee of the United Nations likewise 'recommended' that Britain should withhold independence from Southern Rhodesia until majority rule had been guaranteed; though in this instance it must be admitted that Britain sternly commanded the United Nations not to interfere, as she herself is firmly resolved to do exactly what the United Nations tells her to do.

It had long been foreseen in Southern Rhodesia that the country's destiny might be decided by the Commonwealth. That is to say, by Ghana and India and Uganda and Tanganyika and all the other artificially created coloured states — even perhaps by an independent Zanzibar. This indeed was exactly what Britain was soon to propose. It is common Western policy, after all, that the white race be made subservient to the black. Needless to say, however, the Rhodesian Front Government has utterly rejected the proposal. Bringing in the 'new' Commonwealth to adjudicate is no different to bringing in the United Nations. Even the White Dominions, though with the exception of Canada they would be more reasonable than the Coloured States, would still be likely to adopt an attitude similar to that of the British Government. And this too, of course, would be totally unacceptable to a white people actively struggling for survival.

At the last Commonwealth Conference in London the question of Rhodesia's independence threatened at one stage to wreck the

entire proceedings. Kenyatta and Nyerere, at the same time that they were urging Britain to speed independence for British Guiana, were insisting that Commonwealth — Black — troops be sent against Rhodesia to help Britain put an abrupt end to White rule in the territory. Mr Lester Pearson, too, the Canadian Prime Minister (known to American Right-wingers as “Nehru in a Homburg”), inevitably aligned himself “firmly” with the Coloured Prime Ministers “in the struggle to bring about African majority rule in Southern Rhodesia.” Nevertheless Mr Smith told cheering crowds in Salisbury that the future of Southern Rhodesia would be decided by Southern Rhodesians and no one else, and that he would treat the interference by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers with “the contempt it deserves.” He said he would continue to negotiate for independence, “but independence it will be, I can assure you.” As a matter of fact his threat to declare unilateral independence has upset America as well as the Commonwealth. America cannot bear the thought of anyone rebelling against British colonial rule. She has never committed such a crime herself. Consequently the United States Publicity Bureau’s ‘Freedom’ display in Salisbury has been removed, as the pictures of the American Revolution were evidently making an impression on the wrong race of people!

The Press, speaking of the Commonwealth Conference, insisted that the Commonwealth’s real purpose is to “bridge the gap between the rich White west and the poor and Coloured east and south.” It stressed that the greatest danger facing the world today is a race war, which the Whites must accordingly do everything in their power to avert.

But as to this, who wants to bridge the gap between the White race and the Coloured races anyway? Who *really* wants it, and why? Why, in any case, if we are all equal, is there a gap at all? Why are the Whites so far ahead, and so criminally rich? Why, too, are we supposed to accept the Marxist and modern American doctrine of the economic determination of political (actually racial) problems? Why are we expected to believe the nonsensical notion that if the off-coloured peoples of the world were to be as rich and powerful as ourselves, universal peace and brotherhood would result from it?

In the present nature of things, the greatest danger facing the West is not a race war but a race peace. Who, in any event, it must be asked, is actually engaged in a race war — us, or those we dare not offend? The truth is, as we all know, that there has been a race war raging against us ever since we lost the last world war, except that it has been a walk-over rather than a war because we have been surrendering all along the line. That is why White extremists, those who actually think of fighting back, have got to be ‘stopped’. What this actually means is that every single one of us has got to be stopped; not only because this is the purpose

of the war but because if it came to the point there would not be many among us who would be willing to exchange a clean and shining sword for a stained and phoney peace covering a thousand evils and guaranteed to ensure our genuine racial extirpation. There is nothing remotely noble about multiracialism, as the Press would have it. On the contrary, it is loathsome and sinister. It is not Godly but Devilish; an offence against the Creator. To espouse it means that one despises one's own race, one's own wife and children, and their children in turn. This means that one cannot venerate or respect anything at all. To espouse multiracialism is not evidence of love but of the very opposite of it. Multiracialism betrays either a contempt for the fairest of all the races, or a venomousness directed unerringly against it. Either way it is a disguised or perverted racialism; a racialism more than likely to defeat its own ends by accentuating the fundamental biological dissonance of racial difference.

The battle that has been waged in Rhodesia has been primarily a battle for the minds of men. Now that the white Opposition to the Rhodesian Front Government has been completely obliterated, it is a battle which within Rhodesia itself has been very definitely decided. Nevertheless Rhodesia is still being opposed by the entire weight of World Opinion as enunciated largely by the professional propagandists in the West itself. Rhodesians, however, are not going to become the victims of this particular gigantic Western fraud if they know anything about it. They do not want peace at any price. The only people who can expect to enjoy uninterrupted peace are dead ones; which is precisely the sort of peace that is being offered us. To Rhodesians the Coloured Commonwealth itself, far from being a noble experiment, is a deformity well calculated to hasten the destruction of the White race. Indeed, if the Press praises it, how could it be anything else? Britain, moreover, having created it, is now the slave of it. Therefore if Rhodesia should become the excuse for a Commonwealth break-up, it will mean only that she will rid Britain and the White race of a monstrous incubus. From such a break-up it will then be possible for the White nations of the Commonwealth to close their ranks and form the nucleus for a world-wide non-Communist White unity.

Mr Smith is said to have stated that as far as he is concerned there will be no African Government in Rhodesia in his lifetime, and that there will be no transfer of power either suddenly or gradually. In this he is speaking as we would like to hear a Rhodesian Prime Minister speak. Let him then be true to his words. There is less for White Rhodesia to fear as an independent country than as an appendage of Liberal-Internationalist Britain and its piebald Commonwealth. 220,000 determined, united and enlightened Rhodesians are more than a match for the 220,000,000 bickering black primitives to the north, and more than a match

for the essentially impotent doctrinaire socialist masses of Britain. Of course, that extreme Left-wing product of Oxford University, Mr Wilson, with his Middle European advisers, is never so pre-occupied with the nationalising of profitable industries, with the scrapping of Britain's latest military aircraft, and with the advocating of anti-British racial discrimination laws and other vital matters, that he cannot find the time to hurl his savage threats at the British people of Rhodesia. No doubt, too, he will do his best to destroy White Rhodesia by any means available to him. For a country in Britain's position the evidently favoured policy of imposing sanctions and boycotts and embargoes is, to say the least, a remarkably short-sighted one. Nevertheless the Labourites will do all the damage they can. On the other hand viciousness is not to be confused with genuine potency. The people of Rhodesia, as they have said, will willingly live on nothing but sadza sooner than capitulate to Labourite terms; which indicates a much greater readiness to make material sacrifices than the inhabitants of the British Welfare State would be likely to show.

Rhodesia actually has little choice but to declare her independence. She naturally will never survive if she permits a Wilson to dictate to her. It is clear then that no matter what happens we must never permit Labour to contaminate healthy Southern Africa.

In the Western renaissance of the future, Labour will be but an historical landmark of Anglo-Saxondom's lowest ebb. Rhodesia, no matter what world-wide forces might be brought against her, already proudly represents the Phoenix arising rejuvenated from the Anglo-Saxon ashes.

But it is time for us to be on our way again. Travelling north from Salisbury it begins to get hotter, and the scenery wilder, as we approach the Zambesi Valley. The view of the Zambesi Valley from the southern escarpment is sudden and dramatic: an absolutely flat expanse of dense green tropical forest spread out at the foot of it, rimmed by the northern escarpment in the far hazy distance, and extending to infinity in the direction of Portuguese East Africa. It looks like an aerial photograph of the Amazon basin; lush and green now, but like an arid inferno in the dry weather. It is full of game, this valley, as you would expect, and full of tsetse fly too — the fly which preserves game by keeping out cattle. There is a wonderful variety of insect and bird life here as well; iridescent insects — all biting or stinging — and metallic-plumaged birds with metallic calls in harmony with their metallic environment. When there are a lot of them calling at once it sounds like overtime in a brass foundry.

Crossing the turbid waters of the Zambesi we enter Northern Rhodesia (I beg your pardon: Zambia) via a splendid suspension

bridge at Chirundu — the largest suspension bridge in all Africa. From Chirundu it is about 90 miles to Lusaka, the modern little capital with its 10,000 European inhabitants; and from Lusaka it is another 85 miles to Sir Roy Welensky's whilom constituency of Broken Hill, where the skull of Rhodesia Man was discovered — a homo erectus, in fact a negro ape-man only 30,000 years old! Another 40 miles brings us to Kapiri Mposhi, where the road forks off on the right to Tanganyika and Nairobi. We shall be coming back to this turn-off shortly. Meanwhile if we carry on for 70 miles we come to Ndola and the Copperbelt, adjacent to the Congo. The Congo border, which is about 2,200 miles from Cape Town, is where the tarred portion of the Great North Road ends. The railway from the Cape, however, still continues on its way. From Elizabethville in the Congo one branch of it goes down to the west coast at Lobito Bay in Angola, while the other goes on to Port Franqui on the Kasai River where one takes the river steamer down to Leopoldville. The Congo has roughly as much navigable waterway as the rest of Africa put together, and the customary means of travel is by river.

Not only is the Copperbelt dependent on Southern Rhodesia for its coal supplies, and on the Kariba Dam for its electric power supplies (the powerhouse being situated on the Southern Rhodesian side of the Zambesi), but it is dependent on the Southern Rhodesian railways — or the railway in Portuguese-held Angola — for its copper exports. This, as can be imagined, is not at all to Kaunda's liking; nor to the liking of his powerful white friends — many of them in America and Britain — to whom the copper mines belong. This is another reason why Rhodesia's independence is undesired, and why there is so much determination to protect 'human rights'.

## CHAPTER IX

# The Congo

*We will show the world what the black man can achieve when he works in liberty.*

— Patrice Lumumba

This enormous territory, larger than South Africa and the Rhodesias and Nyasaland put together, with an African population of 13,500,000 and — before Independence — a European population of 110,000, became a Belgian Colony as late as 1908 and was abandoned only fifty-two years later, in 1960.

In 1876 King Leopold II of Belgium had formed what was virtually a chartered company known as The International Association for the Exploration and Civilisation of Africa. And a year later, Stanley, quite independently, arrived at the mouth of the Congo River after discovering its source and traversing the entire basin. Stanley tried to interest the British in the territory, but failed. He was then approached by Leopold in his private capacity; and agreed to return to the Congo, to build a chain of stations along the river, to open a road past the cataracts, and to conclude agreements with the petty chiefs inhabiting the basin. Soon afterwards The International Association changed its name to The International Association of the Congo, and was recognised as a sovereign state at the Berlin Conference of 1884-85. But it began to fall into serious disfavour with the Western powers (chiefly Britain and America) owing to allegations of slavery and general ill-treatment of the natives — though most of the supposed evidence was supplied by Sir Roger Casement, the Anglo-Irish homosexual who was later hanged for spying for Germany. Eventually Western antagonism became so pronounced that the Belgian Government officially annexed the territory, in the said year of 1908, and named it the Congo Free State.

Before the Leopoldville riots of January, 1959, very little was heard about the Congo, other than that the Belgian Administration

was setting an example which the other Whites in Africa would do well to copy. We were informed that it was no longer a Congo Jake or Trader Horn country, but a modern multiracial state guiding the negro along the paths of industrial and democratic progress. It all made the legendary Congo, the land of giants and dwarfs, of apes and okapis, bongos and pottos, sound distressingly boring and mundane. It was like reading a report on factory conditions in Tahiti. None the less it seemed that a great deal was being done for the Africans. They were being advanced and protected in every possible way. It was not only a criminal offence to strike an African but a civil offence to call him a monkey! In fact those Africans who attained to a certain stage of advancement were formally granted the status of full citizenship and enjoyed exactly the same rights as the Europeans. They were known as 'Évolvés' and had to be addressed as Monsieur. They were living proofs of the genuine all-round advancement that comes from education, and of the racial harmony that comes from a disregard of mere skin-colour. Indeed, these fallacies were so widely accepted that very few of the Whites would have credited the part these Évolvés were going to play in future events. They would never have believed, for example, that one of these Monsieurs would shortly be seen publicly raping a white woman on a pavement, and afterwards forcing handfuls of gravel and filth into her.

An article by Holman Harvey in the Reader's Digest of July, 1952, was headed: "Boom! goes the Congo." And the sub-heading read: "Belgium's shining example of enlightened colonialism." The article began: "The world's most dazzling boom is on in the Belgian Congo. In five years exports have tripled, imports have quadrupled. In swarming Congo cities hotels are booked for months in advance, fortunate transients finding sleeping space on docked cargo ships. Airlines, trains and up-river boats are sold out weeks ahead. Attracted by the phenomenal prosperity, investment capital is pouring in."

In retrospect this article is all the more harrowing for having been perfectly true. There was nothing to indicate that only a few years later another American, Senator Ellender, would find Léopoldville to be like a cemetery. Even in 1955, when Mau Mau was still going strong, yet another American writer was pointing to the Congo as the one bright spot on the African continent, where the natives were prosperous and smiling, and progress was continuing uninterruptedly. Nevertheless in spite of these glowing reports there were those persons with a more intimate knowledge of the country who had deep misgivings. While it was undeniable that a great deal was being done for the Africans, they were not giving anything in return. A great deal too much was being done for them; and usually at the expense of the white man, which is always extremely dangerous. The Native was still the Native; and he was

being given rights and wage increases which bore no relation to his powers of responsibility and capacity to do a job of work. The more material advancement he was given the lazier he was becoming. And the more political advancement he was given the more arrogant and intractable he was becoming.

Notwithstanding the glowing reports about the Congo, disconcerting little news items kept interposing themselves as well. We were informed that in the Ruanda Urundi 150 members of a sect resembling Mau Mau had been arrested. The sect was suspected of cannibalism; and although no precise details had been brought to light, several of the adherents were found to have parts of the human body in their possession. There was also a re-emergence of the dreaded 'crocodile men'; cannibals who disguise themselves in crocodile skins and float down the rivers in dugouts in search of victims whom they mutilate and partially devour, leaving the remains on the river banks in circumstances suggesting attacks by crocodiles. In another place, we learned, a crowd of Natives had half-killed a white man and had forced him to kneel beside the body of a Native child whom his car had struck; though they had not touched the Native chauffeur who had actually been driving the car. (No doubt they believed, or wanted to believe, that the accident had been deliberate. To the African mind death cannot be due to accidental or even natural causes; and many Africans do not understand that a car cannot stop immediately when it is travelling at speed.)

The common African belief that tins of meat having pictures on their labels of beaming Natives must necessarily contain Native flesh, was also giving rise to many incidents in the Congo. A foreign consul had to be transferred because he was commonly believed to be kidnapping Africans and shipping them abroad to the canners. A European butcher was attacked and his car was burned because the low prices of his meat proved that he too must have been involved in the human canning business. Then a rumour was spread that priests at a school had agreed to give the pupils to the canners; with the result that scores of Native women stormed the school and broke doors and windows, and took their children away. But the most bizarre story of all concerned two racing cars which had large chromium radiators and exhaust pipes. The European drivers of these were threatened by crowds of Natives because it was believed that the cars were mobile canneries which sucked in Africans at the front and spat the canned flesh out of the exhaust pipes.

No matter how extravagant or frankly insane these rumours, they all had a consistent anti-White inspiration. During the later rioting in Leopoldville it was obvious that the black mobs were trying to reach the European quarter. They did not succeed. But they managed to seize a white man and woman — who were both social workers — and break their arms and legs. At the same time they repeatedly tossed their little daughter in the air and let her fall

on the cobbled road. The child was seriously injured and was not expected to live. And the mother was not expected to regain her sanity.

The first thing a prospective visitor to the Congo noticed was the extreme wariness of the Belgian authorities. The red tape involved in a merely casual visit to the Congo was little short of staggering. You almost had to have a passport for your passport and a visa for your visa, and give positive proof that you were not going to lead a Commando raid on the Administration headquarters. I must state, to avoid giving a false impression, that these formalities effectively deterred me from ever visiting the Congo. I had plenty of other places to visit in the time at my disposal, and did not need to battle with the authorities and fill in a thousand forms to get there.

These formalities, however, indicated either that the Belgians really meant to hang on to the territory, or that the administration was simply a ponderous, top-heavy bureaucracy. As we know now, they indicated the latter. The Congo administration was a bureaucracy with its headquarters in Brussels and directed from Leopoldville. It had little contact with the country as a whole and little knowledge of it. A few gigantic financial groups had the territory neatly parcelled up between them; and settlers were discouraged, presumably because they competed with the financial groups for the available supply of labour. Less than ten per cent of the 110,000 Whites were independent settlers. The rest were Directors and employees. Moreover nearly all the settlers were located in the one province of Kivu. This was clearly a great weakness in the system, for it meant that the country was without any real stability. The Belgian Government believed it could rely on the Force Publique; an army of 25,000 Congolese soldiers and 1,100 Belgian officers. This, the Government believed, was the instrument which was going to ensure the smooth working of Government decrees and guarantee an orderly transfer of power. And it did not seem to matter that the Force was known to be insubordinate and unreliable.

The Congo really began to flourish during the war, when it was governed not from Brussels but from within. In spite of the ephemeral boom the rot set in after the war, when Europe had been successfully crushed and the forces of the Left unleashed. Socialist principles were introduced, all wildly unreal when applied to African primitives. The Belgian Press, too, being cast in the approved post-war Western mould, condemned sane administration as reactionary and the settlers as Fascist extremists. It was clear that nothing less than total Belgian capitulation was going to satisfy the Belgian Press. It was equally clear that the Belgian Government, composed almost exclusively of Socialists and Catholics, was of a kind likely to guarantee anything but stable rule in Africa. Belgian

politicians were very far from realising that in Africa it hardly matters whether you have an enlightened rule or a savage one, provided it is based on that direct force which is the one and only thing the African recognises. But in any case the Belgian politicians were working for the overthrow and not the perpetuation of White rule in Africa, because European colonialism was 'out'. Their conception of enlightened rule was one of suicidal indulgence; except in Europe itself where they believe in tyrannical rule. Even paternalism was wrong, they said, because it was an offence to human dignity and implied racial inequality. Thus, disastrous though it was, the Belgian Government's Congo policy was approved by all the parties in the Lower House, and particularly by the Communists! But after the Congo had been thrown away, it was the Socialist-led General Federation of Labour that called upon its branches to "spread to the maximum" the strike movement in protest against the Government's austerity plan to make good Belgium's economic losses!

It was in 1955 that a Professor Van Bilsen published a thirty-year plan to bring the Congo to Independence. And this led to the granting in 1957 of a measure of legal political activity within the Congo — to voting and also, incidentally, to the creation of Patrice Lumumba's M.N.C. party. Lumumba, who was of the Batatela tribe (a tribe of cannibals whose fine youthful physique was found to be due to their habit of eating their parents), was a convicted embezzler, forger and thief. But in Native eyes, of course, this did not make him any less worthy a leader. On the contrary, it marked him out as a clever and competent man. Furthermore, such is the present unparalleled Western moral decline that both the Belgian and American Governments shared this Native view of him. When he went to Washington he was greeted with a 19-gun salute. And the late Mr Dag Hammarskjöld, also, was very short with a Belgian who expressed distrust of Lumumba. "You don't know the man." the Swede snapped at him.

In reality Lumumba was an African demagogue of the standard pattern, only more so. That is why the university for Africans in Moscow is called the Patrice Lumumba University. Like other budding African leaders and conspirators he had attended the Pan-African Conference in Accra. Like them he possessed an unbelievable ability to hoodwink Western politicians, and like them he was released from prison to be installed in power. Like them, his weapons were disruption, intimidation, menaces and rioting. They were the weapons of a gangster and destroyer, wholly unredeemed by any capacity for reconstruction. Lumumba was also fully conversant with the technique of the Big Lie. In a tract issued secretly to his fellow tribalists he stated, inter alia, that "the weapon to be used from the beginning is the lie, because once the mob is

aroused the accused finds himself attacked and can no longer defend himself.”

The scuttling of the Congo in the face of this naked African-cum-Communist diablerie remains one of the most disgraceful and unedifying political episodes of post-war memory; even worse than the British Government's scuttling of Kenya. An interval of only eighteen months separated the Leopoldville riots from complete Belgian abdication. A Parliamentary inquiry held in Brussels revealed that the main influence behind the Leopoldville rioting was Dr Nkrumah, and that the influence behind Nkrumah and his Accra Conference was Moscow. This tallied with Rhodesian and South African information. It was also revealed that, in accordance with the directives issued in the British Dominion of Ghana, the intention had been to massacre the White population, disrupt communications, and destroy anything with a European connection — such as hotels, shops, garages, clinics, welfare centres, schools and even lamp standards. Then, after it was realised that this little coup d'état had failed, it had then been planned to subject the country to a series of wage claims, leading to commercial unrest and widely scattered local incidents. And this stage was intended to 'mark time' while another large-scale uprising was being prepared.

Thus the Belgian Government, after almost a year of pains-taking investigation, was able to disclose what many settlers could have told it in the first place. But what is really astonishing is that, notwithstanding this information, the process of capitulation continued with unabated not to say panic-stricken precipitancy. Indeed, immediately following the rioting the Belgian Government, implying that the riots were the natural outcome of colonial repression instead of an indulgence which automatically opened the doors for a typically foul Communist conspiracy, assured the world that there would be instant reforms leading to ultimate autonomy. At the same time it called upon King Baudouin to broadcast an appeal for loyalty and gratitude. And the white King said: “If we do not hesitate to approve and support the aspirations of our black brothers, we cannot allow to be forgotten that in eighty years of service and effort Belgium has acquired indisputable rights to their sympathy and loyal co-operation.”

Meanwhile, the Minister for the Congo, M. Petillon, having been dismissed, the new Minister, the “tough” and “dynamic” Monsieur Van Hemelryck, was rushed out to the Congo (as soon as he had finished filling in a thousand forms) to negotiate the initial surrender terms. Bland and supremely confident, fawning on Native terrorists, utterly contemptuous of his own people, and prating solemnly of Evolution, Van Hemelryck was a Liberal dictator of the standard type. It was evident to the Kivu settlers that he had no notion of what he was about, except that he was determined to sell them down the Congo river. They stopped his

car at a road block, shouted "Sold!" and "Go Home!" and pelted him with rotten tomatoes. Following this incident, Van Hemelryck was more than ever in agreement with Lumumba that the Kivu settlers should be "pitilessly eliminated." None the less he did take their advice and go home. He resigned because he felt Independence was being needlessly delayed and that his infallible opinions were not being sufficiently heeded. He was succeeded by Monsieur de Schryver, who tried to put on the brakes and then suddenly and completely capitulated to renewed Lumumba threats.

In Europe, almost needless to say, it was not realised that the vast majority of Congolese had no idea what Independence meant. Congolese agitators had told the people that Independence meant that they would all get white women, white homes and cars — which in fact many of them did get; though like the soldiers of the Force Publique they did not actually live inside the abandoned European houses, but camped on the verandas and used the rooms as lavatories. Other Natives were tricked into paying money for white women who were to become their property on Independence Day. The said women were telephoned at their homes or accosted in the street and informed of their fate; and on one occasion there was a fight between two Natives who had each bought a ticket for the same white girl and had both arrived to gloat over her at the same time.

To other Congolese, Independence meant that their skins would turn white overnight; while many refrained from tilling their fields and planting crops because they thought Independence would render such labour unnecessary. These people were of course the first to die in the famine that Independence brought. But in the province of Orientale the Natives had even stranger ideas about Independence. Dr John Carrington, a Baptist missionary from Yakusu (who is reputed to be the only white man in the world who had unravelled the 'language' of the 'talking drums' of Equatorial Africa), said that an eerie quiet settled over the forest villages, and the drums were silent. The people, he said, were afraid of Independence. "They thought independence meant that the dead would arise. They even cleaned up the graveyards and loosened the earth on top of the graves in preparation." And Dr Carrington added: "The Africans on my mission station don't want me around any more. This is after more than twenty years' dedicated service to them."

It should be mentioned that the great majority of the Whites in the Congo also had strange ideas about what Independence would bring. Apart from the settlers, very few of them expected catastrophe. The Englishwoman, Mrs Dugauquier's book, 'Congo Cauldron' (quite the most readable and fair and factual book on these Congo events), describes how the warnings of the Kivu settlers were derided by the other, transient European inhabitants. These

other Europeans expected only increased profits, while the intellectuals blindly extolled the wisdom of the Congolese political leaders and talked ceaselessly of the great future awaiting an independent Congo. All of them joined in ridiculing the settlers, "the advocates of racial discrimination." They all spoke exactly like the editorial columns of the newspapers. And that they were all proved to be wrong was of course of little consolation to the dispossessed settlers themselves, the people who had been right.

I do not intend to dwell upon the bestialities that were inflicted upon the Whites by the Congolese. The number of atrocities perpetrated upon white people in Africa tend to read rather like cricket scores, so common are they and so glutted has the overseas reading public become with them. It is taken for granted that the White deserve their fate anyway, because the newspapers have said so. It is significant, in fact, that the only real British reaction to these atrocities came from the R.S.P.C.A., which requested Mr Hammarskjöld to ensure that the animals abandoned by the fleeing Whites be rescued and cared for by the United Nations forces!

As we know, the Force Publique mutinied against its Belgian officers. Many of these were stripped and tortured and indecently assaulted, and forced to parade through the streets. At night they listened to the screams of their wives being tortured and raped. It is not known how many women and children were outraged, but a doctor reported that at Leopoldville Airport alone he administered penicillin injections to 250 women who requested such treatment following rape at Congolese hands. It appears that owing to fear of reprisals, which would have entailed a reoccupation of the territory, the Force Publique was commanded not to kill the Whites. It was commanded to publicly hurt them and humiliate them as much as possible, and to send them fleeing from the country in panic; but not to kill them. Of course many were killed, just the same. There was for instance the nine-year-old boy who had both his hands hacked off, and a Mother Superior who suffered the same fate. To this day there are still something like 1000 Europeans unaccounted for, in addition to those who are known to have been killed. But for the most part they were tortured and lastingly shamed and defiled, not only in their bodies but in their very souls, by this African human dignity free to develop along its own lines. They were ravished and tormented and publicly exhibited, and made to drink their tormentors' urine, and so forth, that through their White debasement the Africans might attain to an enduring sense of superiority. Indeed, the black man so much enjoyed this work that long after the Belgians had been finished off he was still continuing with it. For instance, the leader of a Dutch Red Cross team in the Congo, Dr Peetom, reported on his return to Holland

that the team had seen Congolese police and soldiers “tear off the arms of women” — black women.

In Katanga, the province bordering on the Copperbelt, the long tale of panic and horror was relieved by the exploits of Major Lawson, D.S.O., of the British Army. There had been a massacre of Europeans in Kongolo, in northern Katanga, but there were believed to be some survivors still in hiding there. Consequently an appeal for help was made to the United Nations. But the United Nations, in an admission approved by U Thant, declared itself powerless to do anything about it. Notwithstanding the fact that there were 19,000 United Nations troops in the Congo, and that the United Nations had been able to concentrate within a short space of time an air force and 9,000 men for an attack upon the anti-Communist Katanga town of Elizabethville, it declared itself unable to rescue the Whites in Kongolo. In Katanga itself at this time there were many Swedish and Irish troops — all fraternising with the Natives and thoroughly indoctrinated with anti-colonialism — and apparently they too were unable to assist. Major Lawson thereupon decided to do something about it on his own. Alone and unarmed, except for his swagger-stick, he went in, defying several hundreds of astonished Congolese soldiers, and succeeded in finding and bringing to safety a missionary priest. He then went in a second time, accompanied by one of his junior Nigerian officers, and on this occasion traced and rescued several priests and nuns. In the process both he and the Nigerian officer were badly beaten up; but he refused to abandon his rescue operations until he was satisfied there were no more Europeans remaining in the district. Thus this one British officer succeeded in doing what the entire United Nations Organisation had confessed itself powerless to do! His action alone proved that the United Nations Organisation is too rotten to last; but that the British people — the best of them at least — are not the write-offs they are thought to be.

It turned out that in Kongolo nineteen missionary priests had been massacred by the Congolese troops, and that African student priests had been commanded to throw the bodies into the river. One of the student priests related that the bodies had been stripped and “their hands cut off, eyes stabbed, and other unmentionable mutilations as well as arrows planted in the bodies.” On hearing of this massacre the late Pope John said his heart was full of grief but that he had “no feeling of hatred — only loving charity and forgiveness.” No doubt he felt the same way about the outrages inflicted on the nuns, forced to dance naked and sing hymns in praise of the Messiah Lumumba before being taken and ravished and subjected to bestial tortures. It appears that nothing, absolutely nothing the black man does will ever open the eyes of the people in Europe. They are determined not to see because if they do see it will mean that they will have to discard their ‘humanism’ and find another

philosophy. To deprive them of their liberalism will be like cutting off their hands and feet.

Northern Katanga is where the cannibal Balubas live. According to a missionary, Mr Burton, of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, cannibalism, which had always been practised in secret among the Balubas, is now quite openly practised. In extenuation of African cannibalism, a newspaper article explained that it had a purely "religious" significance. But Mr Burton stated that there were two types of cannibalism: the ritual type, for ceremonial sacrifice; and the other, which was simply a craving for human flesh. "It is like alcohol — the more they get, the more they want," he said.

Northern Katanga is also the place where the youth section of the anti-Tshombe Balubakat operates — the 'Young B.B.K.' This African 'youth movement' is however a little bit different to its Western counterparts. The 'Lieutenants', for example, wear the dried hands and genitals of their victims on their hats! These are their accepted badges of rank and authority. Customarily they castrate and in other ways mutilate their victims, tear the flesh from their arms and legs, and then pour petrol over the still living bodies and set them alight. It is assumed that they were responsible for the ghastly remains of European men and women that were found in this area. They were undoubtedly responsible for the ambushing of a contingent of Irish soldiers, and the killing of ten of them. The Irish were later to surrender rather ingloriously to Tshombe's Gendarmerie; explaining that they would never have surrendered if they had been fighting for Ireland, but that they did not want to die for the United Nations. But while we may accept the truth of this, the Irish none the less were noted for the way in which they would chaff with the Baluba and offer them cigarettes while the Africans were in the very act of looting European homes — with the owners looking on helplessly the while. It was in fact only the English officers serving with African regiments in the Congo who invariably forbade this looting.

The Irish Prime Minister said in the Dail that the Irish soldiers killed by the Baluba "gave their lives to a noble cause — the cause of peace." This is the sort of statement to be expected from a Western politician, for in reality they did nothing of the kind. They died in the cause of chaos and anti-Europeanism, and for the fiction that the Baluba are fit to govern the Congo. They were in effect fighting against Ireland itself. They were the hirelings of that Satanism in the West which is directly responsible for the trail of broken white bodies. They innocently represented that idealism whose emblem should properly be a ravished and broken white child, with a fine liberal slogan underneath.

Northern Katanga was also the territory of a renowned English missionary, Edmund Hodgson of the Congo Evangelistic Mission, who had been in the Congo for forty years before he was murdered

by the Baluba. He was a surgeon, builder and teacher. He founded 157 churches in the Congo, roofing many of them himself. His pay, if it may be mentioned, eventually reached the grand equivalent of £17 a month in Belgian currency, which in the Congo is enough to buy you a good meal and a haircut. He built schools, where for the first time the tribal language was set down in writing. He built a motor launch, which he used as an ambulance; and as the years went by he built several more, giving each one away to the Natives as a new one was finished. He was also a crack shot, ridding the villages of rogue elephant and marauding lion. On one occasion he was called out to deal with a pride of six lions that were stalking a village, and shot all six of them the same day. His biggest enemies in the early years — as in the later — were the witchdoctors and secret societies, who of course ruled by terror. Hodgson wrote to the C.E.M. headquarters in England: "The witchdoctors are like banks and bookies. They win every time. To denounce a witchdoctor is the worst sin known." But, travelling on a battered old bicycle through hundreds of miles of swampland for months at a time, he set out to break them. A fellow missionary said of him: "Often he would walk into the middle of a secret society meeting to rescue the young girls they used for their orgies. He was a mild man, but he would risk any danger to prevent these children being tortured, wading in with his fists if necessary."

In 1952 Hodgson's wife died; and he toiled on alone, taking his leave every five years but still having to work to make ends meet. But, following Independence, he saw his life's work literally going up in flames. He wrote: "This last six months has seen the bottom drop out of this fast-created world. Now there is no Belgian or African authority in this district. The sad part of it all is that it is the innocent ones who suffer. Among these natives not one in thousands understands anything at all about politics. They did not want any change at all. The agitation and turmoil has come from the big mining and commercial centres and is, I am afraid, inspired by white men. Promises made before independence were so tremendous that the natives were intoxicated with joy and anticipation. They thought that the houses, cars and other nice things the white man had would be theirs. But independence came and they got nothing. It was all a dream."

Shortly after Hodgson wrote this report he visited the 'parish' of the New Zealander, Elton Knauf. He was at something of a loose end now, as his churches had been burned down and he had been forced to leave his own parish by the tribesmen he had spent his whole life slaving for. He and Knauf went on a mercy mission, taking food and medical supplies and even money to distressed villagers. It was in an area where, like his own, nearly all the mission posts had been plundered and burned down. Soon their truck was stopped by Balubas, and the two men were dragged out. The

tribesmen offered to let Knauf go. But he refused to leave Hodgson, and so both men were put to death. According to a Christian tribesman it was a slow death, and both men died praying. Unlike the witchdoctors who ruled the people by terror and had survived through the ages, the white men had tried to inspire the people by self-sacrificing example, and had succeeded only in making the supreme one.

Of white men like these, tribute seems inadequate. Silence seems more fitting. But normally, while they are alive, they receive the sort of silence of which Kipling wrote: "The reports are silent here, because heroism, failure, doubt, despair, and self-abnegation on the part of a mere cultured white man are things of no weight as compared to the saving of one half-human soul from a fantastic faith in wood-spirits, goblins of the rock, and river-fiends."

Every conceivable excuse has been made for the Congo. Every conceivable explanation has been advanced except the true one. It has almost been made to appear that the Congo never happened at all. In the hurling of imprecations at the Belgians the Asians at the United Nations vied with the Western Press; the former winning in sheer abusiveness if not in mendacity. Yet what, it might be asked, have the Asians ever done for Africa? In the past the continent was devastated by Arab slavers; and at the present time there are many tens of thousands of Indian traders fleecing the Natives and taking full advantage of the prosperity and security which the white man's courage and enterprise created. But are there any Asian missions in Africa? Are there any Asians slogging away for nothing in swamp and jungle, and laying down their lives for the Africans? Is it Asian civilisation that has been offered to the Africans, and Asian enlightenment?

As for the Western Press, it blamed the Belgians for having done exactly what it had always been clamouring for — the granting of immediate independence to African primitives. The Belgians were first scolded for not granting independence to the Congo, and were then scolded for having granted it. The Belgians were blamed for not having educated their Congolese charges; though in reality no less than 57 per cent of Congolese children of school-going age were at school, and the schools were regularly combed for whatever talent might have manifested itself. This, in only 50 years' occupation of a vast cannibal-infested tropical swamp, was no mean achievement even if the Press thought it was. The Belgians were then blamed for not having educated their charges politically; which, according to 'The Guardian', made them "guilty of extremism." But they produced the unextremist Lumumba, did they not?

Whatever it was that forced the Belgians out of the Congo it was not the Congolese. In spite of the Leopoldville rioting and

the machinations of Lumumba there was no Congolese-style Mau Mau insurrection forcing the Belgian Government to capitulate. Nor was it because the Congo was unprofitable, or because the Belgians were unfit to rule. On the other hand it must be obvious to all who are not wilfully blind that the black man himself is certainly unfit to rule, whether he is educated or not. But then the Press is wilfully blind. The Press, when it was warned by a number of genuine authorities on Africa that the precipitate withdrawal of the colonial powers would lead to certain chaos and bloodshed and Communist infiltration, replied pompously that they were out of touch with modern thinking and did not know what they were talking about. Then, when the Congo duly collapsed, the Press explained blandly that the Congo was an exception to the rule, that the guilty Belgian extremists were to blame for it, and that such a thing could never happen in any ex-British territory. For these reasons, even while the Congo was writhing in its death-throes, the Press was roundly berating the British Government for its tardiness in granting independence to Mau Mau-infested Kenya. According to the Press it was not the withdrawal or the promised withdrawal of the colonial powers that was causing a collapse of law and order, but the continued presence of them. According to the Press, the white man had no moral right to be in Africa at all, except to benefit the African. Therefore, because the Africans were obviously ready and fit for self-rule, the white man's moral duty was to skedaddle. In any event, the Press assured its readers, anyone with the least glimmer of intelligence would realise in spite of the Congo that Africans had their hearts in the right places even if they did behave a little immaturely at times. As a Daily Mail editorial put it: "The Congolese were locked in a political nursery. Is it any wonder they act childishly now they have broken out?"

But I ask you! *Childishly!*

It is clear that the white man will cease to be blamed only when he ceases to exist. The Whites are always to blame; never the Blacks. If the behaviour of the Blacks should be indistinguishable from the convulsions of madmen it is only because they are experiencing their inevitable growing pains. And while it is undeniable that the Blacks, biologically speaking, are at least as old as the Whites, they are ostensibly more backward only because they have been brutally suppressed. Essentially, the Blacks are a very noble race indeed; and if they act 'childishly' it is only because they have been greatly wronged. They are 'wronged', not wrong. At all costs it must be denied that there is anything essentially wrong with them. At all costs excuses must be found for their apparent wrongness. The Big Lie has got to be upheld, as the whole success of the world revolution and the overthrow of the Christian White race depends on it.

## CHAPTER X

### East Africa

*It is fundamental to Socialism that we should liquidate the British Empire as soon as possible.*

— Sir Stafford Cripps

*A nation that voluntarily surrenders territory is a nation in decay.*

— Bismarck

Leaving the tar at Kapiri Mposhi for Tanganyika, we travel on a broad dirt road in good condition extending for over 500 miles to the border at Tunduma, 930 miles from Salisbury and the same distance from Nairobi. The road is bounded on either side by dense bush and woodland — valueless secondary brachystegia woodland — and is featureless and monotonous. There are names on the map such as Mpika and Isoka and Shiwa Ngandu; but they are hardly more than names inhabited by a handful of Europeans and Indians, and by larger numbers of little black Bemba tribesmen. Though there are petrol pumps on this road there is not a single garage between Kapiri Mposhi and the town of Mbeya 70 miles across the border in Tanganyika — a distance of about 600 miles all told. It is therefore a stretch of road which every psychoneurotic motor-car unerringly selects for a nervous breakdown.

It happens that a great deal of killing took place in this area a short while ago. Many of the Bemba belong to the so-called Lumpa sect, a sect headed by a prophetess by the name of Alice Lenshina who claims that she died in 1953 but was immediately resurrected. Trouble broke out when Kaunda's Government agents tried to force her followers to vote. Alice's followers, who had all been issued with "passports to heaven", did not want to vote, least of all for Kaunda. There was a clash, resulting in the deaths of several people; and from then on the trouble snowballed. Army and mobile police units were sent into action, and altogether something like 600 Bemba were killed before Alice surrendered. On this occasion, oddly enough, Kaunda did not mind 'sitting and seeing his people shot down'. In fact he said he wanted Alice dead or alive.

Just before the Tanganyika border there is a turning to the right leading, about 200 miles away, to the northern tip of Lake Nyasa (the seventh largest lake in the world; explored by Livingstone in 1859). And on the left there is a road leading to Abercorn, 140 miles away at the southern tip of Lake Tanganyika (the eighth largest lake in the world; discovered in 1858 by Lieutenant Speke of the Indian Army — who also discovered Lake Victoria, the third largest lake in the world, in the same year).

Abercorn is the place where the German East African forces under General Von Lettow-Vorbeck surrendered after the armistice in 1918. Its little port of Mpulungu is visited regularly by the old German lake steamer, the *Liemba*, still in shuddering service. Nor was the trusty old *Liemba* affected by a prolonged strike of the Tanganyika Railways (to which it belongs) following the dismissal of an African footplateman who was found asleep on his job. As this took place during the last days of British rule in Tanganyika, the *Liemba's* African crew joined the strike. But the ship was then manned by ten European volunteers from Nairobi, who, in spite of a record cargo, completed the unloading at Mpulungu much faster than it is usually accomplished by the normal crew of 62 Africans!

### **Tanganyika**

When we cross the border into Tanganyika we once again experience an abrupt change. Scenically, the dense, flat Rhodesian woodland gives way immediately to the open hills of the southern highlands of Tanganyika, and to that enormous longitudinal rent in the earth's surface: the Rift Valley. The scenery immediately improves, but because Tanganyika is bankrupt the road immediately worsens — and since Independence has become much worse still. It is a rough dirt all-weather road, roughly motorable as long as it does not get any weather on it.

But it is not only the scenery and the road that have changed but the entire atmosphere and nature of the country. We left Southern Africa, which is White Africa, behind us when we left the tarred road at Kapiri Mposhi. And now, having traversed the vast empty woodland no-man's-land which effectively divides the South from the rest of Africa, we emerge as it were from an almost endless green tunnel and find ourselves in a mixed Asian and 'African Africa'. This becomes particularly noticeable when we get to Iringa, the town beyond Mbeya, where the road branches off to Dar es Salaam. There is, to be sure, the European section of the town, spacious and clean and quiet and orderly; but for the rest it is an Oriental bazaar, clustered and dirty, complete with mosques and coal-black negroes in Arab gowns, and with wily merchants squatting in their 'hole in the wall' shops surrounded by their piled-up merchandise, like so many spiders waiting for customer flies.

There is another change in that Tanganyika, although appreciably larger even than Northern Rhodesia, is obviously more densely populated. In an area of 362,000 square miles it contains a population of 21,000 Europeans (though since Independence at least half of these have left), 77,000 Indians, and 8,500,000 Natives. Northern Rhodesia, not only thickly wooded but having an acid soil, cannot support a large population (aside from the increase which is so precariously dependent upon the copper mines), whereas Tanganyika is open and more fertile. None the less it speaks volumes for White colonialism that Tanganyika's population should be so high, as of all African territories it was the worst hit by the slave trade. From before the Christian era the Arabs had dealt in African slaves; and by the middle of the last century this trade had reached its peak. When Livingstone and Speke and Burton arrived on the scene they found nothing but burning villages and a devastated and depopulated countryside, except for the town of Tabora where the Arabs and their Indian financiers were living in luxury. By the year 1842 the Arabs had not reached much further west than Tabora. but in Speke and Burton's time they had already established an outpost on the shores of Lake Tanganyika — at Ujiji, where Stanley was to find Livingstone (though in reality both the Arabs and the British had known all along where Livingstone was). A year or two after this, Livingstone was to come across Arab slavers on the other side of the lake and on the upper reaches of the Congo. From these areas in the heart of Africa the slaves were marched to the coast for export to Arabia and India and Persia, at the same time serving the role of carriers for the equally valuable elephant tusks. In contrast to the slave traffic on the west coast where half the slaves reached their destination in the New World, in East Africa only one in five reached their destination. Only the fittest reached the ports, and many if not most of these perished in the dhows carrying them across the seas. In the ports themselves the death roll was heavy: it being a commonplace to see clumsily castrated boys dragging themselves about with their intestines hanging out. Certainly the negro victims had cause to bewail their fate. Yet because slavery had always existed among the negroes themselves as a normal institution, it never occurred to them to question the rightness of it. Moreover the Arabs usually treated their slaves reasonably well once they had purchased them, and in fact it was not so much the Arab masters as their African slaves who most bitterly resented the British liberators. For whereas the British were convinced that slavery was the greatest of evils and freedom the greatest good, the negro slaves were convinced that the greatest evil was to be deprived of a master.

Notwithstanding her explorers, Britain, as has been noted, was not interested in acquiring African territories. As Lord Lugard remarked, British Africa was acquired "not by the efforts of her

statesmen, but in spite of them.” The Germans, however, once Bismarck had felt obliged to let them have their way in this matter, wasted no time in looking for colonies. Bismarck regarded it as a futile and dangerous expenditure of German energy in the wrong direction: a short-sighted and mutually destructive challenge in the distinct sphere of the nation — England — whose friendship he most needed to cement. He wanted Prussia to be paramount in Germany, and Germany to be paramount in Europe, but was quite content to let the British Isles dominate the rest of the world. He also feared an attack upon Germany by the French and Russians, and wanted England to be on Germany’s side if and when that attack materialised. On the other hand he did not want England and Germany to become too friendly, owing specifically to English Liberalism which he was convinced was corrupting the aristocratic virtues of the island race and had started to infect Germany as well. Such was the excitement and world-conquering enthusiasm in the young German nation — all of which the Iron Chancellor had himself created — that he sometimes had to give it its head and simply try to control its course as best he could. The Germans, then, not only took Tanganyika but would have taken Kenya as well, had not Britain reluctantly acted to offset German control of the Indian Ocean. The Partition treaty of 1886 which gave Kenya to Britain and Tanganyika to Germany was concluded without friction, owing once again to Bismarck’s influence.

After the 1914-18 war the territory became a ‘Mandate’ administered by Great Britain under the nominal aegis of the League of Nations. The United Nations, the so-called heir of the League, “approved” of the termination of the trusteeship, and Tanganyika was given its independence at the end of 1961. This, incidentally, cut Kenya off from the White-governed territories to the south and, with the granting of independence to Uganda, completely surrounded it with independent African States. It also meant that the ‘waist’ of Africa, consisting of Tanganyika and the Congo, was exposed to any neo-colonial powers who might care to infiltrate it and control Africa by cutting it in half.

Much was expected of independent Tanganyika and its Premier, Julius Nyerere. Nyerere, formerly the president of the Tanganyika African National Union, was given an even bigger Press boosting than is usually accorded to incipient African leaders. He was said to be a sincere democrat, a top-ranking intellectual, a confirmed moderate and a model for all other African nationalist politicians. Nevertheless Nyerere never made any secret of the fact that his own model African politician was Jomo Kenyatta. And as for moderation, he remarked: “This moderation embarrasses me. I know the British are not yet ready to surrender and I act accordingly. We are not strong enough to drive them out of the country.”

Thus we observe yet again that where an African is moderate it is because he is powerless. We also observe Britain's unnecessary but correctly termed "surrender". On another occasion Nyerere asked testily: "What's all this business of extremism? I'd be surprised to see Britain or any country of sane human beings inviting another people to govern them for even one minute. This is 1959, not the last century. We hope the older countries — if they're not senile they're merely old — will realise that nobody can now stop African governing itself . . . The T.A.N.U. felt it was a disgrace to have the country ruled by another nation's standards."

Precisely! Civilised standards are senile standards, and nothing like so agreeable as Kenyatta's and other sane African human beings'. Literacy, for instance, is a senile accomplishment. For although Tanganyika is illiterate, this, according to Nyerere, is of no account. In a speech in America, in Cleveland, he stated that literacy is not necessary for a "democracy" like Tanganyika. "Being able to read and write does not make the slightest difference," he said. "Why should literacy in itself be so important?"

What makes the surrenders of the senile British all the more painful is that they boast of them. The hauling down of the Union Jack (blue for British blood, white for British skins, and red for British politics) and the hoisting of a monkey flag is hailed with rapture by the British Press, Television and Parliament. There follow grinning lickspittle interviews of leading men by 'right-minded' B.B.C. and TV men, the venting of high-flown liberalistic sentiments by soon-to-be-dismissed British underlings of the new states, and fade-outs to the fanfare of victory trumpets. Tanganyika was no exception to this; nor did Macleod hesitate to fly out to Tanganyika to arrange for independence instead of troubling Nyerere to come to London. True independence, of course, means to be dependent on no one. But as this was another sham independence in all respects other than that of British abdication, Macleod readily promised Nyerere that Britain would pour in millions of pounds to support it. Conversely, he told the white settlers of Kenya, whom he had ruined, that they would not get a penny from him as Britain had no money to give. Indeed, Mr Bryan, the United Kingdom Senior Trade Commissioner, confirmed in South Africa that Britain was feeling the strain of supporting underdeveloped countries, and that she was "diverting resources which Britain urgently needed herself." Nevertheless where Tanganyika and other African territories are concerned, Britain continues to dole out money with both hands. A certain Zuberi Mtemvu, in fact, made the "modest demand" that Britain should give Tanganyika at least £300,000,000 within five years! It is always a 'demand', of course — and why not? Although pouring money into Black Africa is like pouring water into the Namib Desert, and although Tanganyika might not have expected to receive quite as much money

as it modestly demanded, it had every reason to expect that taxation would be increased in Britain in order to meet the demand as closely as possible. The under-developed Black countries, after all, are not at all backward when it comes to a spot of blackmail; and they are fully aware that Britain's trade and politics are based upon the payment of it.

To everyone's surprise, Tanganyika's independence had scarcely been obtained when Nyerere resigned as Premier and elected himself President. He was succeeded by Prime Minister Kawawa. I do not know the reason for Nyerere's resignation, nor do I think it need concern us. Possibly he thought he would make himself more regally remote, perhaps as a preparatory step to announcing himself as the Messiah. To everyone's surprise, also — according to the Press, that is — Europeans began to be expelled for “disrespect either to the new State or individual Africans.” Then, together with a spate of infantile new laws and decrees, an all-out ‘Africanisation’ of the Civil Service was introduced, and many Europeans were dismissed from their posts including the Finance Minister, the arch-liberal Sir Ernest Vasey. The party journal of TANU, ‘Uhuru’ (the word, Oohooroo, invariably high-pitched and repeated, sounds remarkably like an ululation from the bush), described Arabs, Indians, Germans and Britons as “cattle ticks of three different types”; while in the place of these departing ticks diplomatic representatives from China and Russia began to arrive and take up residence.

According to a Mrs Gunningham, a school-teacher who left Tanganyika to return to South Africa, “nearly 90 per cent of the population is illiterate and only 68 out of more than 4,000 passed their final examinations at the territorial school where I taught. And these 4,000 students were the cream of the 8,500,000 Africans in Tanganyika.” Mrs Gunningham said the Government considered Africans could learn in six months to take over from qualified engineers and other professional men whose training had taken at least five or six years at university. Owing to the childishness of the African political careerists who had taken control, she went on, the country had been brought to the verge of a collapse of all order and economy. Almost overnight, properties had become virtually valueless; and after a year of independence at least half of the white population had left the country.

This African childishness, or power-intoxicated inferiority-complex anti-White viciousness, was well exemplified by the closing, on Government instructions, of the Safari Hotel in Arusha because of “disrespect” shown by the European guests to President Sekou Toure of Guinea. What happened was that the Communist President, accompanied by Kawawa, swept splendidly through the lounge of the hotel, and the European guests failed to stand up!

Hotel integration, it might be added, was introduced some years before independence. But of course the Africans were not satisfied with this. They had noticed that many Europeans avoided the hotels and sought refuge in their clubs, and they considered this to be — in their parrot parlance — an “affront to African dignity.” Hence their main target became the exclusive Dar es Salaam Club, then known as Tanganyika’s “last white outpost”. When I was last in Dar es Salaam, in the beginning of 1961, this club (which used to be the German Officers’ Club; though it is largely rebuilt) was still a ‘Europeans only’ club. Shortly afterwards, however, in the same year, a number of non-White members were admitted following some pointed hints from influential quarters. Yet the Africans were still not satisfied. And after Independence the club was issued with a peremptory order from the Government demanding that it admit a further 100 Africans immediately — all named by TANU as being qualified for membership whether the club liked it or not. The club replied that new members had to be proposed and seconded by existing members; but the Government said that this procedure was irrelevant. One of the African nominees, none other than Zuberi Mtemvu again, explained: “We want to join so we can have somewhere to relax and talk in private.” The hard-working Mtemvu, exhausted by his efforts to lay his hands on hundreds of millions of pounds of British imperialist money, apparently could not relax or talk privately anywhere in the whole of Tanganyika other than in the Dar Club itself, which meant that he had never been able to relax and talk privately in his whole life. At any rate the Dar Club, having thought it was being rather clever by admitting a few Africans, balked at admitting a lot more of them. Whereupon the Government declared the club to be “former enemy property” and savagely confiscated the entire £100,000 premises!

This relentless pursuit or hunting down of the European is characteristic of all East Africa. A Greek night-club owner in Nairobi lamented this, as it meant that a good European patronage had no sooner been attracted to a place than the non-Europeans — Indians and later Africans as well — started to follow. When this happened the Europeans would drift away; and then the non-Europeans would also disappear as soon as it was discovered to which new haunt the Europeans had gone. And so it would proceed, with the Greek waiting impatiently for the wheel to complete a full circle. It is evident that even when the European has been reduced by his own home Government to the lowest form of political life on the African continent, there is still something about him which the non-Europeans cannot quite master. They are not sure what it is, but somehow he makes them feel their triumph has been an empty one. He is like a constant challenge to them. Admittedly, his political naivety deeply puzzles them — as it does everyone else — and they cannot understand what makes him tick. They cannot

understand why he ever trusted them. Nor can they understand why, having been out-smarted and bereft of his great African empire, having very little money left in his pockets and no political power whatever, and obviously being well on the way to becoming a member of a world slave-race, he still unthinkingly behaves like a superior person and forgets to kow-tow. The non-Europeans, then, still feel an insistent need to gate-crash in order to flaunt their artificially-contrived triumph in his face. For who knows? One day he might come to his invisible senses and bow to his new masters and automatically offer them his woman.

Yet we have still only touched upon the secondary reasons for this persistent non-European gate-crashing. The main reason for it, whether the non-Europeans are intellectually aware of it or not, is that when they are looking at white people they are looking at *something*, whereas when they are looking at themselves they are looking at nothing. Why is it, indeed, that we speak of Livingstone having discovered this lake and Baker that lake, when the Arabs — not to mention the Africans themselves — knew of their existence long before? It is not due to any racial bigotedness, this. It is that we all instinctively recognise that when the Europeans discovered these lakes or mountains it was the first time they had been discovered by *Man*. The same applies to other continents as well as to Africa. South America, for instance, had never known the presence of Man until Darwin and Humboldt, Wallace and Hudson and Melville, had set foot there and interpreted it to the world — to the world of other Men. The personality of Man is all-important, all-informing, all-significant. The very stones of Greece seem impregnated with a magic significance because Man lived there. But of what significance are the stones of Asia or the sands of Africa?

In Dar es Salaam today, however, the trickle from China, Russia and eastern Europe is beginning to resemble a flood; and there are not many western Europeans left apart from the blonde white girls who have been recruited — largely from Scandinavia, of course — as the black men's status symbol tarts. With the West conveniently being held in a state of rigor mortis, the Chinese in particular have been making their presence felt. Following an agreement signed in Peking by Kawawa, the Chinese, in addition to other activities, are training Nyerere's new army, and not surprisingly have lost no time in supporting the Communist forces in the Congo. Their preparatory methods for reducing Africa to subjugation will comprise bribery, terrorism and the encouragement of anti-White hatred; methods which come quite naturally to the Chinese and even more naturally to the Africans themselves.

As we know, only five weeks after Prince Philip had wished independent Zanzibar a happy future there was a Communist-inspired insurrection which took the British Government completely by surprise. There was a great slaughter of Arabs and Indians,

the Sultan fled for his life, and the British and Americans were ordered from the island. America, unable to stand up to so mighty a power as Zanzibar, obediently dismantled its £1,000,000 space-tracking station and departed while the Chinese and Russians were pouring in. Then, even while the Press was assuring us that there would never be a "Zanzibar" in East Africa, the Native troops of all three territories had mutinied simultaneously against their British officers and had taken control, with the result that Nyerere — like Kenyatta and Company — had to suffer the bitter "humiliation" of begging Britain for immediate assistance in quelling the revolt. Britain, moreover, was able to achieve this feat with the merest handful of white soldiers. The only trouble was it made her the master of East Africa again; from which position she scuttled off as rapidly as possible.

Nyerere, having proudly established Dar es Salaam ('the haven of peace') as the recognised centre for African liberation committees and refugee African revolutionists, found to his amazement that he had a revolution on his hands. The Americans too, having industriously preached the gospel of revolution to the Africans, were astonished to find themselves on the receiving end of one. They are always on the receiving end of 'people's revolutions'. They keep on making the same 'mistake'. But they will go on making it because it is their deliberate policy to oppose those who effectively oppose Communism. It is not that they are Communist themselves, most of them; it is just that they cannot abide those who stand in the way of Communism. We must assume that what they would really like to see is a pro-American Communism.

But let us continue with our journey. From Iringa we go to Dodoma, on the railway line running from the coast to Lake Tanganyika. The particular phobia of the 'sane human beings' of Tanganyika is vampirism; and in Dodoma Europeans have been attacked — and one has been killed — in the belief that they were vampires. In Dar es Salaam itself, shortly before independence, a mob of hundreds of infuriated Natives wrecked a British police car and stoned and beat to death a police askari because they, the police, were protecting an Indian whom everybody knew was a notorious vampire! In view of this, one is rather surprised to find European women in Tanganyika still venturing to wear lipstick. But perhaps there is no such thing as a female vampire. Nor, to judge from those who are singled out as vampires by the Natives, is there such a thing as an African vampire.

From Dodoma we travel north to Arusha, midway between the Cape and Cairo. Here are the Serengeti Plains, with the last great assemblage of plains animals in the world — something like half a million head all told. Here is the Ngorongoro Crater, the world's largest, also full of game. Here, too, is the unique Olduvai

Gorge, 30 miles long and 300 feet deep, where the geological ages associated with fossil ape-men are all neatly exposed in layers. Fifty miles away on the right is Mount Kilimanjaro, approaching 20,000 feet and perennially snow-capped — discovered in 1847 by the awe-struck German missionary, Rebmann (the first European to penetrate the interior of East Africa), whose report of a great snow-clad mountain on the African equator was not believed in Europe. (Nothing the white man in Africa says about Africa is believed in Europe: it is an old-established tradition.) Mount Kilimanjaro is best viewed from the Kenya side, from the Amboseli Reserve. This Reserve, which has now been abandoned to the Masai, is famous for its rhino — black rhino as distinct from white rhino. White rhino, which weigh up to five tons (the second largest animal in the world), occur only in Natal and along the upper reaches of the White Nile. They are greatly outnumbered by the black rhino, and in addition to having much thinner lips are much more stable in temperament. And never, never, will you find them miscegenating with the black rhino!

The Kenya border is crossed at Namanga; and another hundred miles brings us to Nairobi, the most remarkable capital city in the world. Personally, however, I must confess I am not greatly struck on the city itself. It has some fine buildings, and the imposing Delamere Avenue (at least, there was a Delamere Avenue, but it is now called Kenyatta Avenue; and Delamere's statue has been demolished to make way for Kenyatta's); but, especially with integration, Nairobi is too much like a cross between a Kaffir kraal and an Indian bazaar. Worst of all, the old magic has gone. In the bar of the Norfolk Hotel, where Delamere and the boys used to hit it up, an Indian barman sits stony-eyed beneath a forlorn cluster of merrie English drinking slogans, his features alerting only when the conversation turns to business and money. Both the heart and the soul of this glorious country are dead; slain by the British politicians. Yet still you can see wild animals roaming about on the tarred roads immediately outside the city. Still the lions are making their kills within minutes of the city centre, or prowling through the suburbs. Admittedly, in Salisbury there are leopards in the suburbs, where they perform the salutary function of eating the barking watch-dogs. But Nairobi is still unique.

## **Kenya**

The initial history of Kenya centres upon its railway. This, the Uganda Railway as it was then called, was constructed at the close of the last century for the purpose of suppressing the Uganda slave trade. As it would cost no less than three hundred times as much to bring goods by caravan as it would to bring them by rail, this meant of course that caravans would no longer be used. And without caravans it would be impossible to carry slaves to the coast.

The difficulties encountered in constructing the railway, however, were very considerable, and once these had been overcome the problem then was how to make the railway pay. Hitherto it had been taken for granted that the building of railways and the general opening up of communications would automatically create prosperity. But once again this was a rule which did not apply to Africa. The Natives possessed nothing and could contribute nothing, and the land was an economic vacuum. To be sure, the Indians on the coast, the organisers of the Arab slave trade, had, on being deprived of their revenue, begun to move inland. They felt that the railway afforded them a measure of protection from the perils of the interior, and like many others they always loyally followed the British flag for the pickings. But they were traders and speculators pure and simple (if pure and simple are the right words), and they had no aptitude for developing the country. For this essential task White settlers were needed; and these, from South Africa and Britain, did such good work that by 1905 the railway was making a profit and was beginning to pay governmental expenses.

This was no mean achievement. Yet as the settlers grew in number and influence it was fated that they should begin to clash with the Government, which, having arrived in the country before them, owned everything in it and dictated the terms. The Colonial Office held to the principle that British colonial settlers must not be allowed to dominate the coloured peoples among whom they lived, no matter how backward and savage these might be. Where the interests of the Natives conflicted with those of the settlers, the former had to prevail. The Government, therefore, was inclined to treat the settlers as a necessary evil. None the less, owing to Britain's tried and trusted African policy of Parallel Racial Development (or Apartheid), matters worked out reasonably well for as long as the power was retained in White hands.

Early explorers in Kenya had remarked on the emptiness of the land; and it was in fact a depopulated wasteland that the settlers came to occupy. This was due in large measure to a systematic slaughter of the Bantu by the Nilo-Hamitic Masai; a process of extermination which the advent of the white man interrupted. The Masai were thus the only natives of Kenya who were disturbed by the coming of the Europeans. Whereas they had formerly roamed in the regions north and south of the railway line, they were removed and confined to the south of it. This was for the purposes of averting possible clashes with the settlers and preventing the tribe from being split in half. They, and the other tribes, were then granted Reserves; though a suggestion that there should also be a recognised and guaranteed European Reserve was turned down. As late as 1932 a Royal Commission known as the Carter Land Commission established the boundaries of the Native tribal areas — Crown land which was transferred to the Natives, with their rights to this land

being guaranteed in perpetuity. At the same time the boundaries of the Highlands area in which the Europeans were to have a privileged position were also defined, and safeguarded by a Highlands Board. This gave the settlers, a mere handful of men on whom the wealth, progress and stability of the country depended, their own necessary home ground in which — as they believed — they could confidently put down their roots. It consisted of only 5½ per cent of the total Kenya land area, and originally had been so unhealthy for cattle that not even the Masai had occupied it. Yet such was the industry and perseverance of the white farmers that until Macleod the Destroyer pitched up it was providing no less than 80 per cent of Kenya's exports. Only a minority of Kenya's European population are — or were — farmers, but it is they who created all the real wealth of what is essentially an agricultural country. It is part of Kenya's tragedy that most of them seemed to have thought there was a definite law excluding other races from owner-occupation in the Highlands, whereas there was actually nothing more substantial than an administrative instruction to the said Highlands Board.

The man chiefly responsible for the initial development of the Kenya Highlands, and the man who welded the settlers together and gave them their first effective say in Kenya's affairs, was Lord Delamere. Having struggled for years to prove the Highlands suitable for farming and white settlement, a struggle in which he expended his entire fortune, his next task was to break the Government's bureaucratic stranglehold and make Kenya a place where the settler could use his own initiative and develop the land without petty interference. Like all true Anglo-Saxon communities that oppose the legal Government, the Kenya settlers under Delamere did not do so because they desired to live in lawlessness but because they wanted a better sort of law: the old accepted law of free Anglo-Saxon people, among whom law and freedom are not contradictions. Whatever freedom might mean to those who have purloined the word, it is significant that in the language of even the ancient Anglo-Saxons the words free, friend and love all sprang from a common root-word. In Kenya the position was that the men necessary for the development of the country were not permitted to own the land they worked or even allowed to elect their own representatives to the Legislative Council. It was an intolerable situation, especially to the volcanic Lord Delamere. Nevertheless when the 1914-18 war broke out, the settlers, inadvertently proving to the Government that their opposition no more implied disloyalty than a desire for lawlessness, at once went off to fight the official enemy in German East Africa.

After the war Britain relented somewhat, granting the settlers the right to elect their own representatives to the Legislative Council. During their absence the country had lapsed into almost complete ruin. Weeds and grass had spread over the plantations and ploughed

land, communications had almost ceased to exist, rinderpest had reappeared, and there was widespread famine. The settlers had to start all over again. But at least it had penetrated the Government's correct official head that there could be no Kenya without them — something it had previously quite forgotten. In fact it even decided to attract more settlers, with the result that by 1919 the European population of Kenya had increased by 300 per cent to some 9,000!

But on observing these happenings, the Indians, whose war services had been precisely nil, began demanding the same rights as the white man. Strongly supported by India, they demanded to have the right of unrestricted entry into East Africa, the right to elect their own representatives to Legco, and the right to acquire land in the White Highlands. They sent a deputation to London; which was soon followed by one from the settlers headed by Lord Delamere. With awful characteristic inevitability the British Government had shown very definite signs of siding with the Asiatics against its own kith and kin, and no doubt would have done so if it had not been for Lord Delamere. Mr Winston Churchill in particular had been reassuring the settlers with fine words which had speedily proved to be nothing more than words. But Lord Delamere insisted on coming very much to the point; vigorously supported by the Church in East Africa which, in those days before Holy Communion had been replaced by Holy Communism, energetically advocated racial segregation and was equally opposed to heathen Indian immigration.

The meeting between Delamere and the British Government was in the nature of a head-on collision; with Delamere emphasising that whatever the Government might be thinking of doing, the settlers were prepared to fight for what they had, and that whoever attempted to drive them from the White Highlands would be met if necessary with armed resistance. These were no empty words, for the settlers had organised themselves on a para-military basis complete with retired British Army generals at their head, and were fully resolved to resort to arms if the talks in London broke down. Nevertheless in order to influence British public opinion into opposing the Indian demands, Delamere and his men felt obliged to stress that the Indians would suppress the Africans, not that they would overwhelm the Whites. Then, as now, no one in Britain bothered about the fate of the Whites, and their sentiments could only be stirred by appeals on behalf of black savages. This pro-Black pleading, though effective and probably vitally necessary, can none the less be regarded as the first big step in sealing the eventual fate of the Kenya Whites.

However, Lord Delamere's arguments prevailed; and the British Government decided, especially in view of the settlers' known resolve to bring about a coup d'état sooner than submit to the Indians, that the Highlands should remain a White preserve.

It was admitted that this was the only possible basis on which Kenya could survive and prosper. But in fact it prospered so much and attracted so many newcomers, especially after the Second World War, that it was supposed by many that the inviolability of the Highlands was no longer vital. Thus, when Macleod pronounced the Highlands open to all races, he did not do so without a degree of local White complicity. It is doubtful, indeed, whether he could have done so without local complicity. The British Government would not have found it anything like so easy to sacrifice Kenya and its own kinsfolk if it had been met at the outset by a united, comprehending and resolute White front. Macleod would really have been in an awful jam if he had been dealing with Delamere and the Old Brigade. But unfortunately the indispensable Delamere was dead; and the settlers, many of them nurtured on the ideal of compromise, and all of them subjected to ceaseless Press and B.B.C. indoctrination, were induced without violence to subscribe to "progressive liberalism" — to the anarchy preceding a transfer of power. Those who resisted this blind rush to the abyss were mostly the old people and of course the Afrikaners of the Uasin Gishu plateau. The young Kenya-born men who had fought the Mau Mau and knew the workings of the Native mind, and who more belatedly learned the equally twisted workings of the British political mind, also began to oppose the stampede. But the Afrikaners were ignored, the old people were laughed at as reactionaries of a bygone era, and the young people were dismissed as immature. It was only when the extraordinary naivety of the bulk of the Kenyans became apparent even to themselves that there was a frantic swing of opinion. But by then it was too late and the devil's work was done. 'Be reasonable, be fair, be Christian!', the Whites had been urged — and in a trice they were flat on their backs under the British Government's protégé, Kenyatta the Satanist.

It is very far from being my intention to belittle the people of Kenya and to add insult to their unspeakable injury. Their only fundamental fault, after all, was to be too trusting and innocent a people to be a party to that which was supplanting them. They trusted Britain unquestioningly and assumed the Native would prove himself grateful for what had been done for him. They trusted everybody because they are a trustworthy people themselves. Others again, while they trusted Britain did not trust the Native or believe in any form of multiracialism, but hoped to temporise to obtain peace in their time — regardless, apparently, of their children's future. They had fought right through World War Two and had then undergone the prolonged Mau Mau ordeal, and were willing to pay a price for a return of calm and sanity. They were willing to yield 'some' of their privileges. To oppose The Trend also meant to be branded an extremist, which was a very dirty word indeed.

Therefore they swallowed their doubts and inmost feelings and tagged along hoping for the best. There were of course those, as we have noted, who saw right from the beginning exactly what was going to happen, and who warned accordingly; men such as Major Jim Hughes, Sir Charles Belcher, Air Commodore Howard-Williams, and so on. But on the whole they were voices in the Kenya wilderness. Even the Right-wing Federal Independence Party spoke only of the Europeans having the right to control finances in the White Highlands, and shied at saying what it really meant to say. On the other hand, Air Commodore Howard-Williams (the first man to fly across Africa) produced a weekly publication, *Independent Comment*, which spoke out uninhibitedly. The Commodore was concerned only with being on target; so the Government, to show what it really meant by democracy in Kenya, promptly suppressed his publication. Obviously it is undesirable to have newspapers in circulation which are under the wrong management, and which are free in fact instead of in name alone. Press criticism of Government policy is a most excellent thing, of course, provided it restricts itself to directing the public's attention to matters of no importance.

Of Kenyatta and the Mau Mau, it can be said that if the British Government could not have opened up the White Highlands to all races without local White complicity, it is absolutely certain that the Mau Mau could not have won the political phase of the rebellion without British Government complicity. Macmillan and Macleod between them snatched the Mau Mau from defeat and gave it complete victory over the civilised people it had tried so hard to obliterate. It was not Mau Mau itself that made Kenyans quit. British settlers of the Kenya calibre cannot be frightened out of Africa by African terrorism no matter how vile. They can only be expelled by their own Government acting in concert with that terrorism. And the settlers of Kenya, divided among themselves and too innocent to conceive of a partnership between a Mau Mau and a Mac Mac, were no match for the said Unholy Alliance.

Of Jomo Kenyatta himself, we need not say very much. Moscow-trained and Cambridge-educated, he lived in England like Dr Banda for twenty years or so, married an Englishwoman (who is now numbered among his several black wives), became the first Native "God" to supplant Jesus Christ in Native Bible readings, and originated such splendidly revolting Mau Mau initiation ceremonies that he became the model hero of all the other university-educated and enlightened African leaders. Of his true native child, Mau Mau itself, there is not much to say either, though only because most of it is unprintable. One can speak of the gouging out of eyes and the drinking of the "liquid"; of the smearing of initiates' faces with the blood of their murdered parents; of hideous atrocities and mutilations, and refer obliquely to unmentionable sexual vileness. But this is still only to hint at what the world Press calls Africa's

evolution. Though there is no lack of pornography in the West today, there is still a great deal of modesty about letting the people see or read about what the black man is capable of doing to white men and women and children. It is thought to be better for world peace and race relations that the people of the West should see nothing but smiling black people. In the West, of course, 'rational' explanations are advanced for African unrest, as if African unrest were an unnatural and not a perfectly natural condition. How can Western rationalism account for Negro irrationalism? Some Western newspapers, for example, explain to their readers that a man like Nkrumah is a megalomaniac, and thus make an intelligible exception of him. But it would be truer to say that Nkrumah is simply an African. Being an African he behaves like a white maniac. He is an entirely different creature to a white man, and it is not strictly valid to describe the one in terms of the other. They cannot be compared.

In the same way, 'rational' explanations were advanced for Mau Mau, and it was thought that the cure consisted in altering the number of African seats in the Legco. Yet what is a Legislative Council to an African but an insanely complicated European weapon for slaying one's enemies? Mau Mau was not anything a rational European would understand, but was a throwback to witchcraft of the darkest and most obscene type. It was a determined retrogression to bestiality, even to the literal extent of copulating with animals. Even the wild animals in the bush recognised and accepted the Mau Mau terrorists as fellow-animals, which they never did where the white troops were concerned. Mau Mau was something in the African blood, calling imperatively and irresistibly. It was a revolt of savagery against all things sane and Christian and civilised and White; engineered by one who had sampled all the refinements of Western culture and had found them insipid. Indeed, it needs to be repeated that the word retrogression is actually the wrong one, as there has never been any true progress beyond this savagery. There has been at best an interlude, an interlude of White authority, during which the white man's magic was contesting for supremacy with the black man's magic. But Kenyatta had conquered Western things by tasting of them at their source, his white wife being at once the symbol and the consummation of them. And he expressed his contempt in Mau Mau.

Lady Farrar, the then president of the East African Women's League, outlined the sorry Kenya story to an audience in Cape Town following the ending of the Mau Mau 'emergency'. She stated:

"Before the emergency it was thought that by forming a block of good middle-class Natives in good conditions, these would be a bulwark in times of trouble. One of the saddest discoveries came when those very Natives proved in 95 per cent of the cases to be the

leaders of the terrorism. Those leaders included 'faithful' house servants, headmen, artisans, commercial clerks and Government servants, for whom there were no limits to the heights to which they could rise. Our multiracial policy in Kenya has given Africans and Asians complete equality in the Government of the country, and they have been given opportunities of oversea education, returning in spite of this with Communist doctrines.

In 55 years, from not knowing what a wheel looked like, the Africans have been raised to the position of being Ministers of the Crown . . . Yet the Mau Mau emergency represented a determined attempt by one million people to regress further than their original savage ways."

The British people of Kenya, in other words, believed in the American and British Governments' political philosophies; which meant that it was not only the Africans and Asians whose heads were full of Communist doctrine. What makes it so frightening is that the Kenyans, certainly those of Lady Farrar's stamp, are a highly intelligent people, yet allowed their own native English wits to be swamped by the Western deluge of Leftist propaganda — crude for the working classes and high-flown for the educated classes, but all amounting to the same thing. An equally ominous factor which shows through it all is the modern British reluctance to rule. It is as if they felt guilty at ruling, or felt unfit to rule. Why else should they seek refuge in democratic multiracialism? — in a form of government which in actual practice has absolutely no existence anywhere in the world.

The Government, it must needs be pointed out, received ample warning of Mau Mau before the 1952-56 Emergency, but instead of doing anything about it allowed it to develop. Consequently, before it was suppressed, it had cost the Colony tens of millions of pounds and upwards of 20,000 lives. In addition there was extreme incompetence or reluctance in dealing with the trouble once it had broken out. It was a dual scandal of such dimensions that it obliged the Secretary of State, then Mr Lyttelton, to come out and set matters right — or rather, set them wrong. It was at this stage that the close interweaving of Mau Mau with the political future of the country began.

Sir Charles Belcher, O.B.E., an Australian-born Kenya judge now living in retirement in South Africa (and who contributed a number of articles to the South African Observer commenting on the progressive steps to disaster in Kenya), wrote that Mr Lyttelton "succeeded, with the greatest ease, and in very short time, in inducing three European Elected Members, quite without the prior knowledge of their constituents, to accept what were in effect new offices under the government in circumstances which entirely put an end to their value to their constituents, whatever that may have been. It is not

any more possible for a man to serve two masters in Kenya than it was of old in Palestine. Several other European representatives, without actually taking government posts, expressed their approval of Lyttelton's proposals, and it is the unfortunate truth that they did have a certain number of electors behind them. The announcement of these proposals as they appeared in the local press was the first thing most people knew about them. The essence of them was the creation of a so-called War Council of four to finish off Mau Mau, and the transfer of governmental power from the Legislative Council and Executive Council to a new Council of Ministers, on which the three Members mentioned and some additional Indians and Natives, were to have seats. The War Council was to be the Governor himself, his Deputy, the General in Command of troops — and the man who had been acknowledged leader of the European Members. He (Mr Blundell) was one of the three who became in fact government servants though they did not resign their seats as members for European constituencies. They may have had excellent motives, but they went far to destroy Kenya as it had been built up over 50 years."

The changes, in Mr Lyttelton's own words, marked "the beginning of a multiracial foundation of government." It meant that Colonial Office rule was sooner or later going to be replaced by something else which would be brought into existence locally; by a multiracialism which would entail the submergence of the European community. "Mr Lyttelton," Sir Charles Belcher went on, "may have considered all this, seen the consequences of what he was imposing and still decided to advise the United Kingdom government to go on with it. What is quite certain is that the Europeans of Kenya did not see what it meant. Perhaps Mr Blundell and his associates may be given the benefit of the doubt, but it is surely significant that when asked in public to say what multiracial government involves, he has dodged the issue and proceeded to answer some question that he has not been asked."

Mr Lyttelton ended the exposition of his scheme with a statement that there would be a general election (to the now impotent Legislative Council) after the Emergency, and that if the electors returned members to the legislature who would be ready to serve in the government as he ordained it, there would be no more changes until 1960. But if by the character of the members they elected they made his scheme unworkable, then "the position will revert to what it was before the emergency, and Her Majesty's Government will be free to take such action as they think fit."! In other words if the electors did not vote for the Blundell following, the election results would be regarded as null and void. It was a case of heads Blundell wins, tails the settlers lose. But as it happened the settlers did vote for Blundell and his party, and signed their own death warrants by doing so.

The next step took place in 1960, at the London Conference held at Lancaster House, when the new Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr Iain Macleod, introduced his new Kenya Constitution. This Constitution, naturally enough, amounted to an unblushing sell-out to the Black extremists, who regarded it as out of date even before it came into operation. It also, by definition, amounted to the usual sickening betrayal of the Whites. As Sir Charles Belcher observed at the time, "just as the 'Lyttelton Plan' in 1956 started off the European community down the road to perdition, so the London Conference represented the final push over the precipice." In that it promised the Africans political domination it was accurately described as a "curtain-raiser to early independence." Its pretended multiracial character, moreover, was made bogus by a crafty Macleod provision that all European candidates for the Legislature must submit themselves to a common electoral roll which, being overwhelmingly African, would return only those Europeans who climbed on the African nationalist band-wagon — which is of course what happened. The Kenya settlers, however, could not fail to observe that the only delegates at the Conference who opposed the rush to the precipice were the four representatives of the Right-wing United Party headed by Group Captain Briggs; whereas Mr Blundell and his New Kenya Group, seemingly possessed of a death-wish, co-operated sycophantically with Macleod. This at last caused the settlers to emerge from their coma, and on Blundell's return to Nairobi thirty silver coins were flung at his feet. Nevertheless, while, in the following communal elections — the 'primary' as distinct from the 'secondary' or common roll elections — Blundell was overwhelmingly defeated, he was still elected to the Legislature, and holding an important portfolio owing to the subsequent common roll voting. Thus the Europeans found themselves chiefly represented by the very man they had voted against!

It was particularly iniquitous that Macleod's Constitution should have followed hard on the heels of Macmillan's speech in Cape Town, in which he had said that "Britain's aim in African territories for which she is responsible is a society in which individual merit, and individual merit alone, is the criterion for a man's advancement, whether political or economic." That went to the heart of the issue — that a principle emphasised by the Prime Minister himself had in less than a month been jettisoned by his own Secretary of State. No doubt Macleod knew perfectly well that Macmillan meant exactly the opposite of what he said; but at any rate it was a contradiction which Group Captain Briggs, while still in London, stressed in an open attack on Macmillan and also in a letter which he addressed to him. Macmillan, however, did not reply to the letter and refused to meet a United Party deputation. The B.B.C. and the Press joined in the silence; for although a copy of the letter was sent to the B.B.C. and to every news agency and

newspaper in London, only the Times made reference to it — dismissing it in a single sentence, buried in a long report. Consequently Group Captain Briggs, without waiting for the end of the Conference, returned in despair to Nairobi and announced to the settlers that they had been deliberately betrayed. He died soon afterwards, having done for Kenya all that a man could do.

When Macleod duly announced his decision to release Kenyatta from confinement, it came but a short while after the Governor of Kenya, Sir Patrick Renison, had described Kenyatta — surely with Macleod's approval — as “the African leader to darkness and death.” Macleod, who had previously stated quite emphatically that Kenyatta would not be released, tried to excuse his decision by declaring that the Mau Mau leader was barred from public life owing to the term of imprisonment he had served. Yet once he had let Kenyatta out he promptly proceeded to have the law amended — the law debarring a felon from public office — so as to enable him to take his seat in the Legislature. Having released Banda and Kaunda from jail, he saw no reason to stop at Kenyatta — whom he was already calling Mister. In line with his customary step-by-step policy, he first had Kenyatta moved from Lodwar in the north to the half-way station of Maralal, and thence to the Kiambu district where the Government had thoughtfully built a nice big house for him. Naturally, the decision to release Kenyatta was greeted with prolonged cheers from the British Press and from that authorised Anti-British Front, the British Labour Party. The Daily Mirror proclaimed that “now all can live without fear,” and that it remained only for the British settlers to mind their own business for a change! And the Economist even had the idea of suggesting the kind of speech the liberated Mau Mau leader should make; in which he would appeal to God and justice and would deny that Africans are “robbers and animals.”!

When, following his release, Kenyatta visited England, he was given every opportunity to present a new ‘image’ of himself. Mr Joelson's ‘East Africa and Rhodesia’ reported: “Television has now been enlisted on behalf of Kenyatta, who on Sunday night was presented to millions of viewers in Britain as a generally good-humoured and reasonable African nationalist about whom unfortunate misconceptions had been widely held. Such was the impression left by an interview with Mr John Freeman in the B.B.C's ‘Face to Face’ programme, which purports to strip away pretence from public figures by subjecting them to a barrage of candid and often wounding questions based on their past activities and utterances. Few people would be more vulnerable than Kenyatta to an inquisitorial cross-examiner who had thoroughly briefed himself about the man's history, but Mr Freeman's interrogation was unfortunately not even moderately aggressive. Indeed, if the job had been given to an astute public relations officer for the Kikuyu whom three courts convicted of managing Mau Mau, the foulest conspiracy in all

British African history, he would have asked just the kind of questions that Mr Freeman put, and, more important have avoided the very points about which Mr Freeman was silent or conciliatory. A high proportion of those who saw and heard the programme can at the end of it have had not the slightest idea of the bestiality of Mau Mau, but must have been left with the impression that it was a normal nationalist movement . . . The Mau Mau leader was not challenged to explain his ominous insistence that 'I am still the same old Kenyatta.' He was even allowed to present himself as a convinced Christian. The interviewer had nothing to say about it when the man declared: 'I am an undenominational Christian. I believe in the teachings of Christ. I follow the line Jesus taught. I think it helps me in my ways.'”!

With the British Government, the most shameful things become the most probable, the most delirious fancies become actualities. There was a time when the Whites in Africa were saying, in bitter jest, that the way the British Government was behaving, Kenyatta would probably be made Kenya's Prime Minister. Very few suspected that that was exactly what Macleod was planning. Then they were saying that Kenyatta would soon be raised to the nobility as Lord Mau Mau of Aberdare and would be having tea with the Queen. But they were not jesting any more, as Kenyatta had already had tea with his fellow Christian, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Moreover, Macleod himself, as well as Kenyatta and Blundell, had received promotion for his services. His job done, he was elected Leader of the House of Commons and chairman of the Conservative Party. He richly deserved it, for he had left behind him the wreckage of the work of scores of thousands of Britons during several generations, and had been infinitely more disastrous than Mau Mau itself. The Constitution imposed upon Kenya by Mr Lennox-Boyd, the successor to Mr Lyttelton, with the understanding that it would last ten years, had been scrapped by Macleod in one-fifth of that period. Indifferent to established principles and solemn promises, he dealt a confident and prosperous Kenya, in little more than one month, such staggering blows to faith that property became unsaleable and realisable capital fled the country at the rate of a million pounds monthly. He succeeded, apart from devastating Kenya, in flinging all British Africa to the hyenas and uniting all White Africa in anti-British feeling. It was all loss and no gain. None the less, at the conclusion of his labours, Macleod unblushingly predicted that with an African government based on the "Westminster model", Kenya had a "bright future" ahead of it! And he added, "one is never completely satisfied with everything, but I look back on those two years with pride.”!

It has to be explained, however, that it is doubtful whether Macleod intended to drive the Europeans from Kenya. On the contrary, knowing that they represented the economy of the country,

he most probably wanted them to stay on as milch-cows for the new Mau Mau government. He wanted them to stay on as work-animals, as slaves deprived of all political power, whose industry would stave off national collapse at no cost to Britain itself. The settlers, who reckoned that owing to their economic position in the country they possessed an ace card, did not suspect that the card-playing Macleod might trump it. But he did trump it; and in doing so made two colossal errors of judgment. Basing his superficial logic on European lines, he was convinced the Africans would display a modicum of good sense in tending the goose that was laying the golden eggs. Then, in the second place, as a good citizen of modern Britain, he was sure the settlers would put their financial interests before every other consideration. But he was wrong on both counts. The black man is simply not the logical creature that Western politicians always insist that he must be; and the white bwana is not a man who believes money is an end in itself. We do not accept the Marxist — and Capitalist — belief that man is motivated primarily by economic considerations, or plain greed. Like all his political ilk, Macleod does not understand that Life comes before money — that not all the gold in the world can make a baby; that babies in any event are anything but economical; and that in the last analysis the difference between biology and economics is the difference between a mother's breast and a two-and-sixpenny feeding bottle from Woolworths.

To conclude this recapitulation of Kenya events, it remains only to be added that after Macleod had made his exit to the thunder of his own applause, the Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, was unknowingly about to follow him. It would seem that Sir Patrick's only qualifications for his position had been his complete inexperience of Africa and his willingness to play political ball. But as time went on, and his preconceived notions about the African suffered several rude shocks, his attitude became less pliant and his remarks less conventionally liberal. He began to issue warnings about the state of the country, and became increasingly unpopular with Kenyatta and the other Native demagogues. He was learning about Africa too fast, and was consequently removed from office. He made way for a Governor who was less reactionary: none other than Mr Malcolm Macdonald, the son of Britain's first Socialist Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald. This Governor — another Mac — who had stressed his anti-colonial sympathies by arranging to be photographed hand-in-hand with bare-breasted Asian lovelies, was expected to be more acceptable to the local African politicians. He stated without any preamble that he was looking forward to being "the last Governor of Kenya;" and was only briefly taken aback when Mboya advised him "not to bother to unpack." Explaining that "some people think I am an Afro-Asian with a lot of Scots blood in me," he said he was happy to be in Kenya "when history

is being made on a grand scale” and that he welcomed the “peaceful revolution”. On his first ceremonial appearances, the Press stated, he “pleased the diehards by wearing a Governor’s full-dress uniform and plumed hat,” though it was noticed that “the braid was looking somewhat frayed.” The story was, the Press went on, that he had retrieved the uniform “from an amateur dramatic society to which he had presented it.”

Whatever the truth of this Press story, certainly nothing could have been more ceremonially appropriate than that Kenya should have been represented in its death-throes by a symbolic multiracialist clown of a Governor. Nothing more fitting, to some, than that the Crown Colony of Kenya should have ended its days as a Clown Colony.

### Summary

With regard to this British surrender of Kenya, some would trace its origin to the Suez debacle, where America and Russia so effectively bared their united fangs. An assault upon a foreign country, however, with the object of defending a European-built trade-cum-strategic route, is not at all the same thing as administering one’s rightful colonial possessions. No one in their right senses, for example, would question America’s right to administer the Panama Canal; other, that is, than the Communists, the pampered, artificial State of Panama itself (created by America out of Columbia; the most backward and most Coloured of South American States), and evidently many top-ranking American politicians themselves.

Others would trace the British surrender in Kenya to Macmillan’s ‘winds of change’. Such painful winds however are by no means unique in the history of the British Empire. A little over a hundred years ago there was a particularly severe one — the *Shaitan ka Hawa*, the Devil’s Wind: the Sepoy Revolt or Indian Mutiny. This was a wind which would have blown Macmillan and Company right off the face of the earth and into outer space. But the uncomplicated Englishmen of those days stood up to it and defeated it; and all it finally succeeded in doing was to establish British rule more securely than ever before.

If, on the other hand, Macmillan had been referring, not to a supposedly irresistible intestine flatulence generating within the British Empire, but to a wind blowing through the West itself, then he would have been much nearer the mark. For this, as many of us know, is indeed a Devil’s Wind. If we were to trace this wind to its historical source, we would find ourselves outside the English-speaking countries altogether. Nevertheless, confining ourselves to Britain and the British interpretation of it, we find the British Labour Party advocating its introduction long before Macmillan appeared. As a general statement we find Mr Clement Attlee telling the Labour Party’s conference of 1934 that “we are deliberately putting loyalty

to a world order above loyalty to our own country;" from which statement Sir Stafford Cripps' remark about the liquidation of the British Empire being fundamental to Socialism followed as a logical consequence. The fact that Sir Stafford Cripps' indoctrinated daughter made the supreme democratic gesture of marrying a West Coast Negro obliges us to suppose it is fundamental to Socialism that the English race itself should be liquidated as well.

The British Labour Party's colonial policy was set forth clearly again about fifteen years ago in a statement titled 'The Plural Society'. A synopsis of this statement, written by Sydney Jacobson, appeared in the Sunday Pictorial under the heading: A Plan To End The Colour Bar. "The Colour Bar," Jacobson explained, "must be swept away, and the spearhead of the attack can be the children in schools . . . So if all colonies accept the principle that education must be interracial, the Colour Bar will be dealt a mortal blow. That is the heart of Labour's colonial policy . . . The people of each colony have the right to decide the type of government they want. But it must be democratic. So a Labour Government may refuse to hand over power to a dictatorial movement inside a colony — for example, a Communist movement. Greatest need in the colonies is for all people, whatever their race or colour, to feel themselves Kenyans or Rhodesians or West Indians, rather than Europeans, Africans, Chinese or Whites, Browns, Yellows. The final proof comes when all people of a colony can vote on a single electoral list common to all races in the colony. This cannot be achieved immediately in all colonies. There may have to be other voting systems for a time. But these must not be used as devices to maintain White superiority. For the bold aim of Labour policy is this: To end the era when a white skin automatically meant political power, the best jobs, the best living conditions."

There is little need to comment on the transparentness of this splendid policy. For Colour Bar read White Man. If instead of universal franchise there may in some colonies have to be other voting systems for a time, but which must not be used as devices to maintain White superiority, it follows that universal colonial franchise can be nothing other than a device to ensure White obliteration. If this were not so, the habit of regarding Anglo-Saxon or Walthamstow democracy as a commodity to be sold across a multiracial counter like a sack of potatoes would be so great a lunacy as to defy all explanation. Why else, indeed, should White schoolchildren be so 'boldly' singled out as the targets for "the spearhead of the attack"?

As the Conservatives adopted the Labour Party's colonial policy in its entirety, it is not possible to make any essential distinction between the two. What, then, are we to say of them, or of the individuals concerned in the Kenya sell-out? Of Michael Blundell, for instance (now Sir Michael, of course), who rendered such signal

services to the Crown, I think it would be idle to suggest that he was acting out of enmity towards his fellow Englishmen. It is true that his personal assistant was none other than Mr Roddy Macleod, the Colonial Secretary's brother, and that the settlers he was supposed to be representing would have disowned him much sooner had he told them frankly what he had in mind for them; but it need not be doubted that he sincerely believed in the possibility of a harmonious multiracial government in which all would work together for the common good. The truth of the matter is that, in a wider sense, he simply did not know what he was doing. In a narrower sense, certainly, he must have known full well what he was doing; no doubt implicated in some form of Masonic idealism, of universal brotherhood, but not comprehending the essential meaninglessness of his slogans and the certainty of their disastrous outcome when put into practice. A mental puppet, one of the cogs of a wheel within wheels, fondly believing his ideals to represent his own inmost convictions instead of reflecting a certain 'climate of opinion', he was exactly the type of man to fit into a niche in a pre-designed framework. In an interview with the Times in June, 1962, he admitted that events had proved him wrong. He now realised, he said, that Kenya would become an African State and that there would be no place for a separate community of European farmers. He conceded that this represented "a complete change-over" from his earlier multiracial concepts. Thus, having helped to ruin a country by running counter to the interests of its people in pursuit of his own fatuous ideals, he was big enough to indulge in the luxury of confessing the error of his former ways. Having been so amply rewarded, he could afford to do so. By the very nature of modern Western politics, anyone who is willing to assist the Queen's Ministers in liquidating those who stand for the Queen is sure to be amply rewarded. If it were not for the blundering Blundells the "peaceful revolution" would be impossible. There would be no political *Danse Macabre* at all.

Much the same can be said of Mr Iain Macleod himself — the Daily Mirror's "modern-minded, forward-looking, twentieth-century Tory." Though a slippery customer if ever there was one, he was no less an essentially uncomprehending one for all that. The excellent Lord Lambton (the one man who spoke with such relentless and devastating common sense about the Profumo affair that neither Profumo nor Macmillan recovered from it) said of Macleod that he was a man who until his sudden promotion as Colonial Secretary had led "a limited political life in the small world of political thought." He was a man who brought to politics "the zeals and beliefs of the theorist divorced from the ebb and flow of ordinary life, and who had a satisfactory intellectual answer to everything." When asked by Macmillan, despite his Colonial inexperience, to take over the Colonial Office, he approached his duties in an essentially intellectual

manner. "It appeared to him that a great wave of irrepressible nationalism was sweeping through Africa, and he immediately perceived that the only solution was for the white man quickly to accept black rule." In his dealings, too, he was more than merely adroit. "Underneath the surface he was building up against himself a feeling of personal distrust and antagonism. For this he can only blame himself, as his approach was always curiously one-sided . . . I believe he thought he could say one thing one month and another the next, and get away with it all because he was carrying out the Prime Minister's policy." In all, Lord Lambton went on, the Conservative Party had evidently decided that the best way to go forward and meet the new age was "to give up the basic belief in realism and the strength of power." It had "suddenly propounded the alien theory that any country with five per cent of its population educated and the other ninety-five per cent living in conditions of savagery is fit to rule itself." But one day Britain "will have to find the cost which has to be paid for a government that seeks popularity at any price. I hope that price will not be our extinction."

Yes, in other words the ignorance of our Western liberal intellectuals is killing us. The distortion of their university-adjusted vision is such that even when they clearly perceive every detail of a given situation, the picture in the mirror of their intellects is invariably upside down. It is a form of insanity, ethical as well as intellectual; an insanity which takes the form of a blind belief in the efficacy of so-called 'good' principles regardless of the circumstances in which they are applied; such as the giving of The Vote to people who cannot read or write, and the granting of 'National Self-determination' to tribes of stark naked cannibals. It is a 'sideways with the people' insanity; one of the deadliest of its manifestations being the belief that true goodness consists in depriving oneself of the power to do good. It is an insanity compelling liberal politicians to delight in bringing about the utter subjugation of their own white race.

It is fundamentally a moral matter. The British have lost their driving force and their native insight because they are morally adrift. Because they have adopted alien philosophies and spurned their own, their virtues have all descended to the horizontal. Because the former ruling classes can no longer rule, they have disguised their frustration by adopting an anaemic humanitarianism; while the triumphant greed and envy of the masses piously masquerade as virtues of a 'Christ-like' sanctity. Patriotism is now confined to cheering the national football team on one of those rare occasions when it beats a foreign team. Thus the country has reached the stage where recurrent business and political scandals and spy exposures — which latter always come to light by accident — are less sensational than monotonous. Certainly they are to be expected. The people, meanwhile, resolutely epicene and never having had it

so good, unconsciously seek relief from their materialism and from the sense of insecurity engendered by the lack of parental, school and general discipline, by strumming their electric guitars and shrieking and swooning and twitching their limbs; while their social betters obediently 'shake' and 'do the bird' at obscure New York bidding . . . Toplevel dresses and nigger dances to reduce civilised Whites to the status of primitives, while every effort is made in the other direction to turn niggers into cultured Westerners. It is all part of the modern progress towards a Brighter Tomorrow, towards a One World, with us at the bottom.

In Africa, Britain has been the architect of her own destruction. She will give 'freedom' to Natives even if it kills them, which it does. She will abdicate even if it kills her, which it has been doing. She will surrender her strategic bases even if it imperils all western Europe. She will not deal with the Whites in Africa or even loyal Natives, but only with terrorists whose transient favours she has to buy. She has been driving her own loyal people from Africa, and by a process of legalised theft depriving them of all their possessions, at the very time when she should have been breathing a prayer of thankfulness for their existence and doing her utmost to reinforce them. At the very time when she should have clung with all her former tenacity to her African possessions, she has created instead that very vacuum which she has most cause to fear. In an age when a nation's survival is related to its territorial magnitude, Britain has been feverishly making herself as small as possible. In an age when a race's survival is related to its global distribution, Britain has been so aghast at the number of widely scattered British communities and embryonic nations that she has done all in her power to spare our enemies the task of trying to exterminate them.

The people of Kenya learned to their cost that all forms of Liberalism, Humanism, Progressiveness, Multiracialism, Non-Racialism, Partnership, Integration and True Democracy, are but the engines of White destruction. They learned that they are all nothing but exalted catchwords well calculated to overthrow White Christian order and institute anarchy; lures to set the primitive against the civilised, the mob against their rulers, who if they themselves are infected with the liberal poison are all the more easily overcome. The Coloured masses, having performed the all-important task of demolishing the white man, are then at liberty to rush blindly around in ever decreasing circles until they fall into the net of their new masters.

It was the very trustfulness of the Kenyans which was employed as the means of betraying them; their Anglo-Saxon fair-mindedness which was employed as the means of overthrowing them. Above all, they consented to their own execution because their minds had been focussed on the Blacks instead of on their own White standing.

The White tribe in Kenya could not have been dispossessed and expelled if it had not first been persuaded to surrender 'some' of its power, and to work for the benefit of the Black tribes instead of for its own benefit. The Blacks had to 'evolve', they were told; and they did not realise that all this meant was that the racial tables had to be turned and the Whites had to regress. Did they not think it morally imperative, they were asked, that they should do their utmost to help their black charges advance? And of course they agreed it was; for had they not since early childhood donated pennies and knitted garments for the poor naked peoples of benighted Africa? But if the question had been framed differently, and properly; if the question had been: 'Are you going to make a sacrifice of yourselves and your children for the sake of the myth of Black advancement?', then their reaction would have been quite different as well.

Kenya, we must understand, is a microcosm of the entire West. Therefore let us ask ourselves, What would have been our general White position today if the world had consisted only of Kenya, with no other place for us to go to and no other form of government for us to live under? What then? We, the White race, would already have been obliterated or reduced to everlasting serfdom, would we not? Yet however fanciful it might still seem to the white peoples of the northern American states and occupied Europe, the world today does in the most vital sense consist only of Kenya, for we cannot keep on being racially overruled and uprooted and moved on. Wherever we are now we are in effect in Kenya; for certainly the operations of the anti-White conspiracies, the techniques of the Communists, Liberals and One-Worlders, remain significantly identical whether they be applied in Kenya or Alabama. It follows from this that if we are to survive we must lose no time in rejecting all our present popular political and philosophical lunacies. We cannot possibly continue to compromise with that which threatens our race and our dominion in our own lands. Whatever we surrender or give away serves no purpose but to make us so much the weaker and our envious enemies so much the stronger. And if on the one hand we are told that our enemies are so much more powerful than ourselves that they are bound to overwhelm us, how can we consent to be told on the other hand that we alone must distribute all the largesse and make all the sacrifices?

As to this dark and menacing Thing that is pressing upon us, blundering and clumsy one minute and infinitely subtle the next, What does it want with us? Does it not occur to us to wonder why we are forever being urged to do this and bidden to do that? We ourselves are not telling others what to do, nor is anyone giving moral lectures to these others — not even when they are Mau Mau. So why are we being lectured and told what to do? Why the clamour? What threat do we pose to anyone? Who dies where we rule?

Why, for instance, must we have the black man thrown at us? What does he want with us, or we with him? What does he mean to us? Why do our Western politicians refer to him all the time, and force us to surrender on his supposed behalf? What is it that prohibits our politicians from acting and speaking on our behalf? Whose leaders are they, ours or the black man's? Do they imagine they have black skins, that they should talk and act as if they had? Above all, when we once saw nothing remotely wrong with white children attending their own schools, why has it suddenly become vitally necessary — ever since the Russo-American victory in the last world war — for off-White children to sit with them? Exactly what is it that is so intolerable about all-White schools and so sublimely moral and humanitarian about racially mixed schools? What does Moloch want with our children — with the mature White race of tomorrow?

We must all ask ourselves, and quickly: Why are these things and what purpose do they serve? *Cui Bono?* — Who is the gainer? Obviously it is not us. Therefore, if we are not serving our own purposes, whose are we serving? And if we are not serving our own purposes, why are we not? Are we morally obliged to help the Blacks or other alien peoples advance? Surely not! Not in the least! We are morally obliged to do only that which we want to do, which is to help ourselves and our children. We are morally obliged only to make sure that nobody ever dominates us in our own lands. But we cannot be negative about this. We cannot merely hope not to be mastered by others. We have positively to master these others, no matter where they are. We have to hold the whip-hand over them right in their very breeding grounds, not merely attempt ineffectually to counter their blows on the peripheries. It looks very much, after all, as if someone is holding the whip-hand over us in our breeding grounds. If so, that is all the more reason why we should think only of helping and strengthening ourselves. For is it to be supposed for a single crazy moment that the 'grateful' Off-Whites, if they were to master the world, would assist our stricken progeny to advance? Is it to be supposed that they would squander their valuable coloured time, money and energy in mollycoddling our descendants? Can we imagine them trampling one another to death in the rush to uplift our flagging offspring?

Naturally, we cannot imagine anything of the kind. Anything but that. The non-White savages are after our blood; and their strength lies in their Moscow- and Washington-fostered single-mindedness as opposed to our similarly-fostered simple-mindedness. To be sure, though they — and their foster-brothers — little suspect it as yet, they will fail in their aim. They will fail because of their inherent biological shortcomings and because of the dissention among them which these shortcomings and their understandable mistrust of one another will engender. Yet this does not remove the danger to ourselves, which is largely internal, even within ourselves.

It does however give us the clue to our own proper path and direction. We cannot be partners with sub-humans. Because we have been taught to despise ourselves and lower ourselves, we have tried this and are still trying it. But, thank heaven, we have failed and will continue to fail. We will therefore have to adopt an entirely different approach. We will have to reverse our present futile not to say craven values and have the courage to adopt a morality of survival as distinct from a morality of extinction.

We will speak more of this essential survival-morality anon. It is enough for us to know at this stage that when for instance Mr Edward Stansbury, of the United States Information Service in Nairobi, says that "breaking down the barriers between people is the challenge of our times, the greatest in the history of the world," we will be on the right track if, instead of applauding him, we interpret him as meaning that he or his masters want the British and American people to become Mau Mau initiates. Or when Mr William E. Moran says that the African nations will accept Western money only if it is offered "with dignity and on a basis of equality," we should improve on this and give the beggar-nations the freedom to cultivate their own dignity without our money. This is not to say, of course, that our survival-ethics will not include Charity. They most certainly will include it—but in the right places, beginning at home.

Mother Europe, in accordance with her prolific nature, has sent out her assorted packets of genes all over the world for planting. In Kenya she planted something so fine that the mature growth would have been second to none—hardy pioneer stock, but of a hitherto unequalled refinement. Hitherto the finest colonial plant had been the American, now sadly wilting under a sort of Continental Drift and heaven knows what. But in Kenya the plant had been as fine and probably as sturdy as the original American, and a worthy substitute in the fullness of time if Anglo-Saxon America were to fail.

In uprooting and extirpating this tender shoot, Macmillan and Macleod deliberately undid the work of a beneficent and far-seeing Nature. Representing the Liberal forces of anti-Life they smothered a noble Anglo-Saxon infant at birth. Notwithstanding the specious reasons that might be advanced for this murderous act, as always we need only concern ourselves with the fact of it. It is true that Britain's stated resolve to defend Berlin to the death even when she was in the process of throwing Kenya to the hyenas is proof of something very peculiar. It is no doubt true that the source of most of her actions can be traced to America. Nevertheless The Maggot must also be in Britain herself. For although we may speak of the great pressures on Britain, we must still keep asking ourselves how it is that lowly Portugal—not to mention South Africa—has successfully resisted the same pressures. How indeed can we doubt

that The Maggot is in England itself when we compare the Press and Television reception of Kenyatta with the reception accorded to Group Captain Briggs?

In the name of Evolution it was the explicit intention to make the race that produced the Comet, still calling at Nairobi airport, the slaves of the race that produced the Mau Mau. It was the fulfilled intention to make Jomo Kenyatta, "the leader to darkness and death," the Prime Minister of the colony. In all truth, then, what choice have we but to equate the Satanism of Mau Mau with a similar evil somewhere in the West and operating at the highest level? How can we possibly overlook the fact that there must be a common bond somewhere along the line? How can we deny that this apparently all-powerful 'Something' in the West is no less than Kenyatta himself "the leader to darkness and death"?

If we were to judge by the evidence which is staring us in the face, which is sometimes a fairly foolproof method of arriving at the truth, it would look as if an order had gone out that all White breeding grounds in Africa and elsewhere must be extinguished — that there must be no possibility of the rise of another budding U.S.A. in Africa or anywhere else. Algeria and Kenya have been stamped out; the Central African Federation has been dismembered; Southern Rhodesia, the last British stronghold in Africa, is fighting for its life against a British Government openly dedicated to the noble task of destroying it; while South Africa's struggle for survival long ago assumed the proportions of an epic. After the White breeding grounds in Africa have been obliterated, and the resistance of the Whites in the U.S. South (and North) has been overcome — so that the possibility of the rise of another, regenerated U.S.A. in the U.S.A. itself has been nipped in the bud — it will then be the turn of Australia and New Zealand. Australia, admittedly, does not possess a non-White population capable of being used to overwhelm her; therefore, pressure — disguised of course by a flood of fine humanitarian slogans, if these are still necessary — will have to be applied to ensure that she quickly obtains one. By this time Europe (which let us not forget is occupied by Russian and American armies) would have been so isolated, and gripped in so tight a vice, that the death blow would be a mere formality, if indeed it were needed at all. Above all this entire process would have been operated, not from the East, but from the West itself.

Now this, to those who do not believe that oracles are worked, who believe that events simply happen of their own accord, that everything moves spontaneously and helplessly with 'the times', will be regarded as no more than a mere flight of fancy. I will then, with only one provision, bow to their opinion and concede that I have revealed nothing more than the peculiar workings of my own mind — that my mind naturally works that way because my very name itself means 'deceiver'. In return, however, I would

oblige the protagonists of blind 'inevitability' to concede that what is not in the least fanciful is that the process I have described is undeniably taking place. In other words what concerns us is that if an order for the infiltration and extirpation of all White breeding grounds has not gone out, the effect is just the same as if it had.

The lesson of Kenya and Africa as a whole enables us to answer at least one question with absolute exactitude. Who in reality is Putting The Clock Back? The Conservative Reactionaries, or the Liberal Progressives? The Diehards, or the Diesofts?

## CHAPTER XI

### Great Britain

*What we recognise as 'order' today and express in 'Liberal' institutions, is nothing but anarchy become a habit. We call it democracy, parliamentarianism, national government, but in fact it is the non-existence of conscious responsible authority — a government.*

— Oswald Spengler. *'The Decline of the West'*.

In attempting to trace the causes of events in Africa to their sources, we have not been surprised to find Britain embracing philosophies which are not only frankly suicidal but whose only apparent relationship with reality is their coincidence with Empire decline. In Britain, the general ignorance of anthropology and its related sciences, notably eugenics and historical ethnology, together with what amounts to a masochistic espousal of an underdog Leftism, has given rise to a situation in which even the direct evidence of the senses is denied objective validity. Moreover, while the statements contributing to this situation that are made by journalists and by commentators on wireless and television might conceivably be excused on the ground of uninformed enthusiasm, when they are made by those whose pretensions to knowledge are of a higher order it becomes — as Dr Gayre has remarked — virtually impossible to find a rational explanation for them.

A good example of what is meant was provided by Sir John Wolfenden, who in addition to being the author of the Wolfenden Report on homosexuality (which, in conformity with the spirit of the times, advocated a mitigation of the law prohibiting it) is the Vice-Chancellor of Reading University. 'The Scotsman', under the heading: "Prejudice Over Mixed Marriage: Sir John Wolfenden on 'Promising Signs'", reported:

"Britons, who are one of the most 'mongrel' people of the human race, are prejudiced when it comes to marriages of mixed colour, says Sir John Wolfenden in an article on race relations in the 1961 edition of the Church of England's Official Year-book published today.

Sir John, who is chairman of the Church Assembly Board for Social Responsibility, speaks of the importance of standards of education, cultural background, age, temperament, community of interest, whatever the colour of the skins of the two people concerned.

It was rather as an index of some of these than as a fundamental feature in itself that 'race' had to be assessed.

'In this sort of situation most British people are not so much ill-disposed as just plain insular,' he goes on. 'Being ourselves one of the most mongrel of all the strains of the human race, we somehow are not very adventurous about marriages of mixed colour. We are, in a word, prejudiced.' "

Needless to say, to equate such old, balanced and highly inbred European stocks as the British with, say, the mish-mash of Brazil, betrays a degree of Social Irresponsibility which is almost unbelievable.

Without going into too many details, the ethnic composition of the British Isles comprises, firstly, the Atlantic-race of the western coastlines — tall, heavy boned, dark haired, light eyed and long skulled — and, spreading eastwards and northwards from the south-west, the Mediterranean element, which is short in stature, dark eyed and dark complexioned. These two racial strains are mainly pre-Celtic (we need not examine here what this word Celtic might mean), and are most strongly represented in the Celtic parts of the British Isles — Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, Western Scotland. In Wales there is also a representation of the Alpine race, the makers of the round barrows.

Then, from the end of the Bronze Age onwards, there flowed in wave after wave of settlers and invaders. These were overwhelmingly of one racial stock, and that was Nordic — whether the newcomers were Celts, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes or Norsemen. And the Normans (Northmen), though French-speaking, must likewise have been very largely of the same stock. The result of this has been that the Celtic lands of the British Isles are mainly Nordo-Atlantic, while England and Scotland (the founts of Britain's great contribution to civilisation and culture) are largely Nordic. In England, indeed, the Angles and Saxons either massacred or drove off the earlier Celtic inhabitants. At the most, only insignificant numbers of Celts could have been absorbed. There are almost no Celtic place-names in England and almost no Celtic words in the English language. Nor can the political freedom of the churl in Saxon times be explained unless the occupiers as well as the lords of the soil belonged to the conquering race. This, as Dean Inge remarked (in his book, 'England'), with the disappearance of the language, the religion, and the customs generally of the conquered Britons, remains as an evidence of their general extirpation which altogether outweighs the arguments adduced to the contrary.

Since the Norman Conquest, and until the present Black Influx, the infiltration of foreign blood into England has been slight. There have been the Flemish artisans and the French Huguenots, both of whom enriched the national stock. A larger number of immigrants, however, have come from Ireland during the last hundred years; and it can hardly be said that those from South Ireland have benefited the national character. It is true that foreign visitors to England in previous centuries, nearly all of whom remarked upon the outstanding handsomeness of the people, found blue eyes and yellow hair almost universal. Blue eyes being 'recessive', it is usually assumed that the spreading of the Mediterranean element has been responsible for the change. On the other hand it is possible that the Italian visitors of the sixteenth century may have been so struck by the comparative fairness of the English people that they saw distinctly yellow hair and blue eyes in all of them, and not just fair hair and grey eyes. All Nordic peoples, after all, have always had a goodly number of brunettes among them — like the brunettes among the ancient Greeks and Germans who dyed their hair yellow so as to conform with the hair colour of the majority. Nevertheless that is what the Italians reported of the English. On the other hand again, Sir Halford Mackinder's chart of "relative negrescence" (which looks horribly laughable today) pinpointed very few pockets of the darker British element in England itself. And more instructive to the ethnologist than complexion is the cephalic index; Dr Gayre being the latest anthropologist to repeat that the relatively slight range in the cephalic index, as well as in stature statistics (except where due to stunting in the industrial regions in the past), absolutely rejects any contention that the peoples of the British Isles are a mongrelised hotch-potch. Moreover, the general uniformity of type in England, as in Scotland, proves clearly enough that the people are a distinct breed and certainly not mongrels in the sense in which Sir John Wolfenden uses the word.

No doubt Sir John Wolfenden, quite indefensibly, has fallen into the common error of confusing the various tribes that made up the English nation with different races, which is a vastly different thing altogether. Yet even if the English people were composed of equal mixtures of all the European races, and even if these mixtures were recent, and the whole hybridisation in a state of inequilibrium, Sir John Wolfenden's contention would still be a false one. For the fundamental fact is that the British peoples are not a compound of crosses between different major racial stocks but of crosses within one specific strain. Indeed this is so obvious that one is amazed that it needs to be stated at all. Truly it is only a Liberal could insist on mistaking the English for mulattos from Haiti.

A man like Sir John Wolfenden gives one to suspect that although a modern university degree usually announces that a person has been successfully brainwashed, none are more brain-

washed than the brainwashers themselves. In addition, an over-development of one part of the brain infers a corresponding atrophy in another; and Sir John appears to be one of those 'experts' to whom this applies. It is a kind of deformity. So Sir John had better beware, for we are told that over-specialisation leads to the extinction of species.

Another man of Sir John Wolfenden's stamp is Mr Birley, until recently the Headmaster of Eton College. Mr Birley was not only willing to be used by the BBC for the purpose of broadcasting a steady stream of mush about the desirability of World Government, but on one occasion he actually invited Mr Fenner Brockway, M.P., to set the paper and judge the entries for an Eton essay competition on race relations. It might be added that Mr Brockway found the standard of the entries to be "amazingly high — and everyone was uncompromisingly against racial discrimination." In one respect it is probably just as well that they were, because oddly enough Negro boys from Africa are now being admitted to the school — an event whose significance the entire Western Press has been quick to underline.

Mr Brockway himself of course is notorious for his uncompromising and seemingly ineradicable hatred of the people of British blood who are still upholding the cause of civilisation in Africa. So much so, indeed, that he is regarded as something of a crank even in Britain itself. And that such a man should be selected to play a leading part in the equalitarian indoctrination of the very scholars who are expected to become Britain's future leaders, is as startling a pointer as anything could be to the extent of Britain's moral decline. Certainly the Battle of Waterloo would never have been won on the playing fields of Eton if Brockway had had anything to do with it. It would not have been fought at all. As a conscientious objector, Brockway refused to fight for his country in the 1914-18 war. And in his constituency of Slough the plaque listing the names of the fallen in the Second World War is affixed to the wall of a public lavatory!

Inability to discriminate is a sure sign of feeble-mindedness, which is hardly a desirable quality to instil into England's incipient national captains. It might well be asked, if we are all to be equal how shall we produce a class of leaders at all? Equality of opportunity may no doubt sound a very fine ideal, but it should be obvious that we are not all fitted to be trained, say, for the Olympic Games. Teaching the boys in English Public Schools their 'new' place in the world; teaching them that England's greatness is done; instructing them in the tenets of equal inferiority, and of how to hobnob on becomingly obsequious terms with Off-Whites — What glorious new humanitarian progress this is! The Russians, meanwhile, are studying the English Public School system at first hand because they want to know how England trained its unrivalled elite. They, the

Communists, are studying England's aristocratic methods because they are in the process of adopting them. While we, the so-called Conservatives, are in the process of abolishing them and adopting Marxist methods instead!

No doubt the hapless scholars of Eton echo the viewpoints of their parents who form the English Establishment; those who are given to lecturing the English people, from their great and secluded heights, on the virtues of racial tolerance. In fact the parents behave very much as if the Birley-Brockway Combine had been at work on them as well. If so, it would explain why they despise their own children so much that they want them to be miscegenated. Nevertheless neither they nor their offspring can be regarded as representing un-Established English opinion, for it has been reported from Bristol, Gloucestershire, where there is "no colour problem," that children who had been asked to write an essay on West Indian immigrants had revealed the most deplorable racial prejudice. This report was no different to many others; except that it was honest enough to make the most significant admission that "the most intelligent children were the most prejudiced."

It seems likely that these children, the intended victims of the nation-wide child-brainwashing campaign, were not merely intelligent but prescient, in view of what the British Government has been diligently laying in store for them. One might even suspect they had been studying the words of Professor Darlington, who, in 1958, wrote: "Modern Governments take less care for posterity than did their predecessors in antiquity . . . There is indeed much evidence of a genetic component in the survival of nations. The nation which takes thought for its own genetic future is, therefore, most likely to have a future."

Needless to say, these words were not reproduced in any of the national newspapers. The Press does not like to give space to subversive literature. Sir John Wolfenden's stuff is what it wants. The intelligent children of Bristol, therefore, could not really have read these words, and are but the offspring of intelligently prejudiced parents capable of independent thought. No doubt these parents would also agree with Professor Darlington that "the repugnance for outbreeding, of course, is common to all life . . . The repugnance for inbreeding, on the other hand, is new." "A change from outbreeding to inbreeding . . . provides the means of rapid improvement, if we want improvement."

Very well said indeed, Professor! — *if* we want improvement! That the modern British Government cares naught for racial improvement and naught for posterity is only too shockingly obvious. Of all the invasions that have menaced Britain the present Black Invasion is the most extraordinary, the most sinister, the most deadly and the most successful. That this invasion has been allowed and even encouraged to take place, reveals in Britain's leaders —

as nothing else, not even Kenya, has done — a paralysis, a lack of national pride, an ignorance not to say positive criminality such as surpasses all comprehension. That they can so supinely commit the nation, and generations yet unborn, to so appalling a menace, is surely the final proof of their utter unfitness to govern. It amounts to a total repudiation of all England's sacrifices and struggles in the past. For have we throughout the centuries shed our best blood in our resolve to remain free and English, only at last to fling wide our gates to this unarmed but most terrible invasion of all? Was it for this that Drake and Nelson fought? Was it for this that the flower of Britain's manhood perished in the mud of Flanders?

It is curious indeed that the British Government, if driven to it, will enforce reasonably drastic measures to curb inflation, or will at least make some attempt to do so. It will also spend untold millions on national defence. The Government will not willingly debase the coinage (which is actually a crime), yet it will heedlessly suffer the people to be debased. But of what use is a sound currency if the people are lost? And what would be the point of defending the country against foreign attack if the people themselves had become foreign? What would there be left that was worth defending — the Bank of England perhaps? But how English is the Bank of England anyway? — It was not founded by Englishmen. In truth, the malady had spread throughout the national body. The Black Invasion is linked with the abandonment of the Empire, with the surrender of an independent nuclear strike-force, and with the British Government's attempt to surrender Britain's national sovereignty altogether and for the sake of a mess of pottage sell out a thousand years of history, tradition and liberty by joining the would-be American-dominated European Common Market. Modern democracies being little more than money-lending syndicates, it follows that those who refuse to borrow money from them and surrender their national sovereignties are 'enemies of democracy'. It is desired that we should all be in debt to a World-Corporation. And even more horrible is the realisation that Britain's incorporation into an American-dominated United States of Europe (which De Gaulle forestalled) would immediately enable the Blacks to be spread all over the western European, and especially the Germanic and Nordic lands.

In the early days only the finest racial types settled in England, and later groups of settlers had to be closely related to the established stock if they were to enter at all. Now, however, in these enlightened liberal days, only the lowest human types are welcomed; types totally unrelated to the native stock. In fact the process that is taking place in Britain is elsewhere known as genocide. The best blood and brains are pouring out while Humanity pours in — the former driven out by the penalising of quality and effort, and the latter lured in by the prospect of living off a dole to which they have

contributed nothing. Now that the working class is in the money, and the go-slow labourer is earning more than many a professional man, the nation is largely without patriotism and increasingly without intelligence. The Dominions take their pick of British skills, and America its pick of British brains, while Britain in exchange takes hundreds of thousands of diseased and coloured riff-raff. It is an insanity which no other country in the world, with the exception of America, would contemplate for an instant.

In Africa the British Government protected and still protects Native interests with the fierce anxiety of a mother hen. Yet it will do nothing to protect the interests of British natives, as that would be undemocratic. Even though the Daily Sketch, to its own consternation, discovered right at the start of the Black Invasion that about 90% of its readers wanted it to be stopped, the Government obstinately refused to pay any heed. Normally the voice of the people is supposed to be sacred; but with a Government impregnably composed of a Tweedledum and a Tweedledee party, British politicians are in a position to listen when they should turn deaf ears and be deaf when they should listen. If the Daily Sketch were to nerve itself to take another check of its readers' opinions it would doubtlessly find 100% of them wanting coloured immigration to be flung into reverse and not merely halted. But although the Government must be perfectly well aware of this, it has still refused to do anything about it beyond passing a wholly ineffective immigration control Bill of a "non-racial" design. The Conservative Party, having failed as a party precisely because it was afraid to be conservative, must have been able to guess why it was losing political ground so rapidly. Yet it evidently shared the attitude of Brockway the Labourite, who said he would sooner lose a general election than compromise on the colour issue. It is a strange phenomenon, this. Both parties must have realised by now that whichever one promises to do something about the 'colour issue' will win the voting support it so desperately needs; yet neither party takes advantage of it. Nevertheless they will have to be very, very careful. Colour is dynamite as nothing else is; and they cannot go on evading the issue for much longer.

It is apparently anybody's guess how many coloureds and aliens have entered Britain since the war, as the official estimates seem barely adequate to cover a Saturday night's attendance at Lion's Corner House. It would probably be safe to say that there are now well over a million. A census taken in London in 1951 showed that 71 out of every 1,000 Londoners were foreign-born; but in 1956 the Daily Express was saying that the proportion had gone up "much, much more than twice since 1951."

In 1958 a letter in Tit-Bits read: "They say: There'll always be an England. I'm not so sure. In the factory where I work, out of a

staff of forty-six, there are only three Englishmen. The balance is made up as follows: 17 Greek-Cypriots, 8 Turkish-Cypriots, 5 Irishmen, 4 Poles, 3 Jamaicans, 2 Hungarians, and one each from Albania, Jugoslavia and Greece. Me? I'm Scotch!"

In 1961 a letter to the South African Observer reported: "In the country town of Bedford (population 60,000), far from cosmopolitan London, there are 8,000 children on the school rolls. Of these, 799 are Italian, 84 Poles, 72 Southern Irish, 57 Americans, 27 Jamaicans, 26 Yugoslavs, 22 Indians, and among the smaller groups are Hungarians, Ukrainians, Greeks, Cypriots, Latvians, Dutch, Danes, Russians, Turks, Pakistanis, Jordanians, and West Africans — which adds up to twenty different nationalities, including English."

In December, 1962, the Daily Mail reported that segregation would have to be introduced into some English schools because of difficulties with foreign pupils. In Birmingham, where many schools have 10 per cent or more immigrant pupils, all sorts of unexpected problems were being encountered. "One school ran into one when 12-year-old girls heard their cookery teacher say they were to cook roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. For many of the pupils had never touched beef because it was against their religion. Teacher had to get some other food for the Indian children — and so, a split cookery class and a 'segregated' menu. Though many teachers are unhappy at the mention of the word, some form of 'segregation' has got to come to British schools now . . . Yesterday I visited one Birmingham school of 560 children from age 5 to 11. Of these 140 are West Indian, 40 are Indian or Pakistani and 40 others are Greek, Turkish-Cypriot, Irish, Polish or Hungarian. One child in three in the school knows NO ENGLISH. 'If we must have segregation,' said Mr K. Booksbank, deputy chairman of Birmingham Education Committee, 'we are determined it shall be only a temporary measure, and we prefer to call it "induction."'"

Another letter to the South African Observer, from a Mr S. V. Holroyd, of London, commented:

"Many indigenous Britons had a brutal fact brought home to them during the 1961 National Census.

The press and television informed this once green and pleasant England that Census Forms had to be printed in Urdu, Bengali, Greek, Italian, Maltese, Singhalese, Pushtu, and various African native tongues in order that the Census could be taken. Not only that but interpreters speaking these many different languages had to be employed either at Census offices or as official enumerators. This is in a land where not long ago, only English was spoken and recognised as the official language of the land.

Already, Moslem mosques are being built, to be followed by Hindu temples — this in a land that is supposedly a Christian one.

And all this? Just in odd parts of England such as sea ports? No — in Coventry, Birmingham, Leeds, Walsall, Nottingham, Bedford, Luton, in Devon, in Northumberland, in Norfolk, in Surrey, in Derbyshire . . . everywhere.

Soon, it will be special schools for non-English-speaking 'Britons' followed by their own hospitals, own libraries, own food supplies, own this and own that. And all this will be granted them by that government, that authority now in power in Britain, which is determined once and for all to smash brutally, cynically, deliberately, a white folk in a once-white land, in order that something called a 'Colouredwealth' in which England becomes a more and more insignificant item, shall not be 'offended' — that is, so that vested interests and big business shall not suffer even though a white folk will be utterly destroyed.

In Britain's schools all and any kind of nationalism is being de-bunked and the Protestant Churches are deliberately fostering race-mixed marriages. More and more centres for race mixing are being organised, and it is almost a crime now to be suspected of 'discrimination'.

Negro organisations throughout the country are controlled from a proved anti-British centre in London, whilst other coloured groups are communistic. Both Asian and Negro organisations openly talk of the inter-racialised Britain of Tomorrow.

The beginning of the end of a once-white land and of a once-great nation is now tragically in sight."

A year or so before this, in the beginning of 1960, a Mr Peter Hutchings, of London, also wrote to the South African Observer:

"The coloured invasion from the Commonwealth continues. So far about a quarter of a million coloured people have arrived in Britain.

How many will come in 1960? Many thousands can be expected from the West Indies alone where experts forecast that the population will double itself within the next 23 years because of the soaring birth rate on which Lord Boothby commented recently in the London Sunday Dispatch as follows:

'This and this alone accounts for the poverty and the low standard of living of many of the natives, and also for the continuous pressure to emigrate to Britain. And there is no easy solution. Children remain more of an asset than a liability. All Jamaican girls want babies, and in consequence have them. Family life as we know it hardly exists, and marriage is not generally regarded as an attractive proposition. I heard of one young man under 30 who admitted having fathered 40 children, although he could not remember all their mothers, and to whose upkeep he had contributed absolutely nothing.'

'Emigration,' stated the London Daily Telegraph's Special Correspondent, George Butcher, 'is still regarded by West Indian leaders as an essential part of their future, and the scale of it will almost certainly increase rather than decline. Apart from Britain, every country in the world is closed to them, except on the most limited scale.'

So Britain provides a home, and social services galore for the surplus population of the West Indies. The more and faster they breed, the more Britain must find room for them and provide for them. Yet the West Indies is only one among many sources of coloured immigration.

Throughout the Commonwealth the coloured peoples are breeding apace, and thousands upon thousands of them are pouring into Britain. An open house for all of them: this is Britain's present role in the Commonwealth, and it will be only a matter of time before it turns her into an island Harlem off the mainland of Europe.

While the Commonwealth supplies us with a steady flood of black immigrants, we supply the Commonwealth with a steady flood of money. Since the inception of the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts in 1946 Britain has given £175,000,000 to the colonial territories. Since 1950 we have given a further £123,000,000 to South and South-East Asian countries under the Colombo Plan.

The essence of this Commonwealth — wretched successor to the once-mighty British Empire — is now equal partnership with the coloured countries. It is costing us dearly for it has turned Britain into a dumping ground for all the coloured people who want to come, and a milch cow to provide subsidies for those who stay behind.

The Commonwealth is thus serving as an instrument for our racial ruination and financial exploitation. Is it worth it? We could trade with the coloured countries without it, just as we can trade with foreign countries with it. We can have a close association with the white Dominions without it — in fact more so than with it. Is, therefore, the Commonwealth essential?"

For an example of the conditions that this black influx is bringing about, let us take the one town of Ipswich, in East Anglia. A report stated: "The city is flooded by Jamaicans who pour in by the thousand. Syndicates have bought up large empty houses and housed four blacks in each small room charging a pound a week each. Black babies are born nearly every day, many blind, owing to their being infected with V.D. at birth. The figures for V.D., from having been the lowest in England, have suddenly leaped to being the highest. The police declare that there is serious overcrowding and that conditions are most insanitary. The lady M.O.H. is desperate and does not know how to deal with the situation. In some houses beds are never cold. When one lot goes out another

comes in. Girls of 14 and 15 consort with the blacks, with the usual crop of half-caste babies following."

I have selected East Anglia because it happens to be my family home — Framlingham in Suffolk, to be exact. It is of more interest to the reader, however, to know that East Anglia and the adjoining counties was the home of Nelson and his crews, of Dryden, Constable, and Gainsborough, and of Newton. It also produced Cromwell and the solid core of his Roundhead army. Not least, it was the area of England which was proportionately the best represented among the Pilgrim Fathers. In fact it could almost be claimed that Anglo-Saxon America was an East Anglian settlement. This can be seen from the New England place-names — Framingham (without the 'i'), Ipswich, Sudbury, Dedham, Hingham, Attleboro, Cambridge, not to mention the Lincolnshire-derived place-names of Bunker's Hill, New York and Boston. Governor Winthrop himself came from Groton Manor in Suffolk; and President Lincoln's forebears came, not from adjoining Lincolnshire, but from Hingham in Norfolk. Thus, from the report on modern Ipswich, we are given to realise just how deeply the worm of decay has eaten into the Anglo-Saxon body.

One of the more astounding facts revealed by this report on Ipswich is that though the immigrants are known to be bringing with them nearly every infectious, loathsome and contagious disease under the sun, they are subjected to absolutely no medical examination whatever. Are we then to suppose that the absence of such a check supplies its own answer, in that the whole invasion would be halted — would never have taken place at all — if none but undiseased immigrants were permitted to enter the country? Whatever the reason, it proves yet again the Government's culpable unconcern for the well-being of the English people.

As for the white girls who consort with black men, it is reported that these are very largely from the lowest social strata and are often mentally retarded — apart, that is, from some of the bored society doxies who think it is fashionable or would like to make it so. None the less it is natural for the young white men to resent this association; and their resentment goes much deeper than mere jealousy. Of more consequence to the nation, however is the fruit of such unions. It is difficult to determine whether there are actually many mixed marriages in Britain or not, as reports differ. Sir John Wolfenden laments there are so few; and no doubt there are only a few. No doubt they are becoming a lot fewer as well. Nevertheless there appear to be a goodly number of white mothers — married or otherwise — with unwanted coloured babies. Dr Barnardo's Homes disclosed that of 7,500 children in their care, 654 — or nearly 10 per cent — were of mixed parentage, and that nobody wanted to adopt them. In some instances, white mothers have been sent to jail for neglecting their coloured offspring; though nothing happens

to the fathers. In 1956 the Diocesan Council for Moral Welfare disclosed that 16.2 per cent of the fathers of illegitimate children born in the London area were West Indians, while of the rest 15.6 per cent were other non-Europeans. Official statistics for illegitimacy as a whole revealed that in London in 1961 there were 7,632 illegitimate births — one baby in every eight — which is double the rate for the rest of the country; but that for every 100 unmarried mothers in London, 44 were not British but were mostly West Indian and Southern Irish.

As for crime, Mr Norman Pannell, one of the few Members of Parliament who view the black influx with deep concern, said that half the crimes in London were committed by coloured immigrants and Maltese, many of whom were living on immoral earnings. In addition to this, a London police report revealed that not less than 90 per cent of convicted dope peddlers in England are negroes; while according to the Cambridge Institute of Criminology, immigrants to Britain accounted for 70 per cent of the increase in violence among adult offenders between 1959 and 1960. This report went on to state that the proportion of immigrants from the Republic of Ireland and the West Indies convicted of crimes of violence is far greater than that found in the indigenous population. Republican Irish and those born in the Commonwealth and colonies (not the white 'Colonials') accounted for about 16 per cent of the violent offenders in 1950, for 27 per cent in 1957, and for 25 per cent in 1960. But since 1957 the increase had been much more marked among West Indians than Republican Irish.

Together with the black influx, the abolition of corporal punishment, and the virtually complete abolition of capital punishment, the crime rate in Britain is assuming the proportions of a national disaster. In the good old days when London was English, the police of this 8,000,000 metropolis were unarmed — a striking and indeed unique testimony to the law-abiding nature of the citizens. The police, as a body, still are unarmed; but their job now is an unenviable one. To cope with the crime wave, or the crime ocean, many more thousands of policemen are needed; but instead there has been an unequalled number of resignations. People resist arrest and assault policemen now almost as a matter of course, whereas before only the most desperate criminals would be guilty of it. Lord Parker, the Lord Chief Justice, like Lord Goddard before him, has called repeatedly for the reintroduction of corporal punishment and for a revision of the Homicide Act of 1957, but to no avail. In fact he says now that he has given up trying. But until the Homicide Act, England and Scotland were regularly, year after year, among the countries with the lowest murder rate in the world, whereas now there is actually a murder a day.

With regard to road accidents, an insurance broker stated that in Britain coloured people are involved proportionately in a third

more road accidents than white people, and that 75 per cent of insurance companies will not insure them at all. In all other respects too, the Coloureds are an anti-social menace. In Britain, as in every other part of the White world, when the Coloureds move into a neighbourhood the value of property drops to zero overnight. This does not mean, of course, as the integrationists would have it, that the objection to integration is primarily economic. If this were so, then the drop in property values would represent voluntary White economic suicide, which is as absurd as any other integrationist theory. Aside from their criminal behaviour the Coloureds turn any neighbourhood into an insanitary shambles in very short time: making it a nice place only for Press photographers who are out to prove how shamefully neglected the Coloureds are. The pandemonium alone, with radios blaring at full blast in the early hours of the morning, is quite enough to drive white residents away. But while the British people understandably complain about these matters, at the back of their 'rationalisations' lies the basic biological objection of one distinct stream of life to another; two distinct streams of life which when forced together must of necessity result either in the destruction of one or of both.

From the very outset the British Press sided wholeheartedly with the immigrants against the native British. The Press scorns the word British, except when chiding the people for un-British behaviour in objecting to miscegenation and other One World ideals. It cares nothing whatever for the racial composition of the British Isles, and sternly reminds the populace that West Indians are every whit as British as Britons themselves (sic). Most British newspapers denounce opposition to racial assimilation as "unreasonable," "ignorant," "violent," "provocative," and, of course, "fascist." They describe the whole ghastly situation even in its most disgusting aspects as being no more than a "poignant social problem;" and proceed to advocate the holding of inter-racial "discussions" — knowing full well that once such a matter becomes discussable it becomes acceptable. They make soul-stirring pleas such as "Would you let your daughter enter into a mixed union?"; and mean, By what right do you forbid your daughter, the product of tens of thousands of years of exclusive white breeding, to be legally violated by a black man? As if this elevated moral approach were not enough, one newspaper even gravely informed its readers that irrefutable evidence had come to light that British convicts were deliberately victimising their coloured warders! But just imagine the poignant horror of it! — British felons deliberately and for purely racial reasons victimising their coloured jailers! Surely we should all go down on our knees and thank the Lord that our brave British Press will not permit such scandals to go unchecked.

More recently, to be sure, the British Press has become rather less one-sided than before, as it is no longer possible to be so

exclusively pro-Black without appearing to be more than merely partisan. Now that the people have learned the ugly facts of multi-racialism for themselves, the hard way, the Press is finding it expedient to be more reasonable. In any event the Black Invasion is an accomplished fact now. By all the laws England should be a complete write-off now; so the Press can afford to relax a little. But even so the general Press philosophy remains unaltered, and if there is a race riot it is still always the fault of "white hooligans" and "screaming white teenagers" and so forth. In reality, however, while those white who suffer the most from multiracialism are not usually those who are able to write high-flown letters to the Times, but only those who can express their feelings physically, it is not their fault that there are race riots. The blame must be laid fairly and squarely at the door of the Government for having allowed the black invasion to take place, and at the door of the Press for having encouraged it. If the Government and the Press were as just as their homilistic utterances suggest, they would conscientiously sentence themselves to long stretches in prison instead of the unlettered wretches who suffer because of them.

Another menacing aspect of the black invasion is the right of the immigrants to vote. Few if any of the immigrants have any knowledge of the problems facing the country, still less any loyalty towards it. Yet at the last General Election manifestos were issued in a score of alien tongues, appealing for these foreign votes. No doubt the immigrants are already in a position to sway if not determine the national destiny, and — as in America — reduce the vote of the responsible white citizen to a nullity. By enfranchising the unworthy one is in effect disenfranchising the worthy; which is democracy as we know it today. It is the best known system for reducing the intelligent minority of a country to helplessness, and the country to a condition of brainless and easily exploited semi-anarchy.

Aside moreover from the voting power of the immigrants they could also, as a short cut to power, be formed into a ready-made revolutionary mob. The British Army would not be of any use against them as the British Army itself is rapidly becoming a Black Army. Black soldiers, notoriously unreliable, are barred only from the Brigade of Guards and the Scottish regiments — presumably because England does not want any blackguards and because Scotland already has its own Black Watch. So it would be very easy to back up a black revolutionary proletariat with a black army in order to subjugate the English to world Communist rule. There would be nothing to stop it. The white officers, if any, would be as easily overcome as they were in the Congo and East Africa.

The idea that the Coloureds could be formed into a useful revolutionary mob is not as far-fetched as it might sound. Anything that can occur to our own simple minds, after all, is likely to have

occurred to other minds. The alliance of White revolutionists with Black destructiveness is a natural one. Aside from its operations in Africa it has already rent America in twain.

At any rate, Captain Henry Kerby, M.P., in a letter to the Daily Telegraph, wrote:

“Britain — 1961! A crowd of 2,500 sitting in Whitehall . . . 826 ‘nuclear disarmament’ demonstrators arrested in London . . . 3,000 police out . . . Britain’s largest-ever mass arrest . . .

And so it goes on.

Yet this is only the beginning. Last year approximately 50,000 West Indians arrived in Britain. This year ‘immigration’ from Jamaica alone will run up to 70,000 or 80,000. And these staggering figures take into account neither the thousands of Indians and Pakistanis, nor the thousands of African ‘students’ flooding annually into our ‘Welfare’ State.

It will take more than 3,000 policemen and the modest £1-a-head fines imposed upon the sit-down-protest bearded weirdies and their girl-friends to arrest the next stage in our slide down the slippery slope towards ‘progressive’ mob-rule.

For nothing short of colour-riots in London and our other major cities is the strategic objective of the new ‘shock-brigades’ now being organised in the midst of our unsuspecting Farewell State. This is the blueprint of the future.”

Yes, and with the British people entirely defenceless notwithstanding their nuclear fisson chips.

Two other Conservative Members of Parliament who have persistently protested against the Coloured influx are Mr Ronald Bell and Mr Cyril Osborne. Mr Osborne — “it is time someone spoke up for the white man” — has been campaigning from the very beginning, at a time when it was considered a positively flagitious cause for any politician to adopt. Moreover in urging the Government to halt the immigration of coloured people, he said that in the omnibus term of ‘Coloured’ he was including the Irish, Maltese and Cypriots. Mr Osborne it was who put forward the motion urging immediate action to restrict the entry into the United Kingdom of all idle, unfit or criminal persons — irrespective of race, colour or creed — and to repatriate all immigrants found guilty of criminal offences. Yet although it would be impossible to conceive of more elementary and necessary measures than these, the Government refused point-blank to apply them! Mr Arthur Bottomley, of the Labour Party, said that in spite of the “pious wrapping” of the motion it was closely related to colour and race, and that the Labour Party was “categorically against restricting immigration.” And Mr David Renton, the then Under-Secretary at the Home Office, siding with the extreme Left-wing Opposition, said that Britain was proud to be the centre of an inter-racial Commonwealth which

was the greatest association of peoples of all races, creeds and colours the world had ever known.

Mr Osborne, however, was not to be put off by these fatuous irrelevancies and blind idealisms, and he continued to commit political suicide (as the overwhelming majority of his fellow politicians sincerely believed) by campaigning as determinedly as ever. "Ancient Rome," he said, "fell partly because it imported second class citizens to do its dirty jobs. Are we to go the same way? . . . Our grandchildren will curse us for our cowardice in burdening them with a race problem that was not necessary."

Mr Osborne foresees a coloured population of six million in Britain within 20 years unless something is done about it now. Mr Ronald Bell, on the other hand, does not think it will be as large as that, though he is in full agreement with Mr Osborne that steps must be taken without delay to remedy the situation. In a letter to the Daily Telegraph, in July, 1961, Mr Bell wrote:

" . . . Even if we were to cut off all coloured immigration this year at a level of 420,000, and thereafter to insist upon a balance of inflow and outflow — all of which on present form is not likely — and if that coloured population continued to grow at the West Indian growth rate of 2.75 per cent per annum, the coloured population of this island in the year 2000 would be 1,250,000; and if it received a replenishment from outside of only 50,000 a year it would in 40 years be 3,500,000.

This alarming situation has developed since 1953. In that year the net inward movement from the West Indies was 2,300. Last year it was 49,700. This year it may be 80,000.

For us this raises immediate problems of housing and health. But surely even these pale beside the creation in our midst of a major colour problem, of a minority community divorced by a great gulf of standards and of climatic, cultural and economic backgrounds from the majority — and generating friction whether they live separately or interbreed.

Sooner or later the highly developed European peoples have got to wake up to what is going on in the world around them, and decide what they are going to do about it.

Economic changes may bring fluctuations; but basically we are being colonised by an island, Jamaica, that has an explosive natural increase, more than six times as high as our own.

What can we do? Faced with the refusal of the West Indies to limit voluntarily, and with the break-down of the Indian and Pakistan voluntary scheme, we must legislate, without hesitation and without delay. Above all we must be frank and sensible.

Too many people are terrified of meaningless phrases like 'colour discrimination.' Discrimination is the weapon of intellectual achievement: one can have too little of it, but not too much. How far one should be guided in one's judgment by the colour of people's

skins is another matter. To the sensible person pigmentation is no more than a rough guide to cultural background and heritable characteristics.

The United States and Brazil work a quota system. Canada lists preferred classes of immigrant which it will allow, and may exclude anyone else on the ground of (a) peculiar customs, habits, or modes of life in the country of origin, or (b) his unsuitability, having regard to the economic, social, industrial, educational, labour, health or other conditions in Canada or in the country of origin, or (c) probably inability to become readily assimilated in Canada. Australia and New Zealand, by having regard to similar considerations, reach the same result.

Should not this overcrowded island discriminate for quality at its frontier?

We can remain kindly, tolerant, humane and allow preference to the imperial connection, while yet protecting ourselves and our descendants (whose interests we hold in trust) by preventing our country from being a mere receptacle for the population surplus of countries that cannot, or will not bother to, tackle their internal problems."

Mr Bell, over a period of ten years, persistently opposed Mr Fenner Brockway's attempts to introduce an anti-racial discrimination Bill. During this period Brockway made no less than nine attempts to have this Bill placed on the Statute Book; but Mr Bell, fully realising that it would discriminate against the British race, protested from the outset that it was "wholly deplorable". He said that while Mr Brockway held the strongest views about the treatment of coloured peoples, others were entitled to hold their own views. "I am sorry to see any attempt by legislation to try to stop that and to ram Mr Brockway's views by statute down the throats of other people," he said. Whereupon a Labour Member, Sir Leslie Plummer, exclaimed angrily that Mr Bell's words would "have done credit to a Southern senator."!

Apart from Mr Bell, however, the police themselves called upon the Government to stand by its earlier decision not to make racial discrimination or incitement to racial hatred a specifically punishable offence. The 'Police Review' stated that an important constitutional principle was involved: whether the common law right of free speech should be preserved or whether Parliament may decide what political views may or may not be expressed in public. The police, of course, have good reason to dread Home Office edicts. They know all about the 'go soft on criminals and coloureds and curb the power of the Fascist police' kind of sentiment. There is no love lost, either, between the police and the black invaders. The police know all about the activities of these "new" citizens; activities which they are for the most part instructed to

ignore. They know of the instances of English girls being raped by them, and of the offenders being released from custody on instructions 'from above' in the interests of 'racial harmony'.

According to Mr Brockway, his intended legislation (which in prohibiting the incitement of "racial hatred" was actually devised to make segregation illegal) had become vitally necessary because of the resurgence of Fascist propaganda. In this, of course, he was deliberately trying to confuse the cause with the effect. Realising that racial antagonism in Britain is worsening by the day, he was hoping to win support for his dictatorial integrationist legislation by dragging in the bogey of Fascism. He must know that there is not much likelihood of the Fascist and Nazi parties in Britain ever winning substantial public support, even if some of their ideas should spread. In any event, as their leaders were being sent to jail whenever they said too much, it seemed clear that the existing legislation in England is quite sufficient to deal with free speech.

Nevertheless in response to Brockway's agitation, the then Home Secretary, Mr Henry Brooke, informed the Commons that he intended strengthening two Acts on public meetings. His excuse for this was that "the people of this country are united in their detestation of Fascism and in their determination not to allow abuse of free speech by extremists leading to breaches of the peace."

This announcement, however, did not meet with quite such public approval as the Government chose to pretend. The public at large, which is not greatly interested in either Fascism or Communism as such, though it thinks Communistically, is not too pleased to have its supposed authority invoked for measures designed to prohibit its own freedom of expression. Moreover, when the Conservative Home Secretary equates extremism with the Right-wing and not with the Left-wing, many people naturally want to know why. Or rather, they know why, but would like to receive an honest official reply — if such is still possible. The Communists conspire to overthrow the established order by force, including the British Government itself; whereas the most the Fascists seem to want to do at the moment is to Keep Britain White . . . which is something the vast majority of Britons agree with, and over the 'extremist' advocacy of which they themselves would be the last to cause a breach of the peace. Yet this, presumably, is why the peculiar British Government considers the Fascists more dangerous and detestable than the Communists.

Specious excuses aside, the stark fact is that the English people, automatically treated as the lowest of the low even in their own native land, are being denied their right of free association and their hard-won right of free speech purely because of the presence among them of hundreds of thousands of hideous and unwanted aliens — which is a very fine foretaste indeed of the kind of 'freedom' we can expect to enjoy in the future One-World. More recently, with

the Labour Government's Race Relations Bill, this fact has been emphasised as starkly and as brutally as anything could be. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that even before the Labour Party came into power there should have been considerable English feeling with regard to it. The following editorial from the St. Bartholomew's Parish Magazine, Derby; written by the Rev. P. E. Blagdon-Gamlen, is illustrative of this feeling:

"There has been a great deal of talk inside and outside Parliament about banning Free Speech in Trafalgar Square and other places. Let them ban the three extreme 'Right-Wing' organisations, but only if they also ban the Communist Party, the 'Ban-the-Bomb' and C.N.D. folk, meetings which incite workers to strike, and the shocking Orange Day demonstrations and processions in Ulster, Liverpool, etc., which stir up hatred of Roman (and Anglo-) Catholics.

It is monstrous that Right-wing politicians only should be victimised, and unless a rigid control is imposed upon coloured immigrants, more and more people will sympathise with these organisations. When I pass through the Dairyhouse Road and Arboretum areas, and see these folk lounging about, often on National Assistance, and knowing that decent English people cannot get jobs, it makes my blood boil.

Good class areas are being turned into slums, respectable areas into brothels, gross over-crowding seems to be permitted, and, most terrible of all, white girls are having black babies. Sentimentality has run riot, and before long, the black population may outnumber the white. Now that Jamaica has been given independence, let the Jamaicans return home, and keep England for the English.

Fr. Joe Williamson, who is doing such wonderful work fighting vice in Stepney, told us the other day that the Maltese and other immigrants are almost entirely responsible for the White Slave traffic. As Mr Harold Gurden, M.P. for Selly Oak, Birmingham, said in the Commons recently, 'Crimes are not committed only by coloured immigrants, but those that are are out of all proportion to the number of immigrants, and are of the worst kind — murder, rape, bloodshed, dope peddling, sex crimes, and so on.' When discussing the effect on housing, Mr Gurden said, 'Birmingham's problem has been aggravated to an extent never known. Slums now exist in hundreds, or perhaps even thousands, where previously they could be measured in dozens. Never was there such filth and such obscenity.'

Prevention is better than cure. We do not want a Congo situation in this country, Mau-Mau, and witchcraft, signs of the latter not being already lacking. I think that many of us in this country are

changing from animosity to sympathy with the Government of South Africa.

Christ died for all, black, white, and yellow, and we must love them as individuals, but that does not mean that there must be intermarriage, or, to quote the words of Mr Charles Royle, Labour M.P., Salford West, in the Immigration Debates, 'I say that world peace will not be assured until everybody in the world is coffee coloured. We may be getting somewhere when that happens.' Am I a Fascist because I think those words, if correctly reported, terrible, and that the Will of God is that He made some white, and some black, and that He meant it that way, and not willed a coffee-coloured humanity?

Canon Collins, Mr Sargent, Mr Ecclestone (a Sheffield Vicar who stood at the local elections as a Communist candidate) and other leftwing clergy have had all the say lately. There is another side, as I have tried to show, before Free Speech is completely suppressed in this country (if it is other than left-wing)."

The Rev. Blagdon-Gamlen makes a refreshing and most desperately needed change from the general or most publicised run of English clerics who are so indifferent to the fate of their own people and country. He is even more refreshing in that instead of merely asking that coloured immigration be restricted, he is making the positive suggestion that the immigrants be sent back where they came from.

For this is what will have to be done. The ports that have served so well as entrances will serve even better as exits. It is unthinkable that the English people should acquiesce in having the whole country turned into an extension of Tiger Bay. It is all very well for liberals and socialists to despise their own race and venerate black men; they are not fit for anything better. But why should this be thought sufficient reason for the English people as a whole to behave like selfless zombies and be extirpated by those who do not? Are they to end their long and glorious history by consenting to be trampled to death by flocks of discoloured geese? The Rev. Blagdon-Gamlen asks for an England for the English; and this is a request — nay, an imperative demand — which before very long no political party will be able to ignore.

Because some people speak in terms of supermen, the British Government, to prove how democratic it is, speaks in terms of underdogs. Because dictators are obliged to feed their peoples on victories, the British Government feels democratically obliged to feed its people on defeat. It persists in cleaving to a Leftism which, having lost Britain its Empire, is automatically losing Britain itself. It clings to Fabianism; a form of creeping socialist erosion — soul erosion. It seems sincerely to believe that the British will earn more international respect and do better business as multiracialist toadies

than as free men proud of their national and racial integrity. The modern democracies of the West, with their philosophies of the stomach and the stock exchange, cannot inspire the people nor protect them. They despise nationhood and despise race. But without our national and racial backbones how shall we stand erect? With quicksands as our foundation how shall we build? How shall we be true to ourselves if we have no selves? Our race is what we are; it is our *form*. It is our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and wives and children. They *are* the race. How then shall we count it of little worth? Shall we despise our own flesh and blood? Is that what modern democracy is supposed to mean? Is that what Christianity is supposed to mean?

The Black Invasion of Britain is a twentieth-century Black Death. Like the Coloured Infection of other western European countries, it will have to be treated as such. An organism which did not instantly strive to expel harmful foreign bodies would not long survive. We can never flourish as we ought except among our own kind; and if we cannot flourish as we ought we shall go under. It is not surprising, of course, that under the mental and spiritual anaesthetisation of the Farewell State the British people's sense of self-preservation should have atrophied and their sense of values gone awry. Yet this in no wise alters the fact that those who form no more than a part of a universal mish-mash, of a homeless multitude of faceless 'un-men', will never have any pride of place or sense of belonging, nor will ever know the Christian virtues of charity and love. Love like charity not only begins at home but perishes without one. Therefore in paying heed to the words of Mr Ronald Bell, that "Sooner or later the highly developed European peoples have got to wake up to what is going on in the world around them, and decide what they are going to do about it," the first thing the said peoples must do is to make their European homeland their own, utterly exclusive property. Not a single coloured person must remain on European soil. For once the soil of exclusive, aristocratic racial breeding is eroded and lost, all is lost.

In our beleaguered Western fortress we are not only closely invested from without but increasingly infested from within. To triumph we shall need all our courage and wits about us — and our own wits, not somebody else's wits. A brainwashed man is as much shamed as a violated woman; more defiled than the defiler. He is like a mentally circumcised Janissary in the forefront of the battle against his own white Christian kith and kin.

Under the heading, 'Britain Needs New Slogan', a letter in the *Tory Times*, Devon, written by Mr S. F. Evelyn and reprinted in the *South African Observer*, expressed the position thus:

"During the Second World War, when Londoners and others were being subjected to enemy attack, our national motto was:

'Britain can take it'. We were told that we were fighting for our very existence, and we believed what we were told. We had also been brought up to believe that the British character was responsible for having made Britain great in the past, and that the British character still had what was needed to defend our country, and maintain our national independence.

What has happened to the British character since the Second World War? Perhaps it never really existed and was only a popular myth round which the propaganda of the day was centred. If this was so, it seems now that this myth was being used to make us fight an unnecessary war — and that we were not fighting for our existence but for the existence of those powers which have destroyed the British Empire.

'Britain has had it' seems to be our national motto today, and we still seem to believe what we are told, although we are being told something quite different. This attribute of doing what we are told and believing what we are told, has its drawbacks, and we cannot be surprised if our enemies are quick to take advantage of what in peace time has become our greatest weakness instead of our strength.

If we still have the will to live, we must learn to think and act for ourselves, and not leave it all to those at the top who evidently neither know, nor care about what is happening to Britain and the true British people. Our country is being occupied and given away without our permission. We have never even been consulted, and our feeble voice of protest is not heard.

There are several ways of committing national and racial suicide if that is what we really wish to do. If we have lost the will to live we deserve to die, and we shall simply prove that the law of nature, that of the survival of the fittest, is as true for us as it is for all other forms of life on this earth.

Moral courage is what we need more than anything else today. Would it not be a good thing to change our motto from 'Britain can take it' or 'Britain has had it' to: 'WE WILL SURVIVE'?"

In fact, Mr Evelyn, it would not only be a good thing if England survived, it is wholly imperative that England should survive. Nevertheless, as you suggest, she is not likely to survive the way she is going and has been going and still looks like going. Everybody is well aware of this, so it is clear she will have to start steering a different course. She will have to stop thinking Liberal and start thinking Conservative. In this she can take many good lessons from De Gaulle, who in so short a time put a stop to the tail-chasing futility and impotence to which unrelieved Leftism had reduced his country.

As has been remarked — and cannot be remarked often enough — as a first step in the resuscitation of England the flow of Coloured immigrants, this diabolical inverse colonialism, will have to be instantly and completely halted. Secondly, having been halted it

will have to be flung into reverse, meaning that every single Coloured immigrant in Britain will have to be repatriated quite irrespective of the methods that may have to be employed to bring this about. This is an absolute, vital necessity, not just a policy. There must be no Coloured communities anywhere in northern Europe at all — absolutely *none*!

Thirdly, instead of being the slave of the Coloured, blackmailing, Marxist members of the Commonwealth, Britain will have to exert her authority over them in no uncertain manner. She must either reduce them to powerless, second-class membership (in other words to their proper status as Nature ordained it), with the right to discuss decisions only in retrospect, and with the right of each Coloured Prime Minister to address the British Prime Minister only through the medium of a third person, or better still she should associate herself exclusively with the White Commonwealth and show the Coloured sub-nations the door. That she should continue for a single instant to have any association whatever with deranged creatures who fully expect her to send British soldiers to wipe out the British people of Rhodesia, and who mouth dark threats of what they will do to her if she should refuse, is the perfect measure of her present and hitherto unthinkable Leftist decadence.

Fourthly, Britain must shake off American control and try to stand on her own two teetering left-inclined feet. De Gaulle did it, so Britain can do the same. She should seek the friendship of the real America, not the 'friendship' of the Washington and New York pseudo-America. In addition to the White Commonwealth she should also think in terms of Europe; not of an integrated Europe but of the traditional Europe, of which she is a part. Europe is still undoubtedly destined to play a major role in world affairs. The fate of the entire world will always depend upon the fate of Europe. Yet Europe's extraordinary dynamism will always depend upon its diversity; its diversity within its general similarity.

In Britain many things need to be done. There needs to be education in the schools and universities instead of Leftist brain-dirtying. Standards need to be raised instead of lowered. There is a need for more intelligence and devotion, and less addiction to fatuous rights and freedoms. The nation needs to be inspired, shaken out of its lethargy and vague death-wish by the thunder of war-drums and the brass tongues of battle-trumpets. Britain's malaise is fundamentally a moral malaise, not an economic malaise. A cure for the latter will never be a cure for the former, but a cure for the former will automatically cure the latter.

Not least, while we are on the subject of this ancient Kingdom, we may state our general Western need for an aristocracy. Britain particularly needs a new class of leaders, a new breed of leaders, albeit selected from the best existing stock, to make good the terrible loss of her best blood which — much more than any other nation —

she suffered in World War I. A new aristocracy has to be created: an aristocracy regulated by its own members but in no way subject to the caprice of the masses. Mr Anthony Ludovici, one of the foremost and most erudite exponents of aristocratic rule (and whose works, of course, are almost entirely unknown), doubts that the material for a new aristocracy still exists in Britain — or indeed anywhere in the West. Nevertheless I would venture to disagree with him. The material is still there, and needs but to be picked out by anyone with the necessary discernment. It needs to be selected at a tender age and trained accordingly. This applies to all North-West Europe, America and the White 'colonies'; and we have to consider the desirability — and degree — of 'inter-tribal' breeding. That is to say, the new aristocracies of our respective lands will breed only among their own members, except that they may breed 'inter-tribally' as well. As they will all be of the same basic physical type, this will not be a racial mixture as such; it will be a method of blending the best tribal qualities into a single harmonious and outstanding breed of Western man. A judicious infusion of the best related blood will do for the modern English what the Norman conquest did for the ancient English; and similarly a judicious infusion of the best English blood would marvellously complement the best blood of the said related peoples.

Of course, there are many — those for whose benefit I am not writing — who would vehemently oppose this blatant 'racism'. They are the 'non-racists' who strenuously advocate the interbreeding of English with Negro. I am, to be sure, a Nordacist; and I am a Nordacist because I happen to be a Nordic and not a Chinaman or an Arab or a Hottentot. It is with the preservation and elevation of my racial kith and kin that I am wholly concerned; and thus I urge, and will continue to urge, the creation of a strong and vigorous Nordic aristocracy.

I, like all Right-wingers, seek the uplift of my own race. What, then, do the Leftists seek?

## CHAPTER XII

# The United States of America

*The cause of African freedom has the full sympathy and support of the United States, for we are a nation born of revolution.*

— Mennen Williams

*What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice and madness without tuition or restraint.*

— Edmund Burke

*Augustus was sensible that mankind is ruled by names; nor was he deceived in his expectations, that the senate and people would submit to slavery, provided they were respectfully assured that they still enjoyed their ancient freedom.*

— Edward Gibbon

If, as Emerson said, India fell to English character, it was no less European character that conquered the Americas. Nor was it an accident that the old world discovered the new, and not the new the old. Until the coming of the white man America was a vast fallowness. It was a world in embryo waiting to be unfolded; an ovum the size of another planet waiting to be fertilised by the overflowing European seed. Unless the white man had arrived its few stunted and spiritually uninformed semi-civilisations, if they had not subsided altogether, would have continued to rise and fall monotonously like the swells and troughs of the Pacific, unnoticed and of no consequence.

It is as much by the absence of the white Christian man as by his presence that his significance can be assessed. Even more so, as in his absence he cannot be imitated. The America of the Amerinds emphasised how meaningless the world would be without his informing personality. It demonstrated that no matter how densely the non-white races might people the earth, without the white race it would in effect be empty. In such a world it would be impossible for any one of us ever to find a kindred human spirit; impossible also to perform the proper function of mating because impossible to find a Woman to complement one's psycho-emotional being. In such a world one would be eternally alone in the midst of a multitude, without the possibility of deeper communication. One has but to think of the Swiss, Tschiffely's ride on horseback from Buenos Aires to New York; of his relief at coming to the homestead of another European — an Englishman — after having been in the company of Indians and half-castes for months on end. Owing to the nature and duration of his great journey, no one gives a keener

impression than Tschiffely of the immediate change from dirt and inertia to cleanliness and aliveness that marks the crossing of the Mexican border into the United States. The locality is the same, the environment is the same, but because the race has changed the world itself has changed, as abruptly as if by magic.

Nothing is more marvellous in history than the discovery of America by Columbus. The sighting, after a lifetime of heart-breaking struggle to find support for his theories, and an extraordinary voyage with mutinous and superstitious officers and crews . . . first of a light in the darkness . . . then of a new and unknown world lying there beside the three ships in the early dawn, soon flashing and emerald in the rays of the morning sun like a paradise; with people, small and copper-brown and naked, crowding the beaches and staring in astonishment at the hymn-singing Spaniards. Nor is there anything in history more amazing than the conquest of Mexico by Cortes — the setting out, less than thirty years after the discovery of America, of the handful of Conquistadores under their indomitable leader for their near-fabulous adventures in the city of Tenichtotlan (Mexico City); ending in the overthrow of Montezuma and the Aztec empire.

At the time of the coming of the Europeans there were only the two civilisations in the Americas: the Inca and the Aztec. The Incas (Lords) were the taller, fair-skinned rulers of a conglomeration of tribes, and were not related to their subjects. They had a miraculous origin, being the descendants of Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo, a white man and woman — a brother and sister — of majestic form and mien who appeared on the banks of Lake Titicaca. These two Children of the Sun, who beheld with pity the misery and ignorance of the human or Amerind race, proceeded to instruct the Indians in the arts of agriculture, spinning and weaving, and later taught them law and religion. But the system of the Incas was perforce rigid and unalterable, a system of caste. It was a One-World system, in which man had not to think but only to obey. According to the caste into which a man was born, so he laboured and married and died. It was unquestionably the best system for the kind of people it regulated. The man called Capac and the mama called Ocllo undoubtedly knew what they were doing. It gave the Indians an otherwise unknowable security and comfort and cohesion, and — in the ancient Egyptian manner — improved the crafts and professions by making them hereditary. Yet it was essentially a dead-end society, unable to rise above the limited capabilities of the Indians themselves. Though much less bloodthirsty than the Aztec civilisation, and in most ways more advanced, it was more feeble, and easily succumbed to Pizarro.

The warlike Aztecs (who like the Incas were a lighter-skinned people than the other Indians) were advanced to a certain degree, chiefly in possessing a most remarkably accurate calendar and a

scarcely less astonishing city, the principal part of which was built on the lake of present-day Mexico City and connected to the mainland and 'suburbs' by causeways. Open conduits brought a constant supply of cool water to the city from the surrounding snow-capped mountains, providing it not only with drinking and washing facilities but with an efficient system of sewerage. The city had a regular police force, the streets were lighted at night, and there were shops in which craftsmen followed their various professions and offered their wares — though nothing impressed the Spanish soldiers more than the barber shops and the urinals. Seen from the shores of the lake, the city, dominated by its pyramidal temples (consisting of steps ascending to flat summits on which were the sanctums and sacrificial altars), appeared to be floating on the water like a white, shimmering city of legend, breathtaking in its beauty. The Spaniards did not then suspect what torrents of blood stained its fair aspect, and what horrors awaited them within its walls. Nor, for that matter, did the gorgeously-attired Montezuma suspect that Cortes (whom the Aztecs imagined was the white god, Quetzacoatl, returned from his home in the West) and his handful of ragged, battle-worn Conquistadores were actually going to arrest him in the name of the King of Spain, and hold him prisoner in his own warrior-swarmling citadel.

Despite their civilisation, the Aztecs had stimulated a particular savage lust to the stage of complete insanity and impotence. Theirs, too, was a civilisation that had reached a dead end; in this instance a dead end of blood and futility, based upon a religion which demanded an ever-increasing number of sacrificial victims to propitiate a host of hideous and increasingly insatiable gods. All enemy prisoners were automatically sacrificed; and a perennial supply had to be available. Sometimes the victims were offered up to deities such as the Flayed God (the god to whom the Spanish prisoners were sacrificed), during which ritual the priests donned their victims' skins. But more often they were offered up to the Sun God, a round-faced deity with lolling tongue thirsting for the rejuvenating blood of Indian youths and maidens.

To be sure, all civilised races have practised human sacrifice at some stage of their development. Though our Aryan word 'deity' is derived from a word meaning light, our word 'god' itself is derived from an Aryan word meaning sacrifice. But the Aztecs had not only failed to progress beyond this stage but had become increasingly obsessed by it, carrying it to lengths which literally sickened even the Spaniards. Montezuma's father, Auitzotzin (Lord Water-Opossum), was reliably estimated to have dedicated the great temple of the Humming Bird of the Left with no fewer than 20,000 sacrificial victims, who queued up patiently for twenty days for the inescapable but accepted honour of having their still-palpitating hearts torn from their bodies and held up to the sun. The priests, dressed in black,

their long hair matted with blood, wielded their obsidian knives until they could no longer raise their arms; and after the slaughter there were great public banquets of arms and legs — the mounds of trunks being fed to the grateful animals in the Tenichtotlan Zoo.

Montezuma himself, in front of the Spaniards, sacrificed choice victims with his own hands. He, too, habitually ate human flesh; although, being a dainty and fastidious person, he always ate behind a screen and would eat only the tenderest flesh from the legs of children. When, in fact, the King of America picked up a child and told him he would like to gobble him up, he was not playing but was speaking in all earnestness. It was, therefore, no more than time that a new kind of man should inhabit America, and redeem it from the inhuman rule of bloodthirsty water-opossums and left-winged humming birds.

Of the new kind of man who came to inhabit America there were the two types: the Latin and the Nordic. The former, apparently forgetful of the meaning of their proudly non-Arab *sangre azul* (the blue veins — against the white skin — of the Visigoths), nullified their mission by merging with the native population and committing racial suicide. Consequently the blood — non-blue — still flows in Mexico; the country's chief claim to fame being that it has over forty murders a day, the highest murder rate in the world.

The latter type of man, however, offended the natives by remaining studiously aloof from them. The tall, fair folk valued their race and institutions, and in due course deservedly dominated the continent. Although they were a new kind of man to America their history was of course a very old one; a story of a repeated theme. For almost at the very beginning of their recorded history we see them crossing the grey North Sea, their women and children with them in the boats, staring ahead at the nearing coastline of the new Angle-land. Then, a thousand years later, they are crossing the Atlantic in their pitching cockleshells, their women and children still with them, gazing at the coastline of the New England. Later still the brooding prairies of the north American hinterland were being disturbed by the creaking and rumbling of the covered wagons, the 'prairie schooners', the ships of the rolling plains . . . and again the wind is ruffling the fair hair of the same-featured people who crossed the northern seas of Europe 1,200 long years before.

It was not poverty or greed that spurred the English exodus to America, but idealism. It was not gold or silver that lured them, for they chose the poorest and most desolate part of the continent to settle in. They were inspired by the "love of God untinged by undignified Papism;" and by that most persistent of Anglo-Saxon characteristics, the need to live in freedom. They were "godly, honest men," the kind of man who, as Cromwell said, "knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows."

The English Puritan 'revolutionaries' were wholly different to the standard non-Anglo-Saxon type. They were in revolt because they were too superior a type of man to submit to the indignities of a foreign-directed despotism. But they were not revolutionists as such. Quite the contrary. Cromwell himself, the English 'man of the people,' understood by democracy a select and responsible government, and abruptly dismissed the idea of universal franchise as an irresponsible system which would lead to corruption in the rulers and to national anarchy. For this reason he gave short shrift to Lilburne's regiment of levellers. Similarly, much as we might erroneously take such a matter for granted, the extreme tenuity of extraneous authority, the immense solitude and isolation, and the hostility of Nature and Indian, did not, in the English settlers of America, generate a spirit of anarchy or licence or lead to general decay, but developed ever more powerfully their vigour and self-reliance and their respect for law and order. They were able to support the freedom they had demanded because they were natural biological aristocrats; a higher order of men, self-disciplined, of an extremely high moral calibre, and distinguished by their nation-building characters. It was much the same thing later on with the pioneers in the West, who had no government control over them worth mentioning — which pleased them greatly — but to whom it never occurred to be other than normal law-abiding citizens of America. The 'bad men' of the West, the gunmen and killers, were almost without exception half-breeds; and it was the Anglo-Saxon sheriffs and their posses of volunteer citizens who put paid to them. It is always a matter of race. Even when a good race is transplanted from its orderly green homeland to a wilderness at the other end of the world, it is sure, after the initial difficulties have been overcome, to settle down happily and start ticking away again like a well-adjusted clock. The Puritans themselves were evidence of this racial balance, for they not only represented a reaction against unsuitable alien idealisms but also represented the automatic reaction of a sound race against too serious a decline in national morality. They were extremists, no doubt. But they represented the swing of the pendulum of the well-adjusted clock.

Most modern American politicians seem to assume, however, that the historical events of early America have a world-wide validity, and no specific Anglo-Saxon significance. They seem to assume that it was only by accident that Lincoln was not a Red Indian, or Washington a Chinaman, or Jefferson a Congolese. It is precisely by applying Anglo-Saxon standards to all mankind that so many of America's mistakes are made. Moreover, to appeal to the Founding Fathers as authority for the present race-mixing programme is not merely a mistake but a deliberate fraud. Racial egalitarianism and racial miscegenation have never formed part of Anglo-Saxon idealism. Jefferson, for instance, like Lincoln, wanted

the Negroes to be removed from America altogether. And when he penned the phrase, "all men are created equal", he was thinking only of all *Anglo-Saxon* men, for it never crossed his mind to include Negroes as 'men'. He was in fact thinking politically, not biologically. He was referring to the political equality which ought to have existed among all Englishmen, and to the "natural rights" of the American colonists under the English constitution. He and the other Founding Fathers were interested primarily in defining and establishing the "equality" of their rights as colonists with the mother country.

It is therefore one of the more bitter ironies of history that in spite of the plain racial attitude of the Founding Fathers, including that of Lincoln himself, the Anglo-Saxons in the northern states should have gone to war against their kinsfolk in the southern states because of the Negro — in a truly terrible conflict that was raging only a hundred years ago, actually within living memory. There were, to be sure, other reasons for the conflict, notably the matter of Union. Yet even in this, it is extremely doubtful whether the South would have seceded from the United States had it not been for the presence of the Negroes. To the South, Northern domination meant what British domination means to Rhodesia, or what Commonwealth domination would have meant to South Africa — in a word, death.

The Northern public, certainly, the voters and the soldiery, and apparently many politicians as well, were under the impression, or inspired by the conviction, that the war was being waged to free the slaves and punish the South for its wickedness. It was an impression that soon excluded all others, probably because it required a strong moral indignation to support so inexcusable a carnage. To any thinking American of those days, the question of Negro slavery should first and foremost have been judged from the viewpoint of its good or evil effects upon the Whites themselves. Only a few Americans however, including Lincoln himself, did judge it from this angle; just as very few people are capable of switching their propaganda-focussed sentiments to an alarmed concern with the position of the Whites in the South today. Prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, the Northern Press libelled the Southerners without scruple, the hate campaign actually having been wilder and more intense than it is now. Consequently the war was begun, something like 618,000 Anglo-Saxon Americans were killed, fully 500,000 were wounded (altogether only 100,000 less casualties than America suffered in both world wars combined!), and a third of the nation was handed over to ruination and carpet-bagger misrule. It might be questioned, in fact, whether America — Anglo-Saxon America, that is — ever really recovered from this negro-engendered carnage.

It is altogether necessary, then, that we look into the pre-Civil War position more closely. In the first place we have to understand

that the Southern States, contrary to general belief, were not in favour of slavery. Before the North started to interfere, abolitionist societies in the South had been numerous. The South wanted to free the slaves, but only on condition that they left the South altogether. The North, however, when it came to the point, refused to accept the transfer; and thus a stalemate was reached. A Southerner remarked that "the evils ascribed to the institution of slavery arise really from the disparity in the natural condition of the two races forced to live side by side." The Southerners believed that the constraint of slavery was the only safeguard against the chaos which any other system would have brought about; while the poorer Whites, additionally, feared the cheap labour competition that emancipation would have faced them with. Above all, the Southerners feared that emancipation would gradually bring about racial amalgamation: that personal freedom would lead to political equality, then to social equality, and thence to mulattodom. As Sherman said, "We don't want to become another Mexico." Or as Jefferson had once put it: "The South has the wolf by the ears, and cannot let go."

In the South, the Negroes and mulattos numbered half as many as the Whites, and in some States outnumbered them. Yet of the 6,000,000 inhabitants only 200,000 were slave owners, and of these many were not white but were mulatto ex-slaves. Thus the problem basically was not one of slavery at all, but one of racial adjustment. The Negro, in any event, whether slave or free, was a lazy and inept worker. The Southerners estimated that a German did the work of three slaves and an Irishman the work of two; that both did it much better than the Negro and — for both these reasons — did it more cheaply as well. The quality and output of American cotton, it was true, had always been superior to that produced by the free labour of the West Indies and Egypt. But even then the labour was so poor that it was barely worth its keep; and it was only because of Anglo-Saxon inventiveness in the form of Eli Whitney's Cotton Gin, which brought renewed prosperity to the South, that it became payable.

Where the Southerners' fear of racial amalgamation was concerned, it has to be appreciated that all other territories in the Americas which had large coloured populations had succumbed to mixture — Mexico, South and Central America, and the West Indies. In all those parts of the American continent the Spanish and Portuguese had intermarried — and the French had inter-swived — with the Negroes and native Amerinds. In the West Indies even the British settlers had become promiscuous; with the result that many of those who deplored it left the islands in disgust and settled in the American South, where their stories confirmed the Southerners in their resolve to remain unmixed. In addition, the example of the free Jamaicans, and the fate of the Whites of St. Dominique, all

acted as a warning to the South of the horrors attendant on Negro liberation.

Nevertheless in spite of these deterrents there was a distinct trend towards emancipation in the South until, as has been stated, the Northern Press and abolitionists killed the movement stone dead by the virulence of their anti-Southern sentiments. At the height of the tirade, in fact, it was discovered that there was not a single abolitionist society left in the whole of the Southern States. Northern antagonism was so pronounced that even the victories of the Southern soldiers against Mexico were vehemently disparaged because it was thought that the South would take advantage of the situation to extend the area of slavery. Tom Corwin's speeches praising the Mexicans and condemning Southern "expansion" made him "the idol of the North". In the event he need not have fretted himself, as Calhoun, the political leader of the South, refused to consider incorporating the conquered country on the grounds that the Mexicans "were unfit to form part of a free and civilised community, which would also induce patronage and thus bureaucracy, and mean less of liberty for us too." Unfortunately this contemptuous reference to the Mexicans only angered the North the more; and when Davis added his quota by regretting the rise of so much fuss and dissention over "lower grades of men," the uproar in the North reached a new peak. In short, whatever the Southerners did or said, the Northerners were determined to be infuriated about it. As good Anglo-Saxons they were outraged at other Anglo-Saxons considering themselves superior to Negroes and half-castes.

With regard to the supposed ill-treatment of the Negro slaves in the South, this was of course a myth. Far from suffering terrible hardships and miseries, they were at least as well off as the contemporary European peasant, and often in better circumstances than many 'poor white' Southerners. Foreign visitors were astonished — not merely surprised — to find how well fed and well cared for they were. The foreign visitors had fully expected to find the Negroes being flogged to death or hung in chains, and were disappointed to find they were not. It is true that whippings with a strap did sometimes take place, as many Negroes would only labour out of fear of the lash. But it was almost invariably a comparatively mild punishment and only administered as a last resort. Whipping was universal a century ago; and what the Negro slaves suffered in this respect was laughable compared with what British seamen or even Eton schoolboys suffered.

The foreign visitors, who were mostly British, though they generally arrived feeling very bitterly against the Southern landowners, yet went away praising them for their personal hospitality, courtesy and integrity. They were all of them moved to pay tribute to the integrity and intellect of the old 1812 war veteran, Calhoun; though few of them seem to have suspected that he might have been

a better judge of Southern affairs than themselves. But there were exceptions to this rule, and famous ones too. Captain Marryat (the son of a Dutch-American mother and an English — East Anglian — father), accustomed from boyhood to British naval life and discipline, laughed at the so-called harshness of the treatment meted out to the Negroes, and expressed the laconic opinion that they “did little, and did it badly.” And Sir Richard Burton stated that “after seeing the black in Africa, under his own rule, I am convinced that the serfs of a Southern plantation would not change lots with their free brethren.” “We imprison, punish and compel to labour our beggars and vagabonds,” Burton added, “we compel our children to attend school, and flog them regularly too, as well as force them to labour; and the son of a king of England is not, until twenty-one years of age, as free as an African of Sierra Leone. Why then so much outcry over forced Negro labour?”

The attitude of the Northerners when actually confronted with the Negro in person was very different to their theoretical attitude. The Negro, for instance, was enfranchised only in those parts of the North where he was scarcely known; and after the Civil War when the Northerners put their conceptions of justice into operation by disenfranchising the white Southerners and enfranchising the Negroes, they saw to it that the Negro vote was valid only in the South itself and was in no way allowed to affect the North. It was also noticed that those emancipated slaves who, to placate civilised world opinion, went North to slave in the factories instead of in Southern fields, were soon singled out by the Northern Press for their lack of enterprise and their dependence upon the Whites for the execution of every scheme to settle them down respectably. Though most of these emancipated slaves in the North were superior mulattos and not Negroes they still had to be spoon-fed; and this greatly irritated the Northerners, who were angry with them for not demonstrating that they were white men except for the colour of their skins. In consequence the unfortunate wretches frequently suffered much harsher treatment than anything they had experienced as slaves in the South.

But if the North was incapable of seeing its own inconsistencies, it was not because the South was slow in pointing them out. The Southerners, spitefully comparing their own genuine aristocracy of race with the artificial Northern aristocracy of wealth, pointed to the shameless wage slavery in the Northern factories and the desperate slum conditions in the towns. In those days in America, factory conditions, involving white women and children as well as men, were at least as bad as those in Britain. Nor were they being improved by the tens of thousands of settlers from Europe who were pouring into the country, crossing the Atlantic packed into the holds of ships like the human freight of the old slave ships themselves. Out of every hundred settlers, seventeen died in transit, sometimes

of starvation. In one year's battle for a new home, not less than 17,500 died — a greater number than at Gettysburg or any of the Crimean battlefields — while among the survivors, destitution, prostitution and wage slavery predominated. Yet because the sufferers were white the Northern conscience was entirely unmoved.

One of the main single factors in the shaping or the boosting of this Northern conscience was Uncle Tom's Cabin. Harriet Beecher Stowe knew nothing of the South and less of Negroes; but as a child she had, as she expressed it, "sobbed in her pew over her father's groaning prayers for poor, oppressed, bleeding Africa." Though her book omitted to portray any such entity as a white gentleman, all the Negroes were portrayed as the very finest sort of Anglo-Saxon gentlemen with dusky skins. It was this as much as anything else that made the Northerners puzzled and then very angry with real Negroes for falling short of the Stowe specifications. Even more blatantly than in modern style, Southern viewpoints in Uncle Tom's Cabin were grossly misrepresented and caricatured. But for all that — or because of that — the book, and the melodramatic plays of it that were performed, roused the North and indeed the whole Western world to a pitch of anti-Southern frenzy such as no sober recital of facts or fancies could ever have done. It need scarcely be said that people believed implicitly in the veracity of Uncle Tom's Cabin because they wanted to believe in it. It was in harmony with the fashionable missionary trends of the times, and served like any other shocking revelation to relieve the tedium of Victorian respectability. It is instructive to note that Captain Marryat, who stood for parliament at this time, chose to run counter to the fashion by urging at the hustings the need for the abolition of the Press Gang (as distinct from the newspaper fraternity) and of child labour . . . "When I look to the factory and find infants working in penury and misery for seventeen hours a day, how can I pass by such a scene and think only of the black slave?" But he was not elected. His opponent, an abolitionist and practised demagogue, was obviously a more sincere Christian than a rough naval officer, even if the said officer had won more medals and testimonials for saving life at sea than any other man alive.

The other great legend of those days was the John Brown legend. In Kansas, however, where he was active, John Brown was anything but a saintly legend. Insanity was very pronounced in his family, his mother and grandmother both having died insane, as well as a maternal aunt and three maternal uncles. A fifty-six-year-old failure and misfit, unstable, ignorant, narrow-minded and cruel, he was the typical religious fanatic. His favourite maxim was that "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sins." He believed he had been "raised up by God to break the jaws of the wicked;" and after spending a lifetime in search of these wicked ones he eventually decided, after an intense perusal of the Northern newspapers, that

they must be the Southerners. Therefore it came to pass that on one moonless night in the disputed new State of Kansas, he and his half-idiot sons dragged a total of five Southerners from their beds and shot and hacked them to death, piously ignoring the frantic pleadings of a woman whose husband and two sons they were busily chopping up like so much firewood. The entire State was aghast at this butchery, and both sides met to swear vengeance. But outside Kansas itself the harm was done: the Southern Press crying for revenge, and the Northern Press excelling itself in sensational mendacity by describing in detail how the heroic John Brown and his brave sons had fought a pitched battle against pro-slavery men who had been in the very act of hanging a 'free-stater'. In Europe the John Brown legend still lingers: he is still revered as a saintly figure, and children are still shown that famous picture of him caressing a Negro infant whilst being led out to his execution by brutal-faced Southern soldiery. In Europe they can still get away with this ancient legend quite comfortably; and it is a constant source of regret to the modern propagandists of the Northern States that they cannot do the same.

Like the Civil War itself, only more so, the twelve-year 'reconstruction period' in the South, from 1864 to 1876, is still within the memory of living people. The South remembers how it fared in this era when the Negroes had the vote and were the absolute masters of the white folk. It remembers its Negro lieutenant-governors and officials, "gorged on peanuts, soaked with whiskey, and quarrelling among themselves with murderous intent." It remembers the carpet-baggers, whose fully-armed all-Negro militia moved mercilessly against the Whites at the least sign of dissatisfaction with their regime, and it remembers the everyday Congo-style atrocities. These impossible conditions were what gave rise to the militant activities of the Ku Klux Klan, whose garb had a paralysing effect upon the Negroes. It was not so much the fear of man as the fear of ghosts that brought the Negroes to heel.

In spite of this mad strife between the South and the North, it must be stressed that Lincoln himself was no equality-monger, still less a protagonist of racial mixture. In London there is a statue of the Great Emancipator, and he is commonly thought to have been a forerunner of modern Liberal-cum-Communist idealisms. It is true that in his co-called Gettysburg speech he claimed that the Civil War had been fought to ensure that Democracy should not perish from the earth, though he knew perfectly well it had been fought to reduce the South to subservience to the North. It is also quite true that he did emancipate the Negro slaves. Nevertheless this was a very different matter to making them the white man's equals. After the war Lincoln stated: "What next? Free them and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not permit of this; and if mine would we know well that those of the

great mass of the whites will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgement is not the sole question, if indeed it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot safely be disregarded. We cannot make them equals."

The year of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, 1862, was also the year when he recommended colonisation to a 'Deputation of Free Negroes' who called on him at the White House. He told them:

"You and we are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it be right or wrong I need not discuss; but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think.

Your race suffers very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffers from your presence. In a word, we suffer on each side. If this is admitted, it affords us a reason, at least, why we should be separated . . .

Even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being placed on an equality with white people . . . On this broad continent not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you . . . I cannot alter it if I would.

I need not recount to you the effects upon white men, growing out of the institution of slavery . . . and its evil effects upon the white race. See our present condition — the country engaged in war — our white men cutting one another's throats . . . and then consider what we know to be the truth.

But for your race among us there would be no war, although many men engaged on either side do not care for you one way or the other . . . It is better for us both, therefore, to be separated."

Lincoln had, as a matter of fact, been recommending Negro colonisation for many years. In Springfield, Illinois, on June 26, 1857, he stated:

"A separation of the races is the only perfect preventive of amalgamation; but as immediate separation is impossible the next best thing is to keep them apart where they are not already together.

. . . Such separation, if it is ever to be effected at all, must be effected by colonisation . . . The enterprise is a difficult one, but 'where there is a will there is a way', and what colonisation needs most is a hearty will."

In one of his famous debates with Judge Stephen Douglas, Lincoln, at Ottawa, Illinois, on August 21, 1859, said: "I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which in my judgement, will forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality; and inasmuch as it becomes a

necessity that there must be a difference, I am in favour of the race to which I belong having the superior position.”

And on September 16, 1859, at Columbus, Ohio, Lincoln declared:

“. . . I am not, nor have I ever been in favour of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races — I am not, nor ever have been, in favour of making voters or jurors of the Negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to inter-marry with white people.

I will add to this, that I have never seen to my knowledge a man, woman or child who was in favour of producing a perfect equality, social and political, between Negroes and white men . . .

I give him (Judge Douglas) my most solemn pledge that I will, to the very last, stand by the law of the state which forbids the marrying of white people with Negroes.”

Clearly the Great Emancipator, far from being the foremost apostle of racial equality and race mixture, dreaded both possibilities equally. He believed absolutely in white supremacy. Had he not been assassinated in 1865 the tragic reconstruction period in the South would never have occurred. The truth of the matter was that his Emancipation Declaration was more political than anything else. Though he was genuinely opposed to the institution of slavery, he had for many years been accused by Northern abolitionists of lukewarmness towards their cause. They suspected, rightly, that he viewed them with a certain deep disquiet. Therefore, at a time when the Northern armies were being worsted, Lincoln was obliged to strengthen his position and that of the North as a whole by placating domestic opinion to the utmost of his ability, and also by enlisting the full support of international opinion.

The truth of the matter is, also, that Lincoln was a great Anglo-Saxon leader, and as such deserves the homage of his kinsfolk rather than the spurious adulation of Left-wing propagandists who seek to overthrow our institutions and subjugate us to an international order. The American brigade that fought on the side of the Communists in Spain called itself the Abraham Lincoln brigade because it sounded patriotic and perpetuated a convenient myth. But in truth the balanced sanity of Lincoln's views provides a perfect example of the difference between Anglo-Saxons and the nihilists who flatter themselves that a man like Lincoln — or a man like Cromwell — had the least thing in common with them.

Over one hundred years ago Macaulay warned Americans that “Your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth — with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and

Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions.”

In a sense he may not have anticipated, Macaulay is well on the way to being right. In America, even more than in Britain, the seeds of destruction have been sown and the essentials of Communism have taken deep root. They started to take proper root in the Red-field — i.e. Roose-velt — era; the mating season of the Russian and American imperialisms; the time of the New Deal which delivered powerful independent Christian industries into the hands of the un-Christian trade unions; the builders of the nation into the hands of the manipulators; which savagely taxed the middle classes to give to the shiftless but voting poor; all preparing the ground for ‘common ownership’ of the national resources — and meaning of course the gathering of all wealth and power into the hands of a very select few. The seeds having been sown, the plants having sprouted. we were soon to see the unfolding of the first dainty blossoms: to wit, the enforcement of racial equality and race mixture, the Communistic shaping of education, the general tendency to debase all things, in the name of progress, to their lowest common denominators, and in the name of freedom and democracy to introduce near-anarchy as a first step to the introduction of a tyranny — with New York and Washington the un-American centres of that capital which would rule America and reduce it, at American expense and backed by American armaments, to a One-World slavery. It can be said, today, that the centre of world Communism, as distinct from Russian or Chinese nationalism, is located in the United States itself. There is nothing more natural than this, in view of America being the wealthiest and most powerful country in the world. At least there is no question that America is so far to the left of political centre that any difference between her ideology and Communism is essentially one of mere hair-splitting.

The great majority of America’s political inconsistencies and contradictions arise, basically, from the nation’s present racial composition, whereby different kinds of people with different ways of thinking are working for different ends. There is a dualism in America, even to the extent of having two governments, one operating openly and the other clandestinely. Speaking in the Senate, Senator Jenner exclaimed:

“The noble edifice of constitutional liberty is silently disintegrating into a crumbling ruin . . . this continuous silent disintegration of every policy we make is due to the most important political fact in the world today. We have in the United States not one centre of government, but two. One centre I will call the collectivist one-worlders. The other is the legal constitutional government.

The collectivist bloc has been operating now for twenty years. It has the strong root system that comes from twenty years of

unhampered growth. The chief characteristic of this collectivist bloc is that it operates above the constitution and above the law. Its members are carrying out a secret revolutionary purpose, without any attempt to tell the American people what they are doing, or asking their consent.

I say there is irrepressible conflict between this elite which operates above the constitution and the law — and the American people — and those members of the Congress, of the Courts, and of the executive branch, who operate under the constitution and the law.”

Senator Jenner, presumably, was referring to the U.S. State Department. This virtually independent organisation (which a Soviet defector, incidentally, said was full of Red agents) has been described by a Mr Bryton Barron in his book, *Inside the State Department*. Mr Barron, who ought to know something of what he is talking about after having been in the State Department himself for 26 years, mentions that it is now fifteen times larger than when he joined it in 1929. This bulge in the bureaucratic waistline, however, apparently does not represent the growth of any ordinary government bureau; for here, in the author’s words, “is a free-wheeling, almost independent branch of government, a petty sovereign state, far closer to the chancelleries abroad than to the grass roots of America.” “In my 26 years in the State Department, I recall few occasions on which the dominant element was deterred by any great concern over public opinion. Why is this? Why must the American people so often find the State Department on the other side? Why do we so frequently find it urging upon us the pet schemes of International Socialists, rather than holding fast to the things which have made America great?”

Behind it all, Mr Barron says, may be detected the influence of the bureaucratic elite who hold the public in contempt, and the “one-worlders” who play down unsavoury developments lest the cause of Internationalism suffer. The un-elected and congealed Federal bureaucracy has grown into a fourth and completely dominating branch of the Federal Government. It now defies the President, the Congress and the States of the Union.

Another related Authority in the land which Senator Jenner has been attacking is the U.S. Supreme Court. In fact he sought to introduce a Bill to curb its power; and in this he received the support of the Hon. James F. Byrnes, former Governor, former U.S. Secretary of State, and himself a former Justice of the Supreme Court. Byrnes maintained that the Court had usurped powers of Congress in overturning legal precedents prevailing for almost a century, and that unless a stop was put to it there might be no limit to the powers of the Federal judiciary. When, Byrnes said, the Court declared unconstitutional the laws of 17 States under which segregated public

schools systems were established, it did not interpret the Constitution — it amended it. “Nevertheless,” he went on, “more frightening are the consequences of the trend of the present Court to destroy the powers of the 48 States . . . The present trend brings joy to Communists and their fellow travellers who want to see all power centered in the Federal Government.” The obvious reason for this, he said, is that subversives can “more easily influence one government in Washington than the 48 governments in 48 States.”

The U.S. Supreme Court, as most of us know, is not composed of judges in the proper sense of the word, but is composed of nine political appointees. Val Washington, the Negro Director of Minorities for the Republican National Committee, revealed that the Eisenhower Administration had “selected Federal Judges with a view toward their position on civil rights;” while Nixon himself boasted that the G.O.P. was responsible for the ‘Black Monday’ ruling of the Supreme Court (enforcing racial integration in the schools) owing to Eisenhower having appointed that “great Republican, Chief Justice Earl Warren” — who until his appointment had never been a Judge before in his whole life.

In the U.S. House of Representatives the Hon. James Eastland made a speech in which he named the various ‘authorities’ behind the Supreme Court decision to enforce racial integration in the nation’s public schools. He said, *inter alia*:

“Let us consider the so-called modern authorities on psychology cited by the Court as its authority to change and destroy the constitutional guarantees of the reserved natural right of the people of the States of the Union to freedom of choice and of the States to regulate their public schools.

First, they cited one K. B. Clark, a Negro, so-called social science expert employed by the principal plaintiff in the segregation cases, the NAACP, whose lawyer argued these cases before the Court. To say the least, it is the most unusual procedure for any court to accept a litigant’s paid employee as an authority on anything, let alone as an authority on psychology, to put him above the Constitution itself.

Then, too, we find cited by the Court as another alleged modern authority on psychology to override our Constitution, one Theodore Brameld, regarding whom the files of the Committee on Un-American Activities are replete with citations and information. He is cited as having been a member of no less than ten organisations declared to be Communist, Communist-front, or Communist dominated.

Also cited by the Court as one of its modern authorities on psychology to overthrow the accepted meaning of a provision of the United States Constitution was one E. Franklin Frazier. The files of the Committee on Un-American Activities contain eighteen citations of Frazier’s connection with Communist causes in the United States.

The Court cited and adopted generally, and without reservation, as its leading authority on modern psychology, Myrdal's book, 'An American Dilemma', when it said — and I quote from Chief Justice Warren's opinion: 'And see generally Myrdal, An American Dilemma, 1944.'

Let us take a look and see what the Court adopted as its leading authority on modern psychology as the basis for its racial integration decision, when it adopted Myrdal's 'An American Dilemma'.

In 1937 the Carnegie Foundation brought over Dr Gunnar Myrdal, professor in the University of Stockholm. He was described by the corporation as a social economist. He called himself a social engineer. He was a Socialist who had served the Communist cause.

He admitted he had no knowledge of the Negro question in the United States. He was here to make an investigation of race relations in this country; was given an ample staff and funds for that purpose, and was told to publish his findings. On this project Myrdal naturally found himself in the company of those recommended by the Carnegie Foundation, of Alger Hiss fame.

Myrdal has an utter contempt for the principles upon which the United States was founded and for the political system to which the people adhere. It is incredible that the Supreme Court could have overlooked, if they read it at all, certain remarks that are contained in his book, on which the Court mainly bases its decision.

Myrdal stated that the Constitution of the United States was 'impractical and unsuited to modern conditions' and that its adoption was '*nearly a plot against the common people.*'

This is purely Communist propaganda, which was cited by the Supreme Court, and on which the Chief Justice of the United States based a very far-reaching decision leading to the destruction of our form of government. I have often wondered what was the source of the pro-Communist influence in the Supreme Court.

Myrdal shows that he did not write this 1,400-page book himself. He hedged himself about with many self-imposed restrictions and 'value premises', so that the book has no scientific validity, either from the standpoint of biology, sociology, or psychology. Myrdal shows that his book was the work of several so-called social experts furnished him by the Carnegie Foundation.

It would be more in keeping with the facts, if, when Myrdal gave the names of most of these Carnegie Foundation 'social experts', he had said that they were taken right out of lists of members of Communist and subversive organisations dedicated to the overthrow of our Constitution and the United States Government, because that is the actual fact.

Altogether the Communist-Front members identified with Myrdal's 'An American Dilemma' (sixteen men listed in the files of the Committee on Un-American Activities) contributed to 272 different articles and portions of the book officially adopted by the

Communist Party and by the Supreme Court as its authority for its racial integration decision of May 17, 1954.”

It need scarcely be added, however, that in spite of such revelations, and in spite of the rioting and general upheaval that its revolutionary decisions have engendered, the Supreme Court has shown not the least sign of repentance or of proceeding less hastily. On the contrary, having set the machinery in motion to abolish both the white race and the black race, it has more recently demonstrated its determination to abolish God and the Christian faith as well. Since the United States is a Christian nation, with institutions based on Christian principles, all Federal and State officials have been required to express their belief in God when taking the oath of office. But the Supreme Court has now ruled that it is un-Constitutional for the Federal Government or any State government to require a “belief in the existence of God” as a qualification for public office. Together with this, the Supreme Court — whose decisions are almost invariably favourable to Communism and Communists — has ruled that prayers should no longer be read in public schools. For although it is still considered fitting that prisons should be supplied with Bibles, it is not thought that integrated schoolchildren will have any need for Christianity!

With regard to the interrelationship between the Supreme Court and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, we find that the late Felix Frankfurter admitted he had served for more than ten years as adviser to the said Association before his appointment as a Supreme Court Justice. Naturally, the NAACP is not a Negro brain-child, nor is it directed by Negroes. Nor, of course, is it the least concerned with Negro ‘advancement’ as such.

Rosalie Gordon, in an article dealing with the Communist technique of creating racial problems in the city of New York (which appeared in the Economic Council Letter, March 15, 1957), said of the NAACP:

“The NAACP has always denied vehemently that it is communist or communist-dominated. That may be. But the records of the House Committee on Un-American Activities reveal communist, communist-front, fellow-travelling or subversive organisations or activities on the part of the president, chairman of the board, honorary chairman, 11 of 28 vice-presidents, 28 of 47 directors and a number of other officials of the NAACP. In fact, one of its founders — its only Negro founder incidentally — and a leading light is W. E. B. du Bois, who has a communist-front record covering eight single-space typewritten pages. Though President Eisenhower has seen fit to send greetings to the NAACP, his State Department is unable to issue a passport to du Bois because of his unsavoury record.”

It might be mentioned however that the State Department and the Supreme Court between them managed to overcome this difficulty with the late du Bois, as he soon afterwards left America to settle in Moscow and later in Ghana. The Supreme Court ruled that it was illegal to withhold passports from American citizens merely because of their political faiths!

The Southern American political commentator, John W. Ball, in an article reproduced in the South African Observer gave more specific information about the NAACP. He wrote, when the storm against the South was beginning to break:

“In this war against the Southern States, only a fool would underestimate the size of the army besieging the Southern walls. And regardless of propaganda to the contrary, the Southern whites are not fools or depraved morons.

They recognise full well that there is a vast army outside the walls as well as a fifth column on the inside, a fifth column consisting of left-wing ministers, teachers and newspapers. These agents and their respective organisations are abetted and financed by the besiegers using money that is free of all taxation.

In order to give the appearance that this is purely a war against so-called racial discrimination, the enemies of the South are using the NAACP as the shock troops in the attack.

Outside the South, where the enemy is not carefully studied, it is little known that the NAACP while being Negro in name is generalised and jockeyed by white people of left-wing character.

Senators Herbert Lehman of New York, and Wayne Morse of Oregon are two of these generals. Both Senators have a long record of being soft toward Socialists and Communists. Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt is another of the same stripe, in the same army.

Then there is Walter Reuther, officer of the huge CIO-AFL labor union, who is a director of the NAACP. Reuther has been kindly disposed toward Communism from his earliest years in the labor field. In his younger days, while voluntarily working in Russian factories, Reuther wrote enthusiastic letters to friends in America, praising the comrades and their Soviet system.

U.S. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, who assisted in writing the infamous ‘Black Monday’ decision for the NAACP, was for many years a director of that very organisation. (When he retired from the Supreme Court, his place was taken by Arthur Goldberg, who before his appointment was legal counsel for the abovementioned CIO-AFL labour union.)

Arthur Spingarn (the name, incidentally, translated from the German means ‘spin yarn’; or, figuratively, to ‘weave snares’), president of the NAACP, is a white man of the Jewish faith.

To list a few of the other units of the army arrayed against the white South, one may at once spot the National Council of Churches,

the CIO-AFL labor union, the United Nations Organisation, and the Communist Party of the United States.

As one studies the relationship of these groups as to purpose, a very striking fact comes to the fore. Almost universally, there is a great interlock in the leadership of these organisations and the leadership of the NAACP. For examples there are Channing H. Tobias, Dr Ralph Bunche, Walter Reuther and W. E. B. du Bois.

Channing H. Tobias is a dignitary of the National Council of Churches, where his influence is exerted. He is also Assistant Treasurer of the NAACP, and has a record of affiliations with *fifty* Communist-Front organisations.

The Negro, Dr Ralph Bunche, was UNO mediator in Palestine. He is very active in both UNESCO and the NAACP. He has belonged to seven known Communist fronts.

Walter Reuther is a policy-making officer in the nation's most powerful labor union, as well as a member of the Board of Directors of the NAACP. In 1954, Reuther extended to the NAACP 75,000 dollars of tax-free union money. This money is being used for the destruction of the white South.

W. E. B. du Bois, a Negro, is an internationally known anti-white propagandist. He has openly stated his Communist sympathies, and yet he is retained as an Honorary official of the NAACP.

These are all powerful people, and they have a great hand in shaping the policies of the central United States government in foreign as well as in domestic matters.

... At the urging of its supporting legions, the NAACP becomes more aggressive with each passing day. The threats and intimidations directed at white communities by the NAACP and its agents are increasing rapidly.

When the white communities express resentment at such treatment, it is then that the liberal press, the Communists and all other reds and pinks of the nation unite in one voice to call for the full force of the Federal government, including troops, to be moved against the South to force racial integration down the throats of the white 'bigots' below the Mason-Dixon line."

According to another American political commentator, Mr M. T. Wilson, the NAACP, in 1953, launched a ten-year, 10,000,000 dollar 'educational' programme under the slogan 'Free by Sixty-Three'. The purpose of the campaign was to prepare public opinion — White public opinion — for the total integration of Negroes into White society; and to achieve this race-mixing goal the NAACP proposed to place Negroes into virtually every White community in America, until there was no such entity as an all-White — or all-Negro — residential neighbourhood.

Well, it is now Sixty-Four, and the question is, How far has this integration been successful? The 'free' Press, throughout the

West, solicitous for our White peace of mind, has been assuring us that it has been going ahead rapidly. But has it? We know just how smoothly it has been proceeding in the South. And in the North, where nearly all the race riots actually take place (as distinct from the incidents in the South arising from engineered Northern invasions in the form of 'Freedom Riders' and so forth), it seems clear that when Negroes move into White neighbourhoods the Whites simply move out.

Confining our attention to the North, let us look first of all at the city of New York — a city where it is actually illegal for a White Christian to state publicly either that he is White or Christian. Here we find that the Negroes and Puerto Ricans not only segregate themselves from the Whites by cleaving to their own typically disgusting 'ghettos', but that in spite of the desirable 'one-world' colour of their skins they remain scrupulously segregated from one another as well. We find, too, that a man like Judge Samuel Leibowitz, in spite of his noted liberalism, is so perturbed by the lawlessness in the city that he has been trying to prevent further Negroes and Puerto Ricans from entering it. Speaking of the Puerto Ricans, Judge Leibowitz stated that they constitute 7 per cent of the city's population yet furnish 22.3 per cent of the city's juvenile delinquents. In addition, they furnish 20.8 per cent of all the adult criminals. Judge Leibowitz went on to state that statistics reveal a similar crime pattern among Negroes. He estimates the Negro population to be 11 per cent of the New York total; yet the Negroes constitute 46.3 per cent of the city cases awaiting trial in the Brooklyn House of Detention.

Judge Leibowitz also supplied figures on the inmates of Sing Sing prison. He said that although the Puerto Ricans and the Negroes constitute a little less than 20 per cent of the population of New York City, 72 per cent of all the inmates of Sing Sing prison are either Puerto Ricans or Negroes. At the Elmira Reformatory 65 per cent of all the prisoners are Puerto Ricans or Negroes; and in the juvenile section 69 per cent are Puerto Ricans or Negroes.

In Chicago, from the very beginning of the great black post-war migration from the South, the white people appear to have been wide awake to their peril. In fact NAACP officials have charged that Chicago public schools are the most segregated of any major city outside the Deep South. In this regard particular attention might be paid to the Chicago district of South Deering, which has resolutely refused to submit to integration. An editorial in the *South Deering Bulletin*, of May 17, 1956, appealed without any beating about the bush to the Chicago citizenry:

"Listen all you good people of Chicago. We are being invaded by hordes of blacks from the South. Invaded at the rate of 2,500 per month. 2,500 people make a fair-sized community. This means

that room must be made to accommodate these people. Room is being made by the white people who retreat from these oncoming hordes.

This, Mr and Mrs Chicago, is desertion in the face of the enemy. Yes, they are the enemy. They come in and take over all the benefits that you and your forefathers have worked for. Your homes, lawns, etc., are soon being enveloped by these invaders, and the surroundings brought down to their level. The green grass soon disappears and the homes take on a ramshackle appearance, and colors associated with the Negro soon predominate in what were neat, orderly neighbourhoods.

We are in the midst of a gigantic push by the press, radio and TV to accept these people. Don't be influenced by this propaganda. Leftist-minded professors in some of our universities are poisoning the minds of students to accept these people as our equals. We can combat these influences by remaining steadfast."

According to all reports the people of South Deering have remained steadfast. In spite of all the pressure that has been exerted against them they have resolutely refused to play multiracial ball.

With regard to Washington, District of Columbia (which, although it is actually below the Mason-Dixon line, cannot be classed as a Southern city in the accepted sense), the situation is now a most remarkable one, as befits the modern American Nation's Capital. For here the blacks are moving in and the whites are moving out on such a scale that, at the present rate, it will soon be an all-Black city. When the Supreme Court handed down its Black Monday decree, President Eisenhower's was the loudest voice in Washington declaring that the capital would be made the model integrated city. Schools and all other public facilities were to be turned immediately into officially approved racial melting pots; and when the white schoolchildren, the martyrs of the new religion, staged protests, Ike at once directed the strong arm of officialdom to crush their resistance. But whereas these totalitarian anti-White methods were effective against children there was no method of forcing white parents, who refused to make themselves guilty of collusion in a literally criminal act against their own offspring, to stay in Washington.

As long ago as 1956 a sub-committee of the House of Representatives stated in a report that discipline problems and delinquency in the wake of school integration "have been appalling, and sex problems have alarmed the parents of white pupils." The report further stated that "the wide disparity of mental ability to learn and educational achievement between the white and Negro students has created a most difficult teaching situation," and that the morale of some teachers "has been shattered" and their health impaired. The report added:

“Integration may spur a general exodus of White citizens from the capital . . . In the not too distant future the District of Columbia will be a predominantly Negro community. All youngsters arrested for murder, rape or embezzlement in one year were Negroes. Teacher after teacher reported an increase in stealing, vandalism and obscenity. One of the dangerous and deplorable developments in the District of Columbia schools is the sex attitude of the Negro . . . The fact that 13 little Negro girls — six years old and under — were treated for gonorrhoea in 1955 is only a sample of the sex attitude. The Department of Health reported 854 cases of gonorrhoea among schoolchildren in 1955 — 97.8% were Negroes.”

The sub-committee also reported that among unwedded school-girls under 16 there had been, in a period of seven months, 185 pregnancies, of which 169 were among Negro girls.

The result of this has been that the schools have been re-segregating. The ‘U.S. News & World Report’ quotes from the 1962-63 school enrollment report as follows:

“In all schools of the nation’s capital at the present time, enrollment is 83.4 per cent Negro and 16.6 per cent White.

Out of 180 public schools in Washington, in the 9th year of integration, 27 are all-Negro, 88 are 90 to 99 per cent Negro, 17 are 90 to 99 per cent White and 3 are all-White.

Since 1953, while gaining more than 125,000 Negro residents, Washington has meanwhile lost 150,000 White residents.”

The journal adds that Washington is not the only city where the negro population is growing and where schools once desegregated are becoming re-segregated. It is taking place also in such cities as Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Newark, Baltimore, etc. But it is in the nation’s capital that the ‘problems’ of integration are most clearly demonstrated.

In the District of Columbia Negroes enjoy school facilities superior to those of almost all other districts in the nation. Certainly no other place in the country offers superior advantages for a successful integration programme. It was largely for this reason that President Kennedy, on January 18, 1963, said of Washington: “Let us make it a city of which the nation may be proud; an example and a show place for the rest of the world.” Yet the stubborn illiberal truth is that the streets of Washington — which is already a predominantly Negro city — are no longer safe for law-abiding White citizens, particularly at night and particularly near the Capitol, where Congress meets. The Washington chief of police, indeed, complained that criminals were being afforded more legal protection than ordinary citizens. “I often wonder who,” he said, “besides the police, is concerned about the right of citizens to be free from attacks by criminals.”

Elsewhere in the North, as we all know, race riots have become commonplace and, owing to officially encouraged Negro truculence, are sure to worsen as time goes on. We all know about it because it has become so big that the Press, no longer being able to conceal it, can do no more than condone or excuse it — always supporting Negro aspirations and blaming the rioting on White suppression and even on White kindness, which according to the Press is the most aggravating form of condescension!

Usually even an intelligent Northerner's conception of the Negro is enough to make a Southerner wonder if he is hearing aright. But for all that the North is slowly learning what, for all its superior wisdom, the South has been trying to tell it for well over a hundred years. The average Northerner, if interviewed by a representative of the rodent Press, will prattle mechanically about the Negro being held down, and about all men being equal, and that we are all human beings, and so on. Yet in the last resort he will add his 'but' — meaning that he does not really believe a word he has repeated, and that he is opposed to integration. In other words the North is learning that racial segregation must always be instituted whenever the black and the white races come into contact with one another. The North is learning that only the fear of immediate and effective punishment will ever persuade the Negro to obey the law and refrain from violence and that it is precisely because he is being treated as an equal human being that his resultant contempt for the Whites has become so dangerous.

Turning to the South again, we find that resegregation also appears to be the order of the day and that private schools are booming. Many public schools that have been told to integrate have been closed down, and State-aided, all-White private schools have been established in their stead. The 'U.S. News & World Report', in its issue of February 13, 1959, declared that in the ten States constituting the Deep South (Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, and North and South Carolina) there were 2,300,000 Negro pupils attending public schools, and that of these only 165 were attending White schools. There were 78 in Arkansas, 44 in Tennessee, 30 in Virginia, 13 in North Carolina, and none at all in any of the other States. It was estimated, moreover, that in Little Rock the Federal Government had spent 5,000,000 dollars in placing nine Negro pupils in the high school, and at one stage had employed a total of 11,800 soldiers!

Even as late as 1963 it was officially stated that only 7.8% of Negro pupils in the South had been admitted to White schools. An editorial in the Virginia Methodist Advocate, which was reproduced in the South African Observer, gave, in 1958, at least one good moral reason for this 'un-Christian' Southern resistance to integration:

“The ‘Virginia Methodist Advocate’ has said on several occasions that the Southland is not ready for integrated public schools. Of course, this is a considerable understatement of fact. It will be a long, long time, in the minds of many thoughtful people, before integrated schools, where large percentages of both white and Negro children reside, can be made workable.

A major reason for such strong opposition in the South to integrated public schools relates to the tremendously important factor of different moral standards as between the races.

The Virginia State Bureau of Vital Statistics has just released the documented public record for 1957 on illegitimate births throughout the entire State of Virginia. The record is one which we wish some of the ardent advocates of integration who speak for the general (Methodist) church would take time to read and digest. Our general church publications are filled with pleas for immediate integration on all levels on the specious ground that this is the only ‘Christian’ thing to do. Well, is it?

Last year in the State of Virginia there were 1,659 illegitimate births of white children, representing 2.3 per cent of all white babies born in the State during the year. During the same time there were 5,834 illegitimate Negro babies born in the State, or 23.1 per cent of the total. Percentagewise, exactly ten times as many illegitimate babies as whites!

The ‘Richmond News Leader’ (June 26, 1958), to which source we are indebted for the figures here given, gives the corresponding percentages from the year 1935 through to 1957. For every single year the percentage of illegitimate white babies, in proportion to the total number of the year, was between two and three per cent, and slightly lower in 1957 (2.3%) than in 1935 (2.8%).

The lowest percentage for Negroes during these years was 18.4 in 1935 and the highest was 23.1 which came last year. In other words, the white percentage rate has not increased — in fact, it is slightly lower — while the Negro rate is steadily increasing. Since 1935, more than 90,000 illegitimate children have been born to Negroes in Virginia.

There will be those, no doubt, who will say, ‘Well, it’s all the result of segregation.’ But is it? Why then did not the white percentage equal that of the Negroes? Or there will be those who claim that the low economic status of the Negroes is the reason. But the State is filled with multitudes of ‘poor whites’. Besides, the Negroes have had much larger incomes in recent years than formerly, better schools and more cultural advantages. Yet, their record is getting worse rather than better as regards this matter of illegitimacy.

. . . . Until the moral standards of the whites and Negroes as groups are brought much nearer the same level than now exists, we unhesitatingly affirm that any attempt to bring impressionable teenagers together, not only in the classrooms and churches but

at socials and parties and in camps and at picture-shows, will be fraught with the greatest danger.”

In view, however, of world Press hostility to the Southland, there is little likelihood of the above facts being presented, let alone studied. Notwithstanding the inveterate sanctimoniousness of our newspapers, they are always careful to omit publishing unpleasant little details such as those given above, or such as those disclosed by the sub-committee of the U.S. House of Representatives. Although they are in full possession of these and similar facts, they obviously do not consider that we ought to be informed of them. The rights and wrongs and facts and figures of the situation simply do not matter; only Race-Mixing matters.

Nevertheless there can be little doubt that the people of the Southern States, however bitter their feelings about the massive onslaught upon their social structure, still feel a measure of their original astonishment that it should have taken place at all. Originally they did not seriously believe that the talk of integration would ever amount to anything concrete. Exactly like the white people of Kenya, they did not suspect that their elected government would turn against them in support of all that is disruptive and suicidally anti-White. Like all Anglo-Saxon peoples they did not suspect what ends the Second World War had been made to serve. They thought they had gone to war to fight Fascism, not to establish Communism. And after the war had been won they thought they were as safe as houses, as safe as the mighty American nation of which they were a part, and that if events appeared to be moving against them it was only because there was a silly misunderstanding somewhere. It was only when the drift had gone so far that they were obliged to stand up and assert themselves, that they found to their utter unbelief that they were staring down the rifle-barrels of their own Washington-directed soldiers!

The Supreme Court's decision to force white children to attend racially integrated classes has given authority to a wholly unnatural and wholly un-American ideology of the most devilish variety imaginable. It is nothing short of stupefying that the Supreme Court should have dared to usurp the powers of Congress and amend — and thereby abolish — the American Constitution sheerly for the holy cause of degrading white children. As we have been told time and again by the Leftists themselves that our children are the primary targets of the Leftist attack, we can hardly fail to discern that the Court's decision means that the American people, and all Anglo-Saxon peoples, are going to be deprived of any essential say even in the handling of their most intimate family affairs. For some years now it has been the blackest of crimes for us to plead our own racial cause as opposed to those of other races, and now that this has been established as an accepted moral principle there is no

limit to its probable consequences. Of course, when the off-white races are pushing us around, which they are forever doing, we are told that they are doing no more than standing up for their basic human rights. Yet when we attempt to stand up for our basic rights, and without pushing anybody around, we are at once accused of Fascism and of practising racial oppression.

According to the Press, integration is only a matter of giving Negro children the right to go to school. Needless to say, such an explanation is so breathtakingly absurd that it exposes the true nefariousness of integration more sharply than almost anything else could do. Negro children do go to school — to schools which the Whites have kindly built for them. These, in America, owing to our common habit of spending more than we can really afford in helping those who cannot or will not help themselves, often appear to be most imposing edifices too; palatial affairs in the approved lavatorial style of architecture which most European schoolchildren would feel too awed to enter, except on tip-toe and squeaking in whispers. As one is obliged to repeat, it is quite impossible to understand why the policy of 'equal but separate' should be deemed immoral, and why Negroes should feel humiliated at having their own schools. Indeed, as an American woman pointed out, if the racial proportions in the United States were reversed, so that the whites formed only ten per cent of an otherwise completely coloured nation, no one would expect white parents to insist on the right of their children to attend coloured schools. No, certainly they would not; because for one thing there would not be any white people left at all. They would be massacred to the last man, woman and child.

Southerners know that segregation is Christian in that it implies self-respect and respect for one's neighbour. Integration on the other hand implies a lack of self-respect, and by obliterating the identity of one's neighbour implies hatred of him. Segregation gives both the whites and the blacks the chance to be themselves; and more than that no man can do for man.

The professional blatherskiters say that if we erase all racial distinctions we will usher in an age of pure democracy and peace. But even assuming for a wild moment that this were true, who would want it? What is that which has no distinctions but a pure shapelessness? What is a pure shapelessness but a pure anarchy? Equally, racial anarchy means racial shapelessness; and that is something which the Southerners, world opinion or no world opinion, scalawags or no scalawags, do not intend should come about.

The Southern viewpoint is essentially and of necessity a simple one, because it is the plain truth. Unlike international charters and the like, anyone can understand it. One Southerner expressed it this way:

“If our buildings, our highways, our railroads should be wrecked, we could rebuild them. If our cities should be destroyed, out of the very ruins we could erect newer and greater ones. Even if our armed might should be crushed, we could rear sons who would redeem our power. But if the blood of our white race should become corrupted and mingled with the blood of Africa, then the present greatness of the United States of America would be destroyed and all hope for the future would be forever gone. The maintenance of American civilisation would be as impossible for a negroid America as would the redemption and restoration of the white man’s blood which had been mixed with that of the Negro.”

Another Southerner, Dr W. C. George, Professor Emeritus of Histology and Embryology at the University of North Carolina, analysed the situation as follows:

“With ‘Brotherhood Week’ designed for their purposes, some of our people are promoting what is probably the greatest sin of this generation in the name of brotherhood and Christianity. Being unable or unwilling to see beneath their rhetoric, they promote programs that would result in gradual disintegration of our culture and destruction of the race that produced it, according to the best evidence we have.

Elsewhere, from time to time, I have given reasons why integration of the races would be a calamity. The evidence and the reasons have not been answered. I think they cannot be. Instead of considering the facts, those who support integration of whites and Negroes say that there are moral values that take precedence over biological facts and scientific argument. Beyond referring to the Golden Rule and asserting that segregation is un-Christian, they are vague about these moral values.

I do not deny that the race problem is a moral issue. On the contrary, I insist that it is a moral issue. To seek and accept the facts bearing on a problem is moral. To preach and promote conclusions and programs on vital matters without seeking and evaluating the facts is immoral. Intellectual dishonesty is really the fundamental immorality. Denial that the races are different is clearly intellectual dishonesty, no matter how you dress up that denial in rhetoric.

In considering complex problems of human relations, quoting the Golden Rule does not *answer* the question, What is the right or moral thing to do? It *raises* the question.

The answer is to be derived from the facts and the probable consequences. Impulsive action based on quick sympathy and goodness of heart, but ignoring the consequences, is neither wise nor moral. A loving but foolish mother might give unwholesome food to her child. A wise and loving mother would not.

‘Do unto others as you would have them do to you’, applies not only to the Negroes and white people now living in our State.

It applies also to our posterity. Does the Golden Rule call upon us to make racial hybrids of our posterity? Quite the contrary, in my judgment and, I expect, in yours."

With regard to America as a whole, it is easy to predict the domestic disorders that are going to convulse this great nation. It is ironic that Mennen Williams should boast of America being a revolutionary nation, for he will surely not be so keen to boast of it in the future. What is taking place in America now — as in Africa — is of course an engineered revolution. But it is a revolution of one kind going in one direction. By revolution, the American Government itself means a revolution of the Left, not of the Right; of the Black, not of the White; of the Dark, not of the Light. None the less this revolution is very soon going to get out of the control of the purblind liberals who have espoused it — if, indeed, the liberals ever really control anything at all. The real point, however, is that the said liberals would be aghast if their liberalism and the consequent Negro excesses were to engender a White counter-movement: a return to traditional conservatism via an absolute White supremacy.

As the Eton-educated British Socialist, John Strachey, stated in his book, 'The Theory and Practice of Communism', "It is impossible to establish communism as the immediate successor to capitalism . . . hence communists work for the establishment of socialism as a necessary transition stage on the road to communism." This undoubtedly appears to be the road that America is taking. Kennedy's 'New Frontier' cannot remotely be reconciled either with traditional American conservatism or with any other kind of conservatism; it is Socialism, which as an American editor by the name of Tom Anderson said, is "Communism without the firing squad." While Americans (who, with the possible exception of South Africans and Rhodesians, are the most anti-Communist people in the world) could not openly be persuaded to become Communists, if clever advantage is taken of their unsuspecting natures, even of their very goodness of heart, they can nevertheless be beguiled into collectivism via liberalism. By means of the same method, their very freedom to object could be taken away from them. In fact this is precisely what Kennedy's Civil Rights Bill has done. It is a Bill which is the complete opposite of what it claims to be. It represents a legislative widening of the crack in the Liberty Bell; a flat, discordant knell of White freedom. Instead of guaranteeing the civil rights of the Negroes, it guarantees that the Whites will be deprived of theirs. In the name of freedom, American freedom has been abolished.

By promising American Negroes that which their biological inferiority will always deny them, the situation is made a thousand times worse for everyone except the Communists. At bottom the

American Negro, like any other Negro, is in revolt against his own shortcomings; and when well-meaning but foolish people emphasise by deploring his inferior status in civilised society they succeed only in making him more demented than ever. As the White disrupters, for their part, have always so clearly foreseen, teaching the American Negro his 'rights' has taught him only to hate his supposed White oppressors. It has taught him that normal discipline and even the restraints of the law itself have been swept aside for his benefit, and that he may now give free rein to his primitive passions. The American Negro has been given to understand that he is on the way up and that the Whites are on the way down, and that all he has to do is to join in the world-wide trampling. He believes the future of the world is to the non-White races and that the Whites are played out — else why the concessions which even he can see clearly enough are so much to the serious detriment of the White race?

When a superior race comes into contact with an inferior race it either exterminates it, enslaves it or otherwise dominates it. There is no more natural and unalterable law of nature than this, no matter how much it might conflict with modern democratic theory. Nothing is more natural than that white Americans should dominate the black Americans, however humanely. It could not be otherwise. But what we are seeing now in America is an officially encouraged attempt on the part of the black Americans to turn the tables and subjugate the white ones, however inhumanely. It cannot possibly amount to anything other than that, no matter what naive ideas on the subject the Federal Government might entertain. Nor can it be achieved other than through powerful support at the top and violence at the bottom.

Louis Martin, the Negro deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee (whatever that might be), said quite simply that Negro aspirations can be summed up in one phrase: "White man, move over!" Each night in Harlem — where Khrushchev met with such a tumultuous welcome — crowds of Negroes gather on street corners to listen to soapbox orators preaching "Black supremacy" and announcing the downfall of the white race. Such is the confidence and fervour of the Negro Revolt that even the integrationist NAACP is becoming "outmoded" — the one organisation the Government to some extent controlled.

The Internationalist Press, naturally, is positively drooling with sympathy for this anti-White uprising, and is so determined to persuade the silly white victims of it to accept it that even the most seemingly innocuous women's journals are full of it. It is an uprising which is obviously thought to be of absolutely vital importance. It is always presented of course as a perfectly spontaneous revolt against White injustice, the sort of injustice which must cause every decent white person to hang his head with shame. Even in the face

of the worst rioting, the Press babbles on eagerly: "The Negroes' battle to be treated as full and equal citizens of the United States is entering a new phase. It is being waged with more toughness, more determination and a greater unwillingness to accept 'fobbing off' tactics on the part of mediators."

So there is no disguising it any more: it is a "battle", a war — which we in Africa have always known it was. But the Press does not ask by what right the rioting Negro claims full and equal citizenship with the white man. Even assuming for one crazy instant that that is what the Negro wants, he has done nothing whatever to merit it. On the contrary, how can he be equal when he is so inferior mentally and so superior criminally? The Press overcomes — or forestalls — this objection by the simple expedient of the Big Lie; denying that the Negroes are mentally inferior to the Whites and ascribing the Negro crime rate to 'conditions'. In fact the Press not only justifies Negro riotousness but stresses the intelligence of it. It says, "The intelligent Negro's battle cry is: Nothing in the world is stronger than an idea whose time has come." But just how intelligent is the intelligent Negro when, at the height of his heroic battle against the white man, he is compelled to filch — or rather, make a rehash of — a white man's (Victor Hugo's) slogan? Why is it he can never think of anything himself?

The Press, no matter how violent the Negroes become, deplors whatever action the white people take to defend themselves. The moment the victimised law-abiding Whites make the least attempt to defend themselves in this one-sided war, the Press at once conjures up a host of ultra-decent and super-expert authorities — the more distant the better — to express their abhorrence at such inexcusable racialistic brutality. If, in this Holy War, this Jihad, the Whites should dare to show signs of fight, there are always 'informed observers' at hand to stress the damage to America's international standing. There are always renowned international saints of all colours to voice their sadness and dismay, and politicians to sound their 'grave warnings'. There is always 'world opinion' to vent its revulsion, and American opinion up in Montana or someplace to express 'a growing feeling' of horror. Above all, unless white Americans hurry up and get mixed they will outrage informed public opinion among important African cannibal States living on white American taxpayers' money. For year after year after year the Performing Poodle Press stands on its hinder legs and goes through its repertoire of corny tricks, and still the people are mesmerised by it.

Naturally, to the white people of Africa, the tactics of this "battle" are most familiar. It was in Africa that they were first applied; with the self-righteous anti-colonialist approval of most white American citizens. But now that the battle has been switched to America itself, it is not being quite so enthusiastically applauded.

It might be pointed out that the Manchester 'Guardian' stated that "the white man in America has been living far longer than he dreams on borrowed time and borrowed privilege." The battle, in other words, almost overnight, is suddenly no longer against the nasty Southerners alone, but against *all* Americans! When, then, one wonders, is the average American going to 'wise up'? What was it Lincoln said? — You can fool most of the people all of the time?

White journalists from Africa who visited America were among the first to pinpoint the so-called Black Muslims as the most likely source of Negro mischief in time to come. They were reporting this when the great majority of Americans themselves had either never heard of the 'Muslims' or else were inclined to 'pooh-pooh' them. But the said journalists were speaking from experience, and in this particular instance were probably all the more percipient for being liberal.

In one respect emancipated American Negro 'religious' progress has certainly been enlightening. First there was Father Divine, who was God himself, and owned a fleet of heavenly Rolls Royces. Then there was His Holiness the Rt. Rev. Dr. James F. Jones, D.D., Universal Dominion Ruler, internationally known as Prophet Jones and sometimes as the Messiah in Mink, because he wore a white mink robe valued conscientiously at 13,500 dollars. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Jones, who was "God's one and only prophet", spoke easily of the "Lubritorium of Lubrimentality" and promised that all who would worship him and give him enough money would become immortal by the year 2,000 A.D. — if they lived that long!

And now we have the Black Muslims, who to demonstrate Black originality have renounced their debased interpretation of the white man's Christianity and have adopted a debased form of the brown man's Mohammedanism. Their leader is a little light-skinned Negro, the son of a Baptist preacher, christened Elijah Poole and now known as Elijah Muhammad. He is the Messenger and Apostle of Allah. The Muslim's chief ideologist, and heir-apparent to Elijah, is Malcolm X, a self-confessed ex-convict, bootlegger, dope-peddler and pimp. He too is the son of a Baptist preacher, though his relationship to Allah is unspecified. If anything it would seem he would claim kinship with the Huns, as his daughter's name is Attila!

Owing to their extremism and strict control of their followers (though, Negro nature being what it is, unity and cohesion must always be extremely precarious) the Muslims are making a deal of headway. They have 80 "mosques" and two "universities". They also have their own police force; six-foot judo experts known as "The Fruit of Islam". It is all frightfully James Bond. The synopsis of their creed is: Hate the white man and his Christianity. According to Elijah Muhammad, the Black race was "Original Man" and was created 66,000,000,000,000 years ago. Adam was grafted from a black man 6,000 years ago by a leading black scientist. The Whites

were devils. They had kidnapped Negroes from an advanced civilisation in Mecca, had enslaved them and taught them to be inferior, and had made them worship a white Jesus. But the Whites were corrupt and their civilisation was doomed to succumb to the Nation of Islam. "They wasn't taught to do 'no good,'" Elijah explained, "they was taught to do evil."

Nevertheless the Muslims have some excellent ideas which deserve to win them many millions of White supporters. They have renounced their English names because they are "detested relics of the slave days" — meaning they have renounced them because they are White names. This is good. It is ludicrous that a black man should be called Mr Poole or Mr Malcolm. The Muslims believe moreover in total racial segregation, as "it is more natural than integration." They want the Government either to give Negroes a separate Black State or help them to migrate — to Africa, "back where we came from."

These are excellent ideas which Lincoln and Jefferson would have jumped at, as they were their own ideas in the first place. The more the pity that the present Government does not share them, especially as the Muslims detest the Government for its more conventional humanitarianism. According to Malcolm X "the United States is a far worse colonial power than Britain. We Negroes are far worse colonised here in America than are the Blacks in South Africa." Therefore in America there will be "violence and more violence, bloodshed and more bloodshed . . . We're ready to start guerilla warfare if necessary. I've never heard of a bloodless revolution, or of a revolution based on love and kisses."

With the Coloured population in the United States expected to reach the staggering total of 150,000,000 by the middle of the next century (a population equivalent to the present white American population), it is obvious what a shocking menace this constitutes to the future of White America. Even in the highly unlikely event of the Negroes remaining wholly passive, they would still constitute a terrible menace owing to the sheer fact of their very presence. Moreover, particularly with the advent of automation, it seems fairly evident that millions of them will be unemployed and unemployable. Among other things this will mean that the hard-working, self-respecting and law-abiding White Americans (those who appear to have the least political influence in their country) will have to be bled still whiter to support them and their teeming, potentially voting broods — all under the fine slogan of a war against poverty. The Whites will thus be given the splendidly unselfish incentive of working to provide, not for themselves and their own, but for the non-working oppressed minority who in turn will respond with murderous anti-White 'crusades'. On the other hand it is quite possible that it will be the Whites who will be unemployed, and not the Blacks. It is quite possible that the Whites will be systematically

replaced in their jobs by Blacks so as to ensure there is no racial discrimination. The advantages of such a policy to the wreckers of White America can be readily appreciated.

Equally obvious is the shocking irresponsibility of those White politicians, or puppets, who are busily aggravating the situation and unleashing the Black menace here and now. In the long run, however, this may be just as well. It is all to the good that Americans should recognise the peril and should face up here and now to the monumental and age-old question of what is to be done with the Negroes. The answer, if the white man is not eventually to be overwhelmed or made to 'Quit America', or even be told, 'Yank, Go Home!', is also obvious. In the first place, if the Negroes are not to be exterminated or expelled they will have to be disenfranchised and forever subjugated. They cannot be allowed to live in freedom; they are not fit for it. They cannot control themselves and must therefore always be controlled by others. Though the wages of American Negroes afford them an average purchasing power at least 25% in excess of that of the egregiously pro-Negro wage-earners of Nordic Sweden, they can never be the equals of refined white people in a civilisation that is alien to them. It would be by far the best, of course, if they could be evacuated from the United States altogether — say to Mexico, where the murder rate would make them feel more at home. Failing this they must at least be shifted to their own areas; to their own separate State, as Malcolm X himself has requested. This would certainly be wiser and more humane than encouraging them to mix with the White race and ruin that as well. They do not belong with the Whites; and instead of allowing them to infiltrate the White breeding and living grounds they must be weeded out and put somewhere where the White race can control them. For security reasons alone they must be put into a separate national corral. In other words what must be done with them is the very opposite of what our deadly enemies, the race-mixers, are equally forcibly implementing right here and now.

If America were to become little more than an extension of Africa, and the White Americans were to be expelled or corraled instead, it would at once cease to be a country as such and would become a wilderness dotted with crumbling cities and works, more eternally devastated by the black man than by a nuclear war. It would be peopled by a multitude of warring gangs or tribes, with those of the lightest hue forming the 'aristocracy' and supplying the guiding ration of criminal brain. Culturally it would be a land of orgy and St Vitus Dance, with music presumably of Black Muslim Tin-Pan-Allah. It would be, due directly to our fatuous humanitarianism and rejection of aristocratic principles, a wilderness representing the utter negation of our politically-worshipped Evolution.

From the White Americans' side, one of the earliest and more significant pointers to what is bound to be an increase and consolidation of traditional American attitudes, was Major-General Edwin Walker's stand as a defender of American conservatism. General Walker, it will be remembered, was the officer in command of the Federal troops at Little Rock. It was there that he realised he was "on the wrong side." Then, in Berlin, where as a reward for his services in America he was given the command of what was rated to be one of the finest divisions in the American Army, when carrying out his orders to instruct his men on the nature of the Communist peril he did so by instructing them not only on the nature of the Russian Communist peril but on that of the Communist peril at home and in the American Government itself.

Now if General Walker, who was hurriedly cashiered, had been the only member of the American military hierarchy to show concern at domestic events and State Department activities, there would doubtlessly be good grounds for supposing him to be either exceptionally eccentric or exceptionally discerning. A determined attempt was actually made to have him certified as insane, though he proved too big a fish to be caught in this particular well-worn Communist net. But it happens that since Korea there have been many other officers like him; as many perturbed top-ranking soldiers and naval officers as there are disgruntled chiefs of police — men such as Stratemeyer and Van Fleet and MacArthur. The late General MacArthur was in fact one of the first soldiers to suspect the subversive or un-American influences at work in America. Originally in conflict with the Government over its "Socialization" of Japan, he later made the miscalculation of supposing that in Korea he was fighting a genuine war for America instead of a limited "police action" on behalf of the United Nations.

It was actually the American Daily Worker that first demanded MacArthur's recall. It did so on the ground that he "would build up Japan into a possible bulwark against the Soviet Union and the progressive forces in Asia." The smearing of MacArthur, as we all remember, soon reached a peak of extraordinary intensity, not only in America but throughout the entire West — including Southern Africa and Australia. The lands of Christian white men were filled with MacArthur smears; until the ex-hero, the ablest of American soldiers, could safely be recalled. As he himself observed, he had often wondered where the real power in the West lay, and now he knew — it lay in the Press.

In an address to the American people (not reported in our newspapers) he proclaimed in the patriarchal tones common to the 'Puritan' soldier:

"Be not deceived by strange voices heard across the land, decrying this old and proven concept of patriotism. From the very

beginning it has been the main bulwark of our national strength and integrity.

Seductive murmurs are arising that it is now outmoded by some more comprehensive and all-embracing philosophy; that we are provincial and immature, or reactionary and stupid when we idealise our own country; that there is a higher destiny for us under another more general flag; that no longer when we send our sons and daughters to the battlefield must we see them through all the way to victory; that we can call upon them to fight and even to die in some half-hearted and indecisive effort. That we can plunge them recklessly into war and then suddenly decide that it is a wrong war, or in a wrong place, or at a wrong time; or even that we can call it not a war at all, but by some more euphemistic and generic name. That we can treat them as expendables, although they are our own flesh and blood. That we, the strongest nation in the world, have suddenly become dependent upon others for our security and even our welfare.

Listen not to these voices be they from the one political party or from the other; be they from the high and the mighty, or the lowly and the forgotten. Heed them not. Visit upon them a righteous scorn born of the past sacrifices of your fighting sons and daughters.

Repudiate them in the market place, on the platform, and from the pulpit. Those who are our friends will understand. Those who are not we can pass by. Be proud to be called patriots or nationalists or what you will, if it means that you love your country above all else, and will place your life if need be at the service of your flag."

The simple undivided patriotism of soldiers has always been a stumbling-block to subversives. This is partly because soldiers realise all too clearly that, as General Walker put it, "There is no co-existence on a battlefield." Nevertheless in America the soldiers—and the police—do not stand alone. One would never suspect it from the newspapers, but they happen to be supported by many of the best brains in the country. The struggle resolves itself basically into one between the Protestant Anglo-Saxon South and West and the Monied North-East; yet it is a struggle which would be supported by the great majority of people in the North itself if the said people were not hypnotised by TV and the Performing Poodle—by what the Northern author, Carleton Putnam, calls the North's "Paper Curtain". The danger here is not merely that facts can be omitted or twisted, but that the Poodle can divert the people into voting for policies or issues which have absolutely nothing to do with the real ones.

In estimating the degree of active Communist penetration in the United States, Professor Oliver of the University of Illinois drew attention (in the 'American Mercury') to the "Scoreboards" published annually by 'American Opinion'. The Scoreboard represents an

estimate of the extent of Communist influence and control over everything of economic or political importance done in each of the 107 major countries of the world, and is compiled from the reports submitted independently of each other by qualified investigators of the Communist conspiracy — by investigators living on five continents.

Here are the scores for the United States, over the years '58 to '60, representing the consensus of these evaluations:

1958.....	20-40%
1959.....	30-50%
1960.....	40-60%

This, remember, means approximately 50% of control over everything of political and economic importance done in or by the United States of America, which if true would perfectly explain America's apparent schizophrenia. Moreover the score at the moment is estimated as being from 60-80%, the rapid increase over the last six or seven years being attributed to Communist success in penetrating the leading universities — a process which began about two generations ago, which needless to say has always been accorded priority, and which is reaping the harvest today. If however we should feel disposed to disregard this evidence, let us give our attention instead to a statement made to the House Committee on Un-American Activities in the year 1962:

“Some 200 unknown, or suspected, Communist-Front and Communist-infiltrated organisations are now under investigation by the F.B.I. Many of these fronts are national in scope with chapters in various cities throughout the United States. They represent transmission belts through which the Communist Party furthers its conspiratorial designs. They have infiltrated every conceivable sphere of activity; youth groups, radio, television, and motion picture industries; church, school, educational and cultural groups; the Press, national minority groups and civil and political units.”

According to this statement every single major sphere of American society has been infiltrated by Communists. It is exactly the sort of statement we would expect from a Right-wing 'extremist' — except that it happens to have been made by none other than the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, John Edgar Hoover himself!

Professor Oliver, however, like Mr Hoover, stresses the vital role that Liberals play in furthering the aims of the Communist conspiracy. The Communists being insignificant in number, their extraordinary successes would never have been possible without the help of Liberal thought. Prominent Liberals, with their cloak of respectability, not only serve the cause of Communism more effec-

tively than the Communists themselves, but above all serve the purpose of covering with intellectual confusion a moral and political issue which would otherwise be perfectly clear-cut. Moreover, as Professor Oliver so accurately points out, the work of Communist and Liberal alike is made so much easier by the fact that "our civilisation is suffering from some potentially fatal disease or decay that has deprived us—temporarily or permanently—of the intelligence and the will to live."

America has been immune from foreign attack for so long (thanks largely to the Royal Navy), and has been so effectively lulled to sleep by democratic and anti-colonial, revolutionary sentiments, that she is falling an easy victim to those who are undermining her in the name of her own slogans. Lacking an aristocracy, which even in its present effete form she so instinctively envies and venerates in the English, she lacks the best possible defence against subversion. By setting a cultural tone, aristocracies maintain high national standards. By forming a ruling caste they prevent demagogues and their like from usurping power. Being the rulers of their respective countries they protect the national interests as zealously as their own. Being the recognised rulers, they neglect their responsibilities at the risk of their necks. Because, on the other hand, America possesses nothing much more substantial than a succession of puppet Presidents, there is scarcely anything to subvert. True, for the lack of a monarchy with teeth in it she possesses a Constitution, which for the checking of abuses is unquestionably a very wise institution. But even this has been 'amended' by enactments or edicts of the Supreme Court-United Nations partnership. She also has her Senate, a most excellent and truly conservative body in that it is exempt from crude numerical election. Yet even the Senate has largely succumbed to Liberalism; to the sapping of American Rulership.

Whether we speak of outright Communist influence in the United States or speak of Liberalism, we must at least recognise that Something exists in America which, to put it mildly, is running counter to our common Western values and hence our common Western interests. In other words America is no longer the America of Mark Twain, it is more like an America of Karl Marx. For what else are New Deals and New Frontiers and Great Societies but expressions of outright Socialism? — the very opposite of that traditional American (and Christian) individualism which made her the mightiest nation the world has ever known, and which has built that towering national structure which the collectivists are now so busily and so 'intellectually' blowing sky-high. If free enterprise had not built the structure there would be nothing for the faceless, inhuman 'humanists' to blow up. They could only blow up themselves; but as for some strange reason they

are reluctant to perform this genuinely signal service to humankind, it is incumbent upon humankind to do the job for them.

The upshot of it all is that America is splitting wider and wider into two segments; into those who are moving further and further to the left and those who are moving further and further to the right. Fundamentally, where the upsurge of Conservatism in America is concerned, this is due to the forcible attempt to mix our Nordic race, specifically our children, with a lower race. This has given a formidable percentage of the American population to understand with perfect clarity that the present struggle, our common racial struggle, is an absolutely uncompromising one. It is not one which can possibly be 'discussed'. We do not normally compromise with the lives of our women and children and attempt to strike impossible bargains with Moloch. Only sham love compromises; genuine love never does because it never can, because love is the comprehension of life itself — and is a form of light. It is not love that evades vital (i.e. 'life-full') issues or runs away or talks false peace; it is love that fights to the death, for it knows that to compromise is to dilute, and that to dilute love is to kill it. That is why the gentle, hard-as-nails Jesus (who taught us to disdain death; not, like the Orientals, to disdain life) came with a sword in his hand. The times, as determined by the activities of our rodent enemies, do not allow of the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon middle path. We are not dealing with Anglo-Saxon peoples. Moderate men today, men with no proper understanding of the issues at stake, without doing anyone or anything any good merely expose themselves to the fire of both sides. This does not mean, of course, that we have to become bleak-eyed or rolling-eyed fanatics ourselves. That is not in conformity with our nature. But it does mean that we have to become inflexibly resolved not to yield another inch of our rightful ground. More, it means we have to go over to the offensive, and not merely stay on the defensive trying to parry our enemies' blows. Battles cannot be won unless they are fought. Quite simply, we have to conquer or be conquered — that is the issue at stake. To conquer we have to have a will to conquer. And to have a will we have to have a mission — namely, faith in our racial destiny and the resolve to pursue it.

As we stand now, in a world filled with the rantings of the sub-races, our own elected leaders do not have a single word to say either for themselves or for the people they are there to represent and protect. Why are they so criminally dumb? Oh, to be sure, a score of plausible reasons are advanced for their dumbness, and for the high-minded necessity for our racial debasement. But they are all totally and utterly false. Our Western leaders are dumb for no other reason than that they have in their heads what men normally have in their bowels, and perforce speak the same when they speak

at all. How else could they blatherskite? Yet if bowel-content never filled the head before, why should it now? Why should it be impossible for our Socialistic leaders to speak boldly and simply and forthrightly like a Jefferson? . . . "For ourselves we fought, for ourselves we conquered, and for ourselves alone we have a right to hold."

We are faced with the Conspiracy of the Communists, the Internationalism of the Financiers, the Sickness of the Liberals, the Mania of the Sub-Races and the Defeatism of the White Race. We are faced even with the powerful Tribe of Sodom; with their grudge against society, their penchant for primitives and their hankering after a revolutionary world brotherhood — irrespective of race, colour or creed, though not of sex. We have the Negro vote determining America's destiny and the beginnings of the same in England. We have the British Commonwealth shattered by non-White participation, and the United Nations shattered by the same. We are told that the Coloured races are on the march, when everyone knows it is the White race that is on the run.

When will this mad rush to the abyss be stayed? When will the refined White race cease to be held in bondage, even in its own native lands, by a rabble of internationalists and discoloured pitheoids? Who are they, exactly, that we must submit to them? Do they look like divinities? Is there any higher authority that forbids us from living on this earth as it pleases us, and ordering our lives as we choose? Do we suppose ourselves to have a life-span of a thousand years, and consider the future of our progeny to be of no account, that we so patiently suffer the presence of those who blight our lives? Are we incomplete in ourselves that we should need this bastard world brotherhood to be thrust upon us — this Democracy of Death? Are we so malformed in body and mind that we cannot find inspiration in ourselves alone?

We, the descendants of those North-Western Europeans who alone repelled the infidel and pagan invaders from Asia and Africa, have the sole right to rule in our native West. We, the seed of those Whites who forged our civilisation, have the sole right to the fruits of it. It is for us to keep these fruits to ourselves, not to squander them upon envious, hand-biting sub-races. The same with our scientific knowledge; we must keep it to ourselves. It is for us to make the West mightier yet, not to despoil it for the sake of Myrdal's Welfare World. It is for us to cleanse and magnify the West, not to help defile and demean it. It is for us to have absolute dominion in the world, not to seek the status of serfs. There is actually nothing to stop us from having this dominion; that is why we have to be held in artificial check, paralysed by gibbering bogeymen. For us to inherit the earth all we have to do is to live in it as we will and not as others will; to expand in it and make ourselves at home in it — for what other home have we? By virtue of our racial contribution

to it we have far more right to it than anyone else. There is of course plenty of give and take between the White race and the non-White races, except that we do all the giving and they do all the taking. The world is being Europeanised, not Chineseified or Negrified or any other 'fied'. We are being not merely copied but expropriated. Co-operation will end when the non-Whites have all they want and we have nothing left to give; when our natural positions are utterly reversed. So if this one-sided generosity and civilisation-giving should prove that we are truly superior as well as plain scared, why should we not behave as if we were superior?

All we have to do to have dominion in the world is to want to have it. All we have to do to avoid subjugation is to go by our own wishes and feelings and ignore the self-appointed Ringmasters and their Performing Poodles. We have merely to state what we feel and leave it at that, for our feelings are true to us and come from the beginning of time. They were part of us when we were first wound up and set in motion by the God who made us, and were given to us that we might survive. The argument of feeling is ungainsayable. No talk in the world can contradict feeling. No talk in the world can get past the fact that we live and move and feel and want. Why, then, should we live and move and feel and want as others would have us, and not as we alone would have it?

Consciously, we have been well mesmerised. 'All men are equal,' we repeat dutifully. 'We are all human beings and brothers; and if the others are less stable and less advanced than ourselves it is because we have been holding them down.' But we are speaking only with our brainwashed superficial minds, not with our instinct minds. It was not only the Brontosaurus that had an auxiliary brain in its tail; we have them too. Thus we all know in our hearts, or our tails, that what we are repeating is not true. That is why we keep protesting it; just as the race-mixers themselves keep protesting that race-mixing will do us no harm. Indeed, it is quite inconceivable that we can prattle away as the Press editorials have instructed us, and not hear the alarm bells jangling frantically with every word we utter. But of course we protest these untruths because in this age of overturned values we are desperately seeking reassuring dogmas in the place of the old, discarded, but true ones. We repeat them because we want to be fashionable and up to date, and because we are afraid to say what we really think and feel in case we meet with ridicule and social disapproval. Nevertheless we can always feel our auxiliary Brontosaurus brains twitching, even when we are sitting down. We are all, in fact, very much wiser than we suspect. Deep down, we know all about life because we are life. Truth is etched upon the very protoplasm of life, and resides within all of us. We need but to become conscious in our rational brain of the truth that is already in our instinct brain. The mind is the slave of life, as Shakespeare said. It is the servant of the life-prompting that is

within us. It is its function to give reasoned guidance and articulateness to the life-wisdom, not its function to repress that wisdom.

As we stand now, we can see everybody's point of view except our own precisely because we have no point of view of our own. Or, at least, we have a point of view of our own but are not permitted to become conscious of it or articulate it. We observe the Golden Rule: Do as you would be done by. But the Golden Rule is for the timid and the inferior; a morality which expects a return in kind. It amounts to a moral ping-pong. In any event, in a world of unequal men, one man's meat is another man's poison. Meat to the sub-races is poison to us. The Golden Rule cannot be valid precisely because all men are *not* brothers. If they were, what would that make our brothers?

Egalitarianism is not for us. It was not designed for us; it was designed *against* us. What world brotherhood leads to in practice is the enmity of brothers — of white brothers. So let us have done with it; with this mongrel idealism. Naturally, we are told that we cannot hope to win without the Coloured races (a statement wherein our enemies at least confess that a race war is being waged against us). But of course the truth is always the converse of what we are told. The truth is, by very definition, that we cannot hope to win with the Coloured races — else what would we win against? We are told that the ideal of 'equal but separate' is not only literally iniquitous but hopelessly out of date. And so it is; for in the future the rule will be one of 'superior and world's apart'. The ethic of the future will be none other than President Kennedy's 'diseased' racial discrimination. This will be recognised as the greatest good; as the ethic in harmony both with the divine will and earthly reality.

To be or not to be: that is our question. We must either be slaves or masters; and as we were not fashioned to be slaves we must actively work for the unchallengeable world supremacy of our race. There is absolutely no other choice available to us. It is the duty we owe to ourselves and above all to those who will come after us.

That we, even while we are literally reaching to the stars with our space rockets, should be crawling on our hands and knees before the sub-races, is surely the most vivid possible proof of our present ethical insanity. Is this to be the glorious consummation of our unique civilisation? Is this what we were born into the world for, to prostrate ourselves at the insalubrious feet of black savages? Is this to be our destiny? Or would we prefer to lift our faces from the democratic dust and turn them to the light of the sun?

With the rapid increase of the Negro voting population and that of other inferior racial groups in the United States, and not forgetting that of the white voting masses whose 'thinking' is influenced by experts in the psychology of mentally retarded children,

what hope is there for the future? Oddly enough, in spite of all the cards being stacked in their favour, the race-mixers do not seem to be quite as much at their ease as we might expect. The Civil Rights Bill is as much an indication of anxiety as of policy. None the less, aside from what this flagitious Bill might indicate, it cannot possibly represent other than a coldly calculated war against the genuine American people; a war, like most wars, waged for the purpose of destroying them. Indeed, the reason we are made to feel racially guilty, and to abhor the use of force and violence, is to ensure that we will lack the spirit and will to defend ourselves against the mounting flagrant forms of genocide that are being employed against us.

It is clear that in view of the voting preponderance of America's inferior citizens the Americans of unsullied instinct will have to organise themselves along their own traditional lines, quite regardless of any other considerations. It is not for me to tell them how this might best be done: the American Conservative movement has more than an average quota of brain in its upper echelons, and does not need my advice or anybody else's. Yet it cannot be stressed often enough how absolutely imperative it is that they preserve their racial identity and their way of life regardless of anything else. This means that there must be a complete refusal to accept racial integration, above all in the schools. For unless they do this they are lost.

Further to American survival, it is necessary, as I have stated before, that the Negroes be removed as soon as possible to their own separate State or area. To the best of my knowledge this is actually what the Communists desire, though with certain vital differences of detail and design. The object of the Russian-directed Communists (who of course are experts at moving whole populations from one place to another, and are equally well versed in the arts of genocide) is to eject the white inhabitants of the Deep South, where the Negroes are concentrated and in several places outnumber the Whites, and erect an independent — though Red-controlled — Black Republic within the United States. Therefore if the Negroes are to be removed to their own separate State it will have to be somewhere on the fringe of the country instead of within it, and will have to be closely controlled by White America.

Altogether then, the basis for national regeneration, for the overthrow of the un-Americans, must of necessity be racial. American national regeneration can only be accomplished if the Americans of North-West European racial stock form a distinct nucleus or foundation. They must recognise one another, work together, and be strictly endogamous. They must form a distinct American aristocracy; and as the descendants of America's first settlers and of those who fought in the Civil War, they must be uncompromising about their right to rule their own national roost.

They must form, in other words, nothing more or less than that white American 'Aristoi' which Jefferson deemed so necessary.

One day when we have all put our respective Western houses in order, and when America behaves as if she belonged to the Occident instead of to the Orient, we will start to push back at all these sub-humans who are so confidently pushing us around now; and once having started we will not stop until our baboonish antagonists are permanently flat on their backs. Instead of our meekly 'moving with the times', the times will move with us — and not only fast but for good.

This, however, will never come about for as long as we go on being ruled by black men with white skins.

## CHAPTER XIII

# Black and White

*A man purchased a blackamoor, and thinking that the colour of his skin was due to neglect on the part of his previous owner, he took him straight home, sent for the scrubbing brushes, soap and sandpaper, and set to work with his servants to wash him white again. They scrubbed and rubbed for hours on end, but all in vain: his skin remained as black as ever; and the poor wretch nearly died from the cold he caught in the process.*

— Aesop

Since ancient times it has been fashionable for poets to sing nostalgically of the original simple life before history began; when all was unsullied beauty and happiness, when the discord which is evil had not yet marred the pristine harmony, nor the serpent insinuated itself into the Garden of Eden. They sang of the Golden Age, of the age before the Fall of Man, when the earth was radiant and new-born, joyous with the wonder of its resplendent being.

Hesiod sang of it. The Middle Ages sang of the Land of Cockaigne. And in more recent times our poets and novelists, wearied of the burdens and complications of civilised existence, began to equate this original simple life with that of the savages of the Americas and the Pacific, and even with that of the Negro. They bequeathed to us the Noble Savage and the Native Idyll; the tale of paradise pure and serene before the coming of the white man, who, with his gin and his Bible, his diseases and intolerance, his chains of slavery, established a misrule of misery where once the laughter and beauty of innocence had reflected the light of heaven.

Far be it from us to scorn this Golden Age sentiment overmuch. False it may be; but it is a charming sentiment well worthy of the European peoples, who alone had the sensitiveness to conceive it and the sympathy to cherish it. It testifies to the essential goodness and poetic romanticism of the European peoples, and bodes well for our future. More than a regret for a largely mythical past, it points to a hope of things to be. To be sure, the people the gods will favour, though not matted cave-men, will be too virile to indulge unduly in innocent girlish laughter. If heaven itself were to consist of a mere beatific drifting and aimless tittering it would not be

worth going to and would be anything but heaven. We do not want to become Eloi any more than we want to become Morlocks. Nevertheless it is true that the gods delight in perfection of form. As Disraeli said, "The superiority of the animal man is an essential quality of aristocracy" — a truth which none realised more clearly than the Greeks, the discoverers of the human body as well as the originators of our civilisation. The people the gods would approve would also be of a certain enlightened innocence, an essential openness and simplicity, though in a quite different sense to that of the mythical Noble Savage. In that this ultimate organic symmetry or psycho-physical harmony would bring its own life-joyousness, so the fabled Golden Age might become a future reality.

Our civilisation unquestionably has many defects or drawbacks enframèd in its structure. But this is not to condemn it but rather to praise it, for if it were wholly or largely defective we should not merely protest that defects are to be found in it. We do not normally make a business of protesting that which is overwhelmingly self-evident; other, that is, than when we are denying the difference between black and white. Our civilisation can safely be blamed for everything precisely because there is no other civilisation to be blamed. It is not, however, an inherited fossil but is a living and dynamic entity. If it did not alter or could not alter, in its form though not in its substance, there would indeed be something seriously wrong with it. Other civilisations did ossify and crumble; but our civilisation, like the stream of life itself, is in a state of confined change; not the tedium and aimlessness of change in itself as the sole good or even sole reality, which would reduce everything to futility and non-existence, but of creative change within fixed limits — like any work of art. In other words it possesses the essential qualities of immortality. Naturally, discontent, of a particular kind, is to be expected and hoped for. We, the men of an adventurous and creative and thus truly progressive race, are born to a seasonable restlessness. This is in harmony with our outward-looking religion, Christianity, which unlike the other religions, life-despising and inward-looking, is the very opposite of fatalistic. Only the veriest handful of races have established civilisations: the rest, lacking the spark, have either trailed along protestingly in their wake or have stayed where they were. The higher type of man is not, so to speak, content to chew the cud, but aspires to that which he cannot always name or explain — such as the reason for climbing a mountain, a purely European impulse. He is positively compelled to build and invent, speculate and investigate and dare. He is what Goethe called "Nature's first speech with God."

Needless to say, we cannot go back in time, nor should we want to. The Negro might want to, but we cannot. We have to go onward, steering by the star of our racial character, and endeavouring to make it possible for our progeny to ascend those summits of

experience and self-fulfilment to which we ourselves may aspire. Nevertheless, owing to our adventurousness, it is only natural that many of us, confined to grey Northern city life, or otherwise unable to obey the behests of our youthful or not so youthful restlessness, should allow our poetic fancies to roam in search of compensation; picturing, perhaps, the green and mysterious depths of uncharted jungles, the beckoning peaks of forgotten mountain ranges, or the breaking of sapphire seas on the coral of distant isles. Imprisoned in city offices, it is only natural we should envy the splendid freedom of unspoiled savage man, and long to change lots with him.

But in everyday reality, of course, things are sadly different. Our free and unspoiled savage is dirty, diseased, ugly, stupid, greedy, cruel, treacherous, taboo-ridden, hag-ridden, louse-ridden, entirely unimaginative except for ghoulish terrors, feeds on dogs and slugs, and lives in a Golden Age habitat closely resembling a civilised man's rubbish dump. Inevitably so, as he is a sort of human detritus, a prehistoric inhabitant of the world's fringes. It may be observed, however, that whenever the rites, customs, fetishes, taboos, cruelties, superstitions and generally unpleasant characteristics of a savage tribe are being described, the author or speaker, fearful of offending liberal opinion and censorship, invariably qualifies everything he has said by hastily drawing parallels with our own behaviour. He is anxious to assure his audience or his readers that they are in no way superior to savages, and he desires at all costs to avoid being accused of 'racialism'.

Our lecturers want to have it both ways. They will tell us that we are impure in heart and mind because sophisticated, whereas savages are pure in mind because simple and natural. They will then chide us for having left the savages to their backwardness instead of having provided them with a modern education. They will scold us both for neglecting them and for interfering with them. They will, on the one hand, deny that Stone-Age savages are inferior to us, but will assert that Asians are superior to us because of their ancient erstwhile civilisations. Having said that prehistoric cave-men were as intelligent as ourselves, they now say that Africans are exceptionally gifted to show a fraction of our ability. In short their task is to reduce, by hook and by crook, our obvious superiority to inferiority or at least to sameness. Thus they will airily dismiss the unparalleled inventive achievements of our own race, will brush aside as irrelevant the fact that we achieved greatness in the face of every conceivable obstacle, and will simply refuse to discuss why it was that poverty never turned us into a race of criminals and bandits, good-for-nothings and morons. It is their task to convey the impression that our race had everything easy, and that every white person was thoughtfully provided with an Aladdin's lamp at birth.

The instances they give of racial sameness reveal the necessary poverty of egalitarian invention. But this failing has in no wise affected its volume; and we may be sure that if invention were unnecessary, if the Primitives had displayed the least talent at any stage of their long history, the deluge of equalitarian propaganda would have drowned us long ago. Owing however to the lack of Primitive history, it is more convenient to point to the sins of our own. To be sure, it cannot be denied that our race has been guilty of just about every conceivable crime during the course of its history. It is not yet a race of gods, even if it sometimes looks like one. Our race too has been savage and cruel and ignorant. But the difference is precisely that its lapses have always been regarded as such. They have been largely incidental stigmata, not imperishable monuments. They have been the exception, not the rule. Indeed, much of what we, with our modern faith in the divinity of mob-rule, regard as having been evil or tyrannical in olden Europe, was in fact the greatest good. Today, as evidence of our spiritual enlightenment, we build super counting houses and insurance houses; whereas our rude and ignorant forebears, in their darkness, were only able to build Gothic cathedrals. At all events, whatever our racial lapses, real or imaginary, we have much more than atoned for them by our incalculably great contributions to civilisation; contributions so great and diverse that we have every justification for calling civilisation our very own — for if everything the Europeans have contributed to it were to be taken away, what would be left? The Primitives, however, who have been in the world for as long as anybody else, if not longer, have shown no desire or ability to progress beyond their own savagery. The truth is there have always been these primitive races in the world and always will be, unless the American egalitarian myth finally succeeds in liquidating them. That is another good reason why racial integration is so necessary; because the existence of primitive races provides too embarrassingly obvious a refutation of the egalitarian myth, the ideological prelude to One-World Government.

The ancient civilisations, or cultures, did not evolve laboriously from primitive states and primitive men. They came suddenly, from biologically advanced men, who had hitherto been satisfied with a nomadic existence or had been too preoccupied with the struggle for survival in harsher environments. Moreover the various civilisations flourished in isolation, where the creative race remained intact, or where an original fortunate racial blending was able, due to uninterrupted inbreeding as opposed to indiscriminate and uninterrupted outbreeding, to become stabilised and refined. But primitive racial types, such as still exist today, never built any civilisation and never will. Whatever we might think about the theory of evolution as it stands at the moment, we can be quite

sure that the primitive racial types ceased evolving a very long time ago.

The Noble Savage was invented not by Rousseau but by Dryden, in 1670. Then, in 1711, Joseph Addison — a Foe to Vice and Folly, a Friend to Truth and Virtue — whose paper was designed to furnish Tea-Table talk among Reasonable Women (insipid “water-gruel”, Anne Seward called it), referred to Negro slaves as examples of the “first ages of the world when men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour.” He spoke of their “savage greatness of soul.” Yet even in the eighteenth century, with its staid and majestic formalism offset by the vogue of neo-classical Daphnes and Chloes, there were literary dissentients. “Don’t cant in defence of savages, sir!” Dr Johnson boomed at the discomfitted Boswell.

Later in the century the Methodist and Quaker bodies were active. The voice of John Wesley, who opposed the slave trade as fiercely as he opposed the education of the English masses, was joined by those of Wilberforce, Fox and Bentham. Yet at the same time the dissentient voices had also increased in number. Though the Noble Savage, taken over by Rousseau, was still living his Arcadian existence, free from greed, cruelty and fear, the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of 1797 was stating of the Negro: “Vices the most notorious seem to be the portion of this unhappy race. Idleness, treachery, revenge, cruelty, impudence, stealing, lying, profanity, debauchery, and intemperance, are said to have extinguished the principles of natural law and to have silenced the reproofs of conscience. They are strangers to every sentiment of compassion, and are an awful example of the corruption of man when left to himself.”

A little before this, Edward Gibbon, the country squire (who said, with horror, of Fox, that “his inmost soul is deeply tinged with Democracy”), in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, introduced a comparison of the Negroes with the early tribesmen of Germania:

“Rome may well have expected that the swarms of barbarians from the north would have been equalled by new swarms of barbarians from the south, but such gloomy terrors would have been dispelled by a more intimate acquaintance with the character of their African enemies.

The inaction of the Negroes does not seem to be the effect either of their virtue, or of their pusillanimity. They indulge, like the rest of mankind, their passions and appetites; and the adjacent tribes are engaged in frequent acts of hostility. But their rude ignorance has never invented any effectual weapon of defence, or of destruction; they appear incapable of forming any extensive

plans of government or conquest; and the obvious inferiority of their mental faculties has been discovered and abused by the nations of the temperate zone.”

Speaking of attempts to convert the Negro to Christianity, Gibbon remarked that “A metaphysical religion may appear too refined for the capacity of the Negro race; yet a black or a parrot might be taught to repeat the words of the Chalcedonian or Monophysite creed.” He pointed out that the Coptic Christians of Egypt converted the Nubians during the earliest Christian times, but that the Nubians soon relapsed into the worship of idols — particularly because of their polygamous tendencies which, in later times, caused them to take to the Muslim religion instead. Thus, in two thousand years, the position has remained exactly the same, and the Negro has not changed an iota.

At the turn of the century, Canning opined that Christianity “Is no more calculated for the Negro than for the brute animal that shares his toil.” It was an opinion which the Anglican Church, so soon to develop a politic missionary zeal, evidently agreed with at the time. It was left to Livingstone, who appeared eventually to reach much the same conclusion, to point to yet another reason why the Negroes have been reluctant to pay even lip-service to Christianity. Writing of his conversations with the chief, Sechele, in 1843, he reported that Sechele, “Seeing me anxious that his people should believe the words of Christ, said ‘Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and if you like, I shall call my head men, and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros-hide) we shall soon make them all believe together.’ The idea of using entreaty and persuasion to subjects to become Christians — whose opinion on no other matter would he condescend to ask — was especially surprising to him.”

The use of entreaty and persuasion, over a century later, has still failed to make any real impression. As the Press puts it, the African “elite” is spurning Christianity. Nor is it only the “elite”. In Kenya — specifically in the Rift Valley, as I recall — the Church was proudly claiming 40,000 Native Christian converts. But after Mau Mau had broken out it could find only one thousand! Even in South Africa the Government investigated — and for the most part rightly outlawed — no less than 2,000 primitive Native sects or churches practising the most startling perversions of the Christian faith. While freedom of religious belief may be an accepted principle among advanced peoples, it is certainly not a principle that can be applied by a civilised government to Africans. What other supposedly human creature in the whole wide world but the black man would worship in The African Castor Oil Church of the Dead! — and this

in South Africa, after all these generations of civilised Christian settlement!

The year 1864 saw the publication of Sir Richard Burton's book, 'Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome'. Burton was, of course, among other things, one of the leading Orientalists of his day. In sharing the Arab detestation of the Negro (in the *Thousand and One Nights*, whose faithful translation by Burton so greatly — and not surprisingly — shocked the Victorians, nothing is considered more abominable than an Arab girl cohabiting with a Negro) he seems to have anticipated the realisation of several modern authorities that too strong an admixture of Negro blood was the main cause of Arab decline. He was, in addition, writing at the time of the American Civil War, whose terrible slaughter of young Anglo-Saxon manhood for the supposed benefit of the Negro considerably upset him. His racial views, unpopular in his own day, have more recently been dismissed as so much "unbalanced nonsense". But it could never be claimed that he was the intellectual inferior of his opponents, nor could it be denied that he had the enormous advantage of actually knowing the subject of his arguments. As he remarked:

"Touching the African, it may be observed that there are in England at least two distinct types: (1) Those who know him, and (2) those who do not. This may be predicated of most other moot points. In the Negro's case, the singularity is, that ignorance, not knowledge, sentimentality not sense, sway the public mind. Hence at every division, non-knowledge has on its side a majority, and a something inherent in the unthinking looks upon this as a test of truth, when the contrary is more often the case. For all things, true, great, and good, form an imposing minority. Of the two types — the ignorant and the non-ignorant — the former is best exemplified by the north of Europe, and pre-eminently so by England.

. . . Much ignorance of Africa is due to the general failure of English missionary enterprise in Africa . . . The affecting appeal, 'Am I not a man and a brother?', accompanying on the seal of the Anti-Slavery Committee a kneeling Negro — who, properly speaking, should have been on all-fours — has been to Africa what Pope's 'Lo, the poor Indian!' has been to Anglo-America — a power steadily influencing national policy."

Of the Negro himself, Burton goes on:

"The brain of the Negro is weak — a little learning addles it. Even in his buffoonery he betrays the true Negro poverty of invention. His face is an index to his mind, and the so-called civilisation of the Negro is from without, he cannot find it within; he is merely a victim of imitation. He has ever rejected improvement, though he has had so many opportunities of acquiring civilisation . . . They do not expand constructively, they merely destroy, exterminate, and

leave a wilderness where once was plenty . . . They are born bonds men, and in Uganda the Native courtiers actually wallow and whine like dogs in the Royal Presence . . . The Negro never thinks of claiming equality with the Aryan race, except when taught. No one thinks of him as a freeman, and he, hereditary bondsman, never dreams of liberty, because no one suggests to him the idea.

The Negro will not improve beyond a certain point, and that not respectable, for I believe in the inferior genesis of the Negro, whereas in Europe we can always look forward to improvement in type, to stocking the world with a higher order of man."

Like other observers, Burton remarks on the arrest of the Negro's mental development after puberty — "a process reminding us of the simiad." He says that even in his buffoonery he betrays the true Negro poverty of invention. Nor can this be disputed; but the same poverty of invention may also be observed in the play of the comparatively brighter Negro children. White children will not play a game that has no point to it, and which is not a game at all. In the lack of a definite game to play they will immediately invent one. Negro children, however, feel the need for a more purely physical expression. One of their more noticeable characteristics is their sudden and extraordinarily grotesque physical posturing, such as no white child could possibly imitate. Even when a Negro child is alone he will perform these remarkable posturings and contortions. It is the outward expression of his inmost racial being; the expression of his Negro 'genius'.

Burton rightly observes that the Negro has had many opportunities of acquiring civilisation but has rejected them all. He has been in contact with civilisation from the earliest times, certainly long before the tribesmen of northern Europe were in contact with it. Aesop knew the blackamoors, bondsmen who were always purchased (you will observe that his fable states that a *man* purchased a *blackamoor*, not that a white man purchased a black man), but he knew nothing of the tribesmen of Germania and Scandinavia. The Negro was in contact with the Egyptian civilisation, the Phoenician, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Persian, the Indian and more latterly our own civilisation; yet no spark of emulation was ever struck in his dull breast. If we travel up the east coast of Africa we find substantial buildings and ruins all the way from Mozambique to the Bajun Islands, all showing unmistakable evidence of foreign culture and occupation. But there is never any sign of any attempt by the Africans to copy or improve on these buildings. As has been noted, when East Africa was colonised in the late nineteenth century, the Africans possessed neither a road nor a wheel nor a piece of money despite the contacts mentioned. Today they have changed (changed, not evolved) because they have been literally snatched up in the White colonial machinery, and have had no choice but to

change. But they obviously resent it, and revert violently whenever they have the chance. The very first things they destroy are the schools and mission stations and clinics which they associate with their enforced emancipation; and the first people they kill are those who have done the most to help them advance.

In Burton's days, as has also been noted, none of the few genuine authorities on Africa could open their mouths without being immediately and hotly contradicted by those who had just finished reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Unless one bowed to the superior authority of Harriet Beecher Stowe one was bracketed with Simon Legree. Yet, as Burton said, "Those who know Africans treat them fairly, and because they are prepared for it, they are not irritated by the failure of the Negroes to elevate themselves in the scale of creation." The philanthropist, on the other hand, who treats the Negroes as brothers when he arrives in Africa, usually ends by treating them with petulance and cruelty; and he invariably secures their contempt "by degrading himself to their level in attempting to raise them to his own."

Burton's observations make it abundantly clear that in all these respects the last hundred years have seen no change whatever. Burton, for example, remarked upon those peculiar authorities in England and America who claimed as proof of Negro greatness the fact that men like Hannibal, Origen and St Augustine had all been born in Africa! To such quaint experts anyone born in Africa was, ipso facto, a Negro. In reality of course Hannibal was a Carthaginian (a Phoenician), Origen was a Greek, and although St Augustine's race is uncertain he was most definitely not a Negro. None the less this same strange argument is still advanced today, and so far only Apuleius seems to have been overlooked. When for instance in the American House of Representatives, Senator Ellender said that no Negro had ever shown the ability to govern beyond the rudest degree, he was promptly contradicted by a Mr Barrett O'Hara, who said that the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus had been born in Africa! Actually Septimius Severus was born at Leptis Magna, which was originally a Phoenician foundation. Like St Augustine, he spoke Latin with a strong Punic accent, which the Romans naturally remarked upon. But they certainly did not remark that he was a black man. Similarly it is still customary to portray Queen Cleopatra as a typical Ancient Egyptian woman (as a Coloured woman outsmarting and sexually ensnaring her powerful Roman lovers), whereas in reality she was of course a white woman — a Ptolemy, a Macedonian Greek; her language Greek and her capital city, Alexandria, a Greek city.

It is pertinent, incidentally, to recall the slave markets of ancient Rome, in view of the Roman or the foreign slave-dealers

in Rome having priced the slaves according to their race. The Greek slave was the highest priced because he was far and away the most cultured, skilled and intelligent — a slave who in effect often became the master of his Roman owner. The second highest in value was the Germanic tribesman; whose race was so soon to conquer Rome. The Germanic tribesman was valued because he combined great physical strength with intelligence and honesty. But right at the bottom of the price list was the Negro, as even the slave-dealers were at a loss to know what to claim in his favour. His mental dullness was unconcealable, and even in brute strength he was unmatched by the tribesmen of northern Europe. He was, it was true, a born bondsman, but even so he was of least value. Thus indeed, two thousand years later in America, personal service became his *métier* only because the indigene, the Red Indian, would never accept personal service.

In Burton's days there were also frequent complaints about the "aristocracy of the skin"; to which Burton responded by suggesting there might equally be an "aristocracy of fetor". Admittedly, the occasion is seldom neglected to remind us that the Chinese think we Whites smell like corpses; and so far none of us have thought of protesting against so exquisite an insult. On the contrary, any insult to the White race is instantly repeated by our intelligentsia (as distinct from our intelligent), and is regarded not as an instance of 'racialism' but as a gem of humanistic wisdom. Nevertheless we might also admit that where the majority of us is concerned this attitude is due largely to our superiority being so obvious that we cannot help being amused by the quaint insults of inferior races. It cannot possibly matter very much what the envious little yellow men might have to say about us. If they are a race of corpse-sniffers it is no more than what we might expect of them, as we know they are not properly human. For our part, our society is so ordered that we never have the opportunity of knowing what heaps of corpses smell like.

But Burton goes on:

"Ere the lips of Mulatto platform speakers open, one knows what parrot talk they will emit (usually backed by a fighting Quaker) — such as instances of full-blooded Negroes who have risen to distinction, whereas none ever have. Or 'Colour Prejudice', which is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual difference. The audience — how deep their studies! how extensive their experience! — will go home convinced they have been listening to a speech by a highly intellectual Negro, when the oft-repeated cant is doled out from memory by a white man with a 'dash of the tarbrush'. And he will bring down the house with Cowper's wishy-washy sentimentality, as:

Fleecy locks and black complexion,  
Cannot alter Nature's claim;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same.

Which I deny. Affection, like love, is the fruit of animalism refined by sentiment. And travellers agree even this is lacking in the Negroes."

In this, Burton is again quite correct. One can well understand his impatience with all the 'unbalanced nonsense' that was being spoken. Only a man like Cowper, who had never been outside Europe, could have taken it for granted that affection dwells in white and black the same. In reality the Negro is too crude and primitive a type, too coarse in his form, to harbour the same refinement of feeling as a white man. African women, whose value is estimated at so many head of cattle, are no better than work-animals and beasts of burden, staggering along yards behind their lords and masters — never beside them — with enormous weights on their heads, and commonly suffering the most savage beatings. They might even like it this way; but no one would be more surprised and dismayed than the African male if his purchased female animal were to demand her freedom and independence too. This may explain why he purchases several animal wives; not only because the love relationship with a single woman is alien to him, but because his several wives will always be too busy fighting one another to fight him.

In Africa, a land without love, kindness is a weakness. Because there is no charity there is no understanding of mercy, and because there is no altruism there is no gratitude. In Africa, brute strength is everything. If force is not exerted to the utmost, it can only mean there is no force to be exerted. The Negro understands only that the strong live and the weak die. If we recognise him as an animal product of his savage animal environment, one who has lacked the qualities to rise above it, we will not wholly blame him if he instinctively strives to throw off a White rule which, because of its 'goodness', he senses is weak. In Africa, weakness brings death to all it embraces. For this reason a strong rule is not resented, even if by our standards it should be a crushing and barbarous despotism. It might be recalled that in America as well, on the one occasion when the Negro slaves rose up in murderous revolt against their White masters, it was not where they were being treated the worst but where they were being treated the best. The Negro knows that he is an inferior being who needs a master and should never be let off the lead. Giving him freedom is like giving a cut-throat razor to a baby or a Tommy-gun to a problem child. If, instead of being held in subservience, he is treated as a brother and an

equal, his own auxiliary Brontosaurus brain will warn him that it is wrong and that his masters are imposters. Being convinced they are no stronger or wiser than he, with every moral justification he will rise up and kill them.

As truthful foreign observers have remarked, it is not in South Africa, where the Negro is held to discipline, that he looks at the white man with hatred in his eyes. It is in the other African territories, where the Negro is the master of the white man, or where equality has been enforced, that he eyes the white man with hatred. It is where he is free to swear at the white man and not where he is obliged to call him Master or Bwana, that he hates the white man. The matter was best summed up by an Afrikaner who was examining an old-time raw-hide whip. "Hit a Kaffir with that and he'll stay with you for life."

Without doubt, it is all quite revoltingly crude. But that is African reality. Disciplinarian South Africa is going from strength to strength. The whole of Liberal White-governed Africa has exploded into a thousand fragments.

Owing to the nature of Communist and American One-World colonial designs, it is not because the South African is ignorant of Africa and the Africans that his opinions are derided or ignored. On the contrary, they are derided or ignored precisely because he knows far too much.

With regard to this matter of 'racial prejudice', we have heard often enough what the newspaper authorities have to say about it. So let us listen for a change to what a genuine authority, Sir Arthur Keith, had to say about it.

"It is a remarkable fact that in every instance in which people of the Anglo-Saxon or Nordic stock have established themselves in a new country, they have maintained the purity of their blood. We need only cite the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa as evidence of this truth.

The early Portuguese settlements along the coasts of Africa, India, Malaya, and China have become more native than European in composition. Not a single settlement established in America by the Spanish pioneers can now be described as Iberian. Iberian settlements have ended in hybrid communities; Anglo-Saxon settlements have ended in the establishment of strong nationalities. To a large extent the difference can be ascribed to the conditions under which the early settlements were made, but not altogether.

There seems another factor at work — a more highly developed sense of race difference in the Anglo-Saxon. The physical characters which differentiate European from African races become more marked as we proceed northwards from the Mediterranean, and find their highest expression in the blond stock of North-West

Europe. With this differentiation of physical characters there seems also to have been a heightening of the sense of race difference.

. . . The greatest anthropological experiment the world has ever seen has been the annexation of the two great continents of America by the natives of Western Europe. We here find the highest manifestation of sea power as a factor in racial evolution. There were really two experiments in America — one carried out by the Mediterranean or Iberian stock of South-West Europe, the other by the Nordic or Anglo-Saxon stock of North-West Europe. The Iberians chose the richest and most populous area of America as their share — one which extended from the northern frontier of Mexico to Cape Horn. The Iberians entered as warriors and adventurers, the greatest number selecting brides from the native peoples, and thus a hybrid population arose — one which has proved incapable of maintaining the high civilisation of either parent race. The main result of the experiment has been to extinguish the racial nature of both conquerors and conquered, and to bring into existence a cross-breed different from and inferior to either of the original races.

That part of the continent of America which lies to the north of Mexico became the scene of an experiment yielding a totally different result. Early in the seventeenth century a fringe of Anglo-Saxons had established itself along the eastern seaboard of North America, and in the course of three centuries this fringe had extended right to the western seaboard, extinguishing the native population and establishing the largest and most powerful European nationality that the world has seen. Anglo-Saxon ships carried not only men to the American shores, but women and children as well, all the elements which go to build a home.

They carried with them a common tradition, a common tongue, a common ideal — all the inherited instincts and prejudices which serve to isolate a community in a new land, and to establish a common tribal or national spirit. The building up of the United States of America exemplifies for us the anthropological conditions necessary for the successful establishment of a new nationality.

. . . The new Anglo-Saxon community in America absorbed with ease elements drawn from the nationalities of North-West Europe” (but) “When it comes to the absorption of specific races, an insuperable barrier becomes manifest. The result of such crossing can be detected after many generations; the crossed progeny carries the marks of its origin. At an early date African natives were introduced into America as slaves. The mass of their progeny have lived among, yet remained isolated from, the white community. The white race refuses to absorb the black race. The white man strives to maintain a racial frontier which Nature has succeeded in establishing in the course of a long series of evolutionary cycles.

The feeling which keeps these races apart is usually called a ‘prejudice’, but this deeply-rooted prejudice or race instinct is really

an essential part of the evolutionary machinery used by Nature in the creation of new species. It is part of the machinery which Nature uses in isolating her evolutionary groups. In striving to maintain the purity of its blood the white race is obeying one of the instincts most deeply implanted in human nature.

. . . A human race or tribe is a 'corporate body' which Nature has entrusted with an assortment of human seeds or genes, the assortment differing in some degree to that entrusted to every other group. If the genes are to work out their evolutionary effect, then it is necessary that the tribe or corporation should maintain its integrity through an infinity of generations. If a tribe loses its integrity by free interbreeding with neighbours then that tribe as an evolutionary venture has come to an untimely end . . .

It is only when we look deeply into the problem of the origin of modern human races, and search for the machinery which Nature has employed to bring them into existence, that we see the importance of the factor of isolation. This factor of isolation was forced on Darwin's attention when he visited the Galapagos Islands, and found each with its peculiar species of birds and turtle. But it was not necessary for Nature to place primitive mankind on an archipelago of islands scattered in a vast sea to secure the isolation of human groups; she obtained the same effect by creating and fixing in the human brain that assemblage of instinctive mental reactions that we are all familiar with as 'tribal spirit' or 'clannishness'.

The tribal instinct is an essential part of Nature's machinery for the production of new forms of humanity — new races of mankind. Each isolated local group or tribe is the possible cradle of a new race. If the tribal spirit, which is so deeply engrafted in human nature, could be eradicated — if that mental quality which Professor F. H. Geddings, in 'The Principles of Sociology', has named 'consciousness of kind' were to be bred out of the human brain, then the racial frontiers of the world would break down, and mankind would mingle and become reduced to a grey uniform mixture throughout the world."

There we have it then: the leading anthropologist of his day confirming the scientific validity of that which, as he himself says, our instincts and common sense have always told us. He tells us that we are a most distinct race of people — a pure race, in fact — who in standing aloof and adhering to our racial 'prejudices' have been obeying the will of Nature itself. He tells us in effect that we have obeyed the voice of Nature because we have been sufficiently distinct in type to hear it. Of utmost significance, moreover, is his last paragraph and his reference to the sociologists. It is almost as if he had been anticipating the schemes of the race-mixers, and as if they had been studying every word he had written.

The point is that if the 'consciousness of kind' cannot be bred out of the human brain in order to reduce mankind to a grey uniform mixture throughout the world, then it will either have to be repressed or circumvented. The methods you can use will depend on how much power you have over your victims. If you are strong enough you could force them to interbreed frantically at the point of the bayonet; a process already undergoing its preliminary trials in America. Lacking this power you would have to employ other, more subtle not to say literally more diverting methods. Brain-washing, or, more properly, brain-dirtying, is one method of obliterating 'undesirable' instincts. It is a method whereby you take off all your victim's mental clothing and either leave him naked and shivering or dress him in a 'new' garb. It is a process which makes perfect zombies of your victims and gives you an exhilarating sense of power over them. Yet even here you really require a high initial degree of direct control over them, such as may be obtained in a Communist concentration camp or Western university. Where the Western peoples at large are concerned, the process is not quite so easy and therefore takes just a little bit longer. Though you can feed them massive doses of 'desirable' views and rigorously censor all or nearly all 'undesirable' ones, their silly little minds are apt to become distracted by other, irrelevant things, which makes hypnotism difficult. Therefore, what better method could you devise to overcome an 'undesirable' instinct than to stimulate contrary ones — the instincts, say, of fear and sex and even of charity? Via the various propaganda media the people can be coaxed into becoming the vehicles and thus the victims of all sorts of destructive complexes; and eventually, for fear of running counter to the so-called 'climate of world opinion' as enunciated by these self-same local media, they can be made afraid to protest and even to practise their 'consciousness of kind'. To 'rationalise' this fear with a more face-saving instinct, appeals may be made to the natural warm-heartedness of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, asking them in a metaphorical sense to take the poor oppressed Coloured peoples to their bosoms and to set their hearts against those of their kinsfolk who refuse to do likewise. To reinforce this, appeals, in the shape of luscious, underclad and only slightly off-colour maidens, will be made to the sex instincts (which are of course encouraged to be entirely unrestrained) of Anglo-Saxon youth; asking them to take the Coloured peoples to their manly bosoms in a more literal sense. Then, at last, when the whole sly process has moved to a successful inter-harmonious climax, you will be able to drop the mask of benignity and, disclosing your natural grinning mask of half-insane vice, openly force your contemptible little mannikins to submit. After which 'Operation Grey-Mixture' will be slid smoothly into top gear.

Sir Arthur Keith, of course, was expounding his theories in the days before anthropologists of like mind were being subjected to frowning persecution and the censorship of neglect. He was in any event too famous a man to be suppressed. If he were alive today he would be known, I suppose, as 'the man they can't gag'. It would mean that the Press would have to promote an entire body of 'world authorities' to ridicule, twist and refute any statement made by Sir Arthur Keith which managed to break through the Press sound barrier. Efforts would be made to have him sacked from any position he held; and any books he wrote would somehow escape the notice of the reviewers. He might even fall from a top storey window or jump in front of a tube train. Nevertheless, in his day, and right up to the time we lost the Second World War, the accepted Communist theories of today hardly entered the picture at all. Rudyard Kipling, for instance, the man who foretold exactly what would happen to India if British rule came to an end, could write without fear of censorship that "a man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black. Then, whatever trouble falls is in the ordinary course of things — neither sudden, alien, nor unexpected." He could also say, of Eurasian mixture: "The Black and the White mix very quaintly in their ways. Sometimes the White shows in spurts of fierce, childish pride — which is Pride of Race run crooked — and sometimes the Black in still fiercer abasement and humility, half-heathenish customs and strange, unaccountable impulses to crime."

When, towards the close of the last century, the Japanese were having many heated discussions on various domestic matters, including that of intermarriage with foreigners, they decided to solicit the advice of Herbert Spencer. The Englishman, of one distinct race, replied to the Japanese, of another distinct race (specifically to Baron Keneko Kentaro) as follows:

"... To your remaining question respecting the intermarriage of foreigners and Japanese, which you say is 'now very much agitated among our scholars and politicians' and which you say is 'one of the most difficult problems', my reply is that as rationally answered, there is no difficulty at all. It should be positively forbidden. It is not at root a question of social philosophy. It is at root a question of biology. There is abundant proof, alike furnished by the intermarriages of human races and by the interbreeding of animals, that when the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree the result is inevitably a bad one in the long run. When, say of the different varieties of sheep, there is an interbreeding of those which are widely unlike, the result, especially in the second generation, is a bad one — there arises an incalculable mixture of traits, and what may be called a chaotic constitution. And the same thing

happens among human beings — the Eurasians in India, the half-breeds in America, show this.

The physiological basis of this experience appears to be that any one variety of creature in course of many generations acquires a certain constitutional adaptation to its particular form of life, and every other variety similarly acquires its own special adaptation. The consequence is that, if you mix the constitution of two widely divergent varieties which have severally become adapted to widely divergent modes of life, you get a constitution which is adapted to the mode of life of neither — a constitution which will not work properly, because it is not fitted for any set of conditions whatever. By all means, therefore, peremptorily interdict marriages of Japanese with foreigners.”

This is all in very marked contrast with Unesco’s statement that “There is no evidence that race mixing as such produces bad results from the biological point of view.” Unesco’s ideal country, no doubt, would be Brazil. And what is worse, Brazil, if we are to judge from the pronouncements of our own Church, would be not only the ideal country but God’s Own. The Washington Afro-American News announced proudly:

“In Brazil, you will find blue eyes and black skin, flat skulls with triangular faces, hair plaited in pigtailed, white babies at the breasts of colored mothers, colored babies at the breasts of white mothers, and colors running from ebony to eggshell via copper, olive, caramel, and banana.

A mixture of this sort has made any attempt at racial segregation out of the question in Brazil — because no one could possibly tell where white begins and black ends.

Brazil has long since passed the rest of the world in its race relations. The so-called race problem simply does not exist in Brazil.”

Now aside from the veracity or otherwise of this last sentence, we can leave Unesco out of our deliberations, our family councils, because it has no rightful place in them. It is an outlandish edifice. But the Christian Church is our own, and cannot be left out. We have to ask it then, Is the genuinely non-racial composition of Brazil representative of a genuine Christian ideal or ethic? Is this what the Church genuinely desires for its White flock? Is this democratic racial spew what God desires?

Though our numerous red clerics may well have decided that God is un-Communist, we cannot suppose that the Church as a whole has decided that God is un-Christian. We have to assume then that the Church has decided that we, the segregationist laymen, are un-Christian, and for this reason dispensable. This, incidentally, is a view which is evidently held by spiritualists as well, as the

spirits of those who have 'passed over' are invariably those of Coloured folk — of Red Indian chiefs, Hindu holy men and Chinese sages, etc. — which would indicate that the Whites have been segregated in another place. At any rate when Cardinal William Godfrey, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, expressed strong disapproval of "mixed marriages" in Britain, he startled everyone until it was realised he was referring, not to marriages between Britons and Coloureds but only to marriages between Catholics and Protestants. Quite so! Roman unity is of course more important than mere British or any other unity. The Roman Catholic Church, however, even though it is much more sincerely opposed to Communism than is modern Protestantism, could never withstand Communism precisely because it does not embrace the one breed of man — the North-West European breed — which alone stands in the way of Communist world conquest. In other words even the most enlightened religion is powerless if it is not supported by superior biological types of men. One cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears; a biblical proverb which the Church apparently does not in the least understand, whether it be Catholic or Protestant. Yet, to put the matter another way, the Church is surely learned enough to know that the crossing of disparate types creates a structural disharmony. It must surely know that in this earthly life it is not possible to treat the psyche, or even the soul, as something wholly distinct from the body. As J. S. Haldane said, "A soul distinct from body is as unreal as a body distinct from soul. What we call psychological phenomena are quite clearly correlated with what we call bodily structure." This is akin to Professor V. H. Mottram's statement that "personality is grounded upon physical make-up;" or Professor R. B. Cattell's statement that "personality can definitely be shown to be related to physique." It is even more akin to the visionary, William Blake's, insistence that the body, if it is not the soul itself, is at least an extension of the soul; or to the poet-mystic, Rimbaud's, statement that "it will be permitted me to possess the truth in a soul and a body." It is equally akin to the beliefs of that refreshingly realistic English 'nature mystic', Richard Jefferies (who maintained "there is no god in nature"), who none the less insisted that man's body is by nature immortal. Indeed, to maintain otherwise is to contradict Christian doctrine itself and incline towards the Manichaeian heresy, or deny the meaning of the bodily Ascension. The very fact that the soul resides within the body is proof of at least some connection with it (and if it had no connection whatever it would hardly be worth bothering about). If, then, we permit our refined racial distinctness, our established harmony of form, to suffer mongrel degeneration, how shall we be able to approach spiritual enlightenment? If the soul shines more brightly in a fine envelope, what purpose is served by consigning it to a coarse clay pot? If the Eternal lives in us, so that our thoughts

and actions have a certain transcendental significance, what wisdom is it to advocate or condone a degeneration of form whereby our thoughts and actions would reflect nothing but triviality or bestiality? To degrade the good race is to degrade its Creator; which is a much worse sin than blasphemy. Moreover as the Church finds it fitting that the dead of the various religions-cum-races should be segregated in their own separate burial grounds, is it not all the more important that the living races, with their separate tailor-made religions, should be segregated on their own separate living grounds?

We must try to visualise the sort of religious stew that would suit a racial stew. To begin with, just as human hybrids inherit their odd organs and parts independently from either parent, so this 'religion' would have to do the same. Usually, 'religion' — meaning superstition — is advanced as the excuse for the backwardness and savagery of primitive peoples. Dr Michael Gelfand, for instance, a UNO-sponsored Rhodesian "world authority" on the African, has always maintained that religion (which apparently stands in the way of a 'broader' indoctrination) is the cause of African backwardness. But the professional race-mixers must know perfectly well that this is putting the cart before the horse. They must know, too, that a world mish-mash will have to be given a single mish-mash religion if the said mish-mash is not to produce a thousand un-directed ones of its own. It has always seemed to me that the most valuable religion from the race-mixers' point of view would be a sort of ready-made, 'instant' Cao-Dai-ism, complete with spooks and Victor Hugo and the World Eye. It came as no surprise, then, to learn from Edith Roosevelt, writing in the Shreveport Journal, Louisiana, that it is proposed to have built in Washington a five million dollar Temple of Understanding — a "Spiritual United Nations" — which will contain a Giant Eye. It will represent a blending of Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, Islam and Christianity, and will be for "the citizens of the world" in place of "nationalist limitations". Many famous names are associated with this Tower of Babel, including Sir Roy Welensky's. Like the Meditation Room of the United Nations, where a beam of light is focused upon a pagan altar-stone of polished ore which represents universal religion, the Temple of Understanding will have a meditation room where the Illuminati (shades of Weishaupt!), the Masters of Wisdom, will train the public in the new humanitarianism. Edith Roosevelt also mentions the "New Group of World Servers" who hold meditation meetings at the Carnegie Endowment International Center in New York. These people distribute pamphlets describing the "New World Religion", and which announce that "A new type of mystic is coming to be recognised . . . he is distinguished by his lack of interest in his own personal development, by his ability to see God imminent in all faiths and not just in his own brand of religious beliefs." These "World Servers" chant in unison their Great

Invocation: "Let purpose guide the little wills of men — the purpose which the Masters know and serve."

It all puts one in mind of the Theosophist shrine built in London by Mrs Annie Besant, who was so closely associated with Nehru and the Fabian Parliamentary League. As the universe is no more than a vast melting-pot, a pantheistic Oneness, it obviously needs a universal Church. This in turn amounts to nothing more than an expression of the Universal Self. There are no individuals; we are all nothing more than one universal person. It is all terribly stimulating and exciting. You cannot fall in love with anybody unless, like Narcissus, you fall in love with yourself. There is no glittering, dancing, infinite variety of life; there are no distinct, fascinating, other human personalities. The entire universe is no more than One . . . One vast lump of utterly pointless dough.

Naturally, abominations such as these could never supplant established religion — particularly *the* religion; Christianity — unless race-mixing were to succeed. None the less people already quite commonly repeat that all religions are fundamentally the same; which they most certainly are not. Politically we already have our fully-fledged hybrid faith. Politically we are already the sacrificial victims on the altar of Equality, the victims of the Cult of the Underdog, whose armies of misshapen votaries are chanting their liberal paeans in the Temple of Humanity, and whose brazen deity, a Hinduesque eight-legged Mongrel, is leering down upon us triumphantly through swirling clouds of sanctimonious incense and pseudo-scientific nonsense; representing the victory of quantity over quality, of hybridism over nobility, of shapelessness over shapeliness.

It is surely not wise for the Church to pander to this idolatry. Even if Christianity were to be the religion only of a select few, it would be none the worse for that. Has it ever been anything else but the religion of a select few, and can it ever be anything else? Christianity is the religion of the White and not the non-White peoples, who debase it even where they accept it. They might pay lip-service to it where the white man is strong and his institutions accordingly respected, or where it has obtained a form of superstitious hold over them. But they can no more accept and comprehend essential Christianity than the white man can accept Shamanism. This, above all, makes it all the more reprehensible that the Church, instead of recognising this, should swing round viciously upon the white man and hold him to blame for it — that white man upon whose unadulterated identity Christianity exclusively depends.

Though we have been speaking of 'our' civilisation and of the biologically refined White race, these concepts are of course flatly denied by those whom our newspapers choose to present as the ultimate authorities on such matters. The Press — hardly 'our' Press — is concerned with proving to us that there is little or nothing

to be claimed in our racial favour. It protests that we owe our civilisation to non-Whites; and that if white skins are presently associated with civilisation it is merely an empty symbolism due to certain historical and geographical quirks of fortune or misfortune. The environmentalist theory, suitably materialistic and Communistic is advanced to the exclusion of that of heredity. Moreover, the majority of us, intellectually at least, appear to accept this constant denigration of our race as gospel, and are so accustomed to it by now that we do not even wonder what is the meaning of it. We have a habit of accepting without question that which is presented to us in 'black and white'. And it has to be confessed that our common inability to see through such transparent absurdities, such minor masterpieces of sophistry and factual puerility, points to an inability or sheer reluctance to think for ourselves amounting almost to dementia.

One of the most commonly advanced arguments in support of the environmentalist theory is that which denies that a child of two white parents has stored in his genes a microcosm of the civilisation of those parents. In support of this the American anthropologist, Ralph Linton, is usually quoted: "The son of a civilised man, if he grew up in complete isolation, would be nearer an ape in his behaviour than to his own father."

Now to be scientifically accurate, exactly what a child may have stored in his genes — his seed — is still largely a matter of speculation. The same with his chromosomes, over whose quantity alone science has been mistaken. Before 1956, scientists were certain that man had 48 chromosomes, like the apes. Now they are certain he has 46, like lemurs and marmosets. The magical nuclear threads which we call chromosomes carry the magical hereditary characteristics which we call genes; so if we know little about the former we know still less about the latter.

Nevertheless, while it may not be strictly accurate to say that a white child has stored in his genes a microcosm of the civilisation of his parents, it *is* accurate to say that he has something inherent in his essential constitution — his genes or his psycho-physical constitution — which ensures not only that he will resemble his progenitors physically, but that he will resemble them mentally and psychically. The white child naturally inherits those physical characteristics which distinguish him from Mongolian and Negro children, and he also naturally inherits those mental and psychical characteristics which have given rise to our particular civilisation as distinct from ancient Chinese civilisation or Negro non-civilisation.

As the above-mentioned races are so different in structure, different even to their very bones, and have such vastly dissimilar environmental, cultural and historical backgrounds, how can that which is suitable or true for, say, the Chinaman, be suitable or true for us as well? It is surely obvious that each race which is

capable of producing a civilisation will produce a civilisation which is congenial to it. Obvious, too, that these civilisations must differ one from the other precisely as the races themselves differ.

It cannot be believed, for example, that the Hellenic civilisation could have arisen without the Hellenes. To be sure, we are told that the Hellenes merely copied from their more advanced non-European neighbours, and so we tend to discount their civilisation altogether. But one cannot possibly attain to greatness merely by copying. In truth, the Hellenes, far from copying their neighbours went counter to them, differing from them mentally as much as physically. They were much like inspired children at first, opening wide and wondering eyes on the beautiful new Aegean world they had won for themselves, frolicking in it and standing as it were on the shores of the universal sea and listening intently to the whispered secrets of the waves. The Egyptians, clad in the armour of their sombre demonology, did in fact allude to the Greeks as children, mistaking their sense of wonder and constant questioning for simple-mindedness. For did not the Egyptians know all that there was to know?

With the Greeks, everything had to be investigated and pondered not only because things were so marvellous in themselves, but because the Greek intellect had discovered that the seemingly miraculous worked in a rational way its wonders to perform, and that it could be made to yield its secrets. Far from being copyists, the Greeks were the first to speculate freely about the nature of life and the universe without being bound by the fetters of superstition. They were the first to introduce science and philosophy, the first to introduce pure mathematics (including algebra), the first to introduce scientific medicine and biology. They introduced democracy (the civilised application of their crude Nordic tribal institutions), were the first to write history instead of fable, and were the first to introduce theatre, laughter and play. They introduced the Olympic Games, and were the first to insist on a healthy mind in a healthy body. In art and poetry they have remained unsurpassed to this day. Everything they touched they made beautiful: even their language itself was the most expressive and beautiful ever spoken. As Plato remarked, the difference between the Greeks and their neighbours was that the Greeks worshipped beauty and their neighbours worshipped money.

There was a unique openness and freshness about the Greek civilisation that was well exemplified by its architecture. What a breath of sheer clean beauty and pure fresh air the Parthenon represents! The Parthenon reminds us that the Glory that was Greece blossomed alone, an oasis of inspiration set against a desert of non-European despotism and fanaticism. It blossomed in complete spiritual isolation, detested by its neighbours who, far from appreciating it or copying it, did their utmost to destroy it and banish it from the face of the earth. It was as well that the Romans,

the racial cousins of the Greeks, the men of granite who made Europe the secure centre of the world, arrived in time to take the torch of Western civilisation from the failing Greek hands.

Many attempts have been made to explain this Glory that was Greece, but none have succeeded that have not found the Greek genius accounted for in the Greek people themselves. Their genius, in other words, was in their genes. The arguments which relate racial differences to differences in climate, geographical position, food and environment, are of strictly limited validity. If we travel from London to Calgary, Calgary to Boston, Boston to Houston, Houston to Nairobi, Nairobi to Cape Town, Cape Town to Brisbane, Brisbane to Wellington, Wellington to Port Stanley in the Falklands, and from Port Stanley to Longyearbyen in Spitzbergen, we will on each occasion still find ourselves among people who are more or less indistinguishable from ourselves. But on other occasions we have only to travel a few miles to find ourselves among people entirely alien to us. If geographical situation were everything, we would have to make the absurd claim that England would have had the same history even if it had been inhabited by Toltecs instead of by Anglo-Saxons. If climate and environment are everything, we would have to explain why the Indians of California were among the most backward of Amerinds, and why others who lived in steaming jungles were among the most advanced. We would have to explain why the Americans of New Mexico are so different to the Mexicans. We would have to ask how it is that advanced races and primitive races have successively occupied the same areas, or have continued to live cheek by jowl. We would have to investigate why the Cape Bushmen, who lived in a climatic and geographical environment very similar to that of Greece, did not resemble the ancient Greeks, why they remained the most backward people in Africa and why, three hundred years after the establishment of European civilisation, they are still the most backward people in Africa. We would, in addition, have to ask what made the ancient Greeks so different to the other races in the Mediterranean, and why that area has not continued to produce great and original civilisations. We would have to ask how it was that the civilisation in Greece disappeared with the Greek race itself, and why it has never reappeared.

Aristotle said that a man wholly solitary might well become a brute, or he might become a god. Today, however, we no longer think in terms of men becoming like gods but only of men becoming like brutes. Nevertheless when the American oracle, Ralph Linton, says that "The son of a civilised man, if he grew up in complete isolation, would be nearer an ape in his behaviour than to his own father," one can only imagine with all due respect to him that he has been reading too many Tarzan books. What on earth does he prove? Certainly not that ape-men or any form of human mongrelism would be able to perpetuate our civilisation.

What he is saying is that if you were to keep a child in solitary confinement he would grow up half mad, which would prove that he is little better than an ape. It is akin to declaring scientifically that a fern is as high a form of life as a porpoise because if a porpoise were to be taken out of the water and kept in the middle of a forest it would prosper no better than the fern. In other words it can be scientifically proven that if your aunt had worn trousers she would have been your uncle. But need it be stressed that man, certainly a child, is of necessity a social being? In complete isolation he could neither be suckled nor could he propagate his kind. It would mean the end of the human race altogether, including anthropologists. The basic uselessness of the statement is shown by the indisputable fact that advanced man, as a social animal, did begin his career in ape-like surroundings and did eventually evolve or create civilisations; whereas the apes are still apes.

Admittedly, Dr Alexis Carrel, who said that "To the exceptional qualities of their tissues and consciousness is due the predominance over the rest of the world of the peoples of Western Europe, and of their swarms in the United States," also said that if the son of a scholar were to be left alone on a desert island, he would be no better than Cro-Magnon men. This is undoubtedly a much better comparison than Linton's, as there was nothing ape-like about Cro-Magnon men. Nevertheless the objections already stated remain valid. Altogether then, it would be more illuminating to postulate a world inhabited only by uneducated young sons and daughters of refined white parents, and base our theorising upon that. It would be a reckless anthropologist who would deny that civilisation would result from it; for he would in effect be denying that civilisation ever resulted at all.

The whole question devolves upon innate potential. A few races have it and most have it not. As Darwin himself put it, the explanation of environment is a poor second to that of inherited biological characteristics. This applies even to savages, who have adapted themselves to their environment without attempting to change it. But where we are concerned our very environment itself is the child of our inborn characteristics and abilities, for we created it.

Linton's argument is bound up with that of the so-called 'accident of birth'; an equally irrelevant argument and equally ridiculous. It has no real meaning whatever. We may, it is true, readily believe its advocates when they imply that they were born accidentally; but for our part we are at liberty to add our personal disclaimers. Still, while we are on the subject of apes and silly arguments we might, while we are about it, use the former to squash one of the latter. By one of the latter I mean the popular argument that apart from the colour of their skins all men are the same because they all have two arms and legs, ten fingers and toes, and the same

basic emotions of pain and pleasure, and so forth. But on this basis of human equality we would clearly have no option but to admit the apes as our partners as well. The apes share the basic human emotions; and there is not a single bone or organ in the human being that is not duplicated in the gorilla.

Another silly and fundamentally irrelevant argument, and an exceedingly popular one in scientific and lay circles, is that which denies the existence of pure race and which denies even that a pure race ever existed. According however to the Scottish anthropologist, Dr Gayre, the statement that there has never been a pure race is untrue and unsupportable, for if it were true then there could never have evolved the four great major stocks of Caucasoid, Mongoloid, Negroid and Australoid. These stocks, which have remained unchanged from the beginning of artistic and literary descriptions of men, and are estimated to have originated some 25,000 years ago (though according to Professor Coon — rightly, as I think — the differentiation of mankind into distinct races took place long before the advent of *homo sapiens*), also call into question the theory that the tendency of man's evolution is for the different races to converge. If this theory of convergence were true it would mean that no matter how widely separated the major stocks are today, they must have been more widely separated before. And this means that if we were to go back far enough in time we would presumably find them transcending the barrier of species, if not that of genera. This, as Dr Gayre says, knowing the ideas motivating the agitation against any exposition of racial differences, is not an admission the exponents of 'slanted' anthropology would wish to make. In any event, Dr Gayre remarks, the genetic mechanics of fusion between the main racial stocks would have to be demonstrated, in view of the selective factors which work to remove the hybrid.

The energy that is expended on denying the existence of any such entity as a pure race is, needless to say, serving a political purpose by implying that as we are all hopelessly mongrel anyway, we can have no logical objection to further mixture no matter how severe. But as a matter of common sense as well as of plain fact, the denial or the affirmation of racial purity in the strictest sense is largely beside the point. That is to say, no matter what our remote racial origins might have been, there is no denying the validity of present differences. Not all the academic debating in the world can alter the glaring and factual differences between Swedes and Negroes and Chinese. Moreover, a vital factor we have to bear in mind when speaking of purity and mongrelism is the enormous difference between crossings of like strains and crossings of unlike strains. Thus, for example, if an Australian from one end of the world were to marry an Icelander from the other, their progeny would not be mongrel. But if the Australian were to couple with an Aborigine, their progeny would most obviously be mongrel.

Purity of race in itself, admittedly, is not necessarily the touchstone of superior quality. The Australian Aborigine is a man of pure race, or as pure as matters, yet his race is a poor or primitive one (the most primitive in the world) and inferior to almost any racial crossing. Nevertheless, other things being equal, a pure race is always better than an impure one; and when it comes to the classical Nordic type of man, this, in spite of it having become a dirty word in the dictionary, is so distinct and harmonious an entity that it is extremely difficult to conceive of it having originated from any form of crossing whatever. At the very most, if Nordic man were originally formed from a crossing it could scarcely have been from disparate stocks, and most certainly not from different major stocks. If he were originally formed of a mixture it must have been a mixture of like strains, which in effect would hardly have been a mixture at all.

Now it is not generally known that the inhabitants of Scandinavia remain unchanged in structure no matter how far back we trace them. This is not to say that the Proto-Indo-European or Indo-Germanic race originated in Scandinavia. They most certainly originated in Europe and not in Asia as was formerly supposed (the origin of all things at one time having been referred automatically to Asia; this having been a convenient way of explaining away all mysteries); the Aryans of Asia having fanned out from Europe, resulting eventually in a racially diluted semi-Aryan fringe as distinct from the undiluted European stock from which they had sprung. The native home of the White race was Europe; and in view of certain factors such as their horses and chariots which gave them so great an advantage over the nations they conquered, they probably lived on the plains of Hungary or perhaps the Ukraine. Nevertheless, to return to Scandinavia, when the skeletal remains of Stone Age Scandinavians are unearthed they are found to be entirely indistinguishable from the skeletons of modern Scandinavians, even quite exactly conforming to the modern ratios of long-headed, short-headed and intermediate types. The wonderfully preserved bodies of prehistoric men and women which have been discovered in the Danish peat-bogs are also identical in type to modern Danes. In addition, upper class human remains dating from the early Roman Iron Age in Scandinavia (which was half way between the late Stone Age and the present day) are almost without exception long-headed — the tall, long-headed Nordic ruling caste such as we still meet with today in England and Germany and Holland as well as in Scandinavia.

We happen to know that the ancient Nordics regarded their racial purity as something literally sacred. It was a crime punishable with death for a Nordic woman to bear the child of a foreigner. Women, to the Nordics, were the source of life and the repositories of the racial 'spirit'. If a woman were to suffer pollution from

foreign seed the entire tribe's harmonious relationship with its natural-cum-supernatural environment would be disturbed and seriously endangered. The secret springs of the tribe, having been polluted, would wither and die. In short, foreign admixture meant death to the race.

In this connection we might recall the Romans remarking upon the strict chastity of the Germanic women, who would commonly kill themselves and their children sooner than be taken captive by Roman or other foreign soldiers. We will recall the words of the Roman historian, Tacitus, who said of these tribes-folk: "They are almost unique among barbarians in being satisfied with one wife each . . . they recognise the supreme bond, the holy mysteries, the presiding deities of marriage. Adultery in that populous nation is rare in the extreme. They have, in fact, no mercy on a woman who prostitutes her chastity. Neither beauty, youth nor wealth can find the sinner a husband . . . They take one husband, like the one body or life that they possess." Notwithstanding the various tribal groupings, Tacitus insisted that they were all the same people. And he added: "For myself, I accept the view that the peoples of Germania have never been tainted by intermarriage with other peoples, and stand out as a nation peculiar, pure and unique of its kind."

That the Germanic peoples were well aware of their racial identity is also attested by their own early literature. St Aldhelm, Bede's older contemporary, used "our stock" and the "Germanic race" as parallel terms. The secular poetry of the Anglo-Saxons reveals that they regarded the history and traditions of all the other Germanic peoples as being complementary to their own. So strong was their sense of kinship with the Germanic tribes on the Continent that they attempted to convert them to Christianity even before the whole of England itself had been converted.

Our ancient forebears, then, were not only of very much the same material as ourselves, but were so acutely conscious of their racial distinctness that they looked upon miscegenation as one of the most serious of crimes. None the less, if we were to play along with the protagonists of impurity and say that the Nordic-cum-Germanic race was compounded of an original mixture; that we are of impure race as compared with the pristine purity of our hypothetical first ancestor or ancestor races (though of course the Impure school of thought maintains that there has never at any time been anything other than impurity); we would still be leaving out of account the long intervening period of inbreeding and stabilisation which would have produced a distinct breed in itself. It must be perfectly obvious to everyone that a man of what we might call a noble race (the word Aryan means noble), whether his race was formed originally of a mixture or not, is a distinct and completed entity in himself. He is a thoroughbred, the result of continuous good breeding —

or inbreeding — over the centuries. Such a man is most certainly of pure race inasmuch as he is not of a shapeless racelessness. Thus when we speak of racial purity we may or may not be wrong in the strict sense of pure origin, but we may be entirely correct in the one sense that really matters — the present sense. Therefore, if for the sake of argument we grant that all races were formed originally from mixtures, we shall have to say that a noble and gifted race is the result of a fortunate mixture, that a poor and ungifted race is the result of an unfortunate mixture, and that the a-racial mongrel-  
doms are the result of nothing but mixture after mixture — all unfortunate.

The ingredients then for the creation of a noble race are good, related original stocks or strains. This is what Shakespeare had in mind when he spoke of “this happy breed”. He was not referring, as is usually supposed, to a nation of imbeciles rocking with incessant laughter. Because Nature likes to experiment and create new variations on an old theme, a new race, or rather race within a race, might be formed at any time. But clearly it is new distinct types Nature wants, not new shapeless objects. She will try to do her best with the material available. Like the traditional English government, Dame Nature is a blend of Tory and Whig. She likes to experiment boldly, but only from within a sound and conservative framework. True, she can be outraged and very often is outraged, particularly in these outrageous times. But she gets her sure revenge — on the offspring.

As a very sure rule, crossbreeding degenerates. Hence the scarcity of noble races. Even a crossing between two good strains is not necessarily wise, because where there is too marked a disparity the characteristics of both tend to become obscured rather than accentuated. In the animal world, likewise, a crossing between two good cattle breeds or horse breeds is often bad rather than good. In the breeding of animals, however, man has generally acted wisely. He has perceived that most crossings are bad. He has created fine breeds out of mixtures, such as the Newfoundland dog. But once the animal has been established as a good and distinct breed, man has realised it would be unwise to cross him again. Man has never attempted to enforce crazy canine race mixtures such as between Great Danes and Pekinese, Dalmatians and Pomeranians, Alsatians and Hairless Mexicans. Mongrels, even the best of them, are inferior to good pedigree dogs (excluding useless show dogs). Police and shepherds will use dogs only of distinct breed, never mongrels. With horses it is the same. No farmer in his right senses would swap his Suffolk punch for an Australian brumby. Only an Arab stricken with sunstroke would think of exchanging his jealously tended blood animal for an Indian mustang. And where men themselves are concerned it may be noted that the world is governed

or dominated only by men of distinct, refined race. This always has been so and always will be so.

The fact that the crossing of widely disparate human types ensures bad results has been the common experience of all the northern European colonial powers. It was first noted during the Crusades. The Pullani, the Christian offspring of matings between the Franks and Armenians, Turks, Arabs and Egyptians, were feeble successors indeed to the iron men who had founded the Frankish kingdom. Fresh blood from Europe was always urgently needed; and when the flow eventually ceased the Saracens had everything their own way. The Saracens, no chickens themselves, had never been able to withstand the shock of a Germanic Crusader charge, or the fury of their hand-to-hand fighting. But fighting the Pullani was as horribly easy as fighting children; as easy to the Saracens as fighting the non-Saracenic followers of the crescent had been to the Crusaders.

In Europe itself, even within the same nations, crossings of disparate types produce bad results. This applies even when the race is the same, or nominally the same. In view of the modern Scandinavian attitude to this matter we might take a glance at Norway — where, as in parts of Africa, we find giants and dwarfs inhabiting the same environment. It has been said that the frequency of diabetes in Lapp and Norwegian hybrids may be due to the bastard's inheriting his pancreas from his smaller, and his stature from his larger parent. As Professor Lundborg says: "In comparatively pure-bred individuals there appears as a rule a sort of equilibrium between the endocrine glands, a sort of harmonious cooperation, which manifests itself in a harmonious development of the bodily and spiritual characters. But in crosses and mongrels this equilibrium is disturbed — hence probably the physical and psychological disharmonies so frequently produced in bastards." And according to Mjoen, the main characteristic of a Lapp-Norwegian hybrid is "an unbalanced mind".

But of course the professional race-mixers are fully acquainted with these or similar facts about race and the adverse results of indiscriminate mixture. They themselves unwittingly attest to the validity of race, as they would not be trying to mix that which does not exist. This is why we are told at one and the same time that there is no such thing as race, but that the curse of the twentieth century is racialism.

It appears to be generally held in Western political circles that racial problems can be overcome by court decrees and official declarations of racial equality, and so on; and that if these should lead to large-scale racial miscegenation . . . well, that would mean that the race 'problem' would be solved for ever. The idea appears to be that once education, the lavish distribution of our wealth,

and the artificial handicapping of the white race have made everybody in the world equal, so that the misery and poverty is shared equally by all, the stage will have been reached when intermarriage will have become possible, desirable and downright inevitable. In this way, it is hoped, all racial distinctions would be obliterated — because they would no longer exist — and the entire grey uniform mixture will be able to settle down snugly and happily into its long, deep, everlasting sleep of peace. It will represent the race-mixers' Millennium — a logical conclusion of a sort of second law of biological thermo-dynamics; meaning no dynamics at all.

That the West can reason along such lines reveals a frightening poverty of thought. It leads one to suspect that the leaders of the West must be Lapp-Norwegian hybrids, not only devoid of racial self-respect but necessarily unbalanced as well. The fact is that no matter how racially mixed we become, even the so-called racial problem itself remains unchanged. Those with lighter skins would segregate themselves from those with darker skins, and the mutual hostility would be all the more bitter for the colour and race differences being less pronounced and clear-cut. This state of affairs can be seen in many parts of the world today, if we care to use our eyes. The Republic of Haiti is one example of it, as also of Negro inferiority. In 1789, Haiti, which was then the French colony of St Dominique, was the most prosperous of all tropical enterprises. It had a population of 39,000 Whites, 27,500 free Mulattos and 452,000 Negro slaves. In spite of miscegenous practices due largely to the scarcity of white women, intermarriage was considered to be literally beyond the pale of white conduct, and racial segregation was maintained with increasing strictness as the Mulatto population became larger. But the cry of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" raised by the Revolutionists in their overthrow of the French monarchy was in effect a declaration of war by the mother country against the colony; and the Mulattos rose against the White colonists, while the Negroes attacked both the Whites and the Mulattos. For fifteen years a bloody struggle raged, ending with the loss of the islands as a French possession and with the establishment of the Black Republic of Haiti — the only Negro republic in the Western Hemisphere.

Since 1804 Haiti has been a completely free country peopled entirely by Negroes and Mulattos. But the passing of the white man from the scene produced neither peace, harmony nor national unity. A struggle for power between the Mulattos and the Negroes continued unremittingly. Revolution after revolution placed one side and then the other in temporary ascendancy. Conditions finally became so bad that America felt obliged to intervene, landing Marines at Port-au-Prince in 1915. In describing the conditions prevailing in Haiti at that time the Encyclopaedia Britannica stated: "Irrigation projects fell into decay; production and foreign trade

dwindled. Political mismanagement increased the public debt. The courts were corrupt. Education practically ceased. There was little protection of property and no industrial encouragement. Poverty and disease added to the general distress. The interior swarmed with bandits."

With the return of the white man Haiti began to recover; and when the Marines departed in 1934 they left behind them a rejuvenated country. Haiti had been given a fresh start. But it was not long before the country was again in trouble with a return to oppressive dictatorships and revolutions, placing one faction or the other in brief control of the government. The Mulattos, it must be pointed out, number only 10 per cent of the population, but represent almost the entire upper strata of Haitian society on the basis of their physical difference from the pure Negro and the more definitely negroid elements forming the black population. In Haiti the doctrine of the equality of races is accepted by everyone; and the white man does not exist. Yet the colour bar is rigidly and uncompromisingly maintained, and colour awareness is sharper than in probably any Caucasoid country with Negro inhabitants. There are no segregation laws, yet the Mulattos live in one part of the island and the Negroes live in another.

The present dictator of Haiti is Francois Duvalier, or "Papa Doc", who came into power in 1957 with a massacre of his political opponents and who has been organising large-scale bloodbaths ever since. His rule is based on massacre, murder, torture and voodoo. He is obviously a Negro; and by putting two and two together it can be assumed that he has been trying to exterminate the Mulattos. (I am necessarily vague about this because our newspapers long since became incapable of telling the truth about such matters.) The newspapers tell us that he rules by fear, which no doubt he does, and that apart from a few brave souls the people as a whole are too terrified to resist his tyranny. This is of course a myth which the Press propagates in the interests of the larger Egalitarian myth. Those who try to resist him, we may be sure, are the desperate Mulattos, not the blacks. To the Negro fear and respect mean the same thing, and the one cannot exist without the other. In all probability the Negroes of Haiti worship their Papa Doc as a god — else why his cultivation of voodoo? As a Negro himself, he rules his Negro subjects in Negro fashion. And that is all there is to it.

At any rate, this is modern Haiti: the land where the Negro has been free since 1804; where 90 per cent of the people — the Negro portion of the populace — are entirely illiterate, and where the per-capita income is the lowest in the entire Western Hemisphere. It is the land where King Christophe, the dummy of the English abolitionists, was to prove that the free Negro is the equal of any

civilised white man. In fact Wilberforce used to pray for him every day.

The superiority of lighter skins over darker skins, however, does not apply to Haiti. It applies everywhere, and has applied throughout history. The 'aristocracy of the skin' is not a social injustice but a biological and historical reality. A dark skin, as Sir Arthur Keith put it, is a "character of primitive races of man" and a "simian and ancient inheritance." Even Gelele, King of Dahome, was several shades lighter than his subjects. American Negroes, some 80 per cent of whom have a greater or lesser amount of White blood in their veins, avoid the company of Negro students from Africa. In Liberia, where a comparative handful of Negroes of American descent form the ruling clique, they despise the darker aborigines, and of course deny them — and the white man — the vote. In Sierra Leone, under British rule, the 350,000 Coloureds — descendants of slaves freed 170 years ago — held about 95 per cent of the administrative positions (the top 5 per cent naturally being held by Whites); and with the approach of Independence they appealed to the British Government to "protect us from the illiterate cannibals of the hinterland when self-government is accorded." As in Haiti, the possession of a half or three-parts black skin is the very opposite of a safeguard against the enmity of those with wholly black skins. As in Haiti, too, the said Mulattos form the natural native aristocracy of the country. It is the same everywhere in Africa — or was until the American-pushed revolution put the black man on top. The lighter skins dominated the darker skins; and the twain could never meet.

In Asia it is the same story. The lighter-skinned Indians dominate the darker-skinned Indians, while the Eurasians remain a race apart. In Israel the European Jews completely dominate the North African and Oriental Jews. In Malaya the Chinese are dominant. In Japan the ruling caste is not only lighter-skinned than the rest of the nation but is virtually a different race — like all national ruling castes of long standing, including the English. In the South American republics, likewise — including Brazil — a small white or light-skinned minority rules the vast discoloured majority; while Chile will not permit Negroes to enter the country at all. Even in Europe the fair people of the north are far more advanced than the dark people of the south. Even in France one of the cries against the aristocrats during the Revolution was, "Send them back to the German marshes from which they came." And the dark-haired canaille — the supporters of the Negroes of Haiti — who crowded round the guillotine shouted their approval when a blonde head was held up for their inspection.

Throughout history the lighter skins have ruled the darker. The Khmers of south-east Asia ruled over darker-skinned subject peoples; while the ancient Aryan rulers of India were a purely

white race. The ancient Persians were either white or very light-skinned, and so were the original Arabs. As has been noted, the same applies to the Incas, who exactly like the comparatively fair-skinned Pharaohs practised incest to ensure the absolute purity of their race. Naturally "the children of the sun" had to be white like the sun, not black like the night. In those ancient times a white skin was in fact the distinguishing mark of a sacred right to rule, and was accepted as such by all the darker-skinned subject peoples. In ancient times there was no such thing as an accidental happening, least of all such a thing as an "accident of birth". A white skin was a divinely conferred badge of rank; and the dark-skinned folk were naturally content to have demigods watching over them and guiding their destinies. Without the white demigods they would have had no link with the gods.

It happens that Egypt has a most illuminating example to give us of the race factor in history. It was not just by chance that the Pharaoh Akhnaten was the one to introduce the cult of the Aten (the solar disc) and attempt to replace the age-old polytheism with a single "creator and preserver of all things". The old animal gods of the Egyptians were the gods of the aborigines — the gods of 'the people'. The later gods with human bodies and animal heads represented a compromise between the people and their new rulers. They represented, in other words, the arrival of a superior race, not an evolution of the people themselves. And it was yet another race of people, represented by Akhnaten and his solar monotheism (his conception of a god who was actually radiantly beautiful), who made the sudden breakaway from the seemingly unchangeable Egyptian traditions and beliefs. (It was a very fleeting breakaway, admittedly, as it was too advanced for the people to accept; while the priests for their part were rightly suspicious of anything threatening the time-proven established order.) Akhnaten was the son of Amenhotep the Third, who was born not of an Egyptian mother but of a Mittanian mother. Moreover Amenhotep's favourite mistress or "second wife" was also Mittanian: the daughter of the king of the Mittani. The Mittani were a non-Indo-European people from northern Mesopotamia with an Indo-European ruling dynasty, which is yet another instance of a dark people with fair-skinned rulers. Thus the abrupt change in the character of the Egyptian court was due to the fact that it was no longer Egyptian at all, but Aryan. Contemporary murals depict this change of racial type, and Amenhotep's "second wife" is shown with long blonde hair. There is no doubt of the veneration Amenhotep felt for her; and one might hazard a safe guess that Akhnaten was not only the child of his half-Aryan father but the child of a wholly Aryan mother. It is probably even safer to say that it was not so much Akhnaten himself as the women of the Mittani who really introduced the cult of the Aten.

It has to be appreciated that a Pharaoh was not a man or even a demigod but a divinity incarnate. For this reason his death in particular had to be represented as an event of transcendent significance. It was not a death at all, but a metamorphosis or transfiguration. His body was still there, embalmed and placed like a germinating cocoon in a tomb that made him even more impressive in death than in life. It is all the more significant, therefore, that these living Divinities should have intermarried with a white race. Although they had always chosen the lightest-skinned of wives it is possible that they were becoming progressively darker of hue, and in danger of losing the worshipful respect of the people by becoming more akin to them. It is quite certain, at least, that they could not have felt that their divine status was being in any way endangered by the taking of white consorts. Who, after all, could have been more like a true Child of the Sun, a true Goddess, than Amenhotep's princess of the Mittani — with her golden skin, and her long golden hair like the 'hair' of the sun? In Egypt's last days, indeed, nothing less than an entire dynasty of Greeks was required to maintain an acceptable pharaonic rulership. Nor, in fact, in this part of the world and in nearby countries such as India, has the position changed to this very day. Though we are told that our white skins are of no value whatever, and that we should be willing and even eager to acquire brown ones or black ones, it is noticeable that wealthy near-whites — such as the Aga Khan family — will spare no expense in purchasing titled Englishwomen and Hollywood beauties and methodically intermarrying with the same in order that their progeny should become wholly white.

India, and the 'hair' of the sun, remind us of the Indian Aryan sun-god, Surya, the god with the radiant hair. There are indeed many marked similarities between the roughly contemporaneous religion of Akhnaten and that of the composers of the Rig-Veda; between the Aten and the Atman. India, more so than Egypt, offers us one of the most vivid lessons in all history on the importance of the race factor. The first clue to this lesson is provided by the Hindu caste system itself. Caste is a Portuguese word meaning race or breed, from the Latin word *castus* meaning chaste or pure or unmixed. The Indian word for caste is *Varna*, meaning colour; or the word *Jati*, meaning birth or race. It is obvious from this that the caste system must have had a racial origin and basis; and we know that even to this day the Brahmins ('worshippers'), who blandly refer to themselves as "gods on earth", still maintain their sanctified authority upon a very ancient basis of 'colour prejudice'.

The history of India is a history of White meeting Black. The oldest underlying stratum of the Indian population is a blend of Proto-Australoid and Proto-Negroid; the numerous primitive tribes inhabiting the mountain regions of south-west India to this day being strongly Australoid or Negroid in character. They are the descen-

dants of those blacks who in remotest antiquity covered the whole of the subcontinent. The modern caste Hindus on the other hand are the adulterated descendants of the white Aryan invaders of around 1800 B.C. who conquered the indigenes and remained racially separated from them. Their policy was one of outright White Supremacy; which shows yet again that 'colour prejudice', far from being a recent phenomenon, dates back at least to proto-historic times. Moreover, although Indian Aryan racial purity was not maintained, neither was racial amalgamation or homogeneity achieved. To this day about 50,000,000 Indians remain outside the organic body of Hindu society in what has been called 'the largest subordinate racial group in the world'. In other words the original racial distinctiveness has persisted, broadly speaking, through thousands of years of contact, so that even today the nasal index provides a rough guide to social status. Noses grow broader, as among the Tuaregs and Arabs, as one proceeds down the social scale, with Negroids comprising the vast majority of casteless Untouchables. Thus it is still one of the most opprobrious of Indian insults to call a person a black man; though it must be added that owing to the modern inverted racialism emanating largely from America the Tamils of southern India wish to break away from the lighter-skinned Indians of the north because, being black, they now believe themselves to be superior.

The vast subcontinent of India has been subjected to numerous invasions; and in very ancient times these were apparently all White or near-White. There was a rise and fall of successive White or near-White civilisations. The invaders would each in turn rule over the Dravidians (the little, dark-skinned, broad-nosed aborigines) for a time and then become absorbed. It was into this world that the great Aryan invasion began to flow. Unlike their predecessors, however, from the moment they arrived the Aryans viewed with deep concern the hybridised population around them. They concluded that no White civilisation could long survive if its members merged racially with hybrid and aboriginal peoples, and they realised that some effective method of keeping the races apart would have to be devised. Their method was to invest racial segregation with a religious sanction, and to exclude from society — and even from heaven — any person who offended against it. They fully understood that the preservation and development of their culture, the organisation of their society and of course their very self-preservation depended upon their racial integrity. They understood, too, that if their Aryan existence possessed any religious significance (and they were sure it did) they would be committing the supreme offence against the gods if they were to commit racial suicide. Racial miscegenation, then, was strictly forbidden, and caste became hereditary and inalienable. There was a world of superior Whites

and inferior Blacks and Coloureds. And the gulf, they hoped, would never be bridged.

The system, backed as it was by the full force of religion, law and custom, seemed incorruptible and its concomitant civilisation indestructible. Yet this was not to be. It lasted for a very, very long time; so long a time that even to this day, as we have noted, its broad outlines still distinctly remain. But it was not quite incorruptible, not quite colour-proof. In spite of all precautions a population of half-breeds gradually came into being, to supplement the one already existing. These half-breeds were prohibited from having any contact with persons of caste; yet none the less they meant that the first break in Aryan racial integrity had already been made. And, ultimately, together with the contributory caste-breaking effects of egalitarian Buddhism (a religious philosophy propounded by the full-blooded Aryan prince, Sakyamuni), it was to lead to the more or less complete or effective absorption of the white man into the brown masses. It seems clear that it was always the honey-skinned hybrids rather than the Dravidians themselves who were the danger, though it was of course the terribly persistent black blood that had done all the initial and continuing damage. The lower the type the more persistent its characteristics (the Mongoloid strain, which, as can be seen in Mexico, actually absorbs Negro blood without suffering any appreciable change in appearance, would seem to be the only exception to this rule); with the result that black blood has the lethal persistency of mustard gas.

One can trace the hybridisation and decline of the Hindu race in the hybridisation and decline of the Hindu religion. One can trace it from the simple purity and intuitive speculation of the Rig-Veda to the modern Hindu temple, as cheap and tawdry as a booth in a fun-fair. Even in the works representing the culmination of Hindu religious speculation, one can see the mumbo-jumbo accumulating. Soon the Aryan gods are beginning to dodder and cast about for their crutches. Hinduism is becoming a way of death, not a way of life. The votaries are beginning to stand on their heads instead of on their feet. The last convulsive warmth of the Bhakti movement is ill-received and dies out. The Hindu seeks only to melt himself into the 'unanswering stillness', qualityless and formless, which is behind Nature. Pantheistic and embracing all things, Hinduism is succeeding in embracing nothing; losing itself in a maze of indifference and vague despair. Today, in fact, Hinduism has arrived back at the 'indiscriminating chaos' that preceded the Hindu creation. Exactly as Sir A. Lyall said of it: "Hinduism is a tangled jungle of disorderly superstitions, ghosts and demons, demi-gods and deified saints, local gods, universal gods, with their countless shrines and temples, and the din of their discordant rites; deities who abhor a fly's death, those who delight in human sacrifices, and those who would not either sacrifice or make offerings

— a religious chaos throughout a vast region never subdued or levelled, like all Western Asia, by Mahomedan or Christian monotheism.”

In other words a pure religion created by a pure race has become a religious chaos created by a racial chaos. And consequently it was never remotely suspected by the seething Hindu masses taking part in the unbelievably hysterical procession of the Juggernaut (“the lord of the world”) that the lord they should more properly have been worshipping was the solitary British officer riding at the head of it all — the lord personifying the principle of universal Order.

There were of course many other invasions consequent to the Aryan invasion. There were two more Caucasoid invasions: the Persian and the Macedonian Greek. Then came the Mongoloids: the Tartars and later the Moguls. The Moguls tried their utmost to unify India, but failed. They then gradually merged with the native population and themselves declined. Even their renowned Taj Mahal, after all, had a European architect (the Venetian, Geronimo Veroneo), while its gardens are English.

Thus it was not a nation the British controlled in 1765 but a vast welter of heterogeneous peoples. A huge subcontinent of some two hundred million inhabitants, it was mastered by the merest handful of white men, thousands of miles from their tiny homeland, and who had to fight and beat the French as well. This was not only a tribute to British superiority but a more significant demonstration of what a White racial homogeneity can accomplish in the face of countless numbers of hybrids. The British found little more than a disunited mongrel mass without any real will to resist. Racial integrity beat racial heterogeneity; and order and civilisation began rapidly to appear out of chaos. The fears expressed in Maria Graham’s letters from India, in 1813, in which she refers to the hopelessness of withstanding such vast numbers of Indians were they to become united against the English, were groundless. They could not unite, because they were not a people.

The British have withdrawn from India now, and from practically everywhere else. So have the other European powers. The Western Caucasoid race is on the retreat and its areas of influence shrinking. This is bad enough. But it is far worse that these same nations should now allow themselves to suffer racial infection in their own breeding-grounds. No White civilisation can survive with large numbers of non-Whites in its midst unless the very strictest segregation is maintained. Racial mingling brings national discord and disunity; and mongrelisation brings irredeemable disaster.

The world is becoming smaller through White inventiveness in methods of travel and through non-White inventiveness in the matter of explosive reproduction of kind. All the more reason then why we should not permit the non-Whites to infiltrate our homelands.

Even segregation, were we to have it, would not be good enough. It is no less than imperative that our native breeding-grounds remain utterly inviolate.

In ancient times, then, as we have seen, the so-called aristocracy of the skin was more properly a divinity of the skin. It is the most ancient and unchanged of aristocracies precisely because it is an authentic, biological one. Its timeless validity is in itself a standing refutation of the theory that the inequality between Whites and Blacks is not innate but due to the superficial factors of environment and lack of education and example. One of the greatest single factors contributing to the general acceptance of the equalitarian myth is the belief that our own ancestors of two thousand or more years ago were indistinguishable, apart from the colour of their skins, from the primitive savages of the present day; and that it is all a matter of 'evolution'. But this belief, as I have tried to demonstrate here and there, is as fallacious as any other equalitarian belief. Indeed, no matter how far back we go we still find our ancestors possessing qualities distinguishing them from modern savages. We do not find them eating one another or anything like that. 'Life' magazine, it is true, once rather gleefully published an artist's conception of a Nordic cannibal feast, showing the Stone Age counterparts of modern northern European man (physically identical, incidentally) gorging themselves on human flesh and marrow. This theory however, that the Stone Age Nordics were cannibals, was long ago discarded. Even if we accept the Cro-Magnon men as having been the ancestors of modern northern European man, we are still obliged to recognise the Cro-Magnon as having been a distinctly superior type to present-day savages, and still more superior to his Neanderthaler or Florisbad contemporaries.

With regard to our more immediate ancestors, one would search in vain for the modern savage equivalents of the Norse searovers and their descendants, the nation-building Normans. One would search in vain for such magnificent sea-going craft as the Norse longships. One does not see black African tribesmen attempting to cross the Atlantic in their own primitive craft. Among modern savages one would search in vain, too, for such outstanding works of art which our primitive ancestors were fashioning even in the Iron Age. One would search among them in vain for that sheer spirit of adventure mentioned in the Beowulf. One would search in vain for a Beowulf. One would search in vain for men such as Irmin, or Martel and Pepin and Charlemagne, or Alfred and Scotus Erigena and Bede, or Goths such as Alaric and Theodoric, and Vandals such as Stilicho and Genseric. If these were purely ransacking barbarians responsible for the overthrow of civilisation, how did it come about that Christendom would have perished but for them? How could we account, say, for the pledge —

faithfully carried out — of Alaric's brother, who after Rome had fallen said: "I choose the glory of renewing and maintaining by Gothic strength the power of Rome, desiring to go down to posterity as the restorer of that Roman power which it is beyond my ability to supersede"?

These are not the sort of words an Attila would have spoken; the leader of the Hunnish hordes whom the Goths, in upholding their pledge to defend Rome, were destined to meet and defeat in one of the greatest battles in history. Clearly then, if the Goths were barbarians they were barbarians with a difference. They had to be to conquer Rome; and to defend it after having conquered it. It is rather as if the Amerinds were to come out of their South American jungles and conquer New York, and then successfully defend it against Russian attack. For if this comparison should be deemed absurd, it is because it is hardly less absurd to maintain that the Nordic tribesmen who overthrew Rome were no different to present-day Amazonian savages.

There would be little sense in trying to portray our ancient ancestral stocks as having been other than what they were. But that is precisely the point. If we think of them purely as barbarians it will not be possible to explain their achievements. If we are to stress their backwardness in relation to Graeco-Roman civilisation, we must also stress those qualities which made them superior to that civilisation's later hybrid inhabitants. We must stress the fact, as Gibbon did, that their blood mended the puny pseudo-Roman breed. We must remember that they did not overwhelm Rome by sheer weight of numbers, neither did they attack it because they resented its civilised superiority. Quite the contrary. The Goths (Swedes) who overthrew Rome sincerely admired the Graeco-Roman civilisation (otherwise they would not have defended it); and they attacked Rome not because they hated what it stood for but because it represented the greatest of all challenges to their warlike and adventurous spirit. But they did not admire the non-Roman mongrelism that had inherited Rome. When Alaric, at the gates of the Eternal City, was warned by a deputation that his army was hopelessly outnumbered by the city's inhabitants (who probably numbered over a million) and that he would be mad to attempt to take it, his reply was contemptuously apposite: "The thicker the hay the easier it's mowed." Similarly, we might recall the Lombard, Liutprand (of the barbarian Langobardi who astonished the Italians by instructing them in the arts of animal husbandry and breeding), saying that his people associated the Roman name with everything that was cowardly, treacherous, base and contemptible.

These formidable warriors, who from the very beginning had demonstrated their ability to inflict crushing and even annihilating defeats upon disciplined, world-conquering Roman armies, always constituted a fearful threat to Rome. What was fun and games to

these great bounding overgrown schoolboys was a matter of life and death to the harassed Romans. As early as 113 B.C. Italy had been aghast at the irruption of the Cimbri and Teutoni tribes from Denmark, fighting stark naked (the original berserkers) because the fury of battle was a divine ecstasy to them, and crushing Roman army after army. Yet even these savage warriors amazed the exhausted Roman soldiers by commonly offering them quarter and giving them time to recuperate and re-form; by picking them up and dusting them down and waiting for them to get their breath back. The Romans never understood the reason for this, which was simply that the northern warriors could not win any glory in their own eyes by defeating exhausted enemies. The fight had to be a 'fair' one to be worth boasting about.

Although Rome was always their ultimate target it was the city's mongrel inhabitants themselves and not the northern barbarians who were responsible for the destruction of the city's classical treasures. It is now conceded that even the Vandals were much less responsible for the desecration of the Roman churches than were their fanatical anti-Catholic allies, the north African Donatists. And with regard to the Ostrogothic occupation of Italy, Gibbon writes: "The Gothic kings, so injuriously accused of the ruin of antiquity, were anxious to preserve the monuments of the nation, whom they had subdued. The royal edicts were framed to prevent the abuses, the neglect, or the depredations, of the citizens themselves; and a professed architect, the annual sum of two hundred pounds of gold, twenty-five thousand tiles, and the receipt of customs from the Lucrine port, were assigned for the ordinary repairs of the walls and public edifices. A similar care was extended to the statues of metal or marble, of men or animals. The spirit of the horses, which have given a modern name to the Quirinal, was applauded by the barbarians; the brazen elephants of the Via Sacra were diligently restored; the famous heifer of Myron deceived the cattle, as they were driven through the forum of peace, and an officer was created to protect these works of art, which Theodoric considered as the noblest ornament of his kingdom."

Theodoric (the Dietrich of Berne of the Nibelungenlied) was, as Gibbon said, "A man who would have deserved a statue among the best and bravest of the ancient Romans." It is noteworthy that this famous warrior's favourite pastime was gardening; that he liked most of all to plant and tend. He tended Italy with the same care; and under his rule everything prospered. The Pontine marshes were drained, agriculture was greatly improved, food was always on distribution to the needy, and the price of corn was fixed in times of scarcity. Trade flourished, building went on everywhere, religious toleration was established — or rather, enforced — for the first time, and the arts and learning were encouraged and financed by the king himself. The gates of Rome were open throughout the day and night,

and crime was all but extirpated. This was all the work of the so-called barbarian Theodoric and his Gothic officials and soldiers. But the real significance of it is that Theodoric, like Charlemagne, was so completely illiterate that when he affixed his signature to documents he had to use a stencil!

Very many other examples could be given of the difference between the early unlettered barbarians of northern Europe and present-day savages — unlettered or otherwise. But enough, I feel, has been said to show that this difference not only existed but was a very marked one. On taking possession of a civilisation which was being progressively ravaged by its own hybrid populace, they preserved it and to the best of their ability even repaired it. Far from destroying Europe and its institutions as any ordinary barbarians would have done, they restored the papacy, founded the Holy Roman Empire, preserved classical learning and sought to extend European unity. They alone beat off the great Asiatic and Saracen invasions; which means that if Europe and the West in general belongs to anyone it belongs to their direct descendants and to no one else. And just as they had been by far the best auxiliary troops in the Roman Army (it was even they, the Batavi and the Tungri, and not the Romans, who conquered the ancient Britons), and had formed the Praetorian Guard of the emperors, so they formed the shock-troops of the Eastern Roman Empire (first the Goths and then the Danish Heruli) and the emperors' Varangian Guard (composed of Vikings and Anglo-Saxons). Even when Constantinople was being besieged by the Ottoman Turks, it was Nordic and Germanic warriors who were defending the walls while the mongrel populace, necessarily devoid of patriotism, were squabbling over the chariot races of the Blues and the Greens.

However barbarian, because manly, the northern European tribesmen may have seemed to the decadent inhabitants of the Graeco-Roman world, it is certain that the said barbarians never regarded their blood as other than a cause for pride — the blood that was to form the basis of every great nation in Europe. Their qualities were such that if they were to be born into our midst today they would fit perfectly naturally into our society, and perhaps be distinguished only for their greater drive, and certainly for their better physique — the physique which the Arabs as well as the Romans remarked upon with awe. The best of them, if not smeared into oblivion by the Press, would quite easily take their place as national leaders again — so small a difference do time and circumstances make when the race remains much the same. But modern Negroes, even when educated and brought up in White society for generation after generation, remain backward and criminally inclined — hating the civilisation which is so alien to their primitive inborn characteristics. For that matter, even if an Attila were to be born into our midst today, it is probable that he would attain to

no higher office than that of president of a trade union on the New York waterfront.

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It stands to reason that as some races are undeniably superior to others physically, some races ought to be superior to others mentally. It stands to reason, also, that as the major racial stocks differ widely physically, they should differ no less widely psychologically. We would at least place the onus of proof upon those who deny these differences, and not upon those who admit them. Having touched upon what I have called the timeless biological validity of the aristocracy of the skin, we would expect to find the same historical law applying today — which in fact we do. We have noted indeed that whereas our own unlettered forebears were able to shape the Holy Roman Empire and build the foundations of modern Europe, the modern Negro, in spite of education and a twentieth-century environment, is unable to shape even Haiti. The excuses that are advanced for Negro backwardness simply cannot hold water over the entire range of historical time, nor are they valid when applied to the present day. The excuses remain excuses and nothing more. All they really demonstrate is that this Negro backwardness exists; and by attempting to excuse it they succeed only in emphasizing it. The present popular excuse in America, that which maintains the Negro is being held back by racial segregation, means only that he is being held back by having to associate with his own kind — which in a sense that is not intended is a most convincing argument indeed. Another gambit in the attempt to show that racial differences are not innate is that which tries to explain them away by relating them to social, cultural and economic differences of background. The cart is always put before the horse. Thus, for instance, Dr Michael Gelfand, the United Nations cart-before-the-horse expert in Africa, on observing the rapidly widening gap in intelligence between White and Bantu children after they have passed the age of two years (a gap which cannot be denied; and which applies equally to that between human infants and chimpanzee infants — it being a rule in all mammalian life for full mental stature to develop early in direct relation with cerebral simplicity), ascribed it to the cultural factor in that White children are given mechanical toys to play with!

Nevertheless the American, Dr G. J. McGurk, Associate Professor of Psychology at Villanova University, put the cat among the political pigeons when he stated that psychological tests given to Negroes since World War I proved conclusively that Negroes were not equal to Whites in the ability to learn. He said that this was still true even though the socio-economic status of the Negro had risen at a faster rate since World War I than that of the Whites. "Factual evidence," he declared, "completely denies the theory that

improving the social and economic status of the Negro improves his capacity for education.”

Now this was a tilt at the very basis of the Equality dogma, and it was not to be expected that it would be allowed to pass unchallenged. Sure enough the international Press machinery soon whirred into automatic action; the Cape Argus announcing by means of a glaring headline that “U.S. Scientists Debunk Negro I.Q. Theory”. It went on to tell us that “this is the conclusion of 18 prominent American psychologists and social scientists, most of them members of the American Psychological Association and professors of leading universities . . . The scientists’ joint statement refuting this line (McGurk’s) took no sides with the problem of desegregation as a whole, nor with the manner or rapidity with which it should be accomplished (!). But they pointed out that the theory of racial intellectual superiority was thrown out by scientists at the time when the Nazis were asserting that the Germans were superior to everybody else. They cited a statement in 1950 by scientists, meeting under the auspices of Unesco in Paris, which pointed out that wherever differences in environment were taken into account, intelligence tests showed an essential similarity among all human groups.”

This attack on McGurk was oddly reminiscent of the World War I he mentioned, when in the mud of Flanders a whole battery of guns would open up on a single sniper or machine-gunner. Preceded by a creeping barrage of the Big Lie and the Big Smear, and a diversionary attack on the flank, the Enemy seeks to break through by sheer weight of numbers. Dr McGurk was actually doing no more than stating the factual results of exhaustive I.Q. tests given to Negroes over an extended period of time, and was not saying anything about Communists nor enlisting the support of other scientists. Yet the facts and figures supporting his statement were completely and unscientifically ignored (though the racial intelligence differences were indirectly admitted), and it was considered sufficient that he should be exposed as a crypto-Nazi by a powerfully organised Association of politically-orientated American Pundits posing for the public benefit as an impartial and omniscient tribunal. In any event we all know, of course, that our Communist scientists ‘threw out’ the theory of German racial superiority because it constituted a profane encroachment upon the literally sacred preserves of others.

This was the end of McGurk as far as our patriotic Nordic Press was concerned. But in an issue of *The Mankind Quarterly* he discussed in detail the Cultural Hypothesis in its relation to psychological test scores, in the course of which he remarked that although the advocates of the said Hypothesis had presented many moral and ethical arguments against biological differences in men, they had produced no factual data whatever. McGurk stated that tests have indicated, not that the gap in intelligence between Negroes and

Whites decreases where the socio-economic status of the Negro is raised, but that it *increases*. At the bottom of the scale the difference in intelligence between Negroes and 'poor Whites' of the same cultural environment is nothing like so marked as that at the 'elite' levels. The same applies to age levels. The disparity in comparative Negro and White intelligence increases as the age-scale is ascended. In all, rather less than 20% of Negroes exceed the average White intelligence level, and 80% fall below it — and this in a country where a 'Negro' might be more white than black. Moreover, all the tests indicate that Negro scores have actually fallen since World War I in spite of Negro elevation in the socio-economic scale.

One of the many test performances which Dr McGurk delineated concerned Negro and White children in Canada, all Canadian-born children, and where — according to the author, Tanser — social and economic opportunities had always been equal for all Negroes and Whites in the particular area where the test took place. "Tanser reports that the mean test scores of the Negro children were markedly below the White mean at every age and every grade. Overlapping for the total group (all children of all ages and grades) was between 13% and 20%, depending on which psychological test was used. In no case did overlap exceed 20%. Thus this study, done some 21 years after the World War I period, indicated that the gap between Negroes and Whites had not been lessened: it had been increased. In Tanser's study, the Negroes made a much poorer showing, relative to Whites, than Negroes did in the World War I study. The cultural advantages of Canadian life did not increase the relative standing of the Negro children to White children, and this study offers no support for the 'cultural hypothesis'."

In World War I, tests showed that approximately 27% of Negroes exceeded the average White intelligence level. On the whole the Negro student, according to the results of psychological tests applied in Washington, has remained roughly two years behind the White student. This disparity was first revealed in a report in 1897. And according to a similar report of 1957, the same two year lag exists today.

For further facts and figures on these I.Q. tests in America I am indebted to an article by Mr Drew L. Smith, a Member of the Louisiana Bar, which he wrote for the Federation For Constitutional Government (and reprinted in the South African Observer). Mr Smith wrote, *inter alia*:

"The Negro has now been in America for over 300 years. Has his close contact with the Caucasian race during these centuries raised his level of intelligence to that of the white race, and if so, to what extent has the intelligence of the white race been lowered in the process? The answers to these questions are inextricably

related to the whole problem of racial integration in America and to the future of this country.

As long ago as 1829 tests were carried out comparing White and Negro intelligence. A test made by Young appearing in the *Journal of Comparative Psychology* set forth the results of a mental examination of 282 White and Negro children in Louisiana with the grading being calculated on the basis of color. The results showed that the degrees of intelligence extended downward from the White through the lighter Negroes to the blackest of that race, with the lighter Negroes averaging 19.7% more intelligent than the black Negroes.

Davenport and Steggerda in their book 'Race Crossings in Jamaica' published the results of a study made by them on pure Whites, part Whites and pure Negroes. They found the races differed in mental capacity and expressed themselves as follows: 'It seems to us that the outcome of the present studies is so clear as to warrant the conclusion that they put the burden of proof on the shoulders of those who would deny fundamental differences, on the average, in the mental capacities of Gold Coast Negroes and Europeans.'

In a work entitled 'Applied Eugenics' written by Popenou and Johnson and published in 1918, we find reference made to a study by G. O. Ferguson of a test given to 486 White and 421 Negro students with the following results:

Full Blooded Negroes scored 69.2% as high as Whites.  
Three Quarter Negroes scored 73.0% as high as Whites.  
One Half Negroes scored 81.2% as high as Whites.  
One Quarter Negroes scored 91.8% as high as Whites.

With respect to skin color G. O. Ferguson, in 'The Psychology of the Negro', in comparing various Negro groups found the lighter colored Negroes superior to the darker, and concluded that intelligence increased as the degree of White intermixture increased.

Results of the Army Beta test given by the United States Army to 386,196 illiterate soldiers in World War I showed Negro draftees to be 'inferior to the Whites on all types of tests used in the Army.' Additionally, tests were conducted upon pure Negroes, Mulattos and Quadroons. It was found that 'the lighter groups made better scores.'

The White draft in World War I when compared to the Colored regarding performance in the Army Alpha test (given to literate soldiers) revealed a wide variation in the scores. Porteous and Babcock found that 'translated into mental age equivalents the median score of the Colored was only 10.4 years, more than 2½ years below the median score of the Whites.' They concluded that 'the low level of this score indicates a very serious inability in the Negro

on the average to avail himself to the full of educational opportunities that are afforded him.'

Finally they concluded from their evaluation of Negro intelligence that 'for such a race as the Negro it can be accepted without question that there is a greater proportion, at any given level, of inferior attainments than there is of Whites. Consequently, any comparisons that are made of inferior Whites and Negroes which show an advantage for the former, represent a real racial superiority.'

Porteous and Babcock, in their study 'Temperament and Race' evaluated many comparisons of Negro intelligence with that of other races, concluding that:

'These studies show that the Negro actually belongs, as far as all-round ability goes, to an inferior race.'

A study by Phillips in 1911 showed that the Negroes in the elementary schools of Philadelphia were so much retarded that the question arose as to whether a school adapted for Whites was also adapted for Negroes.

Miss Ada Arlitt in 1921 tested 180 Negro children in New Orleans and found that in comparison with Whites of the same social level that the median I.Q. for the Negroes declines with increasing age from the tenth through the fifteenth year.

Kimball Young, in 'Mental Differences in Certain Immigrant Groups', a University of Oregon publication in 1922, reaches some very interesting conclusions from exhaustive tests. He found that the European peoples though probably all of near kind showed a marked mental superiority in the North European nationalities as against those from South Europe. He uses in explanation of this the following language on page 98: 'The South Europeans have considerable negroid strains in the masses of the people and this fact may, in part, account for the divergence from the intelligence of the North European descendants.'

With respect to World War II, A. M. Shuey comments on Negro intelligence in the Armed Forces in 'The Testing of Negro Intelligence' (1958) as follows: 'Negroes appear to be farther below Whites on the Army General Classification Test in World War II than they were on the combined Alpha and Beta scale in World War I.' She further remarks that 'in a long variety of tests from Strong in 1913 to Hess in 1955 in which Negro and White intelligence was compared, the colored averaged consistently below the Whites.'

The author goes on to make a final conclusion from these findings that they 'all point to the presence of some native differences between Negroes and Whites as determined by intelligence tests.'

The investigations of Public School conditions in the District of Columbia covered in a report of the Subcommittee of the Committee on the District of Columbia in 1957 clearly reveals the

mental inferiority of the Negro students. It is significant from the many tests which were given that the Negro students scored below the White students not only on the overall ratings, but on each different test. These findings revealed the fact that integration has not raised the mental level of Negro pupils to that of Whites as Negro equalitarians claimed it would."

So much then for Equalitarianism, the sinister scientific hoax of the century!

Sheer intelligence in itself, admittedly, is not the ultimate measure of man's mental ability or potential. Although it is of course a quality by no means to be despised, it is not of the same significance as creative imagination and inspiration. Intelligence is a more superficial quality, eminently suited to coping with details of organisation and management and so forth, whereas creative inspiration is a quality of deep intuitive perception — the body-brain and mental-brain tuned to a peak of acute interaction, like a tuning in to the life harmonies within us.

The Negro, however, has never shown any creative inspiration whatever, except when it comes to his invention of hideous cruelties. Therefore, as we cannot measure the non-existent, we have to measure his degree of sheer animal intelligence; and the I.Q. tests show that the mean level of intelligence in the American Negro is about 25% lower than that of the American white man, or over 30% if we confine the tests to full-blooded Negroes. This, needless to say, represents so enormous a difference that the authors of the tests have no alternative but to conclude that the Negro is a member of an inferior race. It is even more significant that this mental gap between the two races should widen as we ascend the scale; there being a much lesser gap between the least gifted members of the two races than between the most gifted ones. In fact it means that the difference in I.Q. between an average full-blooded Negro and a member of the White elite would be hardly less than that between a chimpanzee and a full-blooded Negro — the chimpanzee, after all, having a brain capacity about a third that of an average man. Even the intelligence of the literate Negro soldier of World War I was no higher than that of an intelligent White child of ten years of age; from which it might be deduced that the said Negro soldier would be inferior in intelligence to an 'elite' White child of about seven or eight years of age — a Nordic or Jewish child, that is, as these two racial types completely dominate every branch of American industrial, commercial and professional life. In fact, to go to the extremes in the human scale, and compare a Newton with a primitive, it could be claimed that we have transcended the barrier of species altogether and are dealing with different genera; with *homo sapiens* and *homo stupidens*.

The 1962 George Report — the report prepared for the State of Alabama by the before-mentioned Dr W. C. George, Professor Emeritus of Histology and Embryology, and former Chairman of the Department of Anatomy at the University of North Carolina School of Medicine — endorses the findings of the above I.Q. tests, and stresses that the greatest Negro lag is in mental tests of an abstract nature; in problems involving reasoning, deduction and comprehension.

In warning of the dangers of school integration, Dr George traces the prevailing situation in America to the influence of the late Franz Boas, an anthropologist hailing originally and inevitably from Middle Europe. Boas was the original Moloch in America; and it is his disciples who are the present scientific authorities behind the racial integration drive. In 1921, Boas wrote: "It would seem that, man being what he is, the Negro problem will not disappear in America until the Negro blood has been so diluted that it will no longer be recognised."

In other words, until the White blood has been so contaminated that it will no longer be recognised! It is perfectly clear then, as Dr George does not fail to observe, that the policy of mixing children of all races in schools and playgrounds was devised as a means of bringing about an inter-racial mixing of blood. It is in plain fact the blood of Nordic children that Moloch wants. Absolutely nothing less than that will satisfy him.

Dr George also makes perfectly clear the political motives of these supposedly disinterested, humanitarian scientists. He quotes Boas' chief disciple, Melville Herskovits, who stated that "while Boas devoted a great deal of energy to combating racial determinism, especially in the later years of his life, this meant in essence no more than utilizing the results of scientific research in arguing political and social controversy." Politically indeed, owing to his various Communist-front affiliations, Boas was naturally reputed to be a Communist. Dr George, however, disregarding this, is content to quote Herskovits again, who said of Boas that "in his political sympathies he leaned towards a variety of socialism common among nineteenth century liberals."

In a world of necessary biological inequality, equality can only be enforced by inhibiting the free functioning of the higher species. One law for the lion and the ox is oppression; and if you put the lion in a cage and give the ox its liberty the ox becomes the functional superior of the lion. Where school integration is concerned, it is obvious that without elevating the Negroes at all, it will undoubtedly retard the Whites. In the present struggle for world supremacy, Russia, a firm believer in the principle of biological aristocracy, is not only making every effort to raise her general educational standards but is paying particular attention to the most gifted students. Yet America's 'bold' answer to this vital challenge is to

retard the education of her own! The American Government is perfectly well aware that school integration retards the normal scholastic attainments of the White pupils, yet it relentlessly goes ahead with it. The Government is determined on a general retrograde policy leading to civil and racial chaos, the loss of individual liberty in the most vital spheres of choice, and to the destruction of Caucasian civilisation and thus of the great Republic itself.

Although the wide mental disparity between White and Negro pupils constitutes an extremely serious objection to integrated schooling, the Negro moral character — or lack of it — constitutes, as has been noted before, a still more serious objection. Although the Negroes in the United States form but 10% of the population, nearly three-quarters of all major crime is committed by them. They are responsible for more than half of the murders and man-slaughters that are committed! Moreover, in case it should be thought by the unthinking that segregation is responsible for this, American Government statistics show that the Negro crime rate in the integrated States is twice the rate of that in the Southern United States. In addition to these revelations of Negro crime and vice, American national records on venereal disease and illegitimate births tell a like tale of established immorality. (In Jamaica, similarly, statistics show that illegitimate babies outnumber legitimate babies by two to one!)

There is no other conclusion to be drawn but that the standards of civilised and biologically refined peoples simply do not apply to the Negro. In Southern Africa indeed this is accepted as axiomatic, which is why there will never be racial integration here. In Southern Africa, as in America, the biggest threat to Negro lives comes from the blood-lust of other Negroes, who with the aid of knives, choppers and guns, and the inspiration of drink and narcotics, carry out daily massacres of their own race. But now that the humane American Government or Supreme Court has decreed that integration shall take place, this ineradicable criminal bent in the Negro will be directed as much if not more against the White race as against his own; and in the schools the situation will become frankly impossible. The process cannot help but remind us of the words of Madame Kollontai, the Russian Ambassador to Sweden, who reported to her Government, "Immorality in the schools is making satisfactory progress." What we have to bear in mind, above all, is that these Communist animals are industriously working their filth upon us, not upon some other race. It is upon the Nordic race, specifically upon the children and youth, that the Communist filth-machine is working — upon our own flesh and blood. And yet we are so stupid and gutless that we meekly put up with it, and even vote for it.

The George Report states that the enormously greater incidence of criminality on the part of Negroes is largely attributable to

genetically determined racial differences in personality and behavioural traits. This view is supported by Professor Herbert Sanborn, who said that the evidence from twin-studies of a genetic component in criminal behaviour suggests that changes in the socio-economic level of American Negroes would have at best only a limited effect in reducing the Negro crime rate. There is no nonsense here about everybody being born good or about attributing the Negro crime rate to 'conditions' and environment. What is being advanced here is the traditional Christian view, not the Marxist view. Even so one feels that Professor Sanborn is erring on the side of generosity. All that the socio-economic uplift of the Negroes, and the improvement in their schooling, have succeeded in doing, is to cause their scholastic performances to decline and their crime rate to soar. This means simply that, as has also been noted before, freedom is not suitable for Negroes, and that when control is relaxed they become a menace to everybody else instead of merely to themselves. As Benjamin Franklin put it, "The Negro is best when held to labour by better and wiser men than himself." Logically, it follows from this that American slavery was the best thing that could have happened to the Negro. It improved him physically by eliminating the unfit, and improved him mentally by giving him the example of civilisation and by disciplining his primitive impulses and thought processes. Yet obviously even this great opportunity for improvement was wasted on him. The clay was simply too coarse for the fashioning of a fine vase.

Of course it may be objected that slavery, however beneficent, was scarcely a suitable medium for improvement. Or it may be protested that until recently the Negro lived in circumstances of neglect and illiteracy making advancement impossible. But if we were to accept these popular objections as valid, we would be at a complete loss to explain why similar adversities never for a moment succeeded in suppressing the energy and genius of our own kind. We would be at a complete loss to explain why such circumstances failed to hold back the inventions of the English weavers, the illiterate founders of the industrial revolution. Certainly the egalitarians would hardly care to ascribe their inventiveness to the fact that they were uneducated work-slaves living on an island and entirely cut off from intercourse with other peoples and ideas. Unlike the vast majority of other nations, when it comes to reckoning our Anglo-Saxon geniuses and men of great talent we do not know where to begin or end, there have been so many. Yet many among them were only part-educated or self-educated — aside from those who were totally uneducated — and as boys had to struggle to acquire their book-learning while slaving away at work-benches. Men such as these still surprise even ourselves; so that many cannot believe that Shakespeare was Shakespeare, and have discovered he was somebody else. We are equally surprised by a man like Faraday,

the son of a blacksmith who gleaned the rudiments of science from the school books it was his boyhood task to glue, but upon whose discoveries the wheels of modern industry turn, and whose conception of space as a fluctuating electromagnetic entity led to the physical idea of the theory of relativity. Or we could point to John Dalton, the son of a poor Cumberland weaver, who in his spare time collected samples of marsh gas in jam-jars, and with this splendid equipment at his disposal proceeded to give the world its demonstrated atomic theory of matter.

All simple Englishmen these; of the race now dedicated to the glorious ideals of equality and mongrelisation!

It is safe to say that while no other race but our own can furnish such startling examples of creative genius, in the real and uncorrupted meaning of the word, the world will wait till doomsday to be given some great scientific advance by an uneducated or self-educated Negro, or any Negro whatever. In view of the great number of Anglo-Saxon geniuses who have been born the third or fourth children or above, it follows that as our present family limitations are cutting down our supply of genius by at least half, the Negroes, if our respective abilities are on a par, should with their teeming families be producing proportionately at least four or five geniuses to our one. But instead of this they are producing none whatever.

In view of the vast gulf in achievement between the White and Negro races we would expect to find structural differences between White and Negro brains, with the Negro brain showing marked inferiorities of development. And this in fact is what we do find. The George Report informs us that enough scientific studies have been made of these differences in White and Negro cerebral morphology to warrant the following comparative description:

(a) The average brain weight of Whites is about 100 grams, or 8% greater than that of Negroes.

(b) The frontal lobes of the brains of Whites are, on the average, larger and more sulcified than those of Negroes. Since the frontal lobes are generally regarded as the parts of the brain most involved in the activities of higher civilisation — i.e., planning, initiative, self-control, and abstract reasoning — this evidence strongly supports the view of one observer: "All the peculiarities of African psychiatry can be envisaged in terms of frontal idleness."

(c) The pattern of the frontal lobes of the brains of Whites are, on the average, more regular and more uniform than those of Negroes.

(d) The brains of Whites are, on the average, more fissurated and there is more anastomosing (communication by cross-connexions) of the sulci, than the brains of Negroes. There are also differences in the relative frequency with which certain sulcal

combinations occur, and even the frequency with which the form of a sulcus appears, such as the lunate.

(e) The supragranular layer of the cerebral cortex — which was the last to be evolved and is probably concerned with will, intellect, control, etc. — is, on the average, 14% larger in Whites than in Negroes.

These differences apply of course to the American Negro, with his percentage of White blood. Consequently we would expect to find even more pronounced differences in the brain of the African Negro; which in fact we do. According to the Central African Journal of Medicine (Rhodesia), the brain of the African weighs only 89% of that of the European and its volume is 165 c.c. less (the brain volume of the Bushman being 200 c.c. less); while Vint in Kenya found that the supragranular layer of the cerebral cortex is only 84% the size of that in the European.

So as we see, the egalitarian scientific hoax of the century becomes funnier and more positively sinister the more we delve into it. Dr Gelfand, not surprisingly, discounted Dr Vint's finding by attributing the difference to possible nutritional disorders. He did not know for sure whether these nutritional disorders actually existed, but he chose to assume they did. It was in any case the identical excuse advanced by Klineberg (the psychologist whose pronouncements are accepted as gospel by Unesco) when discounting the work of Dr McGraw. Dr McGraw, who to eliminate environmental and social factors compared the Development Quotients of White and Negro infants aged from 2 to 11 months, found that only 28% of the Negro babies exceeded the mean D.Q. of the White babies. In other words he found much the same old difference even before the age-scale had been ascended. But Klineberg declared that this finding "cannot be accepted" owing to the poorer nutrition of the Negro babies (though he did not explain why the Negro babies should have been suffering from poorer nutrition than the White babies, if indeed they were). Professor Henry Garrett, however (who, as a matter of interest, has pointed out that in studies of identical twins reared apart, the average I.Q. difference was only 8 points — which is not recognised as a difference at all — and that the maximum recorded difference only barely qualified as a recognised difference), interposed the remark that the Negro babies were up to the norms for Negro children in the United States in height and weight, and that had they been heavier and taller they would have been atypical. In any event, he added, the nutrition of the Negro babies could not possibly have accounted for the consistent differences found.

In these debates we see the intellectual representatives of two opposing ideologies firing their big guns at one another, while the Negro pawn himself, the ostensible cause of their combat, contributes

nothing to it whatever except by his sheer behaviour and sheer anatomy. Intellectually, he is no more than the corpse on the dissecting table.

As we know, the sheer size of a person's brain is not necessarily the measure of his intellect. There are idiots with big brains and gifted men with comparatively small brains; though once again we are on safer ground in making such comparisons when confining ourselves to men within a given race. The Chinaman, for all his essentially infantile characteristics, has a slightly larger brain than the European. So, for that matter, had Neanderthal man. As a general rule, however, brain size is in fact a guide to intellectual capacity, especially when the differences in size are as great as those we have been examining. But above all it is the structural development of the brain which is the important factor; and the structural differences between the White and the Negro brain are so pronounced that anthropologists and medical scientists are hard put to it to explain them.

The George Report, however, in accounting for these marked cerebral differences between Whites and Negroes, states that the major racial stocks have evolved from separate subsapiens ancestors, in parallel and sometimes convergent directions, but at markedly diverse rates of time. Recent discoveries of fossil man indicate that the severe selective pressures of the last Glacial Epoch accelerated the pace of evolutionary development among the Caucasoids and Mongoloids of the Palaearctic regions in contrast to the retarded development of the Negroid and other primitive peoples of the tropical and sub-tropical regions of the world. It appears that the Caucasoid or White race evolved into a fully sapiens form about 250,000 years ago, whereas the Negro race attained this stage of development in the continuing process of evolution only about 40,000 years ago.

In other words if the black man is now fully *homo sapiens* the white man must be something else — *homo sapiens sapiens*, perhaps.

Differences in colour and brain structure, however, are by no means the only differences distinguishing the White race from the Black race. The black man is different to the white man even to his very marrow. His bones are different to a white man's; and in childhood they close at a different age to those of a white child. His skeleton is about 8% heavier than a white man's, though his body weight is usually less, particularly at birth (hence the 'malnutrition' excuse). He has longer arms and legs relative to the length of his trunk than the white man; his hands in particular being markedly lank and simian. His skull is quite different in form to a white man's, and his teeth — which are of course his bones — are quite different as well; a dentist (at least in Africa) being able to tell a Negro's tooth from a white man's at a glance. The Negro's feet

are distinctly different in structure to a white man's; the heel bone being longer, the second toe being longer than the great toe, the centre of weight being on a different part of the foot, and so on (and it must be borne in mind that the difference in foot structure between the lowland gorilla and the mountain gorilla has induced many zoologists to classify them as distinct species). The Negro's fat distribution is different to a white man's, as is his muscle structure and the size and functioning of his glands. His eyes are different as well; there being marked and significant differences in the alpha and beta rhythms. His chest cavity and lungs are smaller than a white man's; in American Negroes the ratio between lung capacity and the body's total skin area falling 25% to 35% below the ratio for Whites, while in the African Negro it falls 40% below. Almost needless to mention, the Negro's hair is vastly different to a white man's; so different that it can hardly be described as hair at all (which to my mind is a most significant factor indeed). His blood is different as well; for one thing containing what is known as the sickle cell trait — a trait found elsewhere only among certain of the aboriginal tribes of south-west India.

One of the reasons, incidentally, why Africans are so reluctant to donate their blood to hospital blood banks is that they do not believe the blood of different tribes can be mixed. This, at any rate, is their rationalised reason, though their real reasons are deeper — such as a deeply rooted dislike of giving anything away for nothing. None the less it is perfectly true that a Zulu, say, would have a fit if he thought he was going to receive a transfusion of Basuto blood. This belief in the incompatibility of the blood of the various Bantu tribes is largely erroneous, though the instinct prompting the belief is sound enough. Though the blood of the various tribes may not be incompatible it is no doubt better — provided the groups are compatible, of course — that a Zulu be given transfusions of Zulu blood, and a Basuto be given Basuto blood. Above all, however, it is most definitely inadvisable that White and Negro blood be 'banked' indiscriminately.

The Mankind Quarterly published a report from physicians and surgeons at Columbia University and the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, detailing the dangers of giving patients transfusions of foreign blood. Blood, after all, is now recognised as being a living tissue, and is no longer thought of as being a sort of red ink which you can tap from one person and pour into another without careful analysis. The order of preference in the selection of blood for transfusion is as follows:

1. The patient's own blood 'banked' in advance.
2. The blood from an identical twin.
3. Blood from the patient's own blood relatives, provided it is proved compatible by present accepted methods.

4. Compatible blood from donors of the same ethnic group ('physical type' group) as the patient's.
5. Compatible blood from donors of the patient's own race.

In other words White patients should not be given transfusions of Negro blood, and vice versa. This 'discrimination' was at one time the most laughed at, as there was no 'scientific justification' for it. But to give a white man a transfusion of Negro blood is no longer advised as it may literally prove to be deadly.

One would have thought that the inadvisability of swapping White and Negro blood would have been obvious in the first place, without the need for getting out microscopes and slide-rules and waiting for patients to die or become gravely ill. Yet, even in scientific circles, the obvious quite commonly tends to be overlooked or derided. Similarly we tend to ignore appearances in themselves, regarding as unimportant that which is only 'superficial'. Nevertheless an artist's view of man is at least as important as a medical scientist's investigation of a man's entrails. While science disconnects, art unites. And the complete outward form of a man is assuredly more revealing and enlightening than an exhibition of his assorted segments.

With regard to the outward form of the Negro, the English Oxford Dictionary defines him: Member, esp. male, of black-skinned woolly-haired flat-nosed thick-lipped African race.

Now this to my way of thinking does not sound like the description of a newly-discovered demigod, as the egalitarians would have us believe. It sounds more like a description of the hypothetical Missing Link. Moreover the Negro himself realises this. Though he hates us for our whiteness he probably hates himself more for his blackness. He will pay any amount of money for skin-bleaching and hair-straightening preparations. The historical, biological recognition of White superiority persists as strongly as ever. Nkrumah, for instance, sought as his wife a member of the whitest native race in Africa, so married an Egyptian woman. His heir, according to the best consulting astrologers in Ghana, is destined to be the first ruler of all Africa. But it simply will not do if he is not whiter than all his subjects.

The Africans, like the Asians, have advanced to a resentful consciousness of their inferiority. They were always conscious of it but now they are resentfully conscious of it. This is because we have educated them, and have encouraged them to hold White society responsible for their backwardness. This is tantamount to telling them that White society has a cure for their difficulty but refuses to make it available. Education, moreover, which has made them our theoretical equals and put them on a supposed cultural par with us, has only made them feel their inferiority all the more keenly now that there can no longer be a polite excuse for it. Though our

capitulations and lick-spittle attitude towards them encourage them to believe that their inferiority is not biological and permanent, they know instinctively that it is — which means that we are deliberately deceiving them. Even when they are able to give free rein to their secret desires and inflict the most unspeakable sufferings and indignities upon white women and children, the resultant relief and feeling of superiority is only fleeting.

The Negro brain, though cunning, is weak. Where the Negro performs smoothly it is always the result of training, and he is lost when asked to perform a trick he has not been trained to do. He cannot conceive anything he has not seen performed. Repetitive jobs suit him the best; as, apart from his destructive rages, monotony is the spice of life to him. He is best when silent and serving, or afraid to offend, for otherwise he behaves with the arrogance of a baboon — as the White delegates at international conferences are beginning to discover. Nationally speaking, his 'emergence' is but an outburst of anti-White envy, an envy necessarily supported by massive inoculations of White aid. One need only compare any African State with any White-governed one to see that there is no hope for him. Precisely because he is so innately lowly in the scale of creation he needs Black Messiahs as projections of his own ego. Yet he will take the life of another person without a moment's hesitation or remorse because, as his own life has no discernible meaning even to himself, it is impossible for him to suspect that anybody else's life can have meaning or value.

It follows that biological processes of race formation in man must have produced racial differences in mental and behavioural traits as well as in physical traits. Indeed, this is so obviously true that it was Sir Arthur Keith's contention that "the primary marks of race are psychological." This contention is still maintained by many authorities, and where it applies to the Negro it brands him not only as an inferior being but as a distinctly unbalanced one. For example the Central African Journal of Medicine, substantiating what every Rhodesian layman knows, states that in the African epilepsy is "very common, as are hysteria and the psychopathic personality." His commonest complaint in this respect is schizophrenia — usually of the paranoid type — and it is reported even from London that the majority of African students who break down do so because of "acute schizophrenia".

To speak in perfectly measured terms then, the Negro, to judge him by any acceptable standard of human behaviour, is not a sane person. We make excuses for him, desperately. We ascribe his behaviour to suppression, and plead the cause of human dignity on his behalf, though not even the most fervent negrophile can point to any independent Negro country to which we could go for lessons on human dignity. The very reason we have to keep invoking the theory of evolution on his behalf is because we all realise perfectly

well that he is entirely unacceptable as he is. If we were to face the reality of him instead of attempting to explain him away, we would have to admit that the British African Empire was thrown away for nothing and that the entire foundation of Western policy is based upon a self-destructive myth.

The sum total of these Negro characteristics and innate inferiorities plainly indicates that the Negro race and White Civilisation are incompatibles. This being so, it follows that one must give way to the other. If there were such a thing as a written Black law which could be promulgated for the whole White world to scan, we would see clearly enough the impossibility of attempting to square their customs and ways of thinking with our own. It means then, whether we would all approve of it or not, that the Black race will have to be cleared out of the way of the civilised White race. It is the only moral course we can pursue. We have no moral alternative but to make the world a fit place for advanced Man to flourish in, as distinct from a fit place for inferior man to flourish in. White supremacy built Africa, transforming it from a savage wilderness into a continent of civilised law and order, and now Black supremacy is sending it back to the jungle again. The same would happen in America or anywhere else if the black man were to be the master. So by what right can the black man, for want of a word in his own language, claim 'Free-dom'? Above all, by what conceivable excuse is he allowed to have any say whatever in the destiny of the White race?

Yet the portents are plain. One does not have to be a prophet to foretell the thralldom, at best, that awaits the Negro race. The least gifted of races, criminal in instinct and clownish in intellect, it is begging for trouble in everything it does. Having bitten the colonial hand that fed it and protected it, it no longer has any real friend. No one likes the Negro, neither the Indians, Arabs, Chinese nor Slavs; and even that Something in America (the real nigger in the wood-pile) which is cossetting him is only using him for its own ends. We are the only ones who have ever showed him sympathy, to our incalculable and continuing cost. But he himself is doing his utmost to ensure that the people of the West will not willingly go on paying that cost much longer.

Enough has been said to show that from the evolutionary point of view the profound differences between ourselves and the Negroes must have taken tens — nay, hundreds — of thousands of years to come about. From another point of view it could be said that the White race and the Negro race, like the Mongol race, never had any evolutionary contact at all, and are derived from wholly distinct ancestral stocks. At any rate we can be quite positive about one thing. That if the Negroes are said to be children, they are not our children. White people do not give birth to black children, and

therefore should concern themselves only with their own white children.

Those who do not know Africa have probably never heard the distinctive primitive hum of a Negro or African assembly. They can little conceive the hubbub and uproar and seething confusion of an unpoliced African mob — a mob representing Africa without White control. Still less can they conceive the imperative high-pitched gabbling, the shouting and the shrieking and the din, which only a mere handful of Africans or Coloureds quite normally give vent to when they are in their own company and without the restraining presence of a white “master”. Churchill referred to it as the immodulated tones of the Kaffirs, but it more often sounds like blue murder. Not seldom does a newcomer to Africa, on first hearing this hysteria, perhaps a ghastly shrieking or horrible animal moaning, rush out to see what terrible thing has happened, only to find everyone looking at him as if he were mad and not they. Thus it was not Victorian prudery that prompted the youthful Livingstone (a man who normally endured the most appalling hardships without a word of complaint) to report after his first sojourn with an African tribe that “If the scene (a dance.) were witnessed in a lunatic asylum it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate even . . . To endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with.”

One can go further and state that those who do not know Africa will least of all be able to conceive the noises even a single African can make, especially at night when he is baying to the moon or something indescribable like that. It is like nothing remotely human; like nothing a civilised man will ever hear among his own kind. When this sort of noise approaches from the bush, and the startled newcomer realises it is in fact being made by an African biped and not some frightful quadruped, his ideas on Africa undergo a profound and permanent change.

Yet leaving aside the phrenetic nature of African social uproar, it is enough to consider only the milder gabble. This sounds much like the gobbling of turkeys, only louder. Perhaps at an isolated inn, out in the African countryside where often no sound is to be heard, the stillness will periodically be shattered by the sudden frantic flapping and gobbling of turkeys. This gallinaceous New World fowl has existed in unchanged form for the last 40,000,000 years; and the commotion one hears is not only that old but represents the summit of turkey achievement and the goal of turkey destiny. It gives one to reflect that if the White race were to vanish and leave the world to Negroes and Mulattos, the peak of human achievement would then be horribly similar to that of the turkeys.

The frantic flapping and gobbling would be almost identical and equally pointless and sterile. The entire purpose of human life would have been undone. Instead of being a matter of "Nature's first speech with God" it would be a matter of Nature's last gobble with God.

As matters stand at present it is the latter alternative which is facing us. The way we are going now we are fast heading for a multicoloured slave world, a world-wide Brazil under Communist firing-squad rule. At least that is the way the Western democracies are heading; for of course the Chinese will not mix their race, and neither will the Russians. It is specifically the Western democracies (specifically *our* world) that are bent on the creation of a discoloured Western Heap. Naturally there will still be Whites ruling it all, except that the said Whites will not be us.

Nevertheless this book has not been written in acceptance or substantiation of such a fate. On the contrary, as I have tried to make clear, it is not the destiny of the white race meekly to wave goodbye to itself, to regard its existence as having been no more than a regrettable but fortunately transient biological accident, or as constituting no more than a 'threat to world peace'. This, as you must know, is not my message at all. I speak of survival and triumph, not of obliteration and subjugation. But in order that we might be quite clear in our minds as to what the destiny of the white race is to be, as well as to what it is not to be, let us briefly recapitulate and identify the influence or influences most gravely jeopardising our survival, and, by seeing how best we can counter them, perceive how best our rightful, appointed destiny can be brought to fulfilment.

As matters stand at present the white man is on the run. It is not the black man or the brown man who is on the march (they are not going anywhere, even if they think they are), it is the white man who is on the run. Together with his civilisation he is being driven from his former areas of occupation, while his native breeding grounds themselves are being infiltrated on a massive scale by a discoloured rabble. Not only has he been driven from his colonial possessions but he is in the process of being dispossessed of his own native lands by means of a demoniacal colonialism in reverse, and moreover deprived of his freedom and of all right to protest. He is being treated, not as the highest form of human life on the planet, but as the lowest form.

On the other hand, that the white man possesses the material power to put a stop to this disastrous process, this drift of defeat, surrender, retreat and constriction, of infiltration into his breeding grounds and racial integration, — that he possesses this power is so obvious that it barely needs to be emphasised. Therefore the question is: Who is forcing the white race to retreat? Is it the Congolese, or the Zambians, or the Arabs, or the Egyptians, or the Indonesians,

or the Hindus, or the American Negroes, or the Patagonians, or the Brazilians, or the Mexicans, or the Eskimos? If not these peoples or sub-peoples, who then? Is it the Japanese? Hardly. Then is it the Chinese? Well, no one imagines it was the Chinese who forced the colonial powers to withdraw from Africa. Is it then the Russians who are responsible for the White retreat? Not really; for they certainly had nothing to do with the British abdication in, say, India; nor has their pressure in Africa been in any way decisive. Is it then the United Nations? How can it be, seeing that the UN is composed very largely of the impotent semi-nations we have just examined and dismissed, and does not even enjoy the supporting membership of the biggest non-White giant of all — China? So we are still at a loss to explain the White retreat, and always will be at a loss to explain it if we look for the explanation among the non-Whites. No, only too obviously we are being defeated from within; by the High Finance which with the help of its running dogs, the Liberals, organises the systematic brain-dirtying of the Western voting masses and university students, and either appoints its own puppet politicians or exerts enormous pressure against the 'un-appointed' ones. It is a vast power of hatred, destructiveness and megalomaniac ambition spreading among us, its victims, the seeds of despair, futility, disorientation and even acceptance. It is a new 'religion' (or perhaps a very ancient one); and the majority of us cannot fight it because we are weak in love and, owing to the censorship of other than Leftist views, even weaker in understanding. The result is that those few among us who can fight it and do fight it are instantly attacked, not even so much by the 'Liberals' themselves as by those of us who cannot and dare not fight it — by the Empty Men, the men of parrot mind and parrot conviction.

The question of our survival or obliteration is dependent both primarily and ultimately upon our frame of mind. Hence brain-washing, and hence Liberalism. Liberalism deprives us of our moral sinews, of the sheer will to survive, and by definition is wholly incapable of giving us the strength which will enable us to triumph. It not only justifies our White retreat but reconciles us to it — to its 'dignity' and 'inevitability'. We have never yet taken a single step backwards without a fine Liberal slogan to accompany it; for was it not always fundamental to the glorious tenets of Socialism that the British Empire should have been "liquidated" as soon as possible?

Liberalism represents an attempt to superimpose on reality an artificiality, to substitute that which is sham for that which is real. In its determination to obliterate distinctiveness (Aldous Huxley said somewhere that "Good is that which makes for unity. Evil is that which makes for separateness.") and reduce everybody and everything to a grey uniformity, Liberalism reveals that it amounts to nothing less than a war against Life itself. Liberal intellectuals are all intellect and no instinct. They have no 'ground', and no

compass to guide them. This is why they habitually use words and expressions without any meaning, because they have no meaning in themselves. They perform cerebral circles in a spiritual desert and end by dying of thirst. And this is excellent, except that tens of millions of white people are persuaded to accept them as guides; and along with their 'guides' are led deeper and ever deeper into the waterless deserts of Liberalism, there to perish with them.

Due directly to Liberalism, *we are the only race in the whole world that is being taught to despise itself*. Due to Liberalism, the more intelligent of our youth are being mentally and morally destroyed at our universities; this being the best method of destroying them short of putting them in front of Communist firing squads. Clearly, then, we not only have to get rid of Liberalism and "liquidate" its exponents but, in its stead, have to find a positive philosophy of survival. Equally clearly, this can be none other than the very opposite of the Liberal philosophy. In other words, instead of embracing Equality we will have to accept the truth of Superiority. This will have to form the very basis of our survival-morality. Similarly we will have to reject Sameness and accept Distinctness. Our survival-ethics will also entail a rejection of Humanity, as it is a mere egalitarian slogan bearing no relationship to reality. Our survival-morality will very certainly entail a rejection of Integration and an acceptance of Segregation; not only because of the unpleasantness, friction, general degradation and mongrelisation which integration brings, but also because we simply *do not desire* to mix with others. Our survival-morality will entail Minority Rule, not Majority Rule, because only a minority is qualified to rule, and because we must be led by the best and not the worst. It will entail White Supremacy, not Coloured Supremacy, not only because the white man is more fitted to rule and must either do so or be overwhelmed, but also because we happen to be white people and not coloured people. It will entail Aristocracy as opposed to Liberal Democracy, because the levelling process of the latter has already all but destroyed us, and because the former is a principle to which our biological superiority naturally obliges us to adhere. Our survival-morality will, for the same reasons, reject Quantity and accept Quality. It will entail a belief in the Superior Man, as opposed to the Liberal faith in the Inferior Man. It will entail Patriotism and National Sovereignty, as opposed to World-Mindedness and World-Government. It will entail a belief in the reality of Power and a belief in Reality itself, as opposed to the Liberal belief in Powerlessness and Unreality. It will entail Fight, not Flight. It will entail Progress, but genuine progress as opposed to the Liberal progress of the Gadarene swine. It will entail Purpose as distinct from Aimlessness, yet will never overlook that the prime purpose of life is living. Above all, our survival-morality will find its fullest expression in Life itself, as

opposed to Liberal Death. It will demand, not twilight and dankness and greyness, but Light and Warmth and Colour.

Needless to say none of these survival-ethics, valid as they are, will amount to more than a mere empty clatter of words if we do not observe the most elementary precaution of all — namely that of preserving our racial integrity. Disregarding those many scientist-employees in the racial field who dare not speak at all except to disclaim their own actual findings, it is extremely important that we remember Professor Darlington's warning to us: that "There is indeed much evidence of a genetic component in the survival of nations. The nation which takes thought for its own genetic future is, therefore, most likely to have a future." "A change from outbreeding to inbreeding . . . provides the means of rapid improvement, if we want improvement."

We have at all costs then to preserve intact our racial integrity and distinctness . . . And for heavens sake let no one among us instantly and dutifully protest that 'there is no purity of race, and we are the most mongrel people of all'! Let us have done with our automatic brainwashed bleatings and start thinking for ourselves for a change! In despite of Unesco's statement that "there is no evidence that race mixture as such produces bad results from the biological point of view," even the dullest of us must surely recognise its transparent mendacity and suspect its political motivation. Nevertheless aside from the many authorities I have already quoted in refutation of the Unesco line, allow me to quote a few more. We find for instance Dr A. Reibmayr declaring (what only a very few years ago was accepted as common knowledge) that "inbred people have character and half-castes or hybrids are notoriously characterless." We find Professor Lundborg substantiating this: "No definite line points the way for them (for hybrid or random-bred folk.); they waver between disconnected and hereditary tendencies." Mjoen, for his part, suspects that "our growing criminality is due to inharmonic race-crossing;" while Davenport similarly suspects that much modern crime and insanity is due to badly adjusted mental and temperamental differences inherited from disparate parents. It is precisely here that we come to a most significant genetic fact: that offspring inherit their bodily organs and parts — and even different parts of the same feature, such as the nose — independently from either parent, meaning that where the parents are disparate in type a structural disharmony will manifest itself in the infant. As Darwin stated: "With hybrids and mongrels it frequently or even generally happens that one part of the body resembles more or less closely one parent and another part the other parent." Or as Herbert Spencer stated: "The offspring of two organisms not identical in constitution is a heterogeneous mixture of the two, and not a homogeneous mean between them." In other words racial intermixture results in organic unbalance, whereas racial homogeneity ensures

organic harmony. In other words, too, the Western peoples are deliberately being kept in ignorance of eugenics by a powerful minority who believe it to be in their interests that the Western man should become an unbalanced mongrel.

Racial discrimination or racial prejudice, far from being a crime is an acceptance of obvious racial differences, and constitutes an essential part of the instinct of self-preservation. It means survival, whereas its opposite means death. It is an instinct, one would have thought, which would have enabled us all to understand that the higher type of man represented by our race was not fashioned in form and personality by that inconceivable power — God — from the primordial gaseous swirlings in space simply that he might, in an instant's political madness, and after aeons of cosmic labour, be everlastingly disfigured. Parents particularly, one would have thought, would never for a moment be able to contemplate with equanimity the possibility of their offspring being destined to lose their identities in a world of raceless, faceless, forever-subjugated robots. By the same token one would have thought that our instincts were still sufficiently keen to warn us of the danger of submitting ourselves to the authority of multiracial world organisations. By joining such assemblies it means only that we are voluntarily placing ourselves in the power of those primitives, semi-primitives and semi-humans who greatly outnumber us and who, if nothing else, would drag us down to their level. It is strange that we never seem to ask ourselves what is going to be achieved or proved by our seeking to be at the bottom of the world instead of staying on top of it. What makes us feel it is morally wrong to be on top and morally right to be at the bottom? Why do we feel the need to debase ourselves? What makes us venerate a horizontal Underdogism?

We have seen that Equality, the justification for all schemes of World Government, racial integration and White debasement, is a myth. It is a myth which only the peoples of the West have been brainwashed into accepting; for absolutely no other race believes it or intends to practise it, least of all the Communist Chinese or Russians or even the Negroes themselves. Moreover as racial equality is a myth, racial superiority must be a fact. We must therefore accept this very obvious truth, not deny it; for it is un-Christian to reject truth and embrace falsehood. If of course Equalism were true, Marxism would be valid. But because it is not true, Marxism is the biggest and most literally hateful fraud ever perpetrated upon the higher orders of mankind.

We have then, in every single respect, to find our salvation in our racial integrity and brotherhood. We need, not a false brotherhood of unrelated men but a brotherhood of racial brothers, of men with a similarity of blood, background, customs, characteristics and beliefs. Regardless of all other, secondary, considerations, let it be clearly understood that our survival depends primarily upon the

unity, and the separateness-within-unity, of the nations and peoples of north-west European stock. As things are now, the fact that a man like Prime Minister Wilson of Britain feels no objection to hobnobbing with Black Communists like Nkrumah, yet cannot bear to associate with a White Conservative like Dr Verwoerd, and refuses with fanatical obstinacy to supply South Africa with military equipment, proves that the modern Western political mentality is afflicted with so grave a psychosis that, short of a miracle cure, it is bound to lead to the destruction of the White Race and White Civilisation. Indeed, for what other reason should South Africa be so execrated by the West except that by having repulsed Communism and exposed the sickness of Liberalism she has taught the West the lesson of survival — a survival which the West, due to Liberalism, no longer desires? For that matter, for what other reason should men such as De Gaulle, Franco and Salazar, who have so successfully withstood the Money Power of America and shown other European countries how to maintain their independence, be so detested by the Liberal West?

Throughout the West in general, as matters stand at present, the Liberal Cant is established and sacrosanct, and we, the White race (though not, of course, any other race), are on the defensive and being compelled to find moral justification for our very existence. Nevertheless the Liberal Cant, being cant, cannot long endure. Racially we have no need to share the gloom of a Spengler provided we cherish our own wonderful, sane, unique and matchlessly beautiful race as it deserves, and refuse to debase it or deny it its rightful self-expression. It is wholly insufferable that we, including our children, should be held to account for our feelings and statements even in our own native lands. We were not born for the purpose of apologising for our existence, to be snaffled and curbed and muzzled like dangerous beasts when everyone else including savages have the freedom to do and say whatever they please, including the freedom to revile us racially without the least fear of being accused of racialism. It is wholly insufferable; yet this is what is happening, and it is the exact measure of our decline.

An essential part of the morality of our racial survival is that we should live entirely as we desire to live, and among our own kind. It is for us to reach out, unfettered and unashamed, to our own future. To express our psychosomatic symmetry, our mind-body shapeliness, exactly as we wish to. To live as we were formed to live, not as others were formed to live. Any form of life suffers that does not exercise its structural functions and fulfil its innate potentialities — the lion its strength, the eagle its wings. It is for us then to apply the theory of evolution to ourselves instead of to others; to develop along *our* lines, which means nothing more than that we should strive for what *we* want and so make our evolution a success instead of a failure. Yet this means, also, that we must reject any

vague belief in the inevitability of progress; particularly as modern progress, where it applies to us, is a euphemism for retrogression. We have to strive for what we want; and in order to strive steadfastly we need to have in front of us, not a 'progressive' vision, but a fixed and unalterable one. Thus, if we speak of progress we have to mean that we are changing the world to suit our vision of what we want it to be, and not that we are changing our vision to suit the world.

With regard to this vision we would, I am sure, desire to see a fair and verdant world of the future in which our golden progeny might safely and happily dwell, among themselves and far removed from the menacing and spiritually retarding presence of discoloured sub-peoples. And this, if I may state it with all glad conviction, is what I do so clearly see. Yet, needless to say, this can never come about unless we ruthlessly rid ourselves of the Liberal sick thinking which is presently paralysing us, and, adopting our long overdue survival-morality, take the initiative in the world. In other words it can never come about unless we pursue a policy of outright White World Supremacy. White Supremacy is synonymous with White Survival; for if it is not to be White Supremacy it will be Non-White Supremacy (specifically Yellow Supremacy), with all its unthinkable consequences. Thus we must strive, not merely for sheer survival or even a spurious co-existence, but for outright White World Domination. We must reduce every other race and sub-race to servitude or dependence; at the very least to a position where effective resistance to our domination will be impossible. And at the same time we must ensure that our native lands, our breeding grounds, are occupied by our race alone.

We have to face realities, not Liberal pipe-dreams. We have to face the fact that if we do not dominate the world we shall be utterly extirpated. We have to face the fact that the world is a bloody battleground, not a children's playground; and that our enemies are devils, not angels. A war is being waged, a war to the death, and it is being waged against us — not against anybody else, but against *us*! So far not an inch of territory in the entire Communist Empire has ever come under pressure from the 'free' world, whereas the Communists themselves have never ceased exerting pressure against us. So far only Dr Verwoerd of South Africa has said that friendship with the Communists is wrong, whereas the Communists themselves have never altered their openly stated intention to bury us. They, meaning the Reds, Pinks, Yellows, Blacks and Browns, are out to kill us, not kiss us. If they had the power to do so they would exterminate us without an instant's hesitation or remorse. In fact they would exterminate us joyously; and not because we have done them injury or constitute a menace to them or are hindering their development (if any), but purely because they hate us for being white and superior. This being so — and who can still doubt

it? — it follows that instead of meekly surrendering our superiority in the name of ‘world brotherhood’ (for what race would ever surrender anything to us?) — it follows, I say, that we dare not stop at anything to ensure our racial world domination and its everlasting continuance.

This must be our aim, our goal, for in fact there is no alternative. Our vision must be of a world inherited by *our* progeny, not by any other. Nor need we stand in undue dread of our enemies’ numbers, for aside from quality counting more than quantity let us not forget that our own numbers are far from inconsiderable; that there are actually several hundreds of millions of white people in the world, not just a handful. Aside from a repudiation of Liberalism and an acceptance of Conservative Survival-Morality, aside from superior White standards and inventiveness and the establishing of White unity, and aside from strengthening ourselves and dividing and weakening our enemies, etc., how we attain our goal will always to a greater or lesser extent depend upon situations as they arise. None the less there are certain other definite courses we have to adopt, such as occupying key strategic points in the world. This, admittedly, is something we have usually done and, to some extent, still are doing, except that we relinquish them as soon as a few primitive agitators organise a protest.

There is also the matter of the population increase and expansion of the White race. To enable it to expand to the utmost, room will have to be found for it. With regard to this we can think in terms of Australia and Canada, and perhaps South America as well; but above all we can, and *must*, think in terms of Africa — exactly as Rhodes did. The whole of Southern and East Africa is eminently suited to healthy and flourishing White settlement; meaning that we must reinforce the existing White inhabitants of South Africa and Rhodesia (two wonderful countries for people from Europe to live in) and expand northwards to reoccupy East Africa — reoccupying it on an extensive scale but not forgetting to restore the farms of Kenya to their rightful White owners or their sons. There is nothing to stop us from doing this, and we most certainly cannot allow Black primitives to deprive us of such splendid territory.

Yet another vital matter is the liberation of Europe. We must not permit our thinking to be directed exclusively to the absurd so-called liberation of sub-peoples: *Europe itself must be liberated, the Europe which is the fount of our White Civilisation!* This liberation primarily entails the reunification of Germany and the demolition of the Berlin wall. We will not necessarily have to unleash a nuclear war against Russia to achieve this; we can achieve it far more painlessly by offering the poor blind bear various compensations such as further substantial acquisitions of Asian territory. More important, her Whiteness is soon enough going to force her to become

aligned with the West no matter how much she might hate it. She is going to become increasingly dependent on the West; but when in future she has to come to us for food again we should demand in return for it, not Russian gold (an uneatable commodity which is of interest only to the usurers) but the release of Germany.

Similarly, Europe must shake off American control. America may not be altogether a Communist country today but she is very certainly a Liberal country, which means that failing a Conservative revival she will be a fully-fledged Communist country tomorrow. She is a race-mixing country and, exactly like Russia, is a White Christian nation- and empire-breaking country as well; so that if Europe is to become a 'Third Force' — which she must become — she will have to rid herself of American control as soon as possible. Moreover in view of the internal dislocation, White subjugation and even a reign of terror which their own Government's domestic policy is bringing about, the genuine grass-root Americans themselves might very well welcome the succour which a strong and independent Europe (and White Africa and Australia) would be able to afford them. And we *will* help them, no matter what the cost, as they are very much a part of our family.

In all, it is imperative that we reverse the process of White retreat and, seizing the initiative, start working steadily, sanely and resolutely towards our racial goal; always moving forward and never again moving backward. In this vital matter of our survival the end will always justify all and any means. Our enemies will not spare us, so we should not spare them. The same applies to our internal 'Liberal' enemies; those who dare not fight against us except by stealth. Let us dig them out of their subterranean burrows and drag them into the blinding light of day; make them confess themselves for the rodents they are and — to use their own word — "liquidate" them!

As we have noted, democracy was the plausible and, to the anaesthetised British people, morally unanswerable ideal whereby the destruction of British Africa was initially engineered. Yet the failure of this near-insane liberal experiment has in no way given pause to the systematic — or rather, precipitate — hand-over of power to the black inhabitants, no matter how incompetent, corrupt, blood-splattered and Marxist they might be. It is thus impossible to avoid the conclusion that this democratic idealism was never more than a cover for something entirely different but much more to the political point — namely the subjugation of the civilised white man.

It seems to be impossible to get people in Britain and America to realise that the capitulation of the West is due entirely to pressures exerted from within, not to pressures exerted from without. There is nothing 'inevitable' about it as we are taught to repeat. The 'march of events' is being paced out to the tune of Western 'fiddlers'.

The 'developing nations' are being 'developed' only by the West and at the cost of the West.

There are power interests at work in the world. There are strategies, tactics, ambitions, motives. It is not a world filled with an agonised sympathy for the underdog, as so many of us suppose. It is a bloody and desperate battleground; and its fine liberal slogans are nothing but an essential part of the business of putting the best possible 'image' upon whatever line of action the power-mongers propose to take. This is why the process of subjugating the Whites must always be presented as the process of elevating the non-Whites.

Black Africa, sub-human, chaotic, blood-soaked, wealth-draining and above all impotent, reveals the Western fraud in all its nakedness. Behind the superficial liberal idealism, behind the supposed economic motives, lies hatred. Surely Africa teaches us that it is time the peoples of the West woke up to realities and realised that if they do not start without an instant's further delay to work exclusively for their own salvation instead of for the supposed well-being of incorrigible and totally inconsequential primitives, both they and their fast-dwindling civilisation will be doomed?

Nobody perishes under our rule, but we must inevitably (if you will pardon my using the word in its right place), we must inevitably perish under the misrule of others. Again, then, let it be stated that we must bend our energies to establishing our unchallengeable dominion over the world. We must rule the world, no matter how — but rule it we must. This is the only possible destiny of the White Christian race: to rule the world! Anything short of this would be a negation of the destiny for which we alone are shaped, and would unquestionably result in our racial obliteration. Racially we would be a failure, and would pay the price of failure.

As yet I have made no mention of the obvious danger of a future nuclear war, with its consequent devastation. I have spoken only of possible, probable, desirable and necessary future trends under normal or less catastrophic contingencies; though we know well enough that it will soon be possible for almost any irresponsible sub-nation to acquire thermonuclear weapons in the absence of any real resolve on the part of the West to exercise direct control over these sub-nations — so recently 'liberated'! Although of course I have had it in mind I have made no mention of the obvious danger of a future nuclear war precisely because it is so obvious a danger, and because it has been sufficiently stressed. On the other hand it has not, perhaps, been sufficiently stressed that it is the primitive peoples of the world who are the least threatened by such devastation, and the most advanced peoples who are the most threatened. This in particular demands that we take at least one absolutely necessary precaution which for some incomprehensible reason has

not been taken. And this, a policy as well as a precaution, concerns the selection, schooling and protection of the finest of our children. I say it is a policy because it is directly related to the moulding of a Western aristocracy; of an aristocracy not only immunised against the Black Death and diseases of the brain and nervous system caused by newspaper microbes, and against that Liberalism which appears to be an occupational hazard of conventional teachers, but also protected from anything capable of threatening its survival. They must be placed (sent to school), generation after generation. — the seed of the first-chosen seed, — where no harm can befall them; guaranteeing within the limits of human foresight, care and ingenuity that whatever might happen to the rest of the world the finest of our race will survive. But of this, in that it has been said here, enough has been said.

It is for us to understand that it is in the West, and nowhere else, that true Man resides, with his hitherto undreamed-of technical marvels and unparalleled cultural and artistic achievements . . . that Art, whereby man expresses his awareness of his own creation. Such marvels of inventiveness would never have come into existence but for him. Such sublime musical expression would never have been uttered, but for him. For all its material abundance it is only in the West, and not in the East, that spiritual enlightenment might be found. It is in the West and not the East that the Life-effulgence sheds its lustre; in the West that the Life-spirit quickens.

With the Man of the West, infinite possibilities unfold and shall unfold. The world shall be his. Far from being overwhelmed or succumbing to mixture, he shall survive intact and have unassailable dominion. He has to survive; for were he to disappear the earth would be consigned everlastingly to Milton's abode of all demons — Pandemonium.