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The Price of Freedom is Eternal Vigilance

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**THOUGHT OF THE WEEK:** “Now the family is an institution of which nearly everybody speaks well: but it is advisable to remember that this is a term that may vary in extension. In the present age it means little more than the living members. Even of living members, it is a rare exception when an advertisement depicts a large family or three generations: the usual family on the hoardings consists of two parents and one or two young children. What is held up for admiration is not devotion to a family, but personal affection between the members of it: and the smaller the family, the more easily can this personal affection be sentimentalised. But when I speak of the family, I have in mind a bond which embraces a longer period of time than this: a piety towards the dead, however obscure, and a solicitude for the unborn, however remote. Unless this reverence for past and future is cultivated in the home, it can never be more than a verbal convention in the community. Such an interest in the past is different from the vanities and pretensions of genealogy, such a responsibility for the future is different from that of the builder of social programmes.” – T. S. Eliot, *Notes towards the Definition of Culture* 1968

### TELEVISION - OPIATES FOR THE MASSES By Arnis & Beata Luks

As we observe the change around us it becomes apparent that the technologies became part or even a tool of change. Jerry Mander warned in his book *Four Arguments For the Elimination of Television* that technologies predetermine their ultimate use and effect. Often used for a trivial purpose, the invasive act by a few against many is a daily occurrence. The first culture to substitute secondary, mediated version of experience of the world was born with the advent of television. The vast difference between interpretation and representation of the world became obscure. It confused the mind with shifted patterns of discernment, discrimination and understanding. The conscious mind was being overridden by believing what we are seeing. The incredible machine that instils pictures into millions of heads at once has as many eager users as there are messages to deliver.

Mander goes back to classic writers Aldous Huxley and George Orwell to substantiate his arguments (by the way four arguments become forty when you read this very valuable book). Aldous Huxley writing *Brave New World* in 1932 was not aware of any single technology that could achieve this standardisation and unification process but believed that it will be done with greatly improved technique of suggestion by dissemination of drugs, by mass spectacles to unify experience and feeling, encouragement of sexual promiscuity and by eugenics, which would standardise people themselves.

Huxley made an assumption that governments would be the main propagators of ‘pleasure controls’, but it is becoming more obvious in the world without borders, nations or culture that the international corporations are also using the technologies to do the programming confining experience and awareness to the predetermined patterns as we see today.

As a warning Orwell described in “1984” the centralised technique of oppression in the absolute control of all sorts of information, news, books and even language. Newspeak was a new imposed language that could not express any human feelings and without expression the feelings begin to atrophy.

Most importantly people’s heads were being force-fed constantly by propaganda, while they are isolated, shut in their cells, divorced from the past, family and the physical environment.

While Orwell was primarily concerned with the excess he saw in the Soviet Union, Huxley directed *Brave New World* at western technological society. Instead of a grim Party that ruled through fear, the brave new world had a group of ‘emotional engineers’ or corporation-type managers. Their goal is to keep the population focused on self, limiting one’s needs to those that could conveniently be satisfied by social engineers.

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Creation of standardised arbitrary forms of physical and mental confinement and the implantation of a simple ideas, which technologies deliver, makes it possible for the autocracy to exist in the technology itself without the obvious leader or policy. Political writers who approach autocratic form from the technological point of view (J Ellul, I. Illich, G. Debord, H. Marcuse) list numbers of preconditions for the emergence of this monolithic system of control, be it institutional autocracies or dictatorships. Is this not what we observe all around us for the last 60 years? The to-do list for a perfect system of control would have included these items:

1) Eliminate the personal knowledge of what it means to be a human being and how we all fit into the wider, natural systems, confuse with artifice, and provide all the answers.

2) Eliminate all possible comparisons with the past like older forms of language, books and print, correct history with a new polite version.

3) Separate people from each other by reducing interpersonal communication through life-styles.

4) Unify experience, especially encouraging mental experience at the expense of sensory experience; separate the body from the mind and idealise the mind.

5) Occupy the mind, while content is not important, prearranged thought is; free roaming thought is discouraged as it is not easy to control.

6) Encourage drug use as it fills the cracks of dissatisfaction, making people unresponsive to any expressions of resistance.

7) Centralise knowledge and information.

8) Redefine happiness and the meaning of life in terms of new and increasingly un-rooted philosophy. \*\*\*

### ON HAVING ENEMIES By Walter Murdoch 1936

The most objectionable thing I know about my enemies is that there are not enough of them...

To this you obligingly reply, "Do not distress yourself; there are more of us than you suppose, but you can hardly expect us all to take the trouble to write and tell you how much we detest you."

Thank you very much; the consolation is kindly meant; but I am unable to accept it, because a mere feeling of personal detestation is not at all what I had in mind. The enmity I refer to is something far above such petty aversions. Mere dislike does not enter into the matter at all. My worst enemy is a man whom I would rather dine with than with many of my friends. We get on with one another very well, on the perfectly frank and clear understanding that he wants my blood, and that his head served up on a charger would be a sweeter sight to me than bowls of primroses. In fact—I suppose everybody must have felt this—one of the embarrassing facts about one's enemies is that many of them are such likeable fellows. But I am straying from the point.

It is pleasant to know that you have troops of friends; but you can hardly feel at ease in your conscience unless you also know that you have regiments of enemies. The more the merrier. Nothing is more repulsive than to hear well-meaning but muddle-headed people say, when a man is just dead, "He had no enemies." They might, one feels inclined to say to them, refrain from speaking evil of him until after the funeral at least. To say that a man had had no enemies is as much as to say that he has consistently shirked his duty. It is to accuse him of all sorts of cowardly compromises and mean capitulations.

The planet on which we live is not a place where a man can do the right thing without making enemies. Perhaps it would be a duller planet if it were; at all events, it would be a different one. Someday, it may be, all the problems will be solved and all the quarrels settled—but not in our

time, thank God. At the present stage of affairs, life has to be thought of in terms of battle; and to say that a man, in the course of his earthly pilgrimage, has had no enemies is to say that he has never played the man, but has always slunk from the field, deaf to the summoning drums of duty and a traitor to all that lends a glory to human life. It is to include him in that caitiff crew mentioned by Dante, *a Dio spiacenti ed ai nemici suoi*, hateful to God and to the enemies of God; of whom Dante adds, in his terrible way, that they were never alive.

I can think of only one man in all history of whom it could be said, in an entirely honourable sense, that when he died he left no enemies behind him. When Marshal Narvaez (1st Duke of Valencia) was on his deathbed, his father-confessor asked him whether he had forgiven his enemies. "I have no enemies," the old soldier answered, with equal piety and simplicity; "I have killed them all."

You may object that this was the reply of a pagan, or that at least it falls a little short of the Christian spirit; but are you quite sure? Christianity does by no means command us to have no enemies; quite the contrary; for it bids us love our enemies, and how can we love our enemies if we have none to love? Critics of the Christian religion, such as Nietzsche, have made a terrible blunder when they have dwelt on its meekness and submissiveness and forgotten its unquenchable pugnacity. It sends men out upon crusades. It bids you fight to the death for the cause you believe in. Fight, it says, and give no quarter; only beware, when you are fighting, lest you defile your good cause with personal ill-will. Beware of staining your sword with hatred; for hatred is of the Devil, and your sword is of God, lent you for use in His wars: that, I take it, is the high Christian doctrine, and I dare say none of us can live up to it, but I suppose we can try.

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That is, if we agree with it—for it is a doctrine with which it is very possible to disagree.

But I have strayed from the point again. The point is that enemies, whether you love them or hate them, are a necessary part of a man's life if he is to keep his self-respect. "It is our business," says Burke, "to cultivate friendships and to incur enmities"; and nobly did he practice what he preached, not neglecting either half of life's business. Beware of the world when it wears a smiling face; and faithfully ask yourself whether its smiles are not the result of your ignoble truckling to the world. Mistrust popularity, the rock on which many a good man has wrecked his soul. Every night, before falling asleep, count your enemies, and make sure that the number is sufficient to earn for you a night's repose.

Whose biographies do you care to read? Not, assuredly, those of the placid, peaceful, placable people; but always of the fighters. The lives of the others may or may not have been worth living; but they are not worth reading about. I am not speaking of men of action only, but of all men whom we call great; your Michelangelos, your Beethovens, your Tolstoys, were men of war, every man of them—and every woman too: Saint Joan bore arms, and Florence Nightingale has been described by her latest biographer as a battering-ram.

When you express the hope that you will die in harness, you mean—I hope you mean—not the harness of a yoked beast, but harness in the ancient and honourable sense, the harness in which Horatius threw himself into the Tiber.

But there is another side to the medal. The words I quoted from Burke are not all; he adds that it is our business "to have both strong, and both selected." You must select your enemies; you must choose them wisely, and even with a certain fastidiousness. It does not matter much—this is what you really ought to have said to me by way of consolation at the outset—if your enemies are few, so long as they are well chosen. To have an indiscriminate multitude of foes may mean a fatal dilution of your energy. Select, and then concentrate: that is the true strategy. Do not try to fight upon too many fronts.

It is terribly easy to scatter one's forces, and so to become an ineffective fighter. "In Hell," said the Scottish preacher, "there are mair deevils than we can ask or think." On earth at the present day there are devils enough and to spare; it is no use taking one's bow and spear and going out to do battle with the lot. There is so much evil in the world that you can easily dash yourself in pieces against its serried mass without anybody's being a penny the worse for all your indomitable and misguided courage. Even in our own Australia, believe me, you cannot hope to fight effectively, single-handed, against all that you see to be thoroughly detestable.

We have to organize the forces of decency, and insist that each man stick to his allotted job. If I, for instance, were to sally out to assail all that I hold abominable, how much damage would I do to anyone? If I hurled my puny body against the armament firms that are doing their best to wreck the hope of peace, **and the high finance that is keeping the world in misery, and the economists who are using their brains to support high finance,** and the people who believe the world can be saved by tariffs, and the people who are making money out of fostering the gambling spirit in the community, and the dull and stodgy people who are sterilizing education, and the people who bawl "Communist" at you if you want to change anything, and the politicians who are introducing graft into our public life, and the people who debauch the public mind with despicable films, and the people who make horrible cacophonies and call them music, and the humbugs and the limelighters and the puritans and the rogues—good heavens! the list will never end—what good would I do? Not the smallest shadow of a particle.

Yes, it is plain, a man can have too many enemies. But that is better, a thousand times better, than having none. It is better than to sink into the condition of the man who thinks public affairs must go their own way without his intervention, and to whom, in the end, the defeat of the English cricketers comes to be of more moment **than the defeat of an evil economic system.** When this happens to you, you may know that you have ceased to be a man. I am not quite sure what you have become.

Am I preaching? If so, it is to myself. The writer of essays is always talking to himself. The readers are eavesdroppers, overhearing a private conversation between the essayist and his troublesome conscience. I have been asking myself two intimate questions: have I enough enemies for my self-respect?—and do I, in my enmities, rise above paltry personal considerations? That second question sounds priggish and absurd in prose; I can only express it by breaking, for once, into verse.

### **Diligite Inimicos Vestros**

I hated him when we began . . .  
At the first clash of steel,  
we knew 'Twas die who must and live who can:  
Too small the world to hold us two.

His life or mine—the prize was life  
For which with thirsting blades we fought;  
Yet in my heart, amid the strife,  
There flamed a strange and secret thought.

I knew him for a splendid foe  
That fronted death with eyes serene:  
He was my enemy; but oh, How brave a friend he might  
have been!

Within the secret soul of man  
What depths unplumbed, what runes unread!  
I hated him when we began: I loved him as I struck him  
dead.

*\*(note regarding author, bottom of page 4)*

## PEAK DOUBLETHINK By Chris Knight

All individualists need to think seriously about whether there can be too much of a good thing. After all, sure there are cases of a lone individual taking a stand against the hordes, such as Horatius Cocles on the bridge, and the even more impressive Viking at Stamford Bridge. But, in general, biologists see humans as social organism, not solitary, and group cooperation is a defining quality. And that does not mean communism, it just means association. Otherwise, go hunt the sabre tooth tiger on your own! This, creates a problem, where a people like Western Europeans confront, via mass migration people who will cooperate together, and some with even a hive mind! Hence, the following story.

<https://www.takimag.com/article/love-is-now-a-hate-crime/>

“On December 9 at about 4AM, a student at Columbia University filmed another student committing the unpardonable sin of declaring that he loves being white. The video lasts less than a minute as a clearly intoxicated and upset scrawny white boy flails about while screaming:

Europeans built the modern world. We built the modern world. We invented science and industry, and you want to tell us to stop because oh my God, we're so bad....We saved billions of people from starvation....White people are the best thing that ever happened to the world. We are so amazing.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To *The Australian* News from the UK  
("Europe at a loss as vote shatters May's strategy", 16-17/2) continues to suggest that the decision of the 2016 referendum for leaving the UK is being subverted carefully and cleverly by powerful interests. Mrs May (a Remain advocate in 2016) is implicated.

The strategy, organized from behind the scenes, appears to have been chosen to make the treachery as little obvious as possible. First, cause a long delay. Second, produce a "Brexit plan" which is really a Remain document. Third, if this is rejected, hand over control to the Remain majority in the present Parliament, which will block a "no deal exit" and introduce a second referendum.

Alas, Nigel Farage's last minute creation of a "Brexit Party" to fight any new elections will probably fail to stem the avalanche of well-funded Remain propaganda.

Reversal of the 2016 result will be deceitfully presented as "democracy" and the UK, its independent sovereignty finally lost, will fall under the same intellectual and moral tyranny that is a fundamental aspect of the EU.

*Nigel Jackson, Belgrave, Vic.*

I love myself and I love white people. F\*\*k yeah, white people. F\*\*k yeah, white men. We're white men, we did everything. I don't hate other people, I just love white men, I love white men.

The reaction to this "racist incident" proves that we have reached Peak Doublethink. It mattered not a whit that the idea white men invented the modern world is true, because as you should know by now, truth is no defense against allegations of hate."

If a Black or someone from any other ethno-racial group did the same, then nothing would have been done. But now this physics student, Julian G. von Abele, author of *Physics Reforged* and *Time and the Multiverse*, has come under attack from the anti-white establishment, that now rules the universities and cultural institutions, and will face a life in the wilderness, if not prosecution and maybe just down the track, execution. Meanwhile his own tribe does nothing, because, sunk in the mud of consumer individualism, they choose to be hung alone rather than to hang together.

Individualism has a Janus face; it has led to the greatness of the Western European people, but in a context of severe group competition, against ethno-racial groups with a collectivist tribal orientation, Western Europeans get eaten alive, and don't even know it. Thanks, liberalism! \*\*\*

*\*(continued from page 3) Professor Walter Murdoch (later Sir Walter), accomplished essayist and the namesake of Murdoch University was the Patron of The Douglas Social Credit Movement of Western Australia in 1936. This wonderful essay is a challenge to all of us who may have wondered if the fight is worth our trouble, or perhaps, if we do enough to pick our share.*

### ONLINE ALOR RESOURCES

**NEW:: [freedom-forum.com.au](http://freedom-forum.com.au)**

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