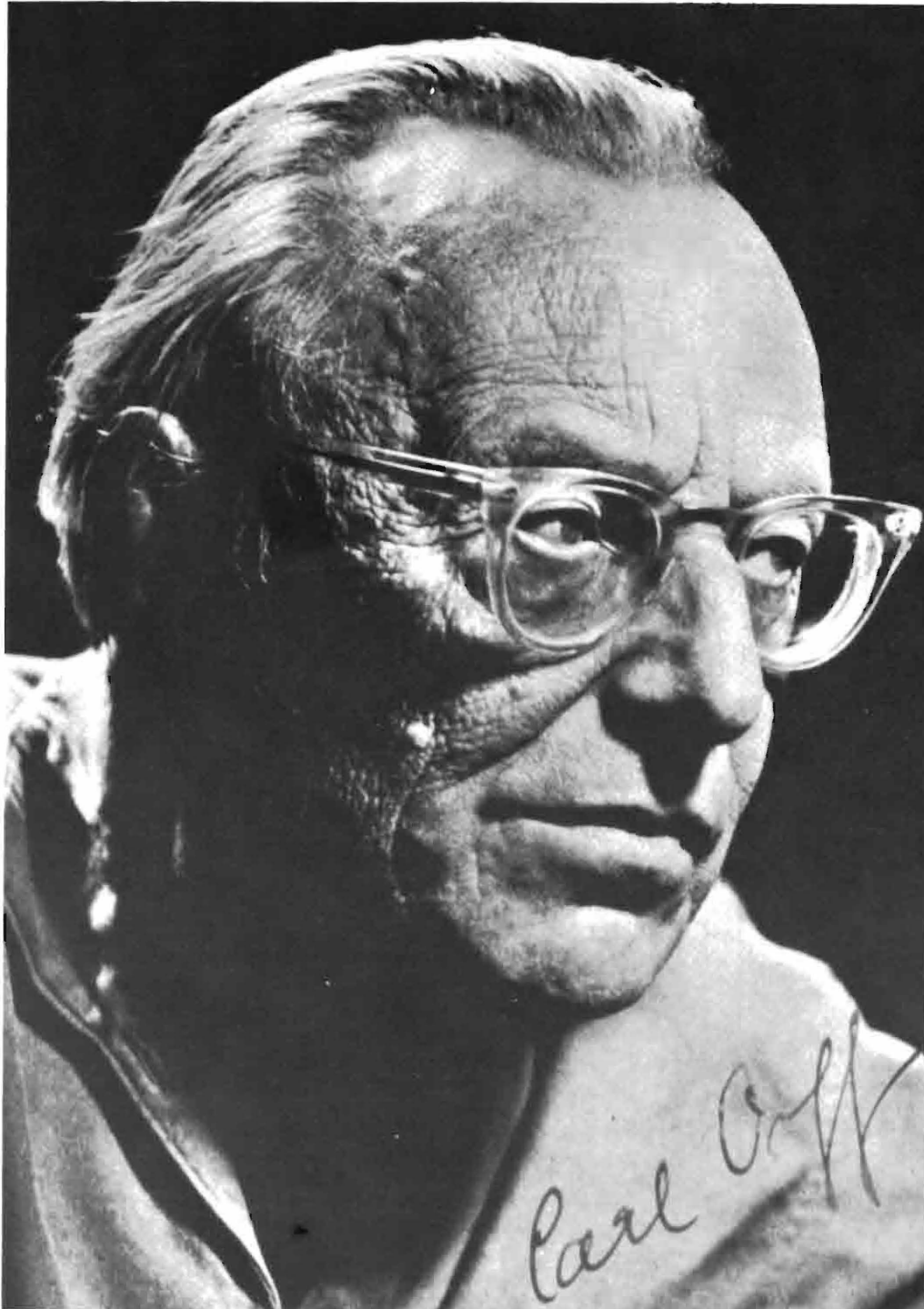


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 7 NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1982



CARL ORFF -- THE COMPOSER WHO STAYED

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

For some time I have been collating the profound similarities between the (southern) Irish and the Jews. Both revel in their sufferings and dwell on the past. They are maudlin and melancholic in their music and drama. The men are all dominated by their mothers. Their authoritarian and rule-bound religion impresses on them that sex is dirty; that they should be ashamed of their bodies. They are both hyper-emotional and prone to exaggerated grieving. While the Jews sanctify Bar Kochba and the mass suicide at Masada, the Irish have their Bobby Sands. What other people would fight their enemies by killing themselves? The Ulster people tend toward being dour, dull and stuffy -- but they are honest, hardworking and mechanical. The Southern Irish have a much richer cultural heritage, and are therefore much more attractive on a superficial level. But they are schizophrenic and neurotic, not being able to make up their minds whether they want to party or pray. They are an oral people. Personally, I feel much more at home with the pioneering spirit of the Ulster folk than with the wheeler-dealer attitudes of the Harps.

900

I was for years a well-known writer, but I am a goy and square. Consequently, I am now a nonperson. I agree with you about the activities of the Jews and other destructive elements among us. However, I think some policies of *Instauration* weaken your efforts. "The Safety Valve" section does provide a vent for Majority frustrations. However, much of the stuff reads like Greyhound bus station graffiti.

895

Cholly is top-notch and haunting.

041

When the Germans discovered the mass graves of Polish officers in Katyn in 1943, they immediately invited international organizations, foreign forensic experts, journalists and even Allied prisoners of war to view the gruesome site. If Auschwitz had really been the extermination camp the Zionist propagandists have claimed it to be, the Soviets, who "liberated" it late in January 1945, could have won a very valuable propaganda victory by doing just what the Germans had done in 1943. They did no such thing. A long time passed before the Communist authorities were able to show foreigners the "reconstructed" gas chambers which have now made the place a macabre Polish Disneyland.

741

As I recall it, the vilification of Carleton Coon resulted not so much from the publication of *The Origin of Races* (1962), a very thick, technical book in which the theory of separate and parallel evolution was ensconced deep within other anthropological material, but stemmed rather from the fact that Coon had the audacity to write a taunting and highly readable synopsis of his theory for *Harper's* (Dec. 1962). The article was entitled "New Findings on the Origin of Races."

Canadian subscriber

Forty years ago, Negroes in Africa had the highest standard of living they had ever had. They got this from their white rulers, under which they were forced to labor. When the white man's rule ended, the Negroes got their freedom -- freedom to loaf. In Africa, the whites were not quickly murdered, as in Haiti; but they are being slowly wiped out. In countries like the former Belgian Congo, some Negroes realize that they were better off under white rule than under black dictators. But they don't dare say so.

199

Nordic genes in Russia are diluted in a sea of Alpines and Finnic. There is very little Tartar blood. Most slanty-eyes and pinched-cheeks result from the Finnic infusion. Nordic genes in the original heartland of Nazism, South Germany, are diluted in a sea of Alpines and Dinarics, with a goodly dusting of (Ural-Finnic) Magyar. There are also Mediterranean elements in the Rhineland and Finnic among the East Prussian (refugees). Underpinning the Nordic is a stratum of heavy-skulled Paleo-Atlantid. Hitler was a classic "Norisher" (mixed Nordic-Dinaric) from his mother, with strong Alpine apparent in his father. The name Hitler, Hüttler, Heidler, Hiedler is Moravian Slav, originally "Hidlar" from the Czech "Hidlarcek." As the "racial hygienist" Max von Gruber noted at Hitler's treason trial, the latter was "typically un-Nordic, East Slav."

829

The recent Antwerp bombing has no longer been systematically related to "extreme rightists" as in the Copernic synagogue blast. Radio commentators have even accepted the view that this bombing might well have been a left-wing action against the monstrously rich Jewish diamond dealers of Antwerp.

Belgian subscriber

I gave out some copies of *Instauration* (Sept. 1981). No one objected to the thesis of the lead article, "For Nordics, It's Pioneer or Perish" (although one businessman complained about the tribute to Whitman, "a homosexual pseudopoet"). One academician suggested tentatively that the virility of our race and the great self-confidence that comes from physical superiority did not lend itself to intellectual achievement in the absence of a leaven of Mediterraneans or the equivalent. And I was pleased that another friend thought of the Normans in Sicily as a prime illustration of our habit of destroying ourselves while making use of other races as "allies" whom we fail to keep in permanent subordination.

618

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The November *Instauration* arrived yesterday and as usual I found it a "packed programme," as our British friends might say. The only feature that lost me was "The Prehistoric Culture of the Northern Europeans," mostly because the discussion of serpentine symbolism struck me as off-the-wall. Is this valid cultural archaeology or someone's crank notion?

517

Reagan, a sage of "intelligent moderation," is beyond the comprehension of doctrinaire extremists like Instaurationists.

761

During ex-President Carter's administration his treatment by the press and TV became noticeably more insolent and hostile after the U.S. failure to veto the U.N. resolution condemning Israel's unilateral declaration anent the future of Jerusalem, which made that city an "irrevocable" part of the Jewish state. The simultaneous attempts by Andrew Young to become a "black voice in international politics" through his contacts with the PLO, a maneuver which cost him his job, added measurably to the media vituperation against Carter. In casual asides it was made known that Carter was not trusted as being a totally devoted "friend of Israel." Now that President Reagan has defied the Zionists by forcing the AWACS sale through a thoroughly intimidated Congress, the American media are launching a campaign to destroy his credibility similar to the one they used so successfully to finish off Carter. Suddenly, the concept of "Reaganomics" has been declared a total failure, the recession has become "critical," Stockman's embarrassing statements in the *Atlantic* have made an appearance, and that seedy \$1,000 negotiation of Richard Allen's has surfaced. No doubt this is only the beginning. The lesson must again be taught to the American people that to defy the wishes of Israel is tantamount to suicide for any public figure. Despite any personal feelings regarding Reagan's ability to fulfill his position as president and questions regarding his awareness of the imperiled status of the Majority, one has to sympathize with his plight. My guess is that if he survives the remainder of his term, by the time the Zionist media gatekeepers finish with him, he will be a virtual basket case.

142

Let me congratulate *Instauration* on the start of its seventh year. It has come a long way and has indeed performed admirably. If our race has a history left, or rather one to look forward to, *Instauration* will certainly be remembered as one of the few publications which gave us hope during one of our grimmest periods.

651

I became acquainted with *The Dispossessed Majority* in a UCLA upper division history course. The class was limited to 15 and we were assigned works to read and discuss. Much of this discussion centered on the usual liberal themes of oppressed women and minorities. At one particular class the professor passed out a list of "discredited American history works." *The Dispossessed Majority* practically headed the list.

941

In a remark attributed to Dale Bumpers when he was campaigning to replace Senator William Fulbright (who belied his name and terminated his career by mildly criticizing Jewish control of Congress in a TV interview) that he could have purchased one-half of his native Arkansas with the help proffered by the Jewish lobby, one can hardly be impressed with the self-proclaimed "agonizing" he went through in voting against the AWACS sale.

864

To Zip 991 who pointed out that the package Reagan offered PATCO was "\$40 million, or less than three days aid to Israel": PATCO members were making too much before Reagan offered them anything.

To Zip 212 who wanted to know whether Mildred Rogers graduated summa cum laude or laude how come: Mildred Rogers graduated under Uncle Sammy's pass-blacks-or-else program. That is how come.

To Zips 294 and 653 who commented on Hinckley's mental state: Whether Hinckley was sane or nuts is debatable, but I think we can all agree that he was a bad shot.

320

The racial problem here is being downplayed by the media, while the police show more and more impatience at the freedom of action given to African (brown and black) looters, some of whom even attack police vans.

French subscriber

My mother died a couple of years ago. Several weeks after her death (her obituary having appeared in the newspapers with the house address) our family house was ransacked from the attic on down while my brothers and I were away. We lost perhaps \$20,000 worth of property, much of it of sentimental value and hence irreplaceable. A couple of months later, the police caught the two Negroes. Some of our property was recovered when the police took us to the "antique gallery" of a wealthy Jew from whom I had bought many things over a period of about 15 years. Since the two Negroes had looted tremendous amounts of furnishings, silverware and the like from many homes in the same area, they were finally sentenced to 56 to 200 years each. What happened to the rich Jew? I sent the county prosecuting attorney some three typed pages of evidence that he had knowingly bought scores of thousands of dollars worth of stolen property from the Negroes. Alas, there was never even an indictment. Today he runs around a free man.

187

I look on humanity as the very sorriest of all nature's creations. We promote the survival of the unfittest at the expense of the productive. We have reproduced so unreasonably that the greater populated areas of this poor benighted planet are one vast contaminated eyesore. We hear the poetic blather about leaving this old world a bit better than we find it, but what we leave behind us is one gigantic trail of sewage, waste, litter, contamination and degradation. If you doubt me, walk down the streets of your towns and cities. Look at what "humanity" hath wrought!

241

I work in downtown New York and during my lunch break today I witnessed a "peaceful" demonstration of the National Black United Front in City Hall Park. It was Black Solidarity Day, and large posters urged blacks not to work, not to buy, and not to travel. There were ominous cries by the leaders to unite against the "white establishment" and fight to achieve "justice" and "equal opportunity." I happened to be in the way of the marchers on the sidewalk and was rudely pushed aside with shouts of "Make way, honkey!" The wave of raw hatred was palpable and frightening, a glimpse of things to come.

070

According to the October 26 *Spotlight*, teacher Richard Wexler holds classes at the private Rhodes School on Manhattan's Upper West Side to teach "chutzpah." "My job," he said, "is to let the student have the experience of breaking the rules and seeing what happens." Guess what would happen to the student in his class who generated enough chutzpah to question the holy writ status of Holocaustiana?

606

The hike in *Instauration's* subscription rate is long overdue. No price can be too great for the priceless. The magazine has been given away for too long.

100

With regard to abortion, I think it depends on what is being aborted. I am inclined to support the subsidization of abortion for all mothers, wed or unwed, who can't pay for the delivery of their misbegotten. I would approve of tax funds being used for the birth (if that was the option elected) expenses of the first child of any indigent mother, providing she is sterilized as part of the procedure. I think one free one is enough.

338

I just received the new edition of *The Dispossessed Majority*. It is a very, very handsome book. In all ways a much better production than the earlier versions.

143

Since you gave Jerry Fool-well the award he deserves, you might consider making mention of the entire Funnymentalist Zionist ratpack and highlight the treatment with the likes of Pat Robertson (no relation, I hope). We need a frontal attack on the entire kosher conservative mob.

802

We are evolutionists, not right-wingers! Drive this message home. Too many Instaurationists still think in left-right terms.

793

Majority Renegade of the Year may be a lot of fun, but really, isn't it negative? Doesn't dwelling on the minus aspects result in defeatism? Why not Majority Hero of the Year? At the top of that list I would put Sen. Walter Huddleston, who is making a valiant fight to control and cut down immigration.

716

I thought that "The Dutch Are Smarter" (*Instauration*, Sept. 1981) was a blockbuster. If only it could be glued to every lamppost in the country.

071

If my instincts are accurate, there is a growing racial consciousness among the students of today. They are a different breed from the students I grew up with in the early 70s. First of all, they are not afraid to express their disappointment and criticism of our government and leaders who have allowed the swamping of our nation with minorities from Russia, Mexico, Haiti, Cuba and Asia. On the other hand, because of their strong ties with Scandinavia, they wish to keep these doors open. Surprisingly, when confronted with the question, "Isn't that a double standard?", they admit it, but aren't too concerned about the contradiction. Their biggest worry is that these minorities are changing America for the worse and taking away their jobs. If Majority youths with this vigor and opinion are the trend of the future and can be galvanized into action, we have little to fear. I have immense faith in them and must admit that they have inspired me to believe that all is not lost yet. Personally, I believe it is a waste of time to try to get the older generation to wake up.

556

My most cherished memorabilia are the four words penned to me so many years ago by Westbrook Pegler, "What swine they are!"

Canadian subscriber

If John Hinckley had managed to kill Ronald Reagan, then the man who would have stepped into the Oval office would have been the man whose unsuccessful presidential campaign received large contributions from Hinckley's "conservative" parents. If Open Border Ronnie had died that day in March, then his replacement would have been the father of Neil Bush, the same Neil Bush with whom Hinckley's older brother Scott had a dinner date the very next night. Put that in your conspiracy pipe and smoke it.

231

Reviews of "Excalibur" were good (*Instauration*, Nov. 1981). But if Zip 230 thinks that it fails as a film, perhaps he should take his video copy of *Battleship Potemkin* and stick it in his Betamax. He says it needs credible characters and a coherent story line. But when you deal with legend and myth, you expect your audience to know the subject that you are trying to show in a new light. Does *Le Morte d'Arthur* have "story and character?" We are dealing with high art and myth, totally enigmatic if approached from a "popular entertainment" standpoint. Incidentally, the music of Carl Orff was also used in the movie, which didn't help endear the film to the Reptilian establishment.

398

When sent the above letter, Zip 230 replied: "I dev'd Zip 398 to read *Le Morte d'Arthur* for one hour without falling into a deep sleep."

I see by the November issue that *Instauration* has gone in for fantasy. If the author wrote better English, he could be a rival of Tolkien and E.R. Eddison. His picture of the serpent is taken, if I remember correctly, from the first edition of Eddison's *Ouroboros*, which is, I grant, a really brilliant fantasy, whose last paragraph gives readers cold shivers. The self-swallowing serpent represents endless Time and, as the romance portrays it, the endless repetitions of human events. The symbol is an old one, although I cannot suggest offhand a date for its earliest recorded appearance. It is the first expression of a cyclic conception of history and an *ewige Wiederkehr*. It does not seem to be a happy choice as a symbol for the author's myth about a "serpent culture," which he intends to be an allegorical representation of religion, although the allegory would be much neater if he had not spoiled it by inventing a cult of his own. It is quite true that the serpent/dragon is a symbol of the forces that are inimical to our race and hence appears in many legends, e.g., Thor and the Midgardsorm, St. George and the Dragon, Hercules and the Hydra, etc. It is excessively absurd, however, to pretend that the legends represent a struggle against religion. That merely obfuscates and makes implausible the author's one brilliant insight, the antithesis between the use of words to describe reality and the use of words to induce illusions about supernatural powers.

618

The Connecticut town I have just moved to is essentially a New York City bedroom community. Until about 20 years ago it was just a sleepy New England city -- small, warm, human and white. Corporations fleeing the Big Apple have begun to relocate here en masse, and with them have come high-rise corporate headquarters, high taxes, high living costs and high crime rates. Downtown, sprawling in the shadow of the glittering towers of the multinationals, are black and Hispanic slums. The station where the executives catch the commuter lines to New York is right plunk in de Ghetto. Progress? The mud people weren't here before the corporations. As I write, a mayoral campaign is underway between a pro-growth incumbent and an "enough is enough!" challenger who wants less of everything but that one element the media seem to think we can never have too much of -- melanin.

069

Taking the Illinois Central train out to the suburbs south of Chicago, I was struck again by the vast numbers of fine homes which were built by whites and are now occupied by blacks. Surely the monetary loss to whites in just this small area of the country must run into many billions of dollars. And who can compute the emotional debt of having to flee loved environments because of minority criminality?

419

An A+ for "Ronnie Is Not So Bonnie" (*Instauration*, Oct. 1981). Bad actors do not good presidents make.

881

Racism has not only come to Sweden to stay but it is on the increase. The most popular slogans to be seen in Stockholm these days are *Niggers go home* and *Arabsvin* (Arab pigs). Our coloreds are so shocked that they are demanding special laws against "discrimination."

Swedish subscriber

Drop the Willie cartoon. It crosses the boundary of bad taste. Draw it in a Jules Feiffer style and it will be acceptable. Tactics do count.

333

Just a note to tell you how much I enjoy the "Ponderable Quotes" scattered throughout *Instauration*. There's often more in those three or four lines than in whole articles in most magazines.

752

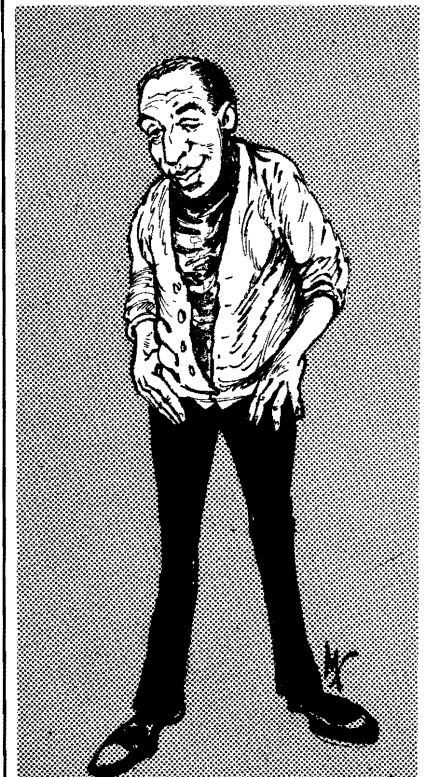
Well, Andy Young is now the mayor of Atlanta, and whites should be gratified to know that they will be remembered in his administration. In his inaugural address, Young stressed that he would not be forgetting "the white minority" that "works hard and pays its taxes, just like the rest of us." The rest of who?

303

TV Guide (Nov. 7, 1981) carried an article entitled "Whoever Controls TV Rules Poland." When, if ever, will Mr. Annenberg's gold mine have an article, "Whoever Controls TV Rules the U.S.?"

320

Marv



I'm no knee-jerk liberal. I give \$50,000 a year to a conservative named Begin.

FRANCIS PARKER YOCKEY AND THE POLITICS OF DESTINY

Our European Mission is to create the Culture-State-Nation-Imperium of the West, and thereby we shall perform such deeds, accomplish such works, and so transform our world that our distant posterity, when they behold the remains of our buildings and ramparts, will tell their grandchildren that on the soil of Europe once dwelt a tribe of gods

The Enemy of Europe

In the six years of its existence, *Instauration* has not once touched upon the problem of Francis Parker Yockey. We say problem because it's hard to know exactly what to make of this mysterious character, who has become a cult figure of certain hermetic elements of the American right. His much touted and much thumbed-through *Imperium* (Noontide Press) is part 20th-century *Book of Revelations*, part post-script to Oswald Spengler, part revised and updated edition of *Mein Kampf*. His suicide or murder in a San Francisco jail makes him a candidate for martyrdom in some future century, provided that in the meantime his writings and his tragic life story have not been scourged out of the West's consciousness.

To begin our brief probe into the mind and personality of Yockey, we will come right out with it and call him a dreamer. Like Spengler, whom he calls "the Philosopher" (Hitler is "the Hero"), he dreams that history, or at least high history, is a succession of unrelated culture-civilizations that are as mortal as the men and women who compose them. To put it more directly, Yockey takes an organic view of man's fate. All high cultures more or less follow the same timetable. Like flowers and trees and *Homo sapiens*, they live and die, in their later stages turning into civilizations, in their last stages becoming empires (imperiums). Europe, in Yockey's eyes, reached the imperial stage in the 1930s, and Hitler's Germany was rigorously complying with Spengler's law by piecing together the prescribed Western empire. But it was not to be. A passel of culture distorters and barbarians in America and Russia choked off the normal flow of organic history, and Europe, the heart and brain of the West, was all but destroyed. Instead of the Western imperium, there was chaos.

Yockey's principal theme in *Imperium* and a few later essays is that the West, which includes Britain and excludes the Slavic lands, has to get back on the Spenglerian track -- a titanic task that can only be accomplished by a united Europe rising from the ruins, expelling Americans and driving back and defeating the Soviets.

This somewhat unrealistic call to arms, written in 1948, became even more unrealistic as Russia built up its nuclear arsenal in the years that followed. In his later writings Yockey seems to hedge his crusading anti-Bolshevism by designating Russia as a lesser enemy than America and speculating that a Russian conquest of Europe might even have a happy ending. The conquered in the long run would probably "Europeanize" the conquerors, whereas the reverse is out of the question. The Russians, belonging to a different

culture, could never Russify the Europeans. "America-Jewry," on the other hand, appeals to everything that is most crass and most debased in the European soul and therefore might eventually destroy Western culture at its root. In this context Yockey reminds his readers that America easily assimilated its German immigrants, in contrast with Russia, which never assimilated the Volga Germans. He neglected, however, to point out that America had also assimilated or was assimilating its non-Jewish Russian immigrants.



Francis Parker Yockey

Yockey believes that the only hope for America -- and it is a small hope -- is an uprising of "true Americans" to seize power and chase out the Jews and other aliens who have transformed the country into a cultural horror show. Needless to say, Yockey considers the United States as more of a political and social monstrosity than a bonafide nation. For

one thing, it has a written constitution, which is no more than a shabby legalism, since a genuine constitution is unwritten and an organic outgrowth of culture. Moreover, America still remained a de facto colony of Europe, even after the War of Independence, though Alexander Hamilton was "a great soul," compared to Lincoln, "a charlatan." American culture was so barren that no one could get anywhere in the arts unless he had his "center of gravity" in Europe. Those who made it were such 19th-century literary lights as Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe and Henry James. Whether purposely or not, he left out Melville, Whitman, Emily Dickinson and Mark Twain, apparently because their center of gravity was in the New World, which may help explain why most of these writers were greater than those on his list. The truly great artist cannot stray too far from his native hearth.

Indubitably, Yockey's heart is in the right place. He is supremely proud of the accomplishments and achievements of Europe. He is certain it would be a terrible tragedy if Europe died before its time. He does his best to clear history of the liberal and Marxist cant that is presently suffocating it. He brilliantly analyzes the evil chain of circumstances that reduced Europe to the depravity and powerlessness that now infect and paralyze it. He recommends and spells out an "absolute politics" that would put Europe on the road to recovery, once the "intellectuals and traders" are put in their place.

These two new orders are the old nobility and priesthood in caricature. The intellectual with his atheist pamphlet and the trader in his countinghouse are respectively the masters in the democratic world of thought and action.

Yes, Yockey's heart is in the right place, but is his judgment? To Yockey race is more of a psychological mood than a biological fact. A five-foot, olive-skinned, black-haired, black-eyed Sicilian, imbued with the wildest superstitions of the Catholic Church, is a member of the same race and culture as a six-foot, empirically minded, blue-eyed, blond Swedish agnostic. Although he tosses a compliment or two to Nordics in the course of *Imperium's* 626 pages, the author instructs us that race is or should be primarily a matter of feeling. If you have the proper attitude, if you feel you are a European, you are a European. Physical distinctions are only of secondary importance, though blacks and Mongoloids are too biologically disparate to qualify as Europeans and Russians and Slavs too culturally disparate. To lend weight to his attack on what he describes as romantic racism, he myopically quotes the fraudulent experiments of the late Franz Boas, who alleged the descendants of Italians and Jews in America underwent racial changes as a result of the new American environment.

This same loose and muddled concept of race spills over into Yockey's disparagement of all attempts to categorize racial differences among whites, attempts which he denounces as "provocative" and "dangerous" and can only lure us into an "esthetic cul-de-sac." He even goes so far as to chide his Hero for the racial policy of National Socialist Germany, which he terms a "grotesquerie." Here there may be more than meets the eye. Yockey himself was of Irish and Spanish origin and, though passionately pro-German and more passionately pro-Prussian, he seems to bear some

ancient grudge against the English, whom he accuses of being the chief propagators of the materialism which led the West to the brink. His Anglophobia reaches as far as Darwin, who is dismissed as a pseudo-scientist and set on a par with Freud and Marx as the chief saboteurs of the Western world view. His criticism of Marx is more to the point. The founding father of communism was just one of many 19th-century materialists, though more diabolically clever than his compeers since he put "hate" at the center of his system. Another villain of Yockey's is Malthus, who is condemned for his population theories. To Yockey the struggle for power is the key to history, not the struggle for food. "There is plenty of food," he reassures us. It will come as no surprise that the author's preferred economic system is national socialism, which he renames "ethical" socialism.

Yockey's works are overweighted and overpollinated with allusions to Destiny. What happened and will happen happens because of Destiny. Too many pages are burdened with "organic predispositions" and pedantic "laws" of political behavior which on closer examination are discovered to be little more than aphorisms and expanded clichés. It is all very rhetorical, occasionally even poetic, but not very enlightening. This defect, however, probably strengthens rather than weakens his message. Prophetic flourishes and rousing manifestos win over more minds than cool analysis and synthesis. Although Yockey accepts Spengler's organic history with hardly a caveat, he does view the imperial stage, which the Philosopher described as a time of decline and decadence, as an Indian summer (to borrow a metaphor from Toynbee) of power and glory.

Yockey rejects out of hand the latest version of the Aryan theory, which proposes that all high cultures, even those in pre-Columbian America, have been seeded by and in many cases nurtured and presided over by Nordics. Such a notion has little attraction for him because of the accent on Northern European instead of European man and because it casts aspersions on his belief in the parallel growth and death of at least eight separate and distinct high cultures. Unsurprisingly, the Aryan theory is least acceptable to the Spengler-Yockey thesis when it claims a relationship between the Classical and Western cultures. To Aryanists there is a tight link supported by hard anthropological and historical evidence. To the Spenglerian organicists Greece and Rome were static instead of dynamic, had totally different conceptions of time and science, and had no Faustian (Yockey calls them Gothic) men despite a wealth of semi-mythological figures like Jason and Icarus and historic figures like Alexander, Aristarchus and Julius Caesar.

Yockey shines most brightly in the chapters where he elucidates his own brand of historicism. Cleverly dissecting the differences that set "crowds" apart from "peoples" and "nations," he adduces that "from the standpoint of History, the nation serves the Culture, the minority serves the nation, the mass serves the minority." By minority he means the "culture-bearing stratum," which in Europe consists of "250,000 souls."

One of Yockey's most interesting theories is that ideas about history have an influence on history in the making. But he is at his insightful best in his remarks on cultural distortion, on the whys and wherefores of the penetration of the West by the alien. He delves into cultural pathology and retardation, the effects of parasitism on the body politic and

the need for besieged cultures to develop antibodies for their survival. America, according to Yockey, has the least antibodies of any Western nation, because of its tradition of individualism and lonerism. It never really became a state since it never had a true frontier and consequently never experienced the political tension which is the basic ingredient of statehood. It is in America that politics, in Yockey's view the greatest and noblest of the arts, is "regarded as something unnecessary, something dishonest, something that could and should be done away with." Accordingly, the disorganized American population mass is easy prey for an older and shrewder collectivity like Jewry, which has a much deeper appreciation and understanding of the nature of power politics. America's entry into two World Wars is given as the supreme example of culture distortion, since there was no valid reason for entering either war. The resulting destruction to Europe was beyond calculation -- and the disaster may be compounded in a Third World War.

Where Yockey seems old-fashioned, reactionary and hopelessly out of sync with the present age is his attitude toward science. "Every science," he writes, "is a profane restatement of the preceding dogma of the religious period." Goethe's understanding of light is more accurate than Newton's. Technology is considered hardly better than a perversion of science. If Yockey had lived to see it, he would probably have dismissed the Moon Walk as just another technological splash in the pond, an opinion dramatized by the Rev. Abernathy and his mules as they stood outside the Cape Canaveral space center whining that the Apollo mission was taking food from the mouths of the poor. Paradoxically, the greatest of all exhibitions of Faustian verve would have been shrugged off by the prize pupil of the Faustian Philosopher.

As Revilo Oliver points out in his dismayingly discursive, yet devastatingly definitive critique of Yockey's long essay, *The Enemy of Europe* (Liberty Bell Publications, Box 21, Reedy, WV 25370), the supreme example of cultural distortion is unmentioned in *Imperium* or elsewhere. Oliver is referring to the transplant of a Magian or Levantine religion into the body spiritual of the West. If the Western soul has such a different tempo and resonates to such a different beat, then the adoption of an alien religion like Christianity should be lethal. On this crucial point, however, Yockey is most silent.

Oliver also takes up the matter of Yockey's softening attitude toward Russia in his later writings, in which he acknowledges that the Kremlin magnates are throwing off the Jewish ascendancy which came into being with the Bolshevik revolution. The removal of the Soviet culture distorters from the scene makes Yockey more sympathetic to the Russia which he condemns so roundly in *Imperium*. Oliver thinks that Yockey guessed wrong about the Russian situation, and puts him in the same class with another wrong guesser, Wilmot Robertson, who also believes Jews no longer have much clout in the Soviet Union. Oliver himself defends the conventional ultrarightist wisdom -- namely, that the Soviet Union was a Jewish creation and, no matter what anti-Zionist propaganda emanating from Moscow says or what is claimed by overreactive Jewish dissidents, the Soviet Union remains a Jewish operation.

Biographical Sketch

Yockey was born in Chicago in 1917, obtained a law degree at Notre Dame, contributed an article to *Social Justice* magazine before World War II, served a brief stint with the War Crimes Tribunal in West Germany, quit in disgust, and retired to a lonely hamlet on Ireland's mist-ridden east coast, where in an explosion of furious creativity he wrote *Imperium* under the runic pen name of Ulick Varange. After that he descended into the European "extremist" underground, worked for Nasser for a few years, was hounded by the authorities of several countries, hopscotched back and forth across the Atlantic, and in 1960 was finally nabbed by the FBI, while staying with an Argentine Jew in Oakland, California. After a frantic attempt to escape, he was jailed on a charge of passport fraud. A San Francisco judge, Joseph Karesh, a part-time rabbi, set bail at \$50,000, which Yockey had no means of raising. Eleven days later he was found dead in his cell. He had either taken or been forced to take a dose of potassium cyanide.

In places *Imperium* reads beautifully, more like an epic poem than a study of history. Like most epics it commits the forgivable crime of repetitiveness. Sweeping generalizations and thundrous oversimplifications combine to knock readers off their intellectual balance. The exegesis proceeds smoothly as long as no time is permitted for second thoughts and skepticism provokes no bothersome questions. For example, the author tells us the power of the judiciary is dead in America, at the very same moment the Supreme Court was sharpening its teeth. He cites as gospel truth a dubious anti-Semitic canard by Benjamin Franklin. As an unmitigated apologist for the Third Reich, he solemnly declares that Roosevelt, not Hitler, started World War II. He seems totally oblivious, as Oliver comments, to the Thirty Years' War, when Germany's ordeal was almost as arduous as it was in the end days of Nazidom. In his condemnation of Malthus, he asserts there will never be too many people on earth.

All such pronouncements add up to serious misconceptions of the past, present and future by a man who sets himself up as the prophet-philosopher of the middle 20th century. Truth, however, has never been known to slow down a self-appointed messiah with a superheated sense of mission. Yockey's words vibrate with the kind of souped-up conviction that easily overcomes reason and common sense. His great selling point is that amid all the despondency of the present age he is one of the very few thinkers who offers us Balm in Gilead, some shreds of hope, some possibility of white resurgence. Expectedly, it is not the deep space of the cosmos that Yockey is interested in, but the equally deep and equally mysterious space of the inner man. This is all to the good because in these days anyone who writes seriously and earnestly about the soul, about the Western soul, strikes a bell that reverberates most pleasantly up and down our increasingly spineless spines.

So more power to Yockey! He is still alive and kicking in the hearts of a sizable number of true believers. Despite his shortcomings, his life and his works are proof that no matter how far they get us down, we will never be out.

We must never forget that at the nadir of European history, in the aftermath of World War II when Russian troops were barbarizing and looting their conquered territories and

American troops were holding lynching bees in theirs, when hardly anyone dared raise his voice against the deliberate starvation, massive brainwashing and the official Allied policy of unlimited retribution and unmitigated vengeance, when it appeared the lights had gone out all over Europe -- this time for good -- a young American idealist named Francis Parker Yockey broke the general silence and pointed a long, menacing finger at those who were trying to erase the greatest continent on earth from the map and reduce some of the greatest people on earth to the status of zombies. As all

the silent ones knew, it was an act of incredible courage to speak up at that time. In the end it cost Yockey his life.

In regard to guts, Yockey certainly lives up to the example set by his Hero. In regard to loyalty, he spent the best part of his life faithfully elaborating on the theories of his beloved Philosopher. As a reward for those rare and now almost extinct virtues, Yockey himself may turn out to be the true philosopher and the true hero of his age. Destiny often plays strange tricks -- even on those who claim to know most about Destiny.

LUMPEN FACES AND RACES

The *Washington Post* said that 250,000 people attended the AFL-CIO's Solidarity Day march in Washington on September 19, and that is the figure most of the nation heard. A *New York Daily News* reporter claimed 300,000, while the *Baltimore Sun* estimated 200,000, and the *Chicago Tribune* 134,000. Three young Instaurationists who were there, one of whom had been among the quarter million present at an anti-Vietnam War rally several years earlier, agreed that even 100,000 might be excessive.

Far more significant than the size of Solidarity Day was its composition. Here the big media were completely misleading. The *Post* spoke of "a broad slice of America -- a 38-year-old tool maker from Cincinnati who complained that only the rich were getting a break; a fourth-grade school teacher . . . ironworkers from New Jersey . . . farm workers . . . unionized artists . . . municipal employees from Midwestern cities . . . senior citizens [from] Charlottesville, Va. . . blacks, whites, Hispanics and others . . . a colorful patchwork . . ."

The last words quoted are a tip-off. In fact, the Solidarity Day crowd was heavily black (about one-third), heavily brown, heavily borderline white, heavily defective white, and lightly "all-American white." The small minority of workers present who looked the way that all American workers (slaves excluded) once looked were mostly clustered in little groups with banners proclaiming small-town origins like "Hershey, Pennsylvania" and "Sheffield, Alabama." It must have been painful for them to discover just how alone they have become.

When the Unitarian minister William Ellery Channing gave his Franklin Lectures to New England's manual laborers around 1840, America was a different country. "It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation," he proclaimed in "Self-Culture," "not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man." "The most striking and honorable distinction of this country," said Channing, "is to be found in the intelligence, character, and condition of the great working class." He should have directed his words at the budding Yankee industrialists who were about to sell their kinsmen down the river to slow oblivion.

In another address, "On the Elevation of the Laboring Classes," Channing cited Laing's *Travels in Norway*:

An intelligent traveller tells us that in Norway, a country wanting many of our advantages, good manners and politeness are spread through all conditions; and that the "rough way of talking to and living with each other, characteristic of the lower classes of society in England, is not found there."

Next came a profound warning whose utter futility was demonstrated in the sullen, rancorous, disharmonic faces seen everywhere at Solidarity Day:

I would ask, What is to be the effect of bringing the laboring classes of Europe twice as near us as they now are [referring to the new steam-powered ocean liners]? Is there no danger of a competition that is to depress the laboring classes here? Can the workman stand his ground against . . . workmen . . . who never think of redeeming an hour for personal improvement? Is there no danger that, with increasing intercourse with Europe, we shall import the striking, fearful contrasts which there divide one people into separate nations? Sooner than that our laboring class should become a European populace, a good man would almost wish that perpetual hurricanes, driving every ship from the ocean, should sever wholly the two hemispheres from each other.

Certain as it is that many outstanding American workers come from each major European stock, it is still unthinkable that anyone would appeal to them collectively in anything like the words used by Channing:

How little substantial good do we derive from poetry and the fine arts, if the beauty which delights the imagination, do not warm and refine the heart, and raise us to the love and admiration of what is fair, and perfect, and lofty, in character and life!

"Good . . . fine . . . beauty . . . delight . . . refine . . . raise . . . love . . . admiration . . . fair . . . perfect . . . lofty . . . character." All in one sentence! Today, of course, this unmistakably *Nordic* kind of appeal is simply "insipid," even "embarrassing" -- not a cause for bitter regrets, or even a matter fit for scientific investigation, like the dances of Africa or the fatalism of the Middle East.

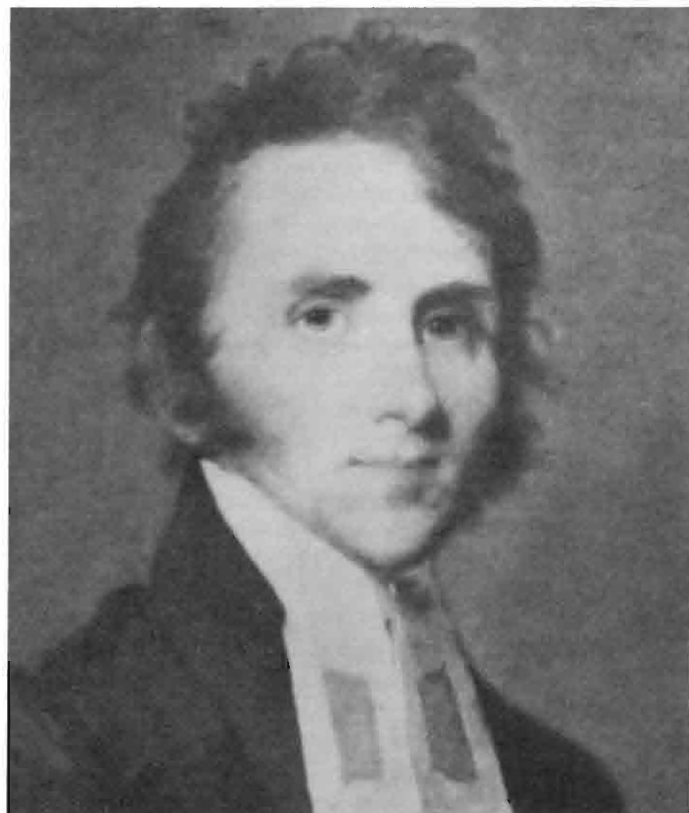
Continental Europeans, who tend to be a coarser-textured lot than the early Americans, have long since reestablished

the "tone" of our national life. The forceful, irreverent, even harsh imagery which innately appeals to many of them is the ambience in which we all live. The old stock is scattered in 10,000 small towns and cannot make its more positive ethics and aesthetics felt in the mainstream national culture.

Channing and many others once made their "high-minded" appeals to American working-class audiences who responded favorably. Their replacements at Solidarity Day would laugh at a Channing -- if they could understand what he was talking about.

Quite possibly this exaggerated Nordic ethic and Nordic aesthetic leaves a lot to be desired. Their one-sided high-mindedness misses the sordid side of life, and so falls short of realism. What we dare not lose sight of is that they especially "fail reality" when judged unfairly against a reality which is alien to them -- such as contemporary urban America. A frontier filled with efficient, able-bodied men and women -- and Channing himself combined extraordinarily fine physical texture with strength and coordination sufficient to make him a wrestling champion -- such a place is inevitably upbeat and forward-looking.

In light of the harsh, dull faces seen at Solidarity Day, Channing's vision is insipid indeed. But Channing rarely saw faces like those in his 62 years! As Robert Frost wrote in a bygone day, "There cannot be much to fear in a country where there are so many right faces going by." A corollary: There is plenty to fear in a country where so many wrong faces are going by.



William Ellery Channing

MIND CONTROL, U.S.A.

A few months ago American television addicts were treated to an ABC News special, "Wounds From Within," an ad for which read:

Throughout history, the troubles of society have been blamed on racial and religious groups.

Today, violence against these scapegoats is emerging once again in America.

Marshall Frady explores the causes and implications of a nightmare that's too real to be ignored.

Lest anyone think that this was a long overdue exposé of how tens of thousands of black Americans, who blame their problems on whites, are making us the scapegoats of their assaults, let the record be set straight. The program was devoted to the relatively nonexistent violence of the American "Nazis" and Klan.

This is what white survivalists are up against in America today -- one of the most intense propaganda machines the world has ever seen. Our personal lives may be flawless and our political arguments moderate. We may make only one demand, the smallest demand there is -- the demand for life itself, the survival of our people. (Martin Luther King & Co. went much further: they demanded the right to sit in certain restaurants, etc. People committed to our goal will gladly sign away the right to ever sit in a restaurant again if we can

thereby win the guarantee of life. Give me the paper: I'll sign, I'll sign!) We are the real "wretched of the earth." Condemned to slow death, we are damned for our viciousness when we plead for life.

Not to be outpropagandaed by ABC, the mind manipulators at CBS televised a doctored drama dealing with the attempts of a dozen Chicago misfits to go marching in a small town with 7,000 Jewish concentration camp survivors. No mention, of course, was made of the fact that the Nazi leader in real life was a half-Jew who was later jailed for molesting children. Herb Brodtkin, one of the producers of NBC's infamous "Holocaust," was the man largely responsible for "Skokie." In a *TV Guide* interview about his latest Semitic extravaganza, he indulged in a bit of modest boasting: "I've always done shows that made people think . . . Notice how in 28 years I've changed the face of the country."

Quite obviously, the new wave of hysteria being whipped up against all manifestations of white assertiveness will spare no Majority member. Don't expect that our character or our rationality can save us in the long run. Big Brother has classified us all as slimy little storefront *Führers*.

The Jewish Defense League is another cup of tea. The *Los Angeles Times* recently ran a long feature on the group's

antimugger patrols in the Hollywood-Beverly Hills area. One elderly Jewess, a resident for 40 years, explained, "the place is deteriorating into crime and dirt." So the JDL now has seven to ten partly uniformed members patrolling with professionally trained guard dogs on any given day. They cleared their operation with the local police, who calmly spoke of "involving ourselves with community patrol groups." Would they have shown the same respect for a group in Klan T-shirts defending white Gentile grandmothers from black and Mexican toughs? The question is fair because the *Times's* two photos depicted none other than Irv Rubin and Mordecai Levy -- two men who alone have committed or publicly applauded many more violent acts than all of the Klan and Nazi leaders in America combined.

Many JDL leaders have been convicted of violent crimes. Founder Meir Kahane's long list of convictions includes conspiracy to manufacture bombs. Executive director Victor Vancier and an accomplice, Bruce B. Berger, were charged with attempting to blow up the Egyptian Tourist Office in New York in 1978. West Coast leader Rubin, trained for terror in Israel, has filled his last ten years with arrests. No less significantly, JDL leaders almost invariably applaud violent attacks on their enemies, even when they do not take credit. But when a synagogue is bombed in Paris or a temple defaced on Long Island, no one, not even the PLO, applauds.

In short, one side responds positively to provocation in either direction, the other side negatively. Political realities and the peculiar nature of Zionism dictate this asymmetry.

Last August 31, an elderly Latvian-American named Bole-slavs Maikovskis and his wife were entertaining guests when four bombs were hurled against their Long Island home. One burst through a window, igniting the curtains. Another bomb went off under a neighbor's parked car. Maikovskis had been shot in a similar attack three summers earlier. The JDL's national director, Arnold Weinstein, told the official Jewish Telegraph Agency that his group did not claim responsibility, "but we applaud it and we could only wish that this would happen to every Nazi and Jew-hater living in America."

The following day, the shaken Maikovskis testified softly in federal court that he never ordered the murder of Jews while he was a police chief in Riga 40 years ago. JDL member Mordecai Levy rushed forward, grappled with him and violently hurled him to the floor. Levy is 20; Maikovskis is 77.

Released almost immediately, Levy was rearrested in Los Angeles on September 8 for the firebombing of a Nigerian diplomat's car. The envoy had made the mistake of parking at the Soviet U.N. mission. Bail was set at \$10,000, although bonds of \$50,000 and up are considered standard for terrorists. Levy has bragged in the past about his "friends in high places." Nicknamed "the artist" for his spray painting of swastikas on synagogues and of Jewish curses on the homes of imagined enemies, he idolizes the international terrorist known as "Carlos the jackal."

The story of Levy's U.N. bombing arrest hit the *Los Angeles Times* on the same day (though in a different section) as the feature article showing him and a young kinsman practicing their antimugger techniques. Another story about Levy never made the paper. Only minutes after a bomb blast ripped through the Aryan Nations Church in Idaho at 2 A.M.

on June, 27, Levy woke up white activist Tom Metzger by phone and took credit for the \$80,000 in damages.

The JDL now claims an active American membership of 18,000. Given 5.8 million American Jews (their figure), this comes to 1 in 322. Active Klansmen and Nazis probably number no more than 5,000. Given 150 million white Gentile Americans, this comes to 1 in 30,000.

The new JDL slogan is "For Every Jew a .22." Philadelphia head Ed Ramov says that his chapter has recently instructed over 500 local Jews in the use of guns to fight Gentiles. Los Angeles chief Barry Krugel claims 900 students. The League admits committing more than 20 bombings in its 13-year existence. Many federal police experts rank it number one in the country for effectiveness in terror operations. JDL leaders claim they have a plan to quietly eliminate any and every "potential Hitler" before he can attract major support. Needed are individuals "who are willing to protect what is Holy by taking away what is profane."

None of this activity keeps the JDL from advertising its paramilitary camps in some of the leading Jewish publications. It is exactly as if magazines like the *Lutheran Standard* or *Viking* (published by the Sons of Norway) printed ads for Nazi camps.

In fairness, there are many Jews who oppose the JDL. There are even a few dozen *Gentiles* who oppose the JDL.

Just Published!

Best of Instauration - 1977

What was fated to follow *Best of Instauration - 1976*? What else but *Best of Instauration - 1977*. Its 128 magazine-size pages contain the best articles, best letters, best book reviews, best overviews of foreign and domestic policy in the twelve 1977 issues of *Instauration*. Included is some of the finest writing in *Instauration's* six years of existence -- "The Minority War on Science," "Tabula Rasa," "Maj. Gen. J.F.C. Fuller," "Morgan, White and Boas," "Unburying the Truth at Wounded Knee."

As time goes on, *Best of Instaurations* for later years will be published. Meanwhile, all back copies of *Instauration* from January 1978 to the present are available either as Xerox copies (all 1978-79 issues) or as originally printed (Jan. 1980 to present).

Best of Instauration - 1977, \$15, *Best of Instauration - 1976*, \$10. Xerox copies of back issues, \$3.50 each; back issues in the original, \$2.00 each. Add \$1 for postage and handling for *Best of Instauration*, 75¢ for each back issue, 50¢ each if six or more are ordered. Florida residents please add 4% sales tax. Make check payable to Howard Allen.

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CARL ORFF

Born in Munich into a Bavarian family of military men and scholars, Carl Orff spent the majority of his first 40 years as a music teacher. He was no ordinary music teacher, however. By interweaving folk and children's songs, rhythmic exercises, and predominantly percussive instruments, he developed theories of unity in word, composition and movement that gained him a worldwide following. This work alone would have guaranteed him a place in the history of music.

In Frankfurt, in 1937, the premiere of *Carmina Burana* established Orff as a great innovative force in modern music. Based upon ancient manuscripts in Latin and Low German found at a Bavarian monastery, *Carmina Burana* was an exuberant celebration of life and its earthly pleasures, a collection of songs dealing with fortune, the joys of the tavern, and young love. Its driving rhythms and charming melodies, emanating from a folk music truly pan-European in nature, have made it an integral part of the modern repertory.

In *Carmina Burana* Orff realized he had finally achieved a style all his own. All his previous compositions he now considered juvenalia or wrong starts buried too deeply in the harmonies of hyperromanticism. His attention henceforth was focused on Western civilization, which he felt had reached the end of the road of classical and Christian humanism. He searched the past for the origins of European culture, seeking its essence in a primordial world of elemental situations and forms.

After *Carmina Burana*, Orff completed his magnificent musical triptych with *Catulli Carmina* (1943) and *Trionfo di Aphrodite* (1953), again using Latin and Greek sources for inspiration. Earlier he had composed two operatic works, *Der Mond* (1939) and *Die Kluge* (1943). Although not operas in the traditional sense, they showed the composer's talent for musical stage theater and his ability to make folk tales and classical music accessible to the common man.

Orff's dominant use of rhythm came about because he felt Wagnerian harmony had been exhausted or perverted by the cacophonous 12-tone compositions of Schönberg and Berg. He thought a more basic approach to music was now in order. Two examples were a musical tribute to a primordial Bavarian, *Astutuli* (1953), and the hauntingly beautiful *Die Bernauerin*, about Agnes Bernauer, duchess of Bavaria, who, accused of witchcraft, had been drowned in the Danube.

The National Socialist regime was quite supportive of Orff because of the folkish underpinnings of his work. He himself was apolitical. But having committed the crime of staying in Germany during the war years, he has been the object of unwarranted criticism and censorship. Even today, only *Carmina Burana* is played most everywhere, while the rest of his work remains relatively unknown. Attacks on his music usually revolve around labels such as "neo-primitivism" and "minimal art." Instaurationists might perform a simple

experiment: if you can find it, listen to *Der Mond*, based on a Grimm brothers folk tale of about 500 words; then listen to Bernstein's *West Side Story*, whose source is Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Decide which opera sounds "neo-primitive."

Paul Collaer in his *History of Modern Music* has this to say:

Orff has discovered the secret of truly popular creation in this age of mechanization: this secret is based on the combined effect of his use of anonymous masses and time . . . [He] knows in what outwardly simple, unassuming and archaic elements the magical power of music resides. This concentration on music's very essence tolerates no academic or highly sophisticated treatment: it operates directly, and with the greatest power.

The music Orff may be most remembered for is his trilogy of Greek tragedies. With *Antigone* (1949), *Oedipus der Tyrann* (1959) and *Prometheus* (1968), Orff has elevated his style to a new and demanding dimension. Using Hölderlin's translations for the first two, and going back to the original Greek of Aeschylus for *Prometheus*, Orff has brought these earliest Western dramas back to life by returning to the original concept of the ritualistic stage festival. Through the use of largely percussive additions to an orchestra of woodwinds and muted trumpets, harps, and a number of pianos in different tune, plus vocal intonation and reinforcement with accents, and finally rhythmic displacements, interval leaps and coloratura exercises, the composer has recaptured what a music critic has called "the cosmic wilderness of Greek tragedy." Another critic, Wolfgang Schadewaldt, remarks that Orff's work may be justifiably called a turning point in music history:

It was in no sense merely a determination to develop something new at any price. Orff strives with new means, and his own manner, for that regeneration of tragedy which is one of the oldest, yet ever vital, concerns of the history of music in modern Europe.

Orff's Greek trilogy, however, is not so readily listenable to the unstudied audience as are his earlier works, for they depend heavily on the *Gesamtkunstwerk* ideal to achieve their full impact.

The German tradition of musical innovation from Bach to Mozart to Beethoven to Wagner seems to have found its 20th-century counterpart in Carl Orff. And while one may begrudge him equal stature to those giants, he has, more than any other modern composer, laid the foundations for a truly new and creative art of the future. Perhaps by becoming attuned once more to what made him tick in his beginnings, Western man can, using a vital and meaningful music as a steppingstone, regain what he has lost.

Two Yankees Move to the Southland

This One Is Happy About It

It was not until the middle 1960s that I became aware of the cultural dispossession of the Majority in the Midwestern city in which I lived. Interracial liaisons were the order of the day. The person in charge of the public library, a crypto-lesbian and the adoptive mother of a mulatto child, wasted most of the small library budget on radical feminist tracts. At the same time, her aggressive women's libber friends were forming networks to take over many local institutions, among them the historical museum. The public school system, which had once been among the most progressive in the nation, was on the verge of collapse.

Last year I decided the time had come to leave, although I had no idea where to go. All big cities were out, because I had a genuine fear of getting trapped in any heavily urbanized area. The northern plains states seemed desirable from the racial standpoint, but undesirable climatically. I ruled out New England for the same reason. Since I am not an outdoor person, the West had minimal appeal. Finally, when a job opened in Mississippi, I decided to apply for it -- with fear and trepidation. I had seen enough television news programs to believe the state was located in the exact center of the heart of darkness, populated by a white citizenry that could hardly wait for nightfall to don their white sheets and trash innocent blacks.

I got the job and moved from spring temperatures in the 40s to temperatures in the 80s, all in a three days' drive. Any northern Majority member who decides to follow my example should be prepared for the radical change in climate. Even with air conditioning, there is still the hair-curling humidity to contend with. At first it took almost as much stamina to do the yardwork as it had taken to shovel snow in subfreezing temperatures in the Midwest.

Possibly because the neighbors figured that even a Yankee like myself could not be all bad (I kept up my yard during the summer), various neighbors eventually dropped by to introduce themselves. It was a strange feeling. I had lived in one neighborhood up north for eight years and had met only three families.

Almost invariably I was asked if I had joined any local church. When I replied in the negative, I was immediately invited to worship with them. In the North this sort of invitation would be considered presumptuous. Down here it is simply assumed that anyone in a white-collar occupation is a churchgoer.

Watching the comings and goings of throngs of relatives at my neighbors' homes introduced me to another aspect of Southern culture, the extended family. My own family had gone the way of American mobility, scattered from the Midwest as far as California and Florida. Most Southerners cannot conceive how anyone can live more than 45 miles from Mama and Daddy.

Majority culture is in much better shape in Mississippi than in most other parts of the United States, probably because the whites are overwhelmingly Anglo-Saxon. There is only the merest sprinkling of "ethnics." Most white Mississippians are either preponderantly Nordic or Nordic-Mediterranean. I would guess that some of the Mediterranean ancestry came from the Mississippi delta region and Louisiana, which have had periods of Spanish and French rule.

The whites here are better looking than their Midwestern counterparts. For one thing they are taller and more slender than my previous neighbors, most of whom were Alpines of southern German or Polish descent. They had a plodding diligence and maintained a sober family life, but were secretive, stolid and generally unimaginative. Mississippi's Nordics and semi-Nordics also have their faults and limitations, which seem to have more of an environmental than a genetic base. Mississippians tend to suffer more from the enervating summer climate and their state's tragic history than from any inherited deficiencies.

In regard to the race issue, there is probably less miscegenation in Mississippi now than before desegregation. The large numbers of mulattoes attest to covert crossings of the color line in slavery days, although most Mississippi blacks are darker than the blacks I saw in the North.

I ascribe the decline in miscegenation to two reasons: (1) black men are in a better position to protect black women now; (2) there are fewer black domestic workers. It is no secret that some white boys of "good families" had their sexual debuts with black women, probably prompted in part by the genuine affection felt by white children for their black nursemaids. Such contradictions are a part of the Southern culture that never fails to baffle Northerners.

If it were not for the incredible number of novelists from Mississippi, society here could be considered anti-intellectual. The public libraries have a much higher pro-

portion of fiction than Northern libraries. Some observers of the Southern scene attribute this philistinism to the rigid orthodoxy established before the Civil War to defend the institution of slavery. Other "experts" consider the mild winters to be conducive to a lot of sports, hunting and gardening, which prevent Southerners from reading as much as snow-bound Northerners. The positive effect of this anti-intellectualism is that it insulated a lot of Southerners from the alien thought processes of the liberal-minority coalition. The negative side is that Southerners were not equipped to properly present their case to the nation during the civil rights uproar. Symbolic of the anti-intellectualism here is that a lot of Mississippians are very proud of William Faulkner, but few have ever read his books.

The advantages of living in Mississippi more than compensate for the steamy summers and the social limitations of otherwise genuinely nice people. After two months or so of the summer boil, the climate is comparatively mild. The people's manners are unbelievably good, and many of them have a genuine desire to be helpful to newcomers. Probably because of the religiosity of this society, the personal morals of much of the white population are extremely high by national standards. Although there is a strain of social reformism in Southern Protestantism, Southern churches have not become the targets, at least socially, of minority militancy, as have some Northern-based denominations. Most religiosity down here could be described as pietistic, hardshell and a bit emotional. Wotan worshippers would not fit in here at all.

One very pleasant aspect of life in the Deep South is caused by the very poverty of the post-Civil War era. Since few had the money to ape the often garish Victorian mansions of the Northern plutocrats, the antebellum mansions that survived the war also survived Reconstruction. Mississippi has a number of homes, government buildings and churches that were untouched or at least not destroyed by the rampaging boys in blue. I believe that the pride many Mississippians show in their modern homes stems in part from the tasteful example set by antebellum plantation owners.

For the male Majority member who has recently migrated to the Deep South, there is the added attraction of the Southern belle. Many competent professional women in Mississippi fortunately lack the hard-edged, dogmatic aggressiveness of liberated Northern career women. Never

as fluttery as Yankees assumed, the Southern belles worked very hard to keep the Confederacy going while their men were away fighting. Their descendants exhibit a similar component of true grit. Southern women also dress better than many Northern women, perhaps because they devote more time to grooming, perhaps because lesbian chic has not yet caught on down here.

Since most Majority parents are seriously concerned about education, I should add something on that subject. I share the opinion of numerous local whites, not all of them staunch segregationists by any means, that forced school integration lowered the overall quality of public education in Mississippi. In too many cases, educational and disciplinary standards were lowered to accommodate black students. In many places there has been a white exodus

to private schools, which maintain superior discipline and a higher quality of instruction.

In regard to economic conditions and job opportunities, Mississippi is in the booming Sunbelt, though it is not really sharing the rate of growth of the region. There are few overnight fortunes to be made here, except perhaps in urban real estate. The state government is trying to balance agriculture with light, nonpolluting industry. Taxes are low, as are wages, but prices for manufactured goods shipped in from other states are high. The high cost of food is surprising in view of the amount of produce grown here. Owing to a lack of native managerial skill, many factories are run by non-Mississippians. Hardly any Mississippi industrial town is without a colony of Yankee managers.

The state government has been success-

ful in keeping taxes low because so many improvement projects were paid for with federal revenue-sharing money -- actually indirect subsidies from Northern states. Mississippi receives \$1.99 from the federal government for every \$1.00 sent to Washington. With this money an economic infrastructure of sorts was developed to attract Northern industries fleeing labor unions, high wages, expensive fuel and urban blight. What it boils down to is that Northern states helped cut their own throats financially. I am convinced that this is exactly what certain Southern politicians planned.

I hope this information will be helpful to Instaurationists unhappy with their Northern address and Northern life style. If more of us moved down here, the evidence would show up in more Southern zip codes in the "Safety Valve."

This One Isn't

After living in redneck country for over three years, my onetime oleaginous, magnolia-scented vision of the southland has begun to dissolve. I left the northeast to escape the million-footed minorities, the nauseating Mercedes-Benz liberalism and the filth-littered, unswept streets. What I found in its place was mentally and physically more sanitary, but no great improvement.

Religion down here is a total embarrassment to all sentient humans. The spectacle of 20th-century men and women listening in slack-jawed awe and reverence to such superstitious, irrational, incoherent Middle-Eastern gibberish is frightening. The average Bible Belt preacher can tell more lies and chop more logic than all the liberal-minority mediocrats in Yankeedom, while the hicks in the pews blubber with affection over "Jay-zuss."

I happen to be a young Nordic guy who tries to work hard, keep my nails clean, and live a fairly unopprobrious life. I don't happen to buy the Jesus story. He may have been or he may not have been. Broadly interpreted, the New Testament often expresses some true and uplifting spiritual insights. Maybe white lies and theological crutches are necessary for certain overwhelmed, insecure souls. But wouldn't it be better in the long run to develop a poetic yet credible religion that both satisfies our spiritual craving and provides rational answers to some of the mysteries that blow our minds? Anything less would seem to be a quantum leap backward.

The point is that Southern true believers actually think I am going to hell -- a profound truth they deduce from the inspired teachings of Billy Graham and Jerry Falwell.

Rednecks and Whitenecks

In white society here there are two social categories, neither of which makes a Northerner feel comfortable. They are the rednecks and the whitenecks. Economically, the redneck ranges from poor white trash to skilled craftsman to nouveau riche salesman or small businessman. Both a rowdy vulgarian and a good ole boy, he is a rockheaded yahoo. He hates any book "larning" that isn't immediately financially rewarding or cannot be immediately applied to his job and his everyday life. Anyone who wants to read or write, to wonder, to appreciate the aesthetic angles of existence is out of step -- maybe even queer.

Redneck life is a macho bravado life. The idea is to fight, argue and make trouble, whenever simple diplomacy or accommodation can solve petty problems easier and quicker. Living is just a matter of feeling good, getting drunk, sexing it up, doing just enough work to get by, and smoking, chewing, snorting and gumming tobacky. (Mah grand-daddy, he done smoked three packs a day for 85 years and ah'm dumb enough to see if ah kin do it, too!) Rednecks, who favor greasy grits and other tasteless carbohydrates, see to it that all food is cooked to a pulp. Instead of commuting to work in a Honda Civic, everyone must have a big, gas-guzzling, four-wheel-drive monstrosity with at least 250 horses and eight premium-gas-burning cylinders. When Jesus returns, he will probably come in a fleet of old V-16 Cad-dies so all his Dixiecrat following can ride in style to Judgment Day.

Rednecks believe it is essential to drive their muffler-dragging heaps at least 40 mph over the speed limit. Most of their vehicles require a stairway to heaven to get

in and out of, since they are at least 10-15 feet off the ground with gargantuan seven-foot, \$300 tires mounted on \$200 magnesium wheels. What if the proud owner gets only three miles to the gallon and only takes home 10 grand a year and has six kids? He will scrounge up the money somehow or keep borrowing at HFC. Other vehicular variants consist of jacked-up rear end jalopies with hundreds of hours and dollars invested in weekend shade-tree mechanicking. As for driving technique, the steersman must be drunk or stoned out of his mind, and his masculinity will be in doubt if he doesn't squeal his wheels at every traffic light. For the hickier hicks who work in the boondocks or in construction, a two-wheel, rear-drive, mud-splattered pickup is the thing, complete with gun rack. If you have served time or are about to serve time, then a huge roaring motorcycle, driven with total irresponsibility and without a helmet will suffice.

Rednecks torture the English language until today becomes to-dy-ee; well, wy-ell, and so on. Diphthongs are plugged in where they don't belong and stretch out into extra syllables. The vocal airstream, full of twang and drawl, is detoured through the adenoids and nasal passages. It never takes the shorter, more direct route straight up the throat and out the teeth.

Whenever the Southerner wearies of double-clutching, accelerator flattening and burning rubber, then it's time to despoil the idyllic beauty of the nearest lake with a fiberglass boat. The V-8 engine, souped up to sound like a ton of Chinese firecrackers, soaks up a gallon of gas every 60 seconds, erupting a cloud of black, smelly exhaust. Meanwhile, the country

rock on the tape player deafens the ears of the drunken, obstreperous crew. If they don't manage to laminate the lake with a greasy oil slick, they'll do a Billy Carter number over the gunwales.

Rednecks and whitencks love to kill. After losing the Civil War and the civil rights war, they get rid of their frustrations by shooting the hell out of wild boars, duck, deer or any other crawling critter -- a pastime second only to looking at "Hee Haw" and "The Dukes of Hazzard." Some rednecks prefer to take pitchforks in hand and go out at night with a flashlight and stab frogs. This interesting sport is called frog giggin'.

Southern lower crusters get married early. As soon as Ellie Mae buys her first lipstick and Jimmy Bob John has his first shave, then it's time to stroll up the aisle of the Baptist Church up there apiece in the holler. Never mind that they are both wet-behind-the-ears teenagers, never mind that they don't know how to make a living, never mind that they are totally immature, goalless and devoid of education. Just get married because everybody else does it, before he or she drops out of high school. Then make sure the bride gets pregnant right away. Then get divorced a year later and let the teenage wife live a messed-up life with baby until it grows up and repeats

the insane cycle.

Rednecks love to hang out at drive-ins and shopping centers. Plenty of conformist, peer-pressured socializing is balm for their psyches. Leisure time is spent in idle, nonstimulating, 10-word vocabulary chatter, while playing video games and pinball machines and slouching around the jukebox. The cardinal rule is that free time, which is never spent on self-improvement, professional betterment or cultural activity, must be an inexorable, mind-numbing waste.

Genetic Ghosts

Both rednecks and whitencks are more regionalist than racist. They can sure nuff differentiate between a nigguh and a Jew boy, a Yankee and a good ole boy. But they never forgive and forget the Civil War.

Some of the Neanderthal tendencies may be ascribed to cultural retrenchment. Other primeval traits may be racially based. A lot of Southerners do not act completely white because they are not completely white. There are more blacks in the woodpile and injuns in the wigwams than they care to talk about. Many Southerners exhibit coarse, lumpy, craggy, dubiously Majority facial traits. A lot of body types are saddled with a fat dumpiness. Dark complexions and kinky hair reveal an awful

genetic truth. So does the endemic physical and mental laziness and the violent, irascible behavior.

Southern anti-intellectualism once served a purpose -- to resist the liberal-minority dogmas that have saturated the area since Reconstruction, dogmas stowed in the carpetbags of the carpetbaggers. But a stagnant mind is a dead mind. The upper-class whitenck is just a rustic replay of 10- to 15-year-old East and West Coast cultural fads. Just recently, middle-class Nashvillians have started to wear designer jeans and drive BMWs.

The whitencks are ashamed of rednecks, but never do anything to get them out of their Stone Age lifestyle. Some whitencks are New South scalawags; others are money-grubbing, lobotomized Babbitts. Cliquish and exclusive, their primary interest is in tangibles and in the props of social status. They are as shallow and plasticky as a soap dish.

No, the South is no promised land for intelligent Majority members. At best it offers a few good behavioral traits -- respect for elders, regional loyalty, some reverence for past traditions and a folksy hospitality. Go West! said Horace Greeley. Don't go South! says me.

Two Different Cases of Shyness

We hear constantly that racial mixing increases our understanding. But "know thyself" remains the beginning of wisdom, and racial mixing brings with it the great risk of mistaking alien natures for our own.

Take the case of shyness. Nearly half of all Americans think of themselves as shy, and few are altogether pleased about it. A Stanford psychologist named Philip G. Zimbardo has received major publicity for his Shyness Clinic. But is his understanding equal to the problem?

Consider a hypothetical small-town classroom, filled with solidly built, ruddy-faced "all-American" boys. In this rough and tumble environment, two individuals stand out. One is a tall, extremely thin lad with fine features and pale blue eyes who, despite his height, looks two years younger than his classmates. The other is short, dark and heavy-set, with rough, asymmetrical features betraying a totally different ancestry. Both boys suffer immensely from their shyness, yet their plights have almost nothing in common.

If one could magically place the boys in social settings where their body types were the norm instead of deviational, one would find, in the case of the pale, stooping ectomorph, an extraordinarily quiet, thoughtful and reticent society; and, in the case of the

dark meso-endomorph, a primarily loud, brash, reactive one. In other words, one of the boys is naturally shy, while the other has been "repressed" by his human surroundings -- namely, a bunch of tall Nordic youths who will not countenance the shortest and "funniest-looking" person in their midst doing the most talking, and who let him know it by their condescending looks, with never a word being spoken.

Consider the case of Zimbardo himself. Asked in a recent interview if he was ever shy, he answered, "Never. No. I come from a large Italian family. I was the first born. My mother said, 'You are in charge of the family. Make them comfortable.' Always being concerned about others -- that's the opposite of being shy." Thus, for Zimbardo, shyness is incompatible with concern for others -- a remarkable assertion for a so-called "shyness expert," and luckily one contradicted by biographies without number.

In an earlier interview, Zimbardo was more revealing. There he told of growing up in an ethnic neighborhood in New Jersey and then being uprooted and sent to school with a swarm of WASPs in California. In place of all the carefree, slap-happy mugging and aping and glad-handing and clowning, as seen in any Fellini

movie or on TV's "Welcome Back, Kotter," -- in place of this *behavioral formlessness* came a strict regimen in which every unwitting gesture seemed to be under the analytic glare of an Ingmar Bergman. Worst of all, Zimbardo's alien looks and his "new boy" status made him low man on the classroom totem pole, and hence even the limited exuberances which were permitted his "betters" were scorned when his "lowly" self assayed them. Here was "repression" with a vengeance. In fact, a kind of Nordic hell. In those days, Zimbardo admitted, he was painfully shy.

But has Zimbardo ever understood the biological origins of his particular shyness, and how it differs from other kinds? Apparently not. He believes that shyness is "rooted in early childhood experiences." Among the causes he cites:

- Problems in school.
- Unfavorable comparisons with siblings and peers.
- Poor parental models.
- Lack of experience in social settings.
- Loss of usual social supports, resulting from frequent family moves or changes due to death, divorce, etc.

Each of these causes is partly valid, but together they seem to neglect the genetic components interacting with environment. More important, all are negative events, because Zimbardo, very wrongly, sees shyness as an almost totally negative phenomenon, as it was for him personally. Life in a multiracial setting did not bring him real understanding of group differences, and now his "Italian-approach" Shyness Clinic and his *Parent's Guide to the Shy Child* are keeping shy Northern Europeans from understanding themselves.

"Love unconditionally . . . find ways to praise . . . give and receive strokes" -- this is Zimbardo's cure for shyness. Be like a brown-eyed puppy dog -- gamboling affectionately about, flattering your master and demanding constant gratification in return. Don't copy the gray-eyed cat -- critical, aloof, precise. Ignore the writings of the turn-of-the-century ethnopsychologists, who found that the amount of flattery required as a lubricant in daily life increases sharply and steadily as one passes from northern to southern Europe. Above all,

interpret the shyness of your urban Nordic patients, whose reticent behavior may partly signify withdrawal from an increasingly brash environment, as the shyness of a small-town "ethnic" patient, who feels "repressed" by the cool, appraising eyes of Marlboro men and women.

A friend recently attended the reunion of a World War II unit from Pennsylvania. This particular outfit contained Italian, Slavic, German and British Americans in roughly equal numbers. But half the talking and joking was done by the gregarious Italians. The Slavs had a somewhat lower noise level, followed by the Germans and Irish, and, finally, the English, who seemed quietly overwhelmed by the swirl of confusion around them. Obviously, Zimbardo -- for whom shyness always signifies repression -- would declare the Italians to be the healthiest group present, and the English least healthy. A traditional Nordic psychologist, writing in the 1920s, would have reversed the verdict. Today he wouldn't get published.

There is certainly hope for scholars like

Zimbardo, who, in one picture, looks a bit like a swarthy, curly-haired Konrad Lorenz. The Italians in Italy, once very active in the fields of constitutional and racial psychology, often understood the innate behavioral differences between themselves and Northern Europeans better than the latter did. They were proud of what they were, and had reason to be.

But those who moved to a Nordic America often became defensive because of their minority status, occasionally ridiculing the WASP cultural elite which, biased as it inevitably was, at least enjoyed the kind of objectivity that goes with a secure, rooted position. Today, that America is no more. With WASPs largely confined to the countryside, Zimbardo's own group is actually closer to the racial norm in many urban areas. One hopes this new status will deliver them from the obscurantism and denial of differences which has sometimes compromised their considerable talents. One hopes that "white ethnic" psychologists in America will finally bury the idol called Everyman.

Bad Wind, Good Breeze

And now the good news from Poland: there will be no alien guestworkers, no nonwhite illegal immigrants anytime soon. That may sound like mordant humor, but it's not. It's a consideration that each of us should weigh in the balance as Moscow's surrogates beat down the locals.

Those of us in the West hate to admit it, but Communist northeastern Europe, for all its economic and political problems, is looming ever larger as the white race's ace in the hole. Germany's racists had a low opinion of the Slavic stock, but much of their feeling was disguised nationalism, and there is no excuse for our keeping their biases alive under gravely altered circumstances.

Consider the following:

1. A study of national IQ made in 21 European countries by a team of West German scientists (and reported in the September 1981 *Instauration*) found the Dutch, Germans and Poles on top, at 108-109, with the other countries trailing in the 96-106 range. The chief problem with this study is that samples came from one major city in each country (Warsaw in Poland's case), although socioeconomic status was controlled. There is considerable evidence that the elites of Communist countries congregate in the principal cities. This is true in the West, too, but there an influx of riff-raff is also common.

Furthermore, the *standard deviation* or variance among the Polish IQ scores is very large, as in the Mediterranean samples: Italy, Spain, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. This indicates a heterogeneous sample of un-

even quality. The mean IQs in Norway, Denmark and Austria are a bit lower than Poland's, but the standard deviations are also quite small.

2. A study of racial types in ten locales was recently made by the late Prof. Donald A. Swan and his colleague, Dr. Brunon Miszkiewicz of the Anthropological Institute in Wroclaw. It appeared in the April 1981 issue of *Neue Anthropologie* (Postfach 550380, 2000 Hamburg 55, West Germany). The Icelandic sample was found to be 88% Nordic, as opposed to Mediterranean, Armenoid and Lapponoid (Alpine). Four other samples -- taken in Kolo, 100 miles west of Warsaw; Hannover, in northwestern Germany; Pskow, in Russia, near the Estonian border; and Kursk, in southern Russia, near the Ukraine -- were all measured to be 53-56% Nordic. A Swiss and an Anglo-Saxon Mississippi sample followed in the 40-48% range. Pszcyna, near Katowice in southern Poland; Kalush in the Ukraine; and a south German sample followed at 20-28% Nordic. These last three were heavily Alpine. One study doesn't prove much, but it does suggest that important areas of Poland and Russia are approximately as Nordic as the white American South.

3. Poland's birthrate is presently a robust 19 per 1,000 people per year. In all Europe, only Ireland (21) and Albania (29) are higher. Iceland and Romania are equally high. The Polish rate is actually above the Soviet Union's (18), although the latter is probably greatly inflated by Moslem birthrates in the 30 to 40 range. In other words, Po-

land seems not only to be reasonably intelligent and reasonably Nordic but also remarkably prolific (by white standards). The birthrate in West Germany -- supposedly a "model society" the Poles should copy -- has been at a suicidal level of nine for three years running.

What would happen if Solidarity won? The people would become much *happier*, certainly. In a recent poll, only 3% said they would vote Communist, far fewer than in France, Italy, Finland and even Iceland. Nearly half would vote for a Christian Democratic party; the rest would split between Liberal and Socialist. Perhaps, in twenty years, the shops would be filled with consumer goods -- and the streets would be full of dark faces.

One must recognize that only two great power blocs are operative in the white world at this time. Only two applied ideologies exist. Communism makes subject peoples miserable and stifles their creativity -- but, unintentionally, it offers some hope of preserving them. Capitalism in its present guise generates mass happiness and mass individualism -- even as it chews the guts out of any *people* which thrives under it.

Until a third way is found, a way which balances the needs of the group and the individual, racial loyalties will be increasingly at variance with national loyalties. Our forefathers suffered and agonized just as much as present-day Poles -- and we are here not in spite of it, but *because of it*.

Hosanna Politics

On October 29, Senator John Glenn spoke on the nuclear arms race in the Levin Ballroom at Brandeis University. He was sponsored by the Martin Weiner Distinguished Lectureship Fund.

On November 8, Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill was honored at Congregation Mishkan Tefila's Good Neighbor Night in nearby Brookline, Massachusetts. The same synagogue has honored Senator Edward Kennedy, Richard Cardinal Cushing and others.

On November 15, the New England Regional Board of the Anti-Defamation League met at Boston's Park Plaza Hotel. Senator Paul Tsongas was the guest speaker, and awards were presented to various black, Catholic and legal leaders.

That same night, 3,000 miles away, First Lady Nancy Reagan was in Beverly Hills to receive the Scopus Award, honoring "leadership and humanitarianism," from the American Friends of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Master of ceremonies was Frank Sinatra.

The following evening, former President Gerald Ford and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger spoke at an ADL gala in New York.

It was a typical three weeks in American politics. Doubtless other "righteous Gentiles" spoke at other Jewish functions. These particular items just happened to coagulate out of our unceasing hemorrhage of newsworthy stories.

It's awfully hard not to vote along with a people who sing hosannas to you. It's all too easy to forget how fickle their hosannas proved to be in A.D. 66 and 132.

Reaganomics, No, Jensenomics, Sí

David Stockman's confessions in the *Atlantic* have caused some to wonder if that forgotten media creature, John Anderson, wasn't right after all when he said that Reagan's economic policies were "done with mirrors." *Instauration* would like to suggest that most current economic theories have as little substance as mirror images when it comes to dealing with productivity. No one, conservative, liberal or Marxist, seems to take into consideration the biophysical truth that high-IQ people produce more and low-IQ people produce less. It should be no surprise that job selection based on intelligence tests greatly increases productivity, provided the population has a significant IQ variance. (Owing to its racial mishmash, the U.S. boasts an IQ variance outtopped by any country this side of Alpha Centauri.)

As we all know, the liberal-minority axis is moving heaven and earth to prohibit the



Arthur Jensen

use of IQ tests. It's a very costly mistake, Arthur Jensen recently told the American Psychological Association. Jensen made these four important points:

1. Random job assignment instead of assignment based on mental test scores may cost the U.S. economy as much as \$169 billion a year.
2. Completely abandoning or outlawing the use of mental tests, as opposed to their current limited utilization, would result in a productivity loss of \$80 billion per year.
3. Just relaxing the cutoff levels for tests (a common trick of the racial quota boys) probably costs \$54 to \$60 billion per year.
4. Maximal use of IQ tests could increase productivity by about \$80 to \$100 billion above present annual levels.

Though Jensen didn't say so, the most effective use of IQ tests might be in selecting for the most important job of all -- the job of parent. If this became standard operating procedure, many of our most nagging economic questions would fade into the woodwork faster than you can say John Kenneth Galbraith. As the science of animal husbandry has amply demonstrated, you can breed for almost anything -- weight, speed, intelligence, whatever. If so, why not breed humans for productivity? Why not breed out the itch to take and breed in the itch to make?

Needed: Mrs. O'Leary's Cow

The elevators in Chicago's black housing projects break down constantly -- partly because many residents use them as urinals. When the white repairmen come around, the residents spit down the shafts on them, urinate on them, or occasionally mug them. "You're supposed to get used to it," says one. They carry emergency radios now.

Anyone trapped in an elevator should expect a long wait because the first thing the maintenance janitors do is remove all emergency bells. Otherwise the constant ringing would drive them crazy.

Chicago Tribune columnist Bill Granger says that one must experience Chicago's high-rise projects to know how awful they are. The stench of urine is pervasive. Broken bottles and feces litter the stairs. "Apartments are routinely mutilated when tenants move out -- including gouging out walls, tearing down doors, ripping up bathroom fixtures, setting rooms on fire." Women keep their children locked in their apartments for safety, and some, it is claimed, have never been outside their housing project before entering school. "These projects are simply an extension of hell."

Sociologist Philip Hauser warns that civil war may overtake Chicago by the year 2000. The city was 60% white as recently as 1970, but may be only 15% white twenty years from now. A black government will take power before 1990, but will have to exist on federal or state subsidies. More and more white contractors, though hard-pressed by the recession, are refusing to accept work in the city. One says that his workers won't go there because they fear for their lives, and would likely find their equipment stolen and their work vandalized.

Chicago's black middle class is a house of cards waiting to collapse. The black-run Chicago Transit Authority (CTA) has several hundred more clerical workers in its headquarters now than five years ago, but several hundred fewer buses on the streets. Some of the typists are making \$22,000 to \$24,000 a year. The problem is that many can't type -- and can't be fired.

Last summer, the CTA's central accounting facility received a surprise visit from the mayor's Office of Municipal Investigations (OMI) with a television crew and several reporters in tow. More than half a million uncounted dollar bills were found randomly strewn around one room. Many of them had been torn to pieces. The security guard was missing, and the back door was wide open. "It was just a zoo," said OMI director James Maurer. "It was unbelievable." No one could say if 5,000 or perhaps 200,000 bills had simply been pocketed.

Black alderman Marion Humes was enraged by the episode. Sending the cameramen around was "a dirty trick. We are going down the road to fascism." Black CTA chairman Eugene Barnes attacked his agency's critics, but said that a new contract would pay the black Seaway National Bank \$25 for each \$1,000 it counted.

According to supply-side economist Arthur B. Laffer, the only growth industry left in Chicago is pimping and drug peddling. Pimps and pushers have the advantage of a tax-free income.

Strangers in Black

The "May 19th" faction of the Weather Underground, to which Izzy Stone's niece Kathy Boudin belonged, was "totally Third World-oriented." Its members insisted that an attitude called "white skin privilege" makes all white accomplishments, including their own, dubious.

Even so, the faction's power structure was kept strictly segregated. Why? Because the original Weathermen were whites who had been segregated in expensive graduate schools and were unfamiliar with black lifestyles. Consequently, they feared they would not be able to spot a black informer or undercover cop.

The Russian Bolsheviks were fond of attacking "class privilege," but when their particular class came to power it was kept rigidly apart. The paradox of the far left is that their self-immolating pieties have no contact with reality while their self-insulating practices are straight from the hyper-realistic writings of a Richard Swartzbaugh. Fearing strangers is the most natural thing in the world -- because strangers can be dangerous. Yet any leftist intellectual worth his pepper-and-salt could write a 500-page tract "proving" that safety lies in embracing the alien.

Bloc Begets Bloc

Alabama's professional liberals are in a dither because the white voters of Birmingham finally got fed up with black bloc-voting and bloc-voted back at them. The root of the problem is the roughly equal numbers of the two races in the city. Even though the white population has 8,000 more registered voters, blacks could elect a mayor and several citywide council members in 1979 because nearly all of them voted a "straight black" ticket.

When Mayor Richard Arrington actively supported an all-black "Citizens Coalition" slate of candidates in last November's City Council election, the scales began falling from many white eyes. For the first time, large numbers of (nonprofessional) white liberals voted a "straight white" slate. Consequently, four of the five white candidates won handily while only one of five blacks snuck in.

Many whites readily announced their "distress" and "disgust" at voting what they called a "racist ticket." But they felt they had no choice. Dr. Ed Lewis, a political science professor at the University of Alabama's Birmingham campus, said, "Whites are quite paranoid now." For him, the white victory was "rather tragic." "We have not moved back (to the Sixties). We've moved in a different direction which may be even scarier." Even in the days that gave Birmingham a "bad reputation," one knew that some charitable whites would let some black candidates win.

Rather than admitting the inevitability of the black-white split in Birmingham, re-elected councilman John Katopodis, who has a Ph.D. from Harvard, blamed polarization on the mayor and proclaimed, "The black and white people are sick to death of racial politics." He should have been grateful that racial politics had finally caught up with the white voters: only an estimated 6% of blacks voted for him, while a 97% white vote gave him 53% overall.

Some blacks blamed the moderate *Birmingham News* for "stirring up" the white vote. Everyone had a favorite culprit. The truth is that when distinct racial groups approach demographic equality, polarization becomes unavoidable. If one group comes out on top solely because it is more unified, then the other group will grow resentful and try to beat it at its own game. This lesson has not yet sunk in for a 60% Majority America. But as the Majority itself becomes another minority, rest assured that it will.

Back to Miami

On again, off again, on again, off again! *Instauration* blindly -- and as it turned out stupidly -- depended on the press to tell the news straight in regard to presidential appointments of federal agency heads, particularly the White House's nomination of Norman Braman to run the Immigration and Naturalization Service. It was Braman, the gung-ho Reaganite Miami car dealer, who welcomed 120,000 pieces of Cuban flotsam and jetsam with open arms to south Florida in 1979. After the *Washington Post* had announced Braman was Reagan's choice for INS boss, the nomination was officially "cold-storaged" for a month or two. Every American with an ounce of gray matter hoped that Reagan or the people who do Reagan's thinking for him had decided it was a little too much to put a man who applauded the violation of immigration laws in charge of enforcing immigration laws. Nevertheless, it was officially announced or, more accurately, re-announced that Braman was the president's choice for the job and the nomination was sent to the Senate for confirmation. So the grim possibility of Braman being INS commissioner was becoming a grim certainty. But at the last minute we were saved by the bell -- the funereal bell of economic depression. The dismal state of the auto industry was having such a deleterious effect on his profit and loss sheet that Braman himself renounced the job in order to lend his Midas Touch to reviving his ailing auto dealership.

The latest scoop is that Alan Nelson, currently INS Deputy Commissioner, will head the agency. If Reagan doesn't change his mind again or his mind changers don't change his mind for him again, Nelson, an old Reagan political sidekick from Cali-

fornia, may finally take over the vital job that has been vacant for 25 months -- at a time when immigration is by far the most important and so far one of the most ignored issues in American politics. The continuing neglect of the INS, which is directly responsible for the accelerated inflow of the great unwashed and the great unwanted, is damning proof of the total irresponsibility and dereliction of duty of our present breed of American presidents.

Crime Front

Americans are addicted to crime statistics, but don't know how to interpret them. One recent syndicated article said that the states with the highest per capita prison populations are South Carolina, Florida, North Carolina, Delaware and Georgia, while North Dakota and New Hampshire come last. (It's the hot weather that drives the crackers crackers.) Another nationally distributed report noted that East St. Louis, Illinois, has the nation's highest murder rate (1 of 1,418 people murdered each year), followed by Kilgore, Texas, and Compton, California. East St. Louis also led in rapes (1 of 187 women raped in 1979), followed by Highland Park and Benton Harbor, Michigan, and Jacksonville Beach, Florida. All of these little hamlets and suburbs had higher crime rates than the big cities. (It's the deep shade, the noisy crickets, the suburban isolation that drives those Ozzie and Harriet types buggy.)

Yet Boulder, Colorado, and Greece, New York, with populations of over 80,000 each, had no murders in 1979. Suburban West Hartford, Connecticut, almost as large, had no rapes. Fairfield Township, Ohio, population 33,470, had no robberies.

Will Americans ever be told that those crazy crime rates they are forever puzzling over are really as simple as black and white?

* * *

White columnists continue to have a field day using black attacks against their family members to build their cases against everything except black crime. Pete Hamill is the latest entrant in this whopping irrelevance competition. His old mother just got mugged for the fourth time in two years. Now she has a permanent tremor in her right arm.

"It wasn't always like this," says Mom. "We lived through the Depression and the war, and it was never like this." Now she and Pop are "prisoners of fear" in their home, the family is in a rage, and "things can only get worse" because "a new breed of mutants" has taken over our cities. It all adds up to a perfect opportunity to plug gun control.

Still the Same

When it comes to statistics, the modifier "vital" is overworked. Nevertheless, two truly vital statistics caught our eye recently. They speak volumes about the nature of changes in American life.

First, the violent crime rate on the campus of Iowa State University during 1979 was zero. Not one assault was reported by its 21,881 students.

Second, the rate of federal student loan defaults at the University of South Dakota the same year was 1%, the lowest in the nation. All-black Howard University was tops at 67%.

Iowa is a state which, in 1971, had 40 counties with either a majority or plurality of mostly British Methodists, 29 counties dominated by German or Scandinavian Lutherans, 27 counties where mostly German Catholics led, and 3 counties most heavily populated by German Reformed church congregants. The 1980 census showed Iowa to be the whitest state in the union.

South Dakota is a state which, in 1971, had majorities or pluralities of Lutherans in 32 counties, Catholics in 27, Episcopalians 3, Methodists 2, Presbyterians 1, Reformed Church 1, and United Church of Christ 1. Excepting a 5% Indian minority, virtually everyone is Nordic.

Obviously, nothing too terribly fundamental has changed in student bodies which go peaceably about their business and always pay their debts. For all the rock music, long hair and unisex clothing which unnerves their grandparents, these kids are cut from the traditional family-oriented cloth. Their grandparents don't always realize that -- partly because certain people don't want them to realize it.

The big media love to run stories showing how crime and vandalism are sweeping through all of America's youth. It's never too hard to uncover an epidemic of mayhem in some all-white Kansas high school to make the point. Farm boys are pictured, scowling and smirking in front of a spray-painted community center, cigarettes dangling from their lips.

Lesson: None of us is immune from the social plague, so we'll just have to live with it. Case dismissed.

Those two vital statistics from the heart of white America tell a different story. They say that the American people haven't really broken down; they're simply being replaced.

Way Out

If there are going to be kooky cults in America, which run members' lives and regulate their minds, then it's probably just as well they make books like *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* and *The Myth of the*

Six Million required reading and encourage survival training. It beats wearing saffron gowns and chanting "Hare Krishna" ten hours a day.

Most observers agree that the fastest growing entry in the cult sweepstakes is The Way International, headquartered in New Knoxville, Ohio, with nearly 100,000 followers and assets approaching \$30 million. Only the scientologists are larger and they have been around a lot longer. Founding father Victor Paul Wierwille demands that every serious member read works which argue that the Holocaust was a Zionist fraud.

Meanwhile, down on the Arkansas-Missouri border, in the tiny settlement of Zarephath-Horeb, a hundred fundamentalist men, women and children carry guns with them everywhere and await the collapse of Western civilization. They are kindly people who believe that a militaristic god has chosen them to survive the coming Armageddon, which some see in distinctly racial terms. It was hard for members to exchange good wages in the urban jungles for a spartan life of cedar-logging and odd-jobbing around an encampment of beat-up trailers and log homes -- but not too hard. They insist they have found something they never knew before: brotherly love. Many of the first tribesmen were rehabilitated alcoholics or drug addicts, but the newer recruits are stable family men whose forty children help enliven the scene.

The Way also practices weapons training at its colleges in Kansas and Indiana and its 100-acre camp in Colorado. Wierwille, a Princeton Theological Seminary graduate, started the group back in 1942 but waited until the late 1960s for his first real success -- among burned-out hippies in San Francisco. After that, things took off to the point where his latest Rock of Ages festival drew 16,000 believers, nearly all of them young and white. Now fifty local units meet several times each week in the Washington, D.C., area alone. One member there is U.S. Court of Claims Judge Robert M.M. Seto. After just four years in Macon, Georgia, fifty local families are involved.

Cult experts like Stanley Dokupil of the Spiritual Counterfeits Project in Berkeley, California, have to admit that The Way has a relatively clean record. It appears to use no physical coercion and very little mind control. On the other hand, a new study of more than 400 deprogrammed cult members from 48 cults, reported in the January 1982 issue of *Science Digest*, shows lasting mental and emotional damage in many cases. The average cult member spends 55 hours each week in mind-stilling mantras, exercises or devotions. For many, the result is nightmares, amnesia, violent outbursts, hallucinations, a "floating" in and out of altered states, or an inability to break the

mental rhythms of chanting.

Among the big cults, Scientology seems to be the most dangerous, followed by Hare Krishna, the Unification Church (Moonies) and the Divine Light Mission. Even in The Way, life frequently means rising at 4 A.M. for prayers, dashing off to two jobs to raise money for the cause, burning the books your leader happens to disagree with, and rearranging your mind so that you can "speak in tongues" on command. If you can't gibber instantaneously, then you haven't been saved. Whether this kind of regimen represents a net gain or loss for some of its disoriented Majority joiners is an open question.

Father Lenny

After ten years, the "Mass" of Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Schwartz was revived at Washington's Kennedy Center. Many of those in attendance were less than pleased. James T. Taaffe called it a "travesty set to music," and a "love-in . . . psychodrama" which "savaged our liturgies" and caricatured the priest.

Living Libraries

Books on Hispanic Americans, black Americans and Asian Americans stream from the big presses. Look under these subject headings in any library and you will find a wide array of fresh, glossy-looking books. Their appearance alone keeps them from being pitched out. Turn next to the books with titles like *Anglo-Saxon Unity* (by C.A. Brooke-Cunningham, 1925), *Pan-Germanism* (by Roland G. Usher, 1913), *Race Life of the Aryan Peoples* (by Joseph P. Widney, 1907), and *Northern Studies* (by Edmund Gosse, 1890). Each of these books, and hundreds more like them, was brought out by a top publisher of the day. Now they look dull, gray and inconspicuous -- easy targets for an overzealous librarian.

Consider that a word like "Teutonic" was nearly as familiar in American life early in this century as "Latin" is today, while "Hispanic" was almost unknown until recently; and consider that the use of "Hispanic" now dominates "Teutonic" by a ratio of 10,000 to 1. "Teutonic" is now almost restricted to discussions of "mad Nazis"; "Germanic" is limited to linguistics and other specialized fields; "Nordic" refers only to the 20 million Scandinavians, or to a type of blonde film star; "Northern European" is merely a geographic designation; "Aryan" is unspeakable. While the media debate the fine points of labels like "Chicano" and "Hispanic" and "Latino" on a regular basis, we no longer even have a serious name, much less an identity -- except in those musty old books.

In Washington state, a woman carries on

a lone crusade to keep libraries from pitching their old books. She insists on seeing what they are throwing out, and when she does she is aghast. "Why, this is better than most of the new purchases!" she exclaims. The recent budget cuts have her almost frantic. Unnumbered libraries now have zero room for expansion, yet the presses continue to roll 24 hours a day. The big-money men plug their new books, and the novelty-craving public demands that these be stocked. Out the back door, out a thousand back doors, go Usher, Widney, Gosse and Co. -- very quietly. In the front door, with lights and fanfare, come *Brown Power*, by Stan Steiner, along with *Pan-Africanism*, *Viva la Raza!*, *Never Again* and *Black Unity*.

The cells in a human body are replaced over a seven year span, and living libraries are not too different. We dare not assume that, when we are reduced to a small minority in our own land, the books of our mighty past will continue ticking away like time bombs in a thousand musty archives. The fact is that book-burning and book-shredding go on constantly in America, though the motives are usually practical rather than ideological. In the long run, the motives will not make much difference.

Humble Filipinas And Unhumble Brünnhildes

Tired of women's lib, men? Want an "exotic, humble doll" who will wait on you hand and foot and never complain? An Antwerp-based marriage agency called Exotus is offering the European male two million Filipinas, aged 18 to 35, to marry, exploit, perhaps impregnate, and eventually discard. Everyone comes out ahead: the white hedonists have their fun and the yellow women gain legal entry to white nations -- yes, everyone comes out ahead except the white race. The Philippine government is looking into unethical recruitment practices. The Belgian government doesn't give a damn.

One Leo O. Zakaroff runs a similar scam in San Francisco. Send him 20 bucks and within 48 hours he'll send you the names, addresses, personal details and photos of 30 Filipino girls seeking husbands in the U.S. or Canada.

Hawaii is home to a third Asian bride import racket. "John and Kelly" charge \$100 for three issues of either *Cherry Blossoms* or *Lotus Blossoms*, which are packed with photos and data on hundreds of Asian women. Oddly, one recent issue included a single "French Algerian" living in Germany; she describes herself as a "Jewish Mormon" who likes to get a tan. John and Kelly have appeared on "To Tell the Truth," a Canadian TV show syndicated in the U.S., and on the Phil Donahue abomination. Magazines throughout North

America have carried laudatory articles on the "idealistic" couple.

Meanwhile, Sun Myung Moon's Jewish apostle-in-chief, Mose Durst, still rhapsodizing over last year's mass marriage of 843 interracial couples in Toronto, is planning a similar ceremony for 10,000 pairs. "The quickest way to end racism . . . is by encouraging interracial marriage," says Durst. "We believe in mix and match, shake and bake . . ."

When Moon's Unification Church missionaries broadcast their mongrelizing dogma in Brazil last summer, they were violently attacked by mobs in seven cities. Chanting "down with the monster, Moon," 2,000 students laid siege to his national headquarters in São Paulo. Police intervention protected the Moonies in nine other cities. Brazil's relatively responsible TV network had provoked the rioting with an exposé; its government, even though Brazil is no shining example of racial purity, is determined to keep top Moonies out.

In Washington, D.C., Moonies were happy to learn that WWDC radio host Howard Stern spent his October 22 program soliciting white dates for Negro callers. He chided those white women who weren't sure they wished to follow up his on-the-air matchmaking.

Is anything *good* stirring in the marriage business? Possibly. In a suburb of Rochester, an outfit called "Scannaclub" is trying to "join Scandinavian ladies with American gentlemen through letter-writing for meaningful relationships and possible matrimony." The club's female members, residing in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, are aged 18 to 68 and come from all walks of life. "All speak and write excellent English and are prepared to relocate if and when they find the right partner." The membership fee is a reasonable \$14 for 12 months, which entitles the member to up to five new names with photo and information each time they write. The preliminary questionnaire asks for race, hair and eye color, reading and music preferences, and other vital information. There are no promises of "humble dolls" simply because there is no evidence that "humble dolls" have lived in Scandinavia at any time during or since the Viking age. For further information, write Scannaclub, P.O. Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

The First Hellcat

In *The Complete Social Science Catalog* of Dover Publications which came in the month's junk mail was a blurb for *Living My Life*, "the autobiography of a devastatingly honest woman . . . brilliant, sensitive, a natural leader . . . a woman who devoted her life to erase suffering." If that wasn't enough, "her autobiography, written with vigor, ranks among the finest in England."

One would think that Emma Goldman, the subject of the above hype, was a modern Joan of Arc, not a Jewish hellcat from Russia, a turn-of-the-century Bernadine Dohrn or Kathy Boudin, who not so long after her arrival on these shores plotted with Alexander Berkman, a fellow Jewish dissident, to assassinate Henry Clay Frick, a Pennsylvanian of German origin who worked himself up from nothing to become one of the world's leading steelmakers. His reward was two bullets and two knife thrusts from Berkman. Goldman bought the gun, co-plotted the venomous scenario and took to the streets to help finance the operation. Her stint at prostitution, however, was unsuccessful, since she was an ugly, dwarfish creature, hardly five feet high and not exactly in the Xaviera Hollander class. Frick miraculously recovered; Berkman got 22 years and eventually retired to the unproletarian French Riviera; Emma got one year, not for conspiring to kill Frick, but for inciting to riot.

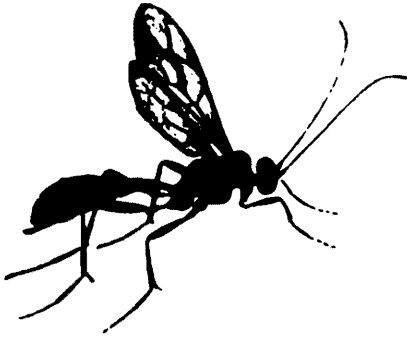
Emma just happened to be in San Francisco on July 26, 1916, when eight were killed and 40 were injured by a bomb set off in the middle of a parade by her friend, Tom Mooney. A year later she was in Russia lending her agitpropping talents to Lenin, the father of the Gulags. But she eventually broke with the Bolsheviks, perhaps because they didn't hand her a big enough political plum in their new gangster imperium.

As for the literary quality of the Goldman autobiography, one of its chief distinctions is the sordid, endless blabber about her meretricious liaisons -- her long and shabby affair with Ben Reitman, the so-called "king of the hobos," her tasteless shack-ups with a 30-year-old Swede when she was 52 (she went for his "blue eyes") and with a 36-year-old osteopath when she was 65. Although she sold herself to liberals as an apostle of peace and a "gentle anarchist," Goldman passed her remaining years urging Spaniards to kill other Spaniards in the Spanish Civil War and helping to fire up World War II with her racist hymns of hate against Hitler's Germany.

As the ad for *Living My Life* proves, all values in this sickest of sick ages have now been transvalued, all truth falsified, all virtues viced. A congenital liar is "devastatingly honest." A would-be whore is a "brilliant, sensitive and natural leader." A partner in an attempted murder and a sidekick of killers (Leon Czolgosz, McKinley's assassin, was another Goldman fan) "devoted her life to erase suffering."

See what they have done! They have taken our synonyms and turned them into antonyms. Good to them is evil to us. Our beauty is their ugliness. What they call life, we are learning -- all too slowly -- to call death.





Cholly Bilderberger



Sutter Lang is of two minds about Russians. "They're awful, but they do some things right," he says briefly. That opinion represents a considerable amount of field work in the U.S.S.R. itself.

"I met some very pleasant Russians there," he says wistfully. "We used to go out in the evenings and chase Jews, and I must say they showed zest for their work. The pleasure was unfeigned."

"Why would anyone 'feign' such an obvious pleasure?" his sister Eleanor asked with bland sarcasm the first time she heard this comment. We were in the drawing room of her house in Mill Valley. She was working on a large piece of embroidery on a stand, something to do with hounds and a stag.

"Lots of people are very odd about pleasure," Sutter said. "They do what they think they're supposed to do."

"According to La Rochefoucauld, the truth about pleasure always comes out, though," Eleanor said.

"Do be careful with those frogs," Sutter said earnestly.

"Isn't he wonderful," Eleanor said to me.

"Over here they grovel to Jews because it's the thing to do," Sutter said. "Over there — in Russia — I thought at first that they might be whacking Jews for the same reason. Just fashion. After all, it is state policy."

"To whack them in public?" Eleanor asked in disbelief. "Surely not. After all, the anti-Semitism there is hushhush, isn't it?"

"For the proletariat," Sutter explained. "But I was running around with policy makers. They can do what they please."

"How did you meet these policy makers?" Eleanor asked.

"It was arranged," Sutter said.

"By whom?"

Sutter looked at me.

"By me," I said.

"Of course," Eleanor said. "I should have guessed. Were they really policy makers?"

"The less respectable element," I said, "but still policy makers."

"There was a great deal of general merriment to begin with," Sutter said. "After which we would sally out in the early evenings for brisk walks in the cold. If we met Jews we would, naturally, share our exuberance with them."

"What did the passing proletariat think of such Regency swank?" Eleanor asked.

"Well, they rather enjoyed it. Stood about with great snaggle-toothed grins and urged us on."

"They knew they were watching policy makers at play?"

"I assume so."

"There was that indefinable aura of class difference," Eleanor said to me. "Rather like boys from Ivy on a spree in Harlem forty years ago."

"Well put," Sutter said delightedly. "It was very much like that. Except that the policy makers had fingers like sausages and heavy faces. The Russians tend to be portly."

"And dubiously tailored?"

"Very," Sutter agreed. "But what difference does that make? The important fact is that their pleasure was entirely unfeigned."

"So was yours, I presume."

"Wholly," Sutter said with satisfaction, rising and striding about the room. "I can remember bashing some choice specimens. One of them looked very much like Norman Mailer, by the way."

"What fun," Eleanor said.

"Isn't it curious how they change as they get older?" Sutter asked us seriously. "I saw a photograph of this Mailer when he was in his early twenties or so, and he looked almost human. But as they age, the latent monstrosity comes out and they end up just as unattractive as the ones that were that way to begin with."

"You're right," Eleanor said.

"Of course, I suppose that the really awful ones — the Begins — were that way in the cradle," Sutter said reflectively.

"I daresay," Eleanor said.

"It's very difficult to know just where Eleanor stands on race," Sutter said to me. "I never know whether she's agreeing with me or making fun of me."

Eleanor said nothing. Her eyes were fixed on her embroidery, and she worked with smooth deftness.

Through the windows I could see bare tree limbs, dusted with snow.

Sutter went off for a tramp in the woods and Eleanor and I had tea, served by an ancient but faultless maid.

"I used to worry about Sutter," Eleanor said. "But I don't any more. Something protects him. He's like a child — or a drunk, or a saint — and seems able to survive where others would perish."

"That's true."

"It has occurred to me that we — the adults — are the ones who are perishing. We're dying by inches — in a passive and cowardly fashion — but Sutter isn't. He's living. A rather special life, but it's all of a piece, and he doesn't have the *Angst* the rest of us have."

"True again."

She poured another cup of tea for us, her long, beautiful

fingers laced through the handle of the old silver pot.

"The rest of the family won't have him around," she said, "but I think he's such a wonderful joke on other people."

The pale winter sun had faded now, and the firelight was casting shadows.

"What saves Sutter," she went on, "is that he can't see how awful humanity is in general. He thinks it's only the Jews and the blacks and the rest of the famous minorities. But after conceding their special unattractiveness, I can't see that we're any less unattractive. We may look better on the outside, but we're far more corrupt on the inside. And isn't that where it counts?"

"I've always thought so. You're appropriating my line."

"Sutter doesn't see that. He's spared. But what would he do if he did see it? Become like everyone else? Or perish gloriously on the spot? Would he be as Sutterish in adulthood as he is as a child?"

"I don't know."

"Nor do I."

We sat silent then in that large, superb room, the result of so many well-bred and tasteful generations. The pleasant reassurance of the past was all around us in the gathering dark, but it was not enough. The future could no longer be exorcised by the past. It was coming too swiftly, and it was too alien. No part anywhere, no matter how old and rooted, could stand up to it.

That night the three of us went to dinner at the Farmington's. "Jane tells me we will be sixteen," Eleanor said in the car. "Just the right number for fun and games — for a demonstration of our corruption, Sutter. Perhaps you shall come face to face with it."

"Eleanor is romantic," Sutter said to me. "She reads La Rochefoucauld — in French, of course — and thinks he describes our world."

Eleanor laughed with pleasure. "How well you put things on occasion," she said.

The dinner was what the gossip columns call a distinguished gathering — the men were prominent and the women were handsome. Of course, Sutter was not prominent — at least in any desired sense — but he was as distinguished in appearance and manner as any man there, if not more so. Under normal circumstances he would not have been welcome at the Farmington's — or at any other correctly respectable home — because of his reputation as a mad racist, but Eleanor had simply identified him by telephone to Jane Farmington as "a house guest and a relative," and Jane had naturally said, "Do bring him."

Now, as we entered, Jane's face fell and she rolled her eyes at Eleanor, as if to say, "I didn't know you meant Sutter!"

As it happened, most of the other guests did not know Sutter, either in person or by reputation. They were too involved with matters of moment to have taken notice of such an obscure troublemaker and class renegade. If prompted, they might have recalled hearing about him, but without such prompting they couldn't place him and didn't try. He was simply Eleanor's brother.

We had cocktails in the Farmington's gallery, a replica of one in some English castle, immensely long and narrow. It differed from its English model in being filled with modern art rather than ancestral portraits and landscapes.

"Isn't this nice," Eleanor said to Sutter. "Look, there's a

Chagall."

"You can't be serious, Eleanor," Sutter boomed. "It's all the most frightful garbage." He peered closely at the Chagall. "My God, and Jewish garbage at that."

Jane Farmington shuddered delicately, her worst fears realized, and the rest of the party stiffened up. "Who is that madman?" they queried each other with raised eyebrows and murmured questions. Those few who knew who he was — and what he was — gave them discreet answers.

"Oh, you are impossible, Sutter," Eleanor said. "He's prehistoric," she added to a cabinet officer who stood nearby, mouth slightly agape. Evidently, he had never heard modern art called garbage, nor the adjective Jewish used pejoratively — at least by a large and imposing figure in a dinner jacket in a large and imposing house — and simply couldn't take it in.

"Sutter has a preposterous theory about modern art," Eleanor went on to Ledyard Farmington, Jane's diffident and taciturn husband. "He thinks it's a Jewish conspiracy."

"So does Tom Wolfe," Sutter said pleasantly.

"The journalist?" Eleanor asked him.

"The same," Sutter said. "Read *The Painted Word*."

"Tom Wolfe will say anything to sell books," Jane Farmington said briskly. "Now, Sutter, I'm surprised you're so blunt about our little collection. If you don't like it, wouldn't it be more polite to say nothing at all?"

Sutter, suddenly aware of a breach of manners, especially toward a woman, was immediately contrite.

"I am sorry, Jane," he said, taking her hands in his. "I was carried away. I forgot it was your . . . collection." Turning to all of you. Inexcusable." He didn't mean that he cared what they thought about modern art. He was apologizing for his behavior to Jane alone. No one looked as though this was clear.

The rest of the cocktail hour passed without incident. Sutter, on his best behavior, discussed innocuous topics with the men, and was gallant, in his old-fashioned style, with the women.

We were no sooner at dinner, however, than another, more serious storm broke.

An exceedingly high executive of some oil company, his square, aging all-American face ever so slightly flushed with drink and the splendor of his surroundings, was discoursing on the Middle East. It was a few days after Menahem Begin had annexed the Golan Heights and subsequently castigated the United States for mildly criticizing that action.

"I am certainly not anti-Semitic," the oil tycoon said. "I'd like to make that point absolutely clear. But I feel that Begin has gone too far. We should not allow him to do these things."

"But how can we curb him?" The question came from an attractive woman, the wife of a banker. She gave the impression of recognizing an issue when it was thrust upon her, of reading the *New York Times* with assiduous deference.

"Well," the oil tycoon replied, "we could cut off arms shipments."

"And leave Israel defenseless?" Eleanor asked coldly.

"I didn't mean that," the oil tycoon protested in instant contrition.

"I hope not," Eleanor said. "How do you feel about Mr. Begin?" Eleanor asked me. We were seated far enough apart

so that she had to raise her voice.

"I think he's wonderful," I said. "I think he keeps us on our toes. We tend to forget that Israel is a tiny country surrounded by enemies; that the Israelis see us, their only ally, slipping away, starting to vacillate on the PLO. We even forget the Holocaust from time to time. Begin realizes all this and has assumed the responsibility of reminding us of our duty. Sometimes those reminders seem harsh, but we deserve them. Frankly, I don't know what we'd do without Begin."

The table considered this in silence. It went beyond the official line, but perhaps it was the official line of tomorrow morning. Caution was indicated.

"Nor do I," Eleanor said. "I hope you agree," she said to Sutter.

"How could I agree with such nonsense," he said calmly. "Begin is the incarnation of everything repulsive about the Jews."

"I'm shocked," Eleanor said, regally erect, as imposing as Katharine Hepburn in dealing with immorality, especially the virulent racial variety.

"If anti-Semitism didn't exist, Begin could start it all by himself," Sutter continued. "He is the justification of every anti-Semitic thought which has ever been thought. We disgrace ourselves as a nation by taking him seriously, let alone allowing him to lecture us."

"This is unbelievable," Eleanor said. The table sat paralyzed.

"We should not only ignore Israel. We should cut off all support of that cesspool. Anything less is treason."

"Will no one stop him?" Eleanor cried out, her voice trembling in the best Hepburn style. "He's my brother, but he must be stopped!"

The banker's wife, her eyes blank with questioning confusion, turned to me. "He'll be slandering the memory of Golda Meir next," I said.

The oil tycoon, evidently anxious to show that he had reconsidered his earlier criticism of Begin, leaned across to Sutter.

"I think we've heard enough from you," he said with quiet authority. It seemed that he had taken his cue from Eleanor's Hepburn and hit on Spencer Tracy as his role model. Were we to have an updated version of *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* Racism was to be done in with civilized restraint.

The oil tycoon could have handled an insult, but he was too insecure to deal with total indifference. He didn't know what Tracy would have done next, and looked around for help.

It came from the man on Jane's other side, a very dark cosmetics manufacturer. "I was with Georgie Patton in Europe," he said to the oil tycoon. "He handled these psychos physically, and it worked." He leaned past Jane and slapped Sutter.

Sutter, who would not dream of fighting in a friend's house, paid no attention to the slap, but went on to Jane, "I remember Cynthia when she was wearing braces."

"She doesn't wear them any more," Jane said bravely.

According to Sutter's archaic code of behavior, he had not insulted her or Ledyard by calmly giving his views on Begin. He had been in error in the gallery because he had criticized their taste. By the same token, if Jane herself had indicated a passionate admiration for Begin, he would have restrained

himself. (Or blamed himself if he had opened his mouth to attack that admiration.) But in this instance he had only replied to the goading of his sister on Begin, and no other guest was involved. Now he had dropped the subject and it should be closed. The cosmetics manufacturer was the one who was out of line, even if he, Sutter, could do nothing about him. In a way, Jane instinctively understood all this, which was why she, too, ignored the slap and went on discussing her children.

"I'm handling you," the oil tycoon said, and slapped Sutter again. As Eleanor said later, "Being a hollow man, the one thing he couldn't stand was being treated like one."

Sutter continued to ignore him, and went on to Larry, Jane's son.

The cosmetics manufacturer shook his head ruefully. "When they're this far gone, sometimes you have to do more," he said to the oil tycoon, who nodded sagely, Tracy in *Judgment at Nuremberg* agreeing that anything went where racism was concerned.

"My methods may seem drastic," the cosmetics manufacturer went on, "but in desperate cases, as Georgie always said, you have to take desperate measures." With that, he calmly and deliberately picked up his plate and mashed it and its contents into Sutter's face. Then, just as calmly, he broke the plate over Sutter's head.

Still no reaction from Sutter, who went on talking to Jane. Festooned with food and broken china, he was still aloof and dignified, every inch the Viking chief.

The cosmetics manufacturer looked around the table and shook his head in disbelief. "This is some case," he said. "I'm not ashamed to admit that I need help."

The other hollow men instinctively realized that a defeat for him was a defeat for them. In a compelling little illustration of Nietzsche's herd men at work, they came to his rescue. Falling into their own imitations of Tracy, Patton and — one presumed — any other usable models from the American past, they plastered Sutter with their own dinners, plates, wine glasses, silver and slaps. It was all done with proper reluctance, almost in slow motion. They were the elders going through the repugnant but prescribed ritual for dealing with a demented member of the tribe. It was all for his sake, really; as mad as he was, they were bound to try to bring him back to sanity. Some of the wives assisted them, including the banker's. Her handsome face glassy with religious ecstasy, she seemed to be finding relief, at last, from the endless, arbitrary discipline of the *New York Times* and the rest of her rigidly structured life.

"'Fantastic' is an overworked word," Eleanor said later, "but it could hardly do justice to that scene. Sutter sitting there like a great Buddha, with those tons of groceries cascading over him."

"To say nothing of my best china," Jane said.

"The moral certitude!" Eleanor said.

"The orgy of it!" Jane said.

"The women!" Eleanor said. "Right there in church with their men, in the best pioneer style."

"The candles still burning . . ."

"The servants transfixed . . ."

"The end of Western civilization . . ."

"Who says the Jews don't have power?" Jane asked Ledyard. "That wretched Begin reached right into our house and destroyed it." She laughed. "But all I could think of

when it was happening was that silly phrase, 'There goes the neighborhood.' With a vengeance."

But all that was later, when we were having a post-orgy drink.

At the height of the bacchanal, Sutter finally rose. Standing straight, covered with debris, he turned to Jane with exquisite courtesy and said, "I think you've put up with this display of bad manners long enough."

She smiled gratefully at him.

He moved from the table toward the open doors. "We're going outside," he said to his tormentors. "Come along."

They didn't want to go, but they had to. They knew that once outside, Sutter would cast off restraint and fight back, and they feared that. But on the other hand, they were five (eight with the three women who had thrown in with them) and they were important, and they had to prove that they weren't hollow men. So they trooped after him.

The rest of us sat at the shattered table in expectant silence. It was not long before we heard Sutter's terrifying battle cries: "To the longboats!" "Let the old Viking fight!" Nor was it long after that before he was back among us, blood and bruises and torn clothing disfiguring his appearance even further.

But the light of victory was in his eyes.

"Call the ambulances!" he cried out as he entered. "They have work to do. The enemy lies stricken on the field."

And stricken they were, as I found out when I went outside. Corporate/cabinet America was, obviously, not in shape for hand-to-hand combat, ninth-century style, and its fallen champions dotted the snow on the west side of the house. ("I shall always call that area Roncevalles II," Jane said later.) They groaned and floundered in the snow, their disheveled women wandering helplessly about. Sutter had not, of course, struck back at any of those women, even under severe provocation. Their disarray was entirely of their own making.

The ambulances did come, and the casualties were carried from the field. The police ("They always come with the ambulances," Sutter said from long experience) were told that they had fought each other on a classified matter, so classified that the entire incident had to be kept quiet. The police understood. No mention was made of Sutter, who was kept out of sight.

I tried to comfort the distraught oil tycoon's wife before she joined her husband in the ambulance. For her, as for all of them, religious ecstasy had proved no match for harsh reality. "The two of us have worked so hard," she sobbed. "All our lives. We have tried so hard. And now this. What will people think?"

"Nothing at all," I said.

Her face was streaked with tears and makeup. Her hair was awry and her gown was torn and askew.

"What do you mean, nothing at all?" she moaned. "We're ruined. And why? Why did it happen?"

"It had something to do with Israel," I said.

"Damn Israel!" she said vehemently.

"Careful there," I said.

"I didn't mean it," she said mechanically, and burst into tears all over again.

In the glare of the headlights, the banker's wife, on the contrary, seemed quite collected. Just as tattered as the others, she was smiling when she told me, "I have the feeling

there's something I missed. That I was maneuvered into making a complete fool of myself."

"Really?"

"Yes, really, and I wouldn't mind knowing how it was done. And how to stop being a fool."

Much later, Jane said goodnight to Eleanor and Sutter and me. We were the last to leave. Ledyard had gone to bed.

"I think you displayed such consideration," Jane said to Sutter. "They wanted to be battered, and you obliged. So well-bred, so concerned for the well-being of others."

Sutter bowed slightly, and kissed her hand with a flourish so archaic that Eleanor put her hand to her mouth to hide a smile.

"It was all great fun," Jane said to Eleanor and me, "and I loved every minute of it, once it really got going, and I don't mind the loss of the family china and so on. *But*, and mark me carefully, there will be no repetitions. As of tomorrow, I shall tell everyone that Sutter is awful, far worse than I had imagined. And that he shall never darken my door again. Nor, I fear, shall you either, Eleanor."

"I understand," Sutter said.

"So do I," Eleanor said. "But I don't sympathize."

"You don't?" Jane said, a sudden edge in her voice. "Then more fool you. It's a very large — if distasteful — game that's being played in this country, and it has some very severe rules. One of them is that other games are not allowed, games like the one you were playing tonight. You know that."

"I know that," Eleanor said, "but I think the rule should be broken. I think we should all join forces and play our game and do away with the distasteful game."

"No," Jane said. "It's too late for that. You know it's too late."

Eleanor did not reply for a moment, and we stood waiting, bareheaded in the clear cold. Then she said, "Yes, you're right, it's too late."

On the way home, Sutter said, "Of course it's not too late. Why did you agree with her?"

"It was too late to get into an argument," Eleanor said soothingly.

"Oh, in that sense," Sutter said, relieved. "Yes, much too late. By the way," he added, "tonight was rather like Russia — unfeigned pleasure, I mean. Too bad we couldn't have had some of my Moscow pals here. To return their hospitality."

"You may have a chance to do that some day," Eleanor said.

"I hope so," Sutter said.

Late Renewal Means Your Instauration Will Arrive One Month Late

Regular *Instauration* subscribers receive their magazine each month by third-class bulk mail. The cost of bulk mail for a 36-page issue is 10.9¢ per copy. Late renewal means that your copy will miss the regular monthly bulk mailing. To send a copy of *Instauration* at the regular third-class rate costs 71¢. A late-renewing subscriber who receives his magazine by first-class mail will receive his copy only a few days after his renewal. But late third-class renewals will have to wait for a month. Since every subscriber receives two notices about the expiration date of his subscription and since the expiration date appears every month at the upper right of the address label on the mailing envelope, there should be very few late renewals. Subscribers who are late renewing and who receive their copies by third-class mail may enclose an extra \$1 with their renewal if they want to avoid waiting another month for their missing issue.

John Nobull

Notes from the Sceptred Isle

Last July, I was in Northern Ireland, enjoying some of the best fishing I know -- for conger eels at Warrenpoint, on the Carlingford Lough. Driving towards the Border, I had my tank filled up by a fine big man from Coleraine, who engaged me in conversation about the murder of the young British soldiers by an IRA bomb at Warrenpoint. If ever the Protestants are provoked into making a move, men like that will make a big impression, I feel sure.

On TV, I had seen a vicious demonstration in Dublin by Sinn Fein and its allies. The police put up with it for some time, while about a hundred and forty of them were injured, some of them with iron stakes wrapped in barbed wire. Then they reacted, in good old Irish fashion, banging the demonstrators repeatedly on the head with their truncheons until the party was over. What a contrast with the English police, who are tied hand and foot by new rules and regulations which forbid them to recognize minorityites as enemies!

When I arrived in Dublin, and drove towards the Shelbourne Hotel, I saw large numbers of big, shouldery, freckled police with cheerful smokes -- Kerry men, they looked like. The fact is that the big Irish, whether North or South, are a fine lot of fellows. The biggest are in Kerry, as New Yorkers will be aware, because they are strongly Upper Palaeolithic. The tall, slim ones are mainly Protestants, although McGill, the organising brain of Sinn Fein, whom I met some years ago, is also of that type. You can keep the squat slum-dwellers of Dublin and Limerick and the little black Prods of Belfast. Anyway, the demonstrators felt it was wise to behave much more circumspectly the next time they confronted the Dublin police.

* * *

Here are some cheerful Irish stories from the hospitals of Belfast. First, a man was knocked down by a car in the Catholic Falls Road. He was bleeding from the head, so a passer-by placed a scarf around his neck as a tourniquet, and was tightening it when the ambulance men arrived and managed to dissuade him. Second, a man was knee-capped by the IRA, and lost his right leg. Soon, as is their wont, the IRA goons returned to punish him again. But they asked him, in their genial Irish way, which leg he would prefer to lose. This time, of course, he said the right, and sustained no injury at all. Third, a man (religion unspecified) was fixing a TV aerial to his roof. His worried wife persuaded him that he should use a safety rope,

so he threw one end round the chimney and attached it to the family car. Then he climbed up a ladder and fastened the other end round his waist. In due course, the wife came out to do the shopping, got into the car and, despite her husband's shouts, drove off. He followed her via the chimney-pot, sustaining multiple fractures.

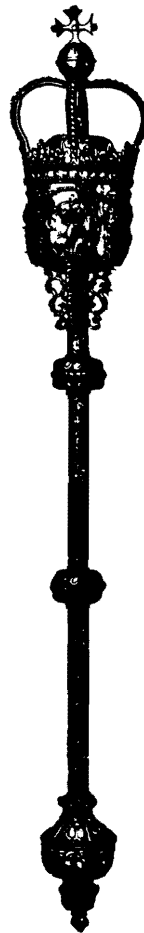
But I still think the most Irish of all Irish stories is the one about the two tenants waiting to shoot Lord Leitrim, a nineteenth-century landlord. They stand in the ditch a long time. Finally, one of them looks at his watch: "Five o'clock already," he says, "I hope nothing's happened to the poor ould gentleman."

* * *

If Western man is wedded to *form*, the fact has a bearing on the subject of Nominalism (the philosophy which claims that names are purely arbitrary). Nominalism is both a rejection of categories as absolutes and an affirmation of the right to impose categories on a chaos of phenomena. It can be used against us, to undermine our categories by showing them to be subjectively inspired, and also in our favour, by justifying subjectivism as the only possible inspirer of categories. Nominalism restores creativity to the thinker, or at least allows him to participate in the process of creation.

No philosophical premises can be proved, any more than the postulates of theology, but philosophy and theology should resemble each other in that both are logically developed and soundly based on their assumptions -- assumptions which amount to an act of faith. At its best, theology merges into metaphysics on the one hand and mysticism on the other -- from mental architecture to intuition. At its worst, it is restricted within a strait-jacket of imposed beliefs which do not accord with the instincts of the theologians concerned. Such theology (e.g., pietism) resembles liberal thinking. But a satisfying philosophy (satisfying to us, that is) must take into account the evolving scheme of nature. I find this belief so compelling as to be necessary and indisputable.

Not only do phenomena exist independently (in that they are viewed as similar by different observers), but they are seen to be subordinated within a hierarchic scheme. True, the boundaries between categories (e.g., species and subspecies) may be arbitrary, but their natural interrelationships appear to exist independently of our perception of them. To this extent, the essentialists seem to be justified, and we are



saved from the solipsistic and suicidal existentialism towards which pure Nominalism inevitably tends.

* * *

I thought Instaurationists might be interested in my justification of Einstein's Theory of Relativity. You will remember that a crucial aspect of his demonstration of the Theory was concerned with two time-clocks recording different times at the same time in different parts of the universe. Dr. Essen, of the British Royal Society, has shown this to be nonsense, but no matter. I can justify Einstein by appealing to the case of official British Summer Time. This finished on October 25, 1981, at 2 A.M., at which point the clocks were put back one hour. It follows, surely, that at 2 A.M. it was both 2 A.M. and 1 A.M. Do you follow me? What is more, it was 1:30 A.M. half an hour before 2 A.M. and 1:30 again half an hour after it. So

a man standing at Land's End (in Cornwall) could decide that his 1:30 A.M. was one hour later than that chosen by another man standing at John O'Groats (in Caithness, Scotland). Therefore everything is relative, including truth, aesthetics and morals. The only catch is that it takes an Einstein or a civil authority to create an environment (artificial, of course) in which such absurdities are possible.

Emboldened by my success with the Relativity Theory, I will now turn my attention to proving the equality of all men, as propounded by Boas and Dobzhansky. We start by assuming that all men are *intrinsically equal* (whatever that may mean). It follows that all observed inequalities are the result of discrimination. Q.E.D. If you see flaws in this argument, you are obviously a fascist hyena and will probably receive a writ for transgressing the Race Relations Act within the next couple of weeks.

Father Machree

From the Ould Sod

British subscribers to *Instauration* seem to believe in the basic cultural and racial superiority of the Protestants in Ulster over the Catholics in the Irish Republic. For the record, six of the nine Ulster counties are the result of a ripoff called "The Ulster Plantation."

King James I of England thought it would be a good idea to whack up Ulster into parcels of land to lure away the English lowlifes and deadbeats that had enough on the king to hang him. So King Jimmy had Lord Lieutenant Chichester and Attorney General Davies draw up a document whereby the Irish Catholics, who had owned the land for centuries, would be driven off and replaced by English and Scottish "Undertakers and Servitors of the Crown," as they were called.

There was no shortage of takers of the parcels, which consisted of from 1,000 to 2,000 acres -- not a bad haul for a fishmonger from London. The written conditions upon which the Protestants got their lands specifically bound them to repress and segregate the Irish natives. John Davies wrote a book, flattering to his king, entitled, *A Discoverie of the True Causes Why Ireland Was Never Subdued and Brought Under the Crown of England Until the Beginning of His Majesties Happie Reign*. "The multitude," Davies noted, "having been brayed as it were, in a mortar with sword, pestilence and famine, altogether became admirers of the Crowne of England." He went on:

This transplanting of the natives is made by his Majestie like a father, rather than a lord or monarch. So as his Majestie doth in this imitate the skillful hus-

bandsman who doth remove his fruit trees, not on purpose to extirpate and destroy, but rather that they may bring forth better and sweeter fruit.

Many a starving Irishman probably had different views of this matter as they sat among the rock and gorse, competing with snipes and badgers for their next meal. History records the departure of 6,000 Irish swordsmen to serve the Swedish king. Thousands more enlisted in Continental armies.

As to the character of the new people in the Ulster Plantation, one of them, a certain Mr. Reid, wrote in his *History of the Irish Presbyterians*, "Among those whom Divine Providence did send to Ireland, the most part were such as either poverty or scandalous lives had forced hither." A Mr. Steward, the son of a Presbyterian minister, is quoted, "From Scotland came many, from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, whom from debt or breaking, or fleeing justice, or seeking shelter, came hither hoping to be without fear of man's justice." For his role in this affair, and for other crimes against humanity, John Davies was knighted by King James.

That, all you fine Orange-oriented Instaurationists, is just part of the story of the heritage handed down by your Ulster loved ones.

* * *

The Irish hunger strike has come to an end, after claiming the lives of ten Irish souls who will go down in Irish history and legend as true Irish heroes.

Hunger strikes, incidentally, have been stalking Erin's past since the time of the ancient Brehon Laws. The Brehon was an important officer of all royal courts. The Brehon Laws got their name from these generally wise and just officials who kept the peace in the Emerald Isle long before St. Patrick chased out the snakes.

Originally, the hunger strike was not designed to be the sort of fast-till-the-death affair that it turned into later. It was simply intended to speed up the settlement of disputes and avoid long feuds among my hard-headed ancestors.

The way it worked was quite simple. If two Irishmen could not agree over the amount or whatever, one would refuse to eat and the other was bound not to eat either. This situation continued until the two disputants could either agree or at least allow an arbiter to hear both sides and abide by his decision. At this point, the two could begin eating again. Much, much later, hunger strikes grew into the tragedies we have just witnessed. In 1940 Jack McNeela and Tony d'Arcy starved themselves to death. Sean McCaughey died after a 31-day fast in 1956. Others like Sean MacStiofain (an IRA man for 25 years and probably still one) went on a hunger strike for a couple of months. For most of his strike the Brits gave him glucose in his water -- with his knowledge and consent -- but he later told 'em to knock off the glucose, and they did. He lost about 56 pounds, if my memory is correct. Anyway, Sean survived to write an excellent book, *Revolutionary in Ireland*.

The Catholic Church -- which considers suicide to be a grave sin -- has had quite a

problem with this ancient custom. It may seem quite obvious to some Italian or Polish pope in Rome that the Irish hunger strikers committed suicide. But many ordinary, decent Irish consider these lads to have been murdered by the British. In my opinion, the young Irishmen who gave up the ghost won't have to endure any additional punishment in the hereafter for their acts. After all, their deaths were no more a suicide than that of poor Jesus, who hoped to obtain an equivalent amount of justice from the ancient Romans and Jews.

* * *

In addition to the deaths of the ten Irish hunger strikers, there have been ten deaths from the plastic bullets that the Brit troops have been using on us Irish. I have not mentioned this before because Irish nationalists have been using a great many children in their war against the British.

However, Carol Ann Kelly (age 12) appears to have been simply shot down in cold blood. She died three days later of massive brain damage. There was no Irish mob or anti-Brit demonstration at the time. The little girl had simply gone to the shop to

get her mother some milk. On her way home a plastic bullet hit her in the head. Other Irish children who have been killed by plastic bullets include Stephen Geddis (age 10), Julie Livingstone (age 14), Brian Stewart (age 13) and Paul Whitters (age 15). The rest of the dead were adults. While most of the fatalities were caused by shots in the head, two resulted from hits in the chest.

These plastic bullets, while most certainly a lot more humane than the real thing, are 4" in length, 1.5" in diameter, and weigh 5.4 ounces.

Now I admit that young children have been throwing firebombs at British soldiers in Ireland. I must also admit that Brit soldiers have shown great patience when being pelted with stones, bottles and other items thrown at them by Irish mobs. Nevertheless, it is very galling to note that the cowardly British government will not permit these same plastic bullets to be fired at mobs of rioting Afros and mud people in dear old England.

* * *

Just recently I received a letter from one of my foreign pen pals. He was concerned over the fact that the number of Jews in the Irish parliament had risen to a grand total of three. Two Hebrews in the Irish parliament were returned to office -- Dr. Taylor (Labour party) and Ben Briscoe (Fianna Fail). The Fianna Gael party bosses decided to run Alan Shatter because they wanted to get their share of the Jewish support. I refer to Jewish support and not the Jewish vote because there are not enough Jewish votes in Ireland to be meaningful in an election. Only a few Jews reside in old Erin, but those that do have been here a long time and are well ensconced in business. As in the U.S., they contribute overgenerously to political candidates. As in the U.S., they seem to control the editorial policies of quite a number of Irish newspapers. However, there is more British influence in Ireland than Jewish, if one discounts Jewish influence in England. Northern Ireland is most certainly a British colony, but we Irish Celts do not exactly control the rest of old Erin, either, although we are most certainly in the majority.

Editor's Hot Seat



Many thanks to one and all! Our long-put-off appeal for funds roused the sleeping team spirit of quite a few Instaurationists, and it was heartening to see the 5s, 10s, 20s, even a couple of 100s, roll in. Equally heartening, the 33 1/3% loss in renewals for November sank to 27% -- and we acquired almost half as many new subscribers as we lost.

So we are not alone. There are good people out there -- in New England, the Middle Atlantic states, the Deep South, Midwest, West, the Third World of California, and Canada. We haven't yet heard from our many surface-mail subscribers in Europe, South America, South Africa, the Middle East, Australia and from the most distant Instaurationist, the gentleman who lives in Tasmania.

We received enough money to keep going, though not enough to maintain our high-falutin' format. We have cut out the colored stripe on the cover (saving \$60 an issue) and reduced our usual 36 pages to

32. We hated to do this because it meant we had to reject some well-written articles. We hope our readers and the authors of the articles will understand.

We must also thank those subscribers who not only sent in money but advice. A lot of it was good; a lot of it was taken to heart.

A few years ago we presumptuously wrote we would rather shut down than beg. Well, we swallowed our ego and begged. Though it was a humiliating experience, *Instauration* is the better for it.

Right now we are going all out to increase our circulation, which is the most effective way of beating the financial crunch. We have produced a handsome new six-page brochure and are in the process of mailing it to thousands of potential subscribers. If the test mailing should work, we are prepared to make a mailing of 150,000. Also, in the first week in January we mailed off 120,000 new brochures advertising the new edition of *The Dispossessed*

Majority. We stuff an *Instauration* brochure into each book that is purchased.

In other words, all is by no means lost. Barring Armageddon, Ragnarök or a massive nuke fluke, we are going to be in there pitching for some time to come. But on occasion we will need your help -- particularly in obtaining new subs.

Meanwhile, we can all be reassured that scattered throughout the white world there is a small group of intelligent men and women who more or less think along the same lines, who have a clear-eyed view of our predicament and the causes of our predicament, and who are willing to make a few sacrifices to keep alive a magazine dedicated to ending our predicament. We are not an organization, but slowly, almost mysteriously, we may be turning into something better, more lasting and more influential -- a subconscious rather than a conscious cooperative held together by a sort of instinctive gravity without benefit of ceremonial claptrap, annual conventions, membership cards, oaths, dues, manifestos, exotic headgear or uniforms.

Talking Numbers



The three leading "conservative" journals of opinion are considered to be William F. Buckley's *National Review*, Irving Kristol's *Public Interest* and Norman Podhoretz's *Commentary*. Fighting for fourth place is Leopold Tyrmand's *Chronicles of Culture*. Buckley is a Zionist-grovelling Irish Catholic. Kristol and Podhoretz are

Zionist-grovelling Zionists. Tyrmand, a Polish Jew, celebrates Zionism as fanatically as his native kosher conservatives.

#

Antigua and Barbuda, two black-populated dots in the Windward Islands, comprise the world's newest nation. Land area:

165 sq. mi.; population: 80,000. A & B broke away from Britain in November because, as a British dependency, it was not eligible for aid from the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank.

#

509 kg. of enriched uranium, enough to make 30 atomic bombs, remain unaccounted for in the books of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

In Mississippi's Fourth Congressional District, in which Democrat Dowdy beat Republican Williams in a special election last summer to fill the seat in the House of Representatives vacated by faggoty Republican Hinton, there were 339,655 registered voters -- 227,400 whites and 112,255 blacks. In the election 54,880 (48.8%) of the registered blacks turned out, compared to 56,860 (25%) of the registered whites. Blacks voted 99% for Dowdy; whites voted 95% for Williams.

Blacks also voted 97% for Democrat Chuck Robb, the winner of the recent Virginia gubernatorial election. In the New Jersey governor's race -- so close that it called for a recount -- Warren Mitofsky, the CBS pollster, predicted that Florio, the Democratic loser, would win by 8 percentage points. The ABC pollster announced that the "trend" was to Florio. Only NBC

projected a victory for the winner, Republican Kean, but then recanted. The liberal media never seem to give up on the bandwagon effect and the hope that false projections and figures will somehow propel their favored candidates into office.

#

In 1980 Negroes killed whites at the rate of 5.4 per 100,000; whites killed Negroes at the rate of 0.8 per 100,000. Negroes raped white females at the rate of 256.68 per 100,000; whites raped Negro females at the rate of 10.6 per 100,000. Negroes robbed whites at the rate of 345.7 per 100,000; whites robbed Negroes at the rate of 14.67 per 100,000. Negroes assaulted whites at the rate of 246.76 per 100,000; whites assaulted Negroes at the rate of 19.55 per 100,000. Source: William F. Parham, author of *A Habitation of Devils*.

45% or more of the denizens of Pakistan, the Philippines, Bangladesh, Afghanistan and Thailand are under 15 years of age.

#

16 of the 17 black congressmen and all 5 of the Hispanic congressmen voted against the sale of AWACS to Saudi Arabia.

#

In the Ford auto plant in Saarlouis, West Germany, 7,762 workers turn out 1,200 cars a day. In the Ford auto plant at Halewood, England, 10,040 workers turn out 800 cars a day.

#

There is much ado about budget cutting, but \$116 billion in federal social spending programs are still in force. This figure does not include Social Security or Medicare.

Primate Watch



About 1960, **JEFF FORT** moved from Mississippi to South Side Chicago with his parents and eight siblings. By 1967, at age 20, the illiterate street punk and his Black P. Stone Nation gang were receiving \$927,000 in federal poverty grants and meeting regularly with government leaders. **RICHARD NIXON** invited him to Washington for his first inaugural. As it gradually became apparent that Fort's gang of ex-cons was running a Mafia-style drugs, weapons and prostitution racket, Fort was taken in hand by the law. More than 40 arrests resulted in minimal prison time. Today "Prince Malik," as Fort is known to his rechristened El Rukns gang, can be seen with his braids, fur coats and absurd triangular hats, riding in a chauffeured limousine. The best legal representation available helps him avoid conviction. Proud mama **ANNIE MAE FORT** says, "I don't believe those things I read about him in the paper."

☆ ☆ ☆

For half a century it has been an open secret among agricultural researchers that George Washington Carver was a pygmy among scientists. Many thousands of forgotten white Americans achieved far more. One not too recent exposé, by Barry Mackintosh in the November 1976, *Journal of Southern History*, demonstrates that Carver's two claims to fame -- his "brilliance" as an agricultural chemist, and his role in "saving" Southern agriculture with peanut derivatives -- were utterly bogus. The kindly man never published a scientific paper, never recorded a formula, and usually rediscovered products which had been known for decades. Just before Carver died in 1943, a Department of Agriculture spokesman admitted being unable to de-

termine whether any profitable application had been made of "any of his co-called discoveries." None of this fazes Congressman **LARRY McDONALD** a bit. The John Bircher from Georgia has introduced legislation to honor Carver with a bust or statue in the Capitol.

☆ ☆ ☆

Charlie Dieterle, 31, is the first identified mentally retarded person in America to seek public office. An observer at the Democratic National Convention in 1980, he counts a meeting with Senator Ted Kennedy as one of the grand moments in his life. "I feel politics means a lot to me," Dieterle said. "I listen to the news very strongly. Once it sinks in, I know what's going on." Though he can scarcely read, Dieterle says he can talk and listen okay. Dieterle didn't win the election, but just about the **WHOLE LIBERAL CROWD OF BOULDER, COLORADO**, felt touched by democracy's latest turn.

☆ ☆ ☆

After the national media "created the myth of **JOHN SIRICA**," says Gordon Liddy, they became terribly embarrassed by him. Their response: a continuing coverup. One of the Watergate judge's blunders was to seat 11 of 12 jurors without asking them a single, individual question. "Because he failed to do that, he actually sat as a juror on that Watergate panel an individual who did not speak the English language." Sirica then tried to hide his mistake by sealing records of the proceedings. A Tulane student named William Davis spent six months getting them unsealed by the archivist of the United States. Don't expect to hear about it on the national news, Liddy

warned students at Northeast Louisiana University.

☆ ☆ ☆

On October 10, two young blacks named **MAX LINDEMAN** and **HOWARD WELLS** broke into an East Harlem convent and subjected a young white nun to a 90-minute torture session. Besides being raped and having 27 crosses carved into her body, she was brutalized with broomsticks, candles, crucifixes and other religious paraphernalia. The New York Mafia, which knows an ethnic/religious assault when it sees one, quickly put out a \$25,000 hit contract on the pair. Luckily for them, the police were quicker still. At a preliminary hearing in the case, a defense attorney was so shocked as details of the attack were read aloud that he became ill. The nun, who must testify in open court to sustain a conviction, was hospitalized for at least a month. Meanwhile, a Mafia spokesman predicted that the rapists would not live long in prison.

☆ ☆ ☆

"There's no way an uncool white boy now is gonna give you black dudes a tough time in the Army because you go to the front line with rifles and bazookas. If I was that white boy today, I'd have [*The Autobiography of Malcolm X*] under one arm and Dr. King under the other." Like a lot of black "humor" today, this crack from **DICK GREGORY** is actually a none-too-veiled threat, which draws nervous titters from a lot of people who look around them and decide they had better titter or else. But according to an *Arizona Daily Star* reporter, **BRIG. GEN. JOHN T. MYERS** and a lot of the audience at Fort Huachuca were actually "in pain from so much laughing." Myers had introduced Gregory as the guest speaker for the start of the fort's second annual "All-American Heritage Week."



Britain. From our British correspondent: Although the Orange Order is dominant in Northern Ireland, strong and growing in industrial west Scotland and parts of north-west Wales, there has never been an Orange song on TV or any report about the Order except in the political context of Northern Ireland. Yet endless programs feature black ghetto music and the rhythmic cacophony of every kind of primitive tribe or alien culture. The British -- and perhaps the Western -- way of life would probably have been very different had the Battle of Boyne gone the other way. Indeed, there might never have been an Industrial Revolution. But as far as the British media are concerned, the wrong side won the Battle of the Boyne.

* * *

Forged in Fury (Piatkus Press, 17 Brook Road, Loughton, Essex), a new book by Michael Elkins, the BBC correspondent in Jerusalem, tells the story of a Zionist gang, the Davin Y'Israel Nokeam ("The blood of Israel will take vengeance."). In an unpleasant, gloating tone, the author recounts how the gang, made up of concentration camp survivors, hunted down, tortured and killed Nazis. One terrorist act that never came off was the poisoning of the Munich water supply, which won Chaim Weizmann's seal of approval, but was vetoed by Hagannah for public relations reasons.

* * *

I was interested to see that Malcolm Muggeridge in his diaries says that George Orwell was strongly anti-Semitic. Some years ago I was leafing through a volume of Orwell's letters in a bookshop when I came across one dated 1944. In it he sympathized with a friend, a minor writer, who had mildly criticized the Jews on one small point and had been shocked and bewildered by the violent and hysterical response. Orwell wrote that his friend should remember that Jews are paranoid and unpredictable and for this reason he [Orwell] always took care never to mention them under any circumstances.

* * *

Not long ago, a Jewish professor in Virginia claimed that an opponent of his anti-South Africa crusade had carved a "KKK" on his chest. Later, he admitted doing the carving himself. About the same time, the black lieutenant governor of Colorado told an audience how, in his Air Force days, he had bailed out over rural Alabama and been carved up in similar fashion. No one was very indignant when he, too, admitted fibbing. So we knew what to expect

when 19-year-old Satvinder Singh told British police that three skinheads had carved the initials "NF" (for National Front) on his stomach. Sure enough, after the publicity had died down, it was determined that Singh had done the job himself to avoid exams.

* * *

Mrs. Flora Solomon is "a prominent Zionist hostess" in London whose evidence helped to unmask Kim Philby, a leading Soviet spy in British intelligence. Now 86, she is described as a "wonderful woman." It seems that many years ago on a visit to Israel she voiced her anger that Philby, then *The Observer's* Beirut correspondent, was writing anti-Israel articles. Returning to London, she was contacted by security authorities. She told the head of counter-espionage that Philby, an old friend, had confided to her in the 1930s that he was doing "a dangerous job" for the Communists. This was in the early 1960s. Ah, patriotism!

Spain. It was like the old days. In Madrid 200,000 to 300,000 arms were upraised in fascist salutes to commemorate the sixth anniversary of the death of Francisco Franco, who in 1936 brought war to Spain and then the longest period of peace and stability the nation had enjoyed for centuries. Like all Latins, Spaniards do not take too kindly to democracy, particularly one imposed on them by an outside cabal of Kissinger types.

If nothing else, the giant demonstration in Madrid proved that there are more fascists per capita in Spain than in any other country in the world. Nevertheless, if democracy is overthrown in Spain, as many Spaniards hope and even more expect, it will not be the work of fascist ideologues, but of the military brass. There will almost certainly be a repeat of the political timetable of the Spanish Civil War, when Franco not only defeated the Stalinists, anarchists and liberals, but coopted the Falangists, the Spanish counterparts of Hitler's Nazis and Mussolini's Black Shirts.

A military regime, unlike a fascist one, would not bring revolution, merely a temporary housecleaning of the plutocrats, liberals and Marxists who now dominate the Spanish scene and who have saturated the land with the modern blessings of drugs, pornography and soaring crime.

A sort of Gilbert and Sullivan coup, (*golpe* in Castilian) was attempted last February 1981, but the army officers involved have not yet been brought to trial. The present government, headed by a centrist party (which means, of course, a left-leaning party) is hesitant about prosecuting Spain's newest heroes. Even that royal liberal, King Juan Carlos (Franco's biggest

mistake), is talking about the necessity of bringing a military figure into the cabinet in order to attract right-wing support or at least cool right-wing displeasure.

It is as certain as death, taxes and bullfights that democracy is on the road to oblivion in Spain, just as it is elsewhere in Latin Europe. After the democratic demagogues have been scattered, after the junta has taken over, Spain will settle down and become Spanish again. But, as everywhere, the ghost of Lenin stalks the Spanish landscape, a ghost which will never be content until all the Don Quixotes have been proletarianized into Sancho Panzas. With a little help from Asian communism, Soviet communism and Eurocommunism, Spain could one day become what it almost was back in the early 1930s — Europe's western outpost of the Marxist-Leninist politics of envy.

West Germany. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt once predicted that the European peace movement would peak by September 1980. Today, Western leaders are reluctant to predict anything about it. The agenda of the so-called "peace brigades" will supposedly shift from the huge demonstrations of 1981 to passive resistance in 1982 and forcible occupation of NATO installations in 1983. Whether Reagan's recent extension of an olive branch, and Brezhnev's apparent rejection of it, will soften their young hearts remains to be seen.

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak report that the movement borders on outright pacifism, which is not to be confused with the heavily armed neutrality favored by Sweden. Though its program was "originally stimulated through Moscow's awesome propaganda network across Europe . . . it has taken on a life of its own." "It's . . . agents, few of them knowingly tied into the Soviet propaganda campaign, are the Protestant church, pacifist teachers and professors, union operatives and media intelligentsia." Its followers include up to 80 or 90% of all "politically active" German youth, perhaps 40% of the nation's increasingly scarce young people.

The German movement has counterparts in nearly every NATO country. Leaders of all three major German parties think the peaceniks may be able to cancel NATO's nuclear modernization program set for 1983. One-quarter of Schmidt's socialist deputies in the West German parliament back the movement, and the ailing chancellor has had to alter his rhetoric accordingly. Recent polls suggest that the opposition Christian Democrats will be swept into office in the next election, "raising the specter of [socialist] political activism unleashed from restraints now imposed by the responsibility of governing." The moderate Schmidt faction will probably give way before new leaders with "fundamentally different" views, among them men like Herbert Wehner, the head of the par-

ty's parliamentary caucus, who has blessed the Soviet Union as "peace loving."

For the new generation of German youth, the cause of NATO's formation is "ancient history." The Soviet interventions in Hungary and Czechoslovakia are dismissed as "the pallid equivalent of American intervention in Vietnam. Afghanistan is an unnoticed irrelevance."

One close student of the peace movement senses "a revival of something like the old Popular Front that destroyed France in the 30s." Perhaps young Germans realize subconsciously that they are being destroyed demographically, since all of their major cities are overrun with aliens, and are preparing themselves to be destroyed by the Russians in a less permanent fashion. Perhaps many of them secretly envy their East German compatriots, who are short on consumer gratification but at least seem to have a collective future. Perhaps decadent peoples sometimes crave military invasion as the lesser of two evils.

* * *

Prussia was officially rediscovered in both East and West Germany last year. The old Junker state, whose rump was formally dissolved by the Allies in 1947 after most of it had been handed to the Poles and Russians two years earlier, was once famous as a center of enlightenment as well as militarism and discipline. In the midst of war, Winston Churchill solemnly intoned, "Prussia is the root of all evil," but in fact its motto, "To each his own," connoted a deep streak of individualism and a traditional respect for ethnic and religious tolerance. Welfare practices which, rightly or wrongly, are hailed as "progressive" the world over today were enacted in Prussia in the 19th century. Refugees from lands which lacked "the old Prussian virtues of discipline, order and industriousness" were welcomed with open hearts.

Now that Prussia is being partly rehabilitated, a magnificent equestrian statue of its premier leader, Frederick the Great, has been returned to its historic position in the heart of East Berlin, after 30 years in a small park. West Berlin has opened a \$5 million exhibition containing 2,500 Prussian artifacts. Dozens of books on Prussian history are appearing, some of them bestsellers. People are asking why Prussia's unique cultural experiment failed, and many are agreeing that "when Prussia allowed itself to be persuaded that it had a German mission, this became the direct cause of its death." There is a warning here -- for England (which isn't Britain), for Russia (which isn't the Soviet Union), and for other great historic regions.

Greece. Accidental fires are common every summer in the hot, dry Greek countryside. But last summer was different -- the Greeks began burning down their own

landscape! The motivation was partly political, partly a new mixture of hedonism and anarchy. Greek society is one of the few things disintegrating more quickly than the Parthenon. Nearly half the population and two-thirds of the industry are packed into greater Athens, described as an ugly "high-rise sprawl" -- which sounds self-contradictory only until you see it. The pea-soup air pollution, worse than anything in Los Angeles, combines with rainwater to form sulfuric acid. Experts say that the 2,400-year-old monuments atop the Acropolis have sustained more damage in the last 25 years than in all their previous existence. Throughout the country, workmanship and manners are vanishing while arson, competitiveness and the pursuit of happiness abound.

Martin Ebon of the *New York Times* attributes part of the new anarchy to an "atmosphere of hostile restlessness" which the military government held down from 1967 to 1974. He says the Greeks are anxiously watching their Mediterranean neighbors to the east and west as the Turks rely on a junta to suppress the kind of chaotic impulses that the Italians continue to follow. Remarkably, however, Ebon is not content to stop with this trinational comparison:

A self-destructive pattern, so vividly seen in Iran, is easily perceived above and below the surface of many Mediterranean and Middle Eastern societies.

Greece, the cradle of Western civilization, is no exception. The Communist-initiated civil war of the 1940s revealed brutalities that rival those of El Salvador today. Torture by the police, notably under the military junta, have parallels in next-door Turkey and far-away Brazil.

But fire in the Greek mountains is a form of self-immolation. This is a small country with a fragile and narrow economic base

Fire in Hellas is a symbol of a disintegration of our civilization. The enemy is not on the left or the right; it is anarchy.

In Greece the liberal rulebook has been torn up. Islamic Iran, Catholic Italy, Amerindian El Salvador and mixing-bowl Brazil are simply not supposed to have anything more in common with one another than each has with, say, Poland -- whose grave problems are of an altogether different nature. But, in fact, each of these countries contains a politically and culturally (if not always demographically) dominant element with "Mediterranean" racial antecedents (in the anthropological rather than the geographic sense.)

Careful students of body-mind relationships have noted that the Mediterranean biotype (typically combining a weakly linear physique with dark-eyed reactivity) lends itself to excessive individualism, even anarchy, just as the Alpine biotype (combining heavy physiques and coarse texture with limited facial individualization, as among racial Mongoloids) often tends toward an excessive collectivism. Of

course, countries like Italy, Greece, Turkey and Iran also have a large dark-Alpine racial component: one good reason why the juntas always return.

Nearly absent in the region are typically Nordic biotypes (with physiques blending mesomorphic strength and linear sensitivity, fine bodily texture and light-eyed delib-erateness), which are naturally inclined toward a precarious balance of personal initiative with cooperative talents. If, as reported in *Instauration* (Sept. 1981), the national IQs of Portugal and Italy really are on a par with Denmark's and Britain's -- though one study does not make conclusive proof -- then abstract intelligence may have a lot less to do with the viability of Western institutions than do a wide range of other racially linked personality traits. Perhaps, as William Sheldon was fond of saying, it is time for us to "stop putting all our genetic eggs in the IQ basket."

Black Africa. Andy Young would fit right in racially among the ruling Moors of Mauritania. But whereas he makes a good living fighting for blacks and against whites in America, his mulatto counterparts in the south Sahara do equally well enslaving blacks. A report by London's Anti-Slavery Society, now under study by the U.N. Human Rights Commission, reports that a "conservative" total of 100,000 slaves live among Mauritania's 1.5 million people. Most government officials own slaves themselves, although the practice was "banned" in 1960. A Mauritanian spokesman at the U.N. tripped on his own tongue when he said, "There is no such thing [as slavery]," and then, "We are fighting it."

There are no open slave markets, but clandestine sales bring perhaps \$2,000 for young women and half that for young men. (Lest militant feminists misinterpret this, it is child-production which makes the difference.) The most common means of release is escape, but the police usually side with the masters. When a village of "part-slaves or serfs" rebelled four years ago, it was destroyed by the authorities and its people were forced into the desert.

Smaller numbers of slaves live in adjoining Mali and Niger, in Saudi Arabia and in India.

* * *

The former prime minister and foreign minister of Zaire, Nguza Karl-I-Bond (no relation to James) has testified before the U.S. House of Representatives Subcommittee on Africa that his country is sliding toward violent anarchy under President Mobutu Sese Seko. Nguza offered details of a suppressed investigation into Mobutu's finances, which showed that in one recent two-year period he transferred \$150,403,350 in foreign currency from the Bank of Zaire to his own private account. Nguza said Mobutu is like black dictators Idi Amin and Bokassa, only smarter -- but that his number, too, is almost up.



India. Last June, in the village of Mee-nakshipuram, a mass ceremony took place which may have profound consequences for the entire subcontinent. For the first time in memory, all of the harijans or untouchables in one locale abandoned their lowly status under Hinduism by embracing Islamic egalitarianism. By mid-August, harijans in a dozen villages had followed suit, while in scores more they announced their intention of doing so. For a country confronted by Islamic militancy along extensive borders, with a 12% internal Moslem minority and an additional 15% untouchable population, the potential implications are obvious.

Conversion to Buddhism or Christianity has been widely advocated as the only solution to the problem of untouchability, which has flourished illegally for the last generation. The few harijans who followed either course usually found themselves viewed merely as Buddhist or Christian untouchables. But the initial response from Moslems seems to be far more positive.

Mahatma Gandhi was an upper-caste Hindu who asked harijans to give their religion a chance to redeem itself. Today, however, wealthy untouchables are still spurned by poor people of higher caste, and their children are taunted in school. The creation of "affirmative action" openings in universities and industries has only exacerbated status tensions, as more and more harijans rise on one status scale while remaining mired on another. That tension explains why thousands of onetime Hindus are now having themselves circumcised.

Argentina. Temperate South America was nature's greatest gift to the Latin race. If the Mediterranean basin had gone bad after several thousand years of civilization and had rendered the inhabitants lackadaisical and backward in many areas, then surely the vast, cool frontier in Argentina, Chile and Uruguay would reawaken them to virtue, industriousness and progress. With its superb, lake-filled mountains, bountiful farm lands, broad estuaries and

rich resource base, there was no reason why the region could not become as democratic and technologically advanced as Scandinavia or the English-speaking lands.

Nearly everyone said these things before World War II -- and nearly everyone was wrong. There was one excellent reason why temperate South America could not possibly become like temperate North America, Australasia and Europe, and that reason was race. Most of its inhabitants were and are of Mediterranean stock. Even in the case of Buenos Aires, crowd photographs reveal a populace darker than Madrid's.

Things went smoothly for a time. Until the 1940s, Argentina was roughly equal to Canada in income and development, and far ahead of youthful, desert-filled Australia. Now it is far behind both countries, and, though it has only one-eighth the U.S. population on one-third the land area, emigration is in full swing.

When Italians first came to the New World in large numbers, roughly equal numbers came to both American continents. Word must have gotten back, because gradually the current shifted more and more to North America. Today, almost no Italians move to South America, wide open spaces and all. On the contrary, there is a large net flow of Argentinians back to overcrowded Italy. Why? As Ralph Waldo Emerson used to say, "If the race is good, so is the place." And the racial stock of Italy seems to be better than that of even the temperate, "white" part of South America.

Canadians are quite ecology-conscious, which is one reason why they have brought their birthrate down to 15 per 1,000 people per year. America, with a lot less room per capita, has a higher birthrate of 16, because of our large racial minorities. Argentina's birthrate is still up at 26, about where it has been for the past few decades. That should not be so bad, however, since "the country's history is one of huge empty spaces going undeveloped." But 40% of the people are packed into the Buenos Aires metro area. The *aires* can't be that *buenos*! Yet, says sociologist Alberto Bonis, "The country has become neurotic,

frightened by reality." (Luigi Barzini ascribes the same trait to his Italians.)

The last thing the Argentine people want to do is build new cities and tap the untapped resources surrounding them. It's much easier to flee to Anglo countries like Canada and take up the space which Nordic babies should have filled. Two hundred thousand Argentines are in Canada already, with some 800,000 more in the United States. Canada is being called the "new mecca," and immigration inquiries have soared fivefold in one year.

The authorities and the media assure us that these Argentines, like all immigrants, are very clever folk who will help keep North America strong even as they enliven our hopelessly "dull" lifestyle. Why they should perform better on our more crowded frontier than on their own less crowded frontier is never explained. Yet, we should not be surprised to find these Argentinian transplants with higher per capita incomes twenty years hence than the British, German and Scandinavian Americans. They will be the latest of many glowing success stories. The fatal question is: Why does every group the world over require our "dull," plodding backs upon which to erect its success?

South Africa. The most common Indian names in South Africa are Naidoo, Patel and Moolah. (A recent survey showed that a large number of all American motels are now owned by Asian Indians, and many of them are named Patel.) The top Jewish names are Cohen at 5,000, Levy, 3,500, Katz, 3,000 and Goldberg, 2,250. Cohen is the most common name among all lawyers in both Cape province and the Transvaal and ranks third in Natal. Cohen also ranks third on the national list of dental names, and fourth among doctors. A majority of Cohen doctors reside in Johannesburg. Indeed, it is claimed by the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* and *South African Digest* that Cohen is the number two name in this city of 650,000, after Williams. The assertion seems incredible when there are only 5,000 Cohens nationally, and when a good many non-Jewish names total over 50,000. But the source is the official register of surnames. Apparently, nearly all South African Jews are packed into three or four large cities.



Golden Ted

There's no denying that Ted Turner is one type of Nordic "golden boy." He named his yacht *Tenacious* and piloted her through 30-foot waves in the Irish Sea to win the 1979 Fastnet Race, while 213 boats were abandoned and 15 of their crews drowned. He also parlayed a failing

family billboard business into a media empire that includes Atlanta's superstation Channel 17 and two Cable News Networks, thereby starting a revolution in the American media. A "bizarre, quick-silvery figure" in a gray corporate world, he drinks, womanizes, chews tobacco and gives vent to a barrage of explosive epithets at the slightest provocation. He also quotes

Horatius at the Bridge to his crew at a victory party, as befits a onetime classics major at Brown. Altogether, Robert Edward Turner III seems to be wound up about ten times tighter than the rest of us. He is the mesomorphic, incredibly energetic kind of blond who leaves "a trail of nervous-breakdown victims bobbing in his wake." He has the habit of asking friends, "Wouldn't you really rather be Ted Turner?"

One can't expect too much sensitivity from such a mover and shaker, who shook 'em up real good at the Veterans of Foreign

Wars convention in Philadelphia last August 18, when he told 7,000 veterans: "The worst enemy this nation has ever faced does not reside in a foreign capital. They reside right here in this country, and they run the motion picture and news industries. They are traitors and should be tried as such . . ." Turner accused the New York and Hollywood moguls of undermining his personal big three: religion, the military and motherhood. He pledged that his cable network would turn things around, and encouraged the audience to lobby in its behalf.

It's little wonder that a minority critic suggests Turner's story "is not yet finished" and he could "fall far." Let's hope he isn't pushed. And let's hope he was only buying life insurance when he contributed \$1,000 to Andy Young's Atlanta mayoral campaign.

Key to Modern History

History was once the stirring or depressing record of the acts of great heroes or villains, the ebb and flow of great ideas, and birth and death of great nations and races.

History today, as Henry Ford said so cannily, is bunk. The enshrined lies, the universal fear of the truth, the academic anemia of university history departments, the disinformative TV documentaries, all add up to an oceanic swill of propaganda that pretends what never happened was what really happened.

History, in short, has become a spin-off of the media. As newspapers, magazines, books and TV interpret news, so they influence events. Savvy politicians, who know in advance what pleases and what displeases the media, let the media govern their actions. It is a case of government tailoring policy not to the needs of the people but to the whims of the mediacrats. Consequently, to write a true account of these times historians must write a history of the media.

This is what Dr. Peter Peel has done in *British Public Opinion and the Wars of German Unification: 1864-1871* (537 pages, maps, index, \$19.95, International Research Institute for Political Science, Box 199, College Park, MD 20740). The author has not only provided a brilliant historical rundown of Prussia's three wars -- Schleswig-Holstein (1864), Austro-Prussian (1866) and Franco-Prussian (1870) -- he has looked at these wars through the eyes of the British media, whose mind manipulators were just beginning to feel their oats in the latter half of the 19th century, when free public education was teaching the British masses how to read. As Peel reports:

In 1753, the total annual circulation of all newspapers in Britain was 7,400,000. By 1836, it was 39,000,000. By 1854 [it] was 122,000,000.

For centuries British public opinion, or what passed for it, was pro-German, but by the end of the Franco-Prussian war some British newspapers were thundering at Germans in tones that would hit a crescendo in the two world wars of the next century.

Peel's introductory essay (74 pages long) is a little gem of 19th-century historical analysis. Written smoothly, objectively and serenely, it presents a clear, perfectly focused picture of Britain at the height of her imperial glory, while not neglecting the dark shadowy forces in the background which were already striving to dim this glory.

Peel does not limit his history to a simple rehash of dates and happenings. He gives us fresh insights, including the fascinating idea that it was fear of the United States in the 19th century that practically determined British foreign policy and kept it on a semi-isolationist course. Americans never knew that they had had such a braking effect on what was at that time usually considered the most powerful and most impregnable empire that ever straddled the globe. Britain, which Peel reminds us is a very old country ("only China, Japan, Egypt and Iran can claim greater antiquity of national identity"), was deathly afraid of giving the U.S. the slightest cause to invade and take over Canada.

There are many incisive profiles of British and German statesmen in Peel's book -- Disraeli, Gladstone, Bismarck, William I, Napoleon III, who "spoke French with a thick German accent." The Rothschilds don't come off particularly well. Peel informs us that the much touted financial loan to the British government that enabled it to buy control of the Suez Canal was at 13% for four months. The Bank of England would have charged much less interest, but Disraeli saw to it that his dear usurious friends were awarded the financial plum.

Peel's book is a noble attempt to get at the truth of modern history by understanding how the media have shaped modern history. To learn what the world has been doing since the appearance of the mass-circulation daily press, we need a whole library of history books written from this perspective.

Stealing Their Shibboleth

Anyone who reads much American sociology soon learns that the words "social change" have an almost mystical appeal to its practitioners. "Change" signals an impending switch from an objective and responsible mode of discourse to a subjective, wishful one.

The word is even quite popular in South Africa. White youths there comprise the group upon whom the main burden of "change" is being placed. A few of them, seeing through the verbal ruse, have formed a group called the Anglo-Afrikaans

Bond (Box 143, Bellville 7530, Republic of South Africa). Their monthly magazine, the *AAB Report*, has bluntly asked "What does CHANGE mean?" The answer packs a bookcase worth of demystification into several lines of plain English:

CHANGE means: Give up your resistance to massive race-mixing.
 CHANGE means: Give up your natural loyalty to your own race.
 CHANGE means: Give up your racial self-respect.
 CHANGE means: Forget about your racial identity.
 CHANGE means: Accept social race-integration.
 CHANGE means: Integration in all schools.
 CHANGE means: Accept blacks or coloreds in your white neighborhood.
 CHANGE means: Let your children marry blacks or coloreds.
 CHANGE means: Give up your country and hand it over to the blacks and coloreds.
 CHANGE means: SUICIDE FOR THE WHITE RACE!

Be one of us who say "yes" to life, "yes" to battle, "yes" to white freedom. We have changed -- but not to cowardly and miserable surrender, with a rope already around our necks. We have changed to a positive approach to life and the preservation of our white race.

Help for Private Schools

The Education Voucher Institute (EVI) is a parents' and taxpayers' group which seeks free-market solutions to educational problems. Its monthly newsletter serves as a clearinghouse for information pertaining to tuition-credit initiatives around the country. One hopes that their 8-to-1 defeat at the polls in our nation's black capital last November will remind the folks at EVI (and the National Taxpayers Union) of the racial nature of their crusade. The unspoken fact is that the voucher movement draws most of its popular support from parents in "white flight," who resent the double burden of education taxes plus private school fees. Black parents, who know a massive subsidy when they see one, are not about to vote it out of existence. Those interested in the EVI teach-your-own booklist, or in helping to keep the group in touch with reality, can write its main office at 24650 Crestview Court, Box 423, Farmington, MI 48024. Good tuition-credit programs could do wonders for sagging SAT scores.

Writing Off Blacks

Republican National Committee Chairman Richard Richards has said that, since black leaders have taken their group "out of the mainstream of American politics," his party will no longer work through that leadership to win black votes. After telling

WGST radio in Atlanta that the Reagan program is as good for blacks as for whites, Richards denounced the wasted resources involved in seeking support from people who have already closed the door.

Writing off the support of America's black leaders (if the Republicans really follow through) is a major first step toward white sanity. Next comes writing off the support of blacks generally, since their collective aspirations are at loggerheads with white aspirations -- and for that matter white survival. The final step will come when Majority members understand that the only "mainstream" politics for them is the white stream, even if it is reduced to an eddy.

Conservative Conservationists

The population of Mexico is doubling every 22 years. Over eight million Americans are unemployed. More immigrants, legal and illegal, entered our country in 1980 than in any previous year of our history. The number of robberies in Miami's Little Havana increased 775% in the months following Castro's prison-cleaning operation. 91% of Americans want an "all out effort to stop illegal immigration," and 80% want legal immigration reduced. Only 15% of illegal aliens are now low-paid farm workers. One expert has estimated that illegal immigrants cost the taxpayers \$13 billion a year, in spite of the taxes the illegals pay. Our Border Patrol could be doubled in size if we charged foreign tourists, businessmen and students only a few dollars more for visas.

Instaurationists know most of this, and readers of *The New Republic* and the *Washington Post* know some of it, but many conservative publications have been far too worried about abortion or deficit spending to give immigration much thought. Determined to rearrange conservative priorities, a new organization, Conservatives for Immigration Reform (227 Massachusetts Ave., N.E., Suite 321, Washington, D.C. 20002), has just launched a massive educational drive aimed at regaining control of our borders. General A.C. Wedemeyer is one of its biggest boosters and its advisory board includes former Director of the Passport Office Frances Knight and several top conservative congressmen. The group's attractive brochure includes all of the unattractive facts set down in the preceding paragraph.

New Revisionist Books

Two new books on Pearl Harbor are putting the court historians further on the defensive. In a complete switch from *The Rising Sun*, which won him a Pulitzer Prize in 1971, John Toland has written *Infamy* (Doubleday) which states in so many words that the Roosevelt administration

knew the Japanese carriers were heading for Hawaii but "allowed it [the deaths of some 2,300 men] for the national good." In *The Pacific War* (Rawson, Wade), British historian Josh Costello argues that a firm commitment to enter World War II was made on November 26, 1941, nearly two weeks before Pearl Harbor, when a message received in Washington, most likely from Winston Churchill, announced an impending Japanese attack. Costello describes how Roosevelt and War Secretary Stimson concealed the nature and origins of their information.

Japanese cables, intercepted and decoded on November 19, December 1 and December 4, plainly revealed Tokyo's designs on the American fleet. The National Archives has an interview that Chief Warrant Officer Ralph T. Briggs gave the top-secret National Security Agency (NSA). It was Briggs who relayed the critical "execute" message of December 4 to Navy intelligence headquarters, and made two carbon copies and a log entry. He was ordered to keep silent during the nine official investigations between December 11, 1941, and July 15, 1946.

A man who couldn't be silenced was Navy Captain Lawrence Safford, chief of the Navy's Code and Signal Section, to whom Briggs teletyped his grave message. He testified before a congressional committee that the "execute" alert came into his office and he passed it on to higher-ups who "spirited away and suppressed" it. One of Safford's deputies, Captain George W. Linn, subsequently told the NSA of the anguish his boss endured when Briggs and others were forbidden to testify.

Costello's book tells how, in 1960, when Briggs had become the officer in charge of World War II communications intelligence in the Navy archives, he hunted exhaustively for the suppressed evidence. It was still missing -- but the trail of obfuscation was plain.

Third Anti-Holocaust Convention

Speakers from six countries addressed the third annual revisionist conference of the Institute for Historical Review (IHR) on the weekend of November 20-22. Banned from the Lake Arrowhead Conference Center of the University of California by Anti-Defamation League bullying, the IHR met at the Hacienda Hotel near Los Angeles Airport. Several Jewish Defense League screaming meemies showed up, which indicated a leak among the carefully screened guests. Another also-show was William Cox, the attorney for Mel Mermelstein, the "survivor" who is suing the IHR for \$1 million (reduced from \$17 million). When Cox demanded a chance to address the conference, IHR director Tom Marcel-

lus, one of the few extant believers in free speech, obliged. Failing utterly to detect the irony of the situation, Cox proceeded to browbeat his audience for daring to hold unorthodox views.

The scheduled speakers were more inspiring. Dr. James J. Martin dedicated the conference to the memory of Charles A. Beard, the only scholar ever to be elected president of both the American Historical Association and the American Political Science Association. With the polymathic Harry Elmer Barnes, Beard was one of the most respected historians in America prior to World War II. Both were relegated to the academic doghouse when they challenged the glib Establishment accounts of that conflict's origins and nature.

Two speakers dealt with the Holocaust. Dr. Serban Andronescu, a Romanian, analyzed the manipulation of Jewish casualty figures in his native land. Although careful post war estimates showed that 10 to 15 thousand Jews had perished in Romania from all causes, the tally had reached nearly half a million by the 1970s. Andronescu stressed that no credible evidence supports the newer figures.

Professor Charles Weber described how the governments of the Soviet Empire, Britain, France, West Germany and the U.S., all continue to benefit politically and psychologically from organized hatred of the Third Reich.

Percy L. Greaves, the prominent libertarian economist who was research director of the joint congressional investigation of Pearl Harbor, outlined the steps by which President Roosevelt and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson drew Americans into a conflict they did not want. Greaves also showed how the Establishment still distorts and suppresses facts damaging to Roosevelt's reputation.

Issah Nakhleh, the chairman of the Palestine-Arab Committee, discussed "Palestinians and Zionist Genocide." One form of intimidation used in driving his fellow Arabs from their native land has been the dynamiting of more than 12,000 homes (usually, but not always, with the owners out).

Libertarian publisher Samuel E. Konkin III warned against American intervention in a no-win Salvadorian conflict.

Charles Sutton recounted Middle East history during and between World Wars I and II and stressed that the Axis powers were perceived by many there as the force of liberation from colonialism.

Dr. Martin A. Larson lectured on the Esene scrolls, which vanished into the custody of Israel's theocracy after only a few had been deciphered. He wants to know why they faded from view.

Cassette tapes of the conference are available at \$8.75 each, or \$75 for the complete set of nine, from the Institute for Historical Review, P.O. Box 1306, Torrance, CA 90505. Videotapes will be sold if the demand is sufficient.