

*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

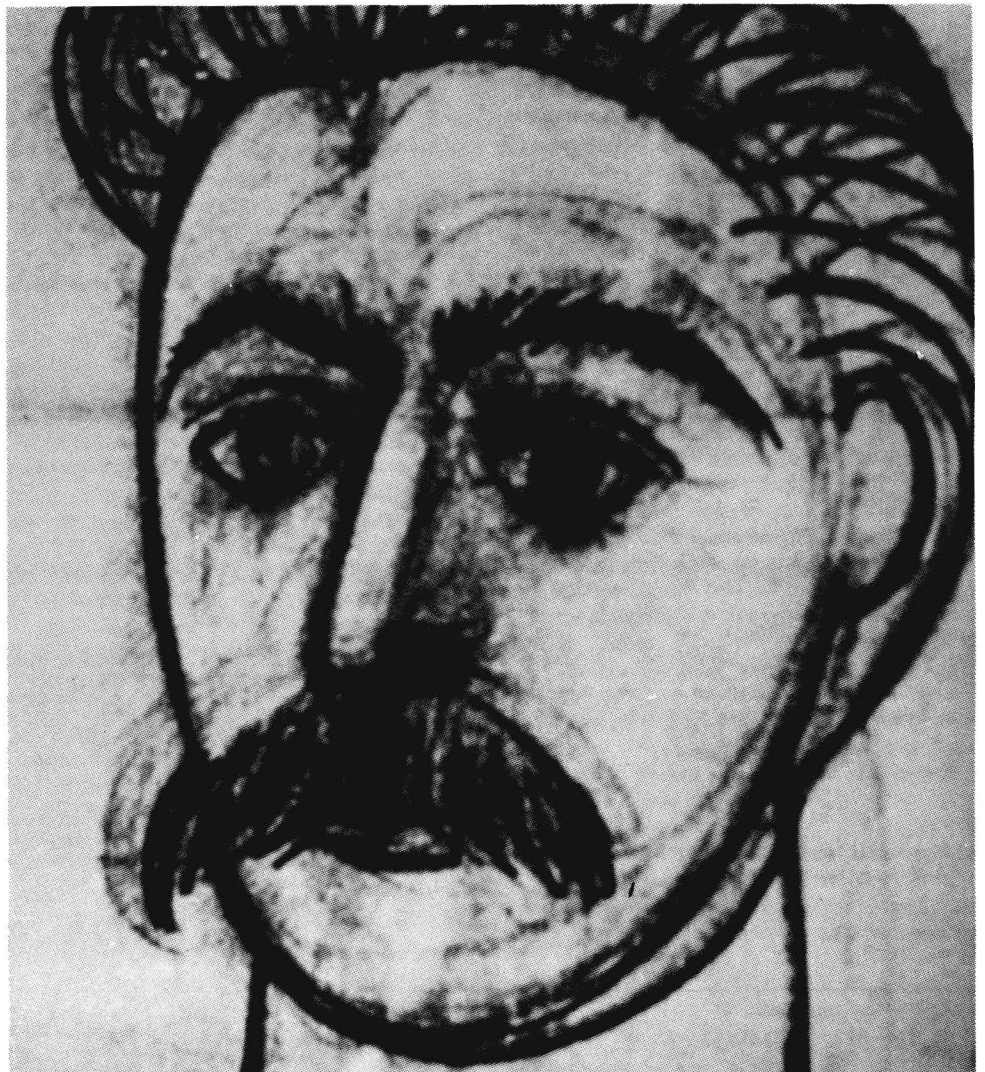
Instauration

VOL. 1, NO. 9

AUGUST 1976

**WAS
HE
OR
WASN'T
HE?**

(see page 8)



Stalin by Picasso

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

**Whence and Whither Morality?
(a tribute to Arnold Gehlen)
Is it Time to Organize?
L'Affaire Stavisky**

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

I may go to Rhodesia. A good friend of mine has gone there to join the army and, depending on what he tells me and on whether I'm accepted, I may follow suit. 368

We need a system of values based on race, not an excuse for racism. We should not evaluate race scientifically, but rather evaluate science racially. From this point of view science has not served us very well. 108

Not a few of the Jews are now seeing themselves as the current Bourbons or Romanovs. They consider, not without some justification, the masses to be raceless, nonhuman automatons, suitable for doing the physical work of the world. The important thing, though, is that the Jews and their upper-middle class Wasp allies are increasingly at each others' throats. Both are running scared of each other, of the Russians, and of the nonwhites. 208

I hope *Instauration* is keeping track of the new developments concerning former Vice-President Spiro Agnew. Agnew has now attacked the "Jewish cabal" made up of the networks, the *Washington Post*, and the *New York Times*. When the former Vice-President was puffing his book on a number of talk shows, he attacked the Zionist lobby and Israel's "aggressive imperialism." Later on the *NBC Nightly News*, John Chancellor went after Agnew, citing his corrupt activities in office. Yet Chancellor never poured any obloquy on such corrupt liberal-minority favorites as William Douglas, Abe Fortas or Edward Kennedy. 191

In the April issue of *Instauration*, there is an article titled "The National Premise" with which I would like to take exception. I believe that the author hasn't thought out

his proposition very thoroughly. My first objection is that the areas that he has selected cannot provide a living for the minorities he wants to move into them. My second objection is that we fought a terrible war to determine whether this country would be divided or not. Out of that traumatic experience was forged a nation whose people have come to believe that this nation is indivisible. I'm afraid that to attempt its division would cause another great conflict. 485

I'm all for abortions as long as blacks and liberal whites keep on getting them at a higher rate than nonblacks and nonliberals. 222

In regard to the article "Renegade's Roost," several years ago Israelis were in New Mexico seeking the purchase of certain appurtenances that would only make sense if they already had a nuclear warhead. To my knowledge, there has been no publicity about it. 610

Your geneticist asserts (*Instauration*, April 1976) that "the new American Nordics have already produced their own song — derived in part from the evangelical working classes of Liverpool." I take it he means that our young have created an original music, one fruitful source being the Beatles. But aside from an occasional tour de force like Bobbie Gentry's Ode to Billy Joe or Don McLean's American Pie, I cannot see that our "Nordic" young have produced much in the way of distinctive song. And to a notable degree, they are not producers but consumers, the passive recipients of material packaged for them by the minority moguls of the music industry. One striking and nauseating example is the recent album by the pop guru Bob Dylan (Zimmerman) which features synthetic folk ballad apologies for a convicted Negro murderer and a deranged Mafia killer. 522

I want to express admiration for the first five issues of *Instauration*, which I have a habit of reading over and over again. I like everything in them, and they have greatly increased my store of information. 231

I would like to congratulate you on the consistently high quality of your magazine and, if I might, make a suggestion. It would be very nice if you published articles about the history and activities of our racial kin in other parts of the world. I appreciate the *Stirrings* section, but I feel that some of those items deserve to be made into full-size articles. We are so isolated by the alien-controlled mass media that such articles would go far towards giving us a feeling of not being so alone and surrounded. 325

How about some articles on the restrictions on freedom of speech and the press on minority issues in both Britain and Canada? It certainly needs authoritative exposure, as a warning to our people here in the United States. 338

My room boy carefully threw away my copy of the first issue of *Instauration*, deciding I didn't want it any more. The local Bantu are so dense that foreign visitors are convinced they are sabotaging everything. It is just sheer stupidity. A South African subscriber

Consider me a supporter and advocate of "The National Premise," which is, of course, a more precise statement, with variations, of the relocation plan presented in *Ventilations*. If we hope eventually to be listened to, we need realistic and palatable answers to such questions as "What do we do with them?" Of the conceivable answers, "The National Premise" is by far the most logical, humane, and attractive (having something for everyone). It is a creative and positive contribution to what might be called Majoritarian doctrine. 640

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- The Clupei Ardentes article (Instauration, March 1976) about flying saucers seemed to glow with a baleful glint. I hope you are not falling for the lie-fi line. If we're the only intelligent life form in the universe, then we are something pretty special — and we should feel damn good about it. Why throw a wet blanket on our morale by pretending we're just another speck of sand on God's boundless beach. When and if the UFOs arrive, we'll know how second-rate we are. Until then and until someone proves otherwise, let's consider ourselves the aristocrats of infinity. 522
- Edmund G. Brown, Sr., is half Eire, half German and Catholic. Edmund G. Brown, Jr., I can only identify by the paternal half. He is Jesuit-trained (as was Goebbels), a competent indoctrination but I'm familiar with it enough to proclaim that it makes him permanently an alien element in U. S. political circles. 921
- So far the elections show nothing good — nothing but total apathy and resignation. The bicentennial is a big yawn. 202
- What is the status of government in America today? The formal government of our nation is not a government at all, but rather a coterie of politicians and bureaucrats. The informal government, however, is more than a government and in fact might better be described as a liberal-minority tyranny. With such a monster, what can be done? If government is defensive and will not govern — due to the classic liberalist foundations of our state, then opportunists, criminals and wandering non-idealists will be right there to fill the vacuum, or at least their own pockets. 804
- Firstly, I wish to refute my former remarks about the name Instauration, after having looked it up in several dictionaries. Actually I think the term is very good for a title, engendering a total conception of all implications and inferences in the publication's articles. I am very much impressed with Instauration's contents and can wholeheartedly say that it is decidedly the clearest and best output among all of the Wasp outpourings. 303
- People shouldn't be afraid of minorities. Much of our programming is purely mental, not physical repression. 306
- My membership in the John Birch Society is fast sinking under the sort of perversion prohibiting them from offending minority members among their general membership and especially among their higher echelons. One doesn't simply have to continue belonging because he once went thus far toward what he could perceive at the time as being in the right direction, does one? 506
- It is frustrating to be one of the 1×10^{-29} of the population who can clearly foresee where liberal policies will take us. It is like having the ability to see ghosts. You can see them, but others can't and they think you're crazy. 777
- You people are doing a fine job with Instauration. It's just like some of your subscribers have said, a person has to read every issue from front to back. It is really that good! I've read enough publications from "our" side, but will say you have the "tops." Keep up the fine work and do it your way, not what a few of the subscribers say you should do. Without a doubt, the majority of your readers are behind you all the way. 809
- Your feature article for April, "The National Premise," was a think-tankful. 038
- Attached a money order for \$50.00. Please send fifty back issues to fifty prospective subscribers — persons, for example, who have read The Dispossessed Majority without frothing at the mouth. If they see what they have been missing, they'll subscribe. 201
- What right does the U. S. Supreme Court have to impose low-income housing on the suburbs? Are the white members brainwashed by Franz Boas and Co.? Are they terrified by the legal department of the NAACP? Are the double-domed justices determined to have a race war in the countryside? 194
- I'm not particularly happy about changing scenes 7 and 8 of Act IV of The Game and the Candle. I agree with you that they are both vague and almost dull . . . but they serve as a change of pace between several very intense, almost shattering scenes — the Russian betrayal of the Spanish loyalists, the Capitalist betrayal of the Republican party, the American betrayal of the U. S. battle fleet and the whole network of American interests in the Far East. I think the audience . . . needs trivial transitions. I admit that it must create a problem for serialization, in which there is a natural tendency to overemphasize action at the expense of the shades and oddities of human character, but it is the presence of the latter that is the difference in flavor between reality and propaganda. 300
- Did you see on TV the heroic figure of Gerald Ford when that lady's flash-camera exploded accidentally? It reminded me of my old commanding officer. 921
- Almost every black I have ever met has a very good Northern European name. 208
- Instauration is improving with age, it is a fine piece of editorial work, something we have needed for a long time. It is a communication that is airing some of the anti-establishment views, and exposing the motivations that lie behind the established order. Keep it coming, I'm listening. 920
- A bit put out myself when reading comment on Mussolini (Ventilations). Nice to get another version . . . he was all that: a courageous, energetic, creative lion of a man . . . there is a touch of the clown in all of us! 038
- I'm an Alabama girl and there is a Robertsonville, Alabama, yeah! 393
- The only thing I do not read in Instauration is "The Game and the Candle," which seems dull. 025
- Some comments on the piece on Schoenberg: it is not true that there has been no music of the stature of "minor" works of Mozart and Beethoven in the last fifty years. I need only cite Bartok and Shostakovich, neither of whom were atonalists. Besides, of Mozart's 626 works, all but about 50 or 100 were really "minor," anyhow. Atonalism was really a short-lived fad. Schoenberg is promoted as being "great," but I really can't see his influence as being terribly significant. His appeal lies in this: he wrote for musicians and not for the public. If I were a pianist, I might delight in the intellectual intricacies of atonalism. There are so many musicians about, a veritable bureaucracy of them, that they force their own tastes down the public's throat. It is not much different from HEW! My quail against the Jews is not atonalism or any like fad . . . Jewish musicians praise and promote each other, so that the great German musicians (like Mengelberg and Furtwangler) are crowded out. Jews are competent enough instrumentalists; it's just that they lack the genetic understanding of the music that we hear in the very great. 200
- Big government will spend billions on shallow and shortsighted aims. Meanwhile the brains are at IBM, Xerox and Bell Laboratories or they stagnate on campus, or they are psychoanalyzed or intimidated into ineffectuality. The whole system of public culture, general happiness and effective welfare is insane and dislocated. But we are up against a stone wall. If government grows in power, something could be done; but if government grows, nothing will be done. 803

WHENCE AND WHITHER MORALITY?

A tribute to Arnold Gehlen (1904-1976)

Some say morality comes from God. Others say if it doesn't, it should. As proof they bring up the topic of murder. Who is guiltier? The murderer who kills the image of God or the murderer who kills the aleatory end product of billions of years of natural selection. To the evolutionist, the latter is more of a miracle than the former. To the evolutionist, nature's trick of turning a DNA molecule into a Shakespeare is more awesome than Yahweh's abracadabric transformation of a lump of clay into Adam.

But most people — and most murderers — don't look at it that way. If a man is handed a gun and told to kill either the sophisticated primate known as man or the handiwork of the Almighty, the chances are good he will take a shot at the trousered ape. Even to an unbeliever, killing a creature touched with divinity carries with it dark connotations not just of scores of years in jail, but of thousands of years in hell.

Everything else being equal, a morality sanctioned by religion has the most teeth. Even atheists must agree that when it comes to a specific moral imperative such as the Sixth Commandment, the warnings and fulminations of the pulpiter have more impact than just plain common sense or just plain instinct.

Just plain instinct! We should not treat the idea so lightly. For this indeed seems to be the source of all ethics, divine or secular, whether pronounced from on high or whispered in the gutter. Morality, as we have been told by the modern school of ethology (with assists from Spencer, Nietzsche and a few other nineteenth century sages), is largely the internal codification, hypostatization and unleashing of complexes of instincts, sometimes warring instincts, which over thousands of centuries have proved to have survival value for man and beast.



The Two Codes

Herbert Spencer, who lured Darwinism up the dark byways of social science, harped on the codes of amity and enmity. The one insured family solidarity by stressing maternal and filial love, sociality, charity, succor, reciprocity — all the household virtues which could easily be extended into the tribe and patriarchal and feudal societies. The other, the code of enmity, took the cementing love of the family and tribe, the love of the near, and transformed it into the hatred of the far, into animosity for the stranger and the outsider, into the kind of emotional state that triggers killing and mass murder — and honor and sacrifice and obedience among the killers. Here all was bias **against** instead of **bias** for. Here was the wellspring of intolerance and the seed of slavery, the taboos against miscengenation, the innate disdain for the foreigner and all his works — a total physical and cultural cold shoulder.

There was something quite moral, quite "Christian," about the code of amity: love of kin, love of neighbor, respect for life, care for the sick and wounded — all the motives of social cooperation which injected teamwork and team spirit in the hunting band. Conversely, there was something very immoral about the code of enmity. With its accent on violence against the intruder, it permitted and encouraged acts which, if committed within the group, would have been condemned as heinous crimes.

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How minority swindlers set the stage for the collapse of the Third Republic.

L'AFFAIRE STAVISKY

How much damage does minority racism do as it encourages the Majority to keep its mouselike feet on the treadmill; fork over a disproportionate share of taxes; or battle in the overseas wars? No foundation-endowed research group has yet investigated this question. The query is particularly relevant in a public relations culture like that of the United States, upon whose power Western civilization depends, and through whose living rooms streams an incessant, endless torrent of minority propaganda, encouraged by Majority mindlessness. Such an outpouring has never been witnessed on a similar scale in history. Graphically, audibly, tirelessly, daily, at all hours, the minority racist makes his appearance, alternately complaining, accusing, plotting, sleuthing, whining, gloating, demanding, inserting and twisting his ideological dagger, as he attacks the Majority in a thousand different ways.

What effect does such a Niagara of sustained, hyperthyroid sophistry and palpable razzmatazz have on a population group which is relied upon to defend the political viewpoint that makes such a spectacle possible? Perhaps a brief review of the events leading up to the ridiculously easy overthrow of "democratic" France in 1940 will provide some useful information.

In the decade prior to 1939, the year that France declared war on National Socialist Germany, the French publicity media, consisting largely of eight- and twelve-page newspapers, reflected a customary and historical indifference to the country's political well-being. Everyone wanted a reduction in unemployment, but no government ever tried to eliminate it or effectively to reduce it. Grasping, money-hungry politicians, lacking any nationalist drive, seemed to acquire virtually all key government positions. None ever displayed any inspirational leadership qualities or organizational talent of the de Gaulle type, but all labored hard at infusing themselves with charisma. Nonetheless, the patient French citizenry plugged onward, working diligently, paying its taxes, serving in the army, and trying to save a little money. But a pervading malaise had spread through France, beginning in the fateful year of 1933, when Adolf Hitler assumed leadership of the German state. This was the general atmosphere in which an unending series of financial scandals, usually with heavy minority overtones, fell upon the hapless Third Republic.

The media repeatedly reported cabinet ministers and deputies enmeshed in shady deals with swindlers. Corruption seemed to become an integral part of every French administration. The turpitude of both

press and government came to be accepted as chronic. The dual **causes celebres** of Louis L. Klotz and Martha Hanau did not help things. The former, Clemenceau's Minister of Justice, had been seized by the gendarmes for passing rubber checks. Madame Hanau had made the headlines through her associations with dishonest politicians and speculations amounting to millions of francs. Her swindles had involved the cooperation of cabinet ministers, deputies, senators and the Foreign Office. Her money was used to pervert the press in general and even to buy one newspaper, which was then employed to lure tens of thousands of dupes to hand over their savings to her "enterprises." How could the average Frenchman suspect anything when the Premier, the Foreign Minister, the Minister of Education, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris eagerly assisted her? The Hanau scandals dragged on for seven years, as the Madame ducked in and out of jail and her convictions were mysteriously and continuously delayed.

Then there was Monsieur Oustric, also a corrupter of high-level Parisian politicians, a shady banker who specialized in high-grading penny stocks. When the Oustric octopus disintegrated, and the sheep had been sheared, the Minister of Justice harrumphed and blandly blocked any inquiry, ably aided by the French Ambassador to Rome. Both later proved to be in Oustric's pocket. These shabby deals were accompanied by smaller scandals too numerous to mention. Frenchmen, dedicated to liberty, equality and fraternity as they might be, began to wonder if rioting and mayhem might help. Peaceful demonstrations by the mulcted gulls seemed to avail nothing.

The climax, however, was yet to come. Against this background of rascally politicians and financial con men appeared in 1934 a master minority mountebank and charlatan above and beyond the standard model, holding the most starched, most dignified and most highly placed circles on his leash. This was Serge Alexandre ("Sacha") Stavisky. A furtive network of suborned officials and compromised financiers, extending throughout the foci of French monetary power, had been initially and somewhat anonymously revealed by a raid on a Bayonne pawnshop that was floating fraudulent bonds. This small police action had the effect of disturbing an enormous antheap. Emerging into the light, blinking, came Stavisky, the king ant. As his multitudinous, political connections were blared forth in the French press, the stodgy population began to vibrate with rage. Stavisky had been born in Kiev, Russia, of Jewish parents, and was

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TRUTH ON ICE

Truth crushed to earth may rise again, but each year it is having a harder time of it. Here are a few timed-release verities that have taken several decades to sprout.

Stalin's Anti-Semitism

Boris Barzhanov, adjutant to Stalin when the dictator was just beginning to flex his claws, has written his recollections of the Kremlin, shortly to be published in Paris. Barzhanov, who escaped with his skin to the West about fifty years ago, now believes it is time to talk freely. [Stalin] "was a violent anti-Semite," he writes. "He managed skillfully to hide his personal feelings . . . to eliminate Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev and the other leading Jews of the party following Lenin's death. He exploited the anti-Semitism of these new people (post-1920 Communists) to destroy the party's old Jewish revolutionary elite. Nobody ever attacked them openly as Jews. It was unnecessary. Everyone knew."

Barzhanov, of course, is not the first to herald these tidings. Stalin's daughter, the late Nikolai Khrushchev and several leading Kremlinologists have written in the same vein. The international aspects of Stalin's legacy of anti-Semitism have been illustrated by Russia's aid to Arab regimes, Russia's mounting attack on Zionism, Russia's leading role in stirring up the United Nations against Israel, and Russian hassles with Jewish emigrants. World Jewish organizations have known about Stalin's defection for years, but have been reluctant to dwell on it, much as a father is reluctant to talk about a son who has betrayed him. It's even harder for drooling dogmatic anti-Communists and the lunatic fringe of anti-Semites to admit that history doesn't stand still and that what was true in 1918 is not true in 1936 or 1976. Russia may spring back into a pro-Jewish orbit at any time. Anything is possible in a dictatorship. But right now the Politburo, with no Jewish members and with billions invested in Arab allies, is not a likely candidate for this year's brotherhood award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Red Swastika Painters

Remember the wave of synagogue burnings, grave desecrations and swastika painting that swept over Germany in the 1950s? According to John Barron, in his recent book **KGB**, most of it was the work of people from the thither side of the Oder. Mr. Barron, a Senior Editor of the **Reader's Digest**, and a man with some experience in the intelligence profession, writes: "Under KGB guidance the Czech STB started mailing virulent neo-Nazi tracts to French, British and American officials in Europe. They bore the imprimatur of a nonexistent Nazi organization in

West Germany." Barron goes on to relate how four Czech intelligence agents planted a cigar box bomb in the meeting of a French parliamentary delegation at Strasbourg. The plan was to blow up delegation members and blame it on neo-Nazis. The box was opened before the meeting, killing a housewife. This proved, according to Moscow newspapers, that West Germans were all unregenerate Nazis at heart.

In 1959, at the height of postwar "Nazi" vandalism, the world press was frothing at the mouth. Carl Sandburg, the American poet who was against capital punishment, advocated the death penalty for anyone caught painting a swastika on anything. The **New York Herald-Tribune** headlined "Bonn Unable to Eliminate Nazi Poison." Police finally arrested one young German and his accomplice for some of the anti-Jewish acts committed in West Berlin. The German, it turned out, had been a recent visitor to East Germany and sported a Communist party badge behind his coat lapel. Later, Bernhard Schlottmann, the 22-year-old treasurer of a so-called Nazi group, confessed after his arrest to being an East German agent. In the end it turned out that the whole anti-Semitic campaign had been engineered by General Agayants of the KGB, who had actually staged a dress rehearsal of the whole affair in a village fifty miles from Moscow. Paradoxically, when the local muzhiks woke up to find swastikas painted all over their walls, Jewish grave markers overturned and Jewish comrades harassed and threatened, they enthusiastically joined in the staged pogrom and tried to turn it into a real one.

Adlai Flunked

It was known that the late Adlai Stevenson, whose bust occupies a major niche in the liberal pantheon, had accidentally shot to death a 13-year-old playmate, but it was not often talked about. Much less talked about was Stevenson's record as an indifferent student at Princeton and at Harvard Law School. Indeed at the latter institution he was such an indifferent student that he flunked out. The Harvard Law dean kept this state secret under lock and key during Stevenson's two presidential races, and somehow the media was never interested in getting hold of the transcript.

Lover Boy

"You who sit in splendid judgment of us all, whose lives can be saved or broken at your whim. . ."

Who addressed these moving words to the media?

Mrs. Richard Nixon? Mrs. Wayne Hays? Marie Antoinette? No, it was Eunice Kennedy Shriver, sister of John, Bobby and Ted. Mrs. Shriver was upset about an article in a Washington newspaper discussing Joan Kennedy's treatment at an Alcoholics Anonymous Center. In a sense we agree with Eunice. If the media were unwilling to get into the nuts and bolts of Chappaquiddick, why should they take cheap shots at the Senator's wife? If the media were not interested in John F. Kennedy's goatish doings in his lifetime, why should they bring up his sister-in-law's overfondness for the bottle in her lifetime? Indeed, if they had waited until fourteen years after JFK's death to talk about the little black book with 1,600 names and the phone calls from Mafia boss Sam Giancano's Chicago apartment direct to the White House (Hello, Mr. President, here is Judith), why on earth should they go into poor Joan's transgressions. Mrs. Shriver has a traditional right to expect deference from the media. After all, they never disturbed brother Bobby's sleep with charges that he could tap a mean telephone when he wanted to or authorize an illegal FBI break-in.

As for Pat Nixon's drunkenness, that is a different matter. There is no reason to complain about the purple passages in **The Final Days** by Woodward, Bernstein and Deep Throat. They're Nixons, not Kennedys. The foibles of princes, which should be treated respectfully, are not the crimes of the great unwashed, which should be hung out to dry. Camelot is not San Clemente.

Media Hero

Speaking of John Kennedy, another slowly maturing truth is his combat record. A media-touted war hero when he beat Nixon out of the presidency in 1960 by a hair, he "was really a lackluster naval officer and a mediocre PT boat skipper." Even



JUDITH EXNER

worse, in his first encounter with the Japs, he "left the scene of action without having fired at the enemy." Then "in a second encounter with the same enemy a few hours later, his boat, the PT-109, was insufficiently alert and as a result it was rammed."

If a regular naval officer had been "insufficiently alert" he would have been court-martialed. When Kennedy is asleep at the switch, or should we say, drowsy at the tiller, he was a hero. If any of this had come out before or during the 1960 election, Kennedy, in spite of the Democratic machine's stuffed ballot boxes in Chicago and Texas, would have probably lost to Nixon. That, of course, is precisely why none of it did come out.

The passages in quotation marks were taken from a recent book by Clay Blair, Jr., one time editor of **The Saturday Evening Post**, entitled **The Search for JFK**.

Schiff Ahoy!

Old Ralph Waldo was right after all. There is Compensation, not just in the hereafter, but in the here and now. Who, for example, in his days on earth ever attained such heights as FDR? At the slightest remark, at the most meaningless, tossed-off obiter dictum, at the merest shadow of a smile, hundreds of millions applauded, bowed, scraped and fawned. Gods don't walk on terra firma very often.

But every plus has its minus. There was Eleanor, always Eleanor, La Boca Grande herself as Westbrook Pegler used to call her. And now we find there was Dorothy Schiff.

Dorothy Schiff? What was the intensely unappealing granddaughter of Old Jake doing sneaking in the back door of Hyde Park and the White House? Pulling off a devaluation of the French franc? Hiking the price of gold to \$100 an ounce? Floating a billion-dollar loan for Haganah? Plotting the kidnapping of Dr. Goebbels?

Unfortunately, it was much more mundane than that. It was, in fact, a mundane affair, just like the ones you read about in **Cosmopolitan** or in the gossip columns of Dorothy's own **New York Post**. What's more, she had the blessing of her husband, George Backer, who, she said, "was proud of it (because) it gave him tremendous prestige with his friends." Eleanor, says Mrs. Schiff, also gave her approval to the liaison, which lasted from 1936 to 1943.

As all sordid romances must come to an end, Dorothy was eventually replaced by an earlier hearthrob, Lucy Mercer, who was with FDR in Warm Springs when he died in 1945. Anyone who can bear to read more about the high-level hanky-panky of Dorothy Schiff, who at 33 was not exactly a Thisbe, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, who at 56 was not exactly a Pyramus, should acquire a copy of **Men, Money and Magic: The Story of Dorothy Schiff** by Jeffrey Potter. To be published by Coward, McCann in October, it will, quite naturally, be a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

IS IT TIME TO ORGANIZE?

An activist professor discusses the need for long-range planning

We must exercise patience since many of us are feeling our way into a new awakening. Long idle faculties are in the process of being oiled and put into working order. It will take some time for the needed skills to be honed. It is reassuring, to say the least, that there are some with blossoming talent. There is no reason to believe that progress will not be made with increasing intensity and dedication to a cause that is not yet clearly defined in the minds of many.

The professional writers among us will have to endure the writings of some of us who are less skilled. Each of us will eventually have to find an area in which his particular skill can be utilized to our collective advantage.

We are not facing another routine political effort. The problem requires a much deeper insight than our writing generally reveals. It requires a deep commitment of religious intensity to a cause, and a sacrifice of time and effort. Such sacrifices are being made by a few activists in some areas, but for the most part few are willing to forego a comfortable way of life for a not so comfortable course of activity.

Suppose all of us were actively engaged in distributing **The Dispossessed Majority**. What is the reaction of a reader going to be? He may very well agree with the book. What does he do next? To whom does he turn? Does he turn to an organization whose main purpose is to distribute more books? While the dissemination of propaganda is important, provision must be made for follow-up activity.

It is obvious that the academic world has become, for the most part, the center of intellectual stagnation. Everywhere the minorities are taking control. I cannot explain why so many of my colleagues have permitted this to occur, but I am inclined to believe it is the result of effective propaganda and brainwashing. One would think that a truly intellectual mind would be resistant to such forces. Perhaps the prevalent susceptibility merely underlines the extent to which we have become debased and weak-willed.

My inclination has been to flee the perverted halls of ivy. But if I did, I would deny myself my small role in trying to arouse some minuscule portion of the students to reality. Although I am against the educational establishment, I try constantly to bring the student into contact with intellectual endeavor.

Enthusiasm is engendered by the feeling of being a part of something. It is the key, in my opinion, to the creation of a viable movement of regeneration. But, if we are to create that enthusiasm, we must first find it

within ourselves. We must know what we want and we must have some idea as to how we are going to get it. For some, that idea is already clearly defined, but there is still an inertia of passivity.

More is required to "spread the word" than mere writing. We are lacking the power of the spoken word. We must develop orators. Furthermore, a mass following cannot be expected until the masses are sufficiently hurt to desire a change. Meanwhile, we must be preparing to seize the initiative. In the process of developing a program, however, we cannot become too unrealistic. Most people are not intellectually inclined. Those who are must use their ingenuity to create a popular appeal out of their intellectual inclinations. In this regard I believe simplicity and honesty are necessary requisites. Our tactics will necessarily have to be different. Several courses of action are possible. I believe that we should be prepared to meet possible crises in several ways.

Meanwhile, I am trying to use the letters to the editor column of our local paper to get a few ideas in print. But I am tired of merely communicating with others of the same interests. I prefer to generate a dynamic course of action, a course which will reach out to new people. Some communication among ourselves is, of course, necessary, but we must not become bogged down or confined to such activity. Meanwhile, I am always open to suggestions and ideas, and would gladly alter my own plans in order to accommodate another program that shows promise.

There is always the possibility that we may become involved in another war, a much more devastating one. Much depends on the kind of leadership that emerges. Therefore, we cannot be too rigidly affixed to a particular program.

Sooner or later war will probably bring with it large-scale destruction of populations. If men do not provide the motivation for such a catastrophic event, nature will. The reason is clear to anyone familiar with biology and genetics. In part, this event transcends race, since modern medicine coupled with liberal-Jewish philosophy have greatly weakened the white race everywhere.

For example, suppose a male, with a genetic deficiency A which would have led to his early demise except for modern medicine, has children with a female having a genetic deficiency B which would also have been fatal, except for modern medicine. The offspring of such a union will in three out of four

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The Cultural Catacombs

Unjust Rewards

In the beginning of this century an unknown naturalist named Eugene Marais, a descendant of one of the oldest South African families, exiled himself in a wilderness area in the Northern Transvaal and co-existed for three years with a troop of 300 baboons. The results of his study, the longest-sustained investigation ever made of an animal society, were published in an Afrikaner newspaper. Though he was more at home in English, Marais would only write in Afrikaans because of what the British had done to him and other Dutch South Africans before, during and after the Boer War. Later for the same newspaper he wrote an equally interesting series of essays on termites, whose nests he compared to a complex biological organism. Since Afrikaans is quite similar to Flemish and since excerpts of his fascinating writings appeared in Belgian and Flemish newspapers, they caught the eye of the Flemish-Belgian playwright, Maurice Maeterlinck, winner of the Nobel prize for literature.

Six years later Maeterlinck wrote a book entitled **The Life of the White Ant**, in which he too compared the organic unity of termites with the different physiological functions of the higher animals. Maeterlinck was credited with a work of great originality and to the sheen of the playwright his admirers added the luster of the naturalist. No one seemed to know or care that he had lifted page after page from Marais' study without permission or acknowledgement. Marais sued for plagiarism, but international lawsuits have a way of not being settled. Maeterlinck's reputation was undimmed. He died in Nice in 1939, and the world mourned.

In 1932 another South African, Solly Zuckerman, published a bestseller on primate behavior entitled **The Sexual Life of Monkeys and Apes**. Marais had

spent three years with baboons in the wild. Zuckerman spent a few months watching primates cavort in their cages in the London zoo. As Freud did with humans, Zuckerman made sex the root cause of primate behavior. Marais could not agree less. He found that in their struggle for existence in the wild, primates do not have the time for sex they have in the unnatural environment of the zoo. Marais suggested that the chief motivation of primate behavior was dominance and territory. By now his hypothesis has been completely confirmed by Konrad Lorenz and other noted ethologists, while Zuckerman's study has turned out to be practically worthless and totally unapplicable to animals in a state of nature. Nevertheless, Zuckerman's reputation grew over the years and his wrongheaded book about primates actually helped to get him his knighthood. He is now Sir Solly Zuckerman and has married into one of the richest Jewish families in England.

In later life Zuckerman continued to uphold the side of error in controversial scientific disputes. He attacked Raymond Dart, the great Australian-born anatomist, who discovered the skull of the carnivorous man-ape **Australopithecus**. Since science had up to that time known nothing about flesh-eating primates, Zuckerman insinuated that Dart was a liar. Subsequent unearthing of the remains of 100 similar predecessors of man by Leakey, Broom and other prominent scientists silenced such intemperate attacks. When Dart startled, shocked and dismayed the scientific establishment in 1949 by asserting that primates had actually invented and used crude tools and weapons, Zuckerman went so far as to present false statistical evidence in his efforts to discredit him. He was joined in this frenetic attack by Sherwood Washburn, the equalitarian dogmatist who runs the

Department of Anthropology at Berkeley. In spite of everything that Zuckerman and Washburn could do, however, Dart's discoveries have now become an indelible part of the scientific record.

Marais' books were finally translated into English and are now recognized as some of the greatest contributions ever made to natural history. His investigation of the primate subconscious have opened up a whole new dimension in psychology — a dimension, incidentally, which totally contradicts the assumptions of Freud about man's inner workings. But Marais, in his lifetime never attained the fame of his plagiarist, Maeterlinck, nor the riches and social position of the publicity-seeking, error-prone Sir Solly Zuckerman.

Marais committed suicide in 1935.

Mass Reading

Present membership of the Book-of-the-Month Club is 1,250,000, plus 300,000 members in seven subsidiary book clubs. The Club ships out 12,000,000 books a year — 25,000 packages per day. The three top selections have been Will Durant's **Story of Civilization**, 6,000,000 copies; Winston Churchill's **History of World War II**, 5,000,000; William Shirer's **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, 1,000,000. Board Chairman Alex Rosin, son-in-law of the late Harry Scherman, the Club's founder, announced that in 1975 sales were \$62,710,581, earnings \$4,356,861. Most Club members are to be found in New England, the Middle Atlantic states and the Far West. Books are selected by eight in-house readers and eighty-five outside "experts." Final choices are made by six judges — Clifton Fadiman (Jewish literatus, member of the board of editors of **Encyclopaedia Britannica**), Gilbert Highet (unmarried Scotch-born Latinist), John Kennedy Hutchens (Irish-Catholic, a former

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Der Fellow Traveler?

One of the open questions of modern history has been the ratio of nationalism and socialism in Hitler's political and psychological makeup. Was he more "Na" than "zi," or vice versa? Albert Speer throws some wood on this crackling intellectual fire with a few brow-wrinkling passages in his newly published **Secret Diaries**. On page 167, after Speer tells Hitler of a 1942 Christmas party in Southern France hosted for him by Spanish Republican refugees, the following remarks are attributed to Der Fuhrer: "You know my opinion of Franco. Two years ago, when we were about to meet, I still thought he was a true leader, but I met a fat little sergeant who couldn't at all grasp my far-reaching plans. We ought to keep these Red Spaniards on the back burner — there are many thousands of them, after all. They're lost to democracy, and to that reactionary crew around Franco too — we have real chances there. I believe you to the letter, Speer, that they were impressive people. I must say, in general, that during the civil war the idealism was not on Franco's side; it was to be found among the Reds. Certainly they pillaged and desecrated, but so did Franco's men, without having any good reason for it — the Reds were working off centuries of hatred for the Catholic Church, which always oppressed the Spanish people. When I think of that I understand a good many things. Franco knows perfectly well why he objected only half a year ago to our employing these Spanish Reds. But one of these days" — Hitler stabbed the air with his finger — "one of these days we'll be able to make use of them. When we call it quits with Franco. Then we'll let them go home. And you'll see what happens then! The whole thing will start all over again. But with us on the opposite side. I don't give a damn about that. Let him find out what I can be like!"

Plate Pushers

Meeting in May in Portland, Oregon, the United Methodist General Conference approved a newspeak Liberation-Theology theme, "Committed to Christ — Called to Change," and agreed to three priorities for church funds. Delegates voted to raise or allocate \$15.5 million a year for black, Hispanic, Asian, and native-American churches; \$5 million a year "to fight world hunger;" and \$250,000 a year for evangelical work. The last priority was prompted by the fact that the denomination has lost over a million members in the last decade. Since it is a certainty that the dropouts were, with few exceptions, Majority members, we wonder if any of the delegates saw a correlation between the church's decline in membership and its plate-passing solicitude for any and every racial group except John Wesley's.

They're Everywhere

The Centro de Investigación y Docencia Económicas is an organization in Mexico created for the purpose of subsidizing exiled Marxist terrorists from other parts of Latin America. Currently on the payroll are Pedro Vuskovic, Armando Arancibia, Eduardo Novoa, Luis Maira and Fernando Fainzylber of Chile. Other ranking Maoists, Trotskyites and crypto-Trotskyites include Marcos Kaplan of Argentina and Samuel Lichtensztejn of Uruguay. **Novedades**, a Mexico City daily, states the Centro allows its members to "serve" Mexico as they have served their own countries in the past and to "fill a vacuum at the continental level." Only a few decades ago the Mexican people managed to get the church off their backs. Poorer and more exploited than ever, the sweating mestizos are now saddled with an even more fanatic clique of leeches — the hierarchy of the church of Latter Day Leninists.

Sad Safari

A correspondent from a Soviet satellite country (**Instauration's** eyes and ears are ubiquitous), having just completed a rather extensive tour through Black Africa, reports that everywhere he went he found the blacks swept along in what could best be described as a tidal wave of antiwhite racism. In the big cities all members of his expedition — he travelled with a state-sponsored archaeological commission — feared to go out at night. One female member had her arm badly cut by a knife in broad daylight on a main street by a black attempting to take her away. At almost every step blacks would approach with extended palms demanding money. Some whites gave out of fear of being stabbed. The others gave out of fear of being assaulted or followed back to their sleeping quarters. No one wanted any trouble.

There was a minimum of road building and construction going on, and the little there was had been contracted to French or other European firms. Though blacks with European diplomas are important figures in the "emerging" countries, they have very little talent and knowledge, even in their own specialized fields of study, and almost no desire to work. All over Black Africa are rundown plantations, once owned by whites, and now neglected or abandoned by blacks. In spite of the economic stultification and decay, more and more blacks are insisting that the Congoid race is more intelligent than the white race. This attitude is most pronounced in Kenya and Uganda.

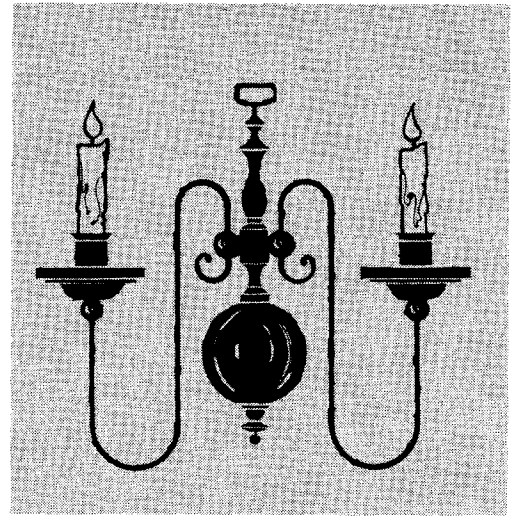
At night whites stay at home. During the day white women only go out in the streets with their husbands or with their husband's black business associates by their side for protection. As for white businessmen, their main interest is in the fast buck and they only stay

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912-1960)



The Action so Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for U. S. Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. Stalin's emissaries in the U. S. agree to submit the proposition to the Kremlin, but only on condition that Harry goes along with the appointment of their man as Army Chief of Staff.

PART ONE, ACT IV

Scene 6: The Publisher's office a few months later. The Publisher is at his desk reading. Harry enters.

PUBLISHER. Well, how much did you win at the races?

HARRY. There are no races here now.

P. There should be. This would have been your lucky day. (waving the papers he has been reading) Here's the AP report from Geneva. Negrin most solemnly announces to the League Assembly that his government demands the immediate removal of all foreign troops from Loyalist Spain. This is because of his passionate interest in world peace and to protect the virtue of Spanish virgins, (noting a look of protest on Harry's face) No, that's what it says here, except of course about the virgins. Do you suppose there are any on either side by now? (looking back at the paper) Yes, he's all for world peace and he

trusts that the Rebels will emulate his virtuous act and that they too will send all foreign troops packing and let the Spaniards cut one another's throats with equanimity. You, my friend, are to be congratulated on a most statesman-like operation. I'm sure you will now have no trouble putting together your anti-Hitler alliance and getting on with your war. What did you have to pay for it that I don't know about? Withdrawing your objections to the future Chief of Staff?

H. Why should that be involved?

P. Would you prefer to argue that his great military genius, long a secret and indeed utterly unknown, unexercised and heretofore unspoken in word or print was discovered by the President after a comprehensive and exhaustive study of the officer corps of the American Army and, once discovered, was brought to the top over empty-ump superiors in view of the grave military crisis that will be precipitated by the restoration of peace in Spain?

H. (coldly) There's no connection whatever.

P. None that you care to mention. Is the Far East involved?

H. Military appointments are totally out of my line.

P. I know. But this was hardly a military appointment, Harry. This smells so redolently of politics that even my dulled senses catch the whiff.

H. There was no politics in it at all. You know perfectly well that the President would never let politics influence him in a military appointment. He picked the best-qualified professional man he could find. I don't even know whether Marshall is a Democrat or a Republican.

P. You don't? Now look, Harry, if our beautiful and mutually advantageous friendship is to flower and bear mutually joyous fruits, you can't start basing it on material suitable for public speeches. Save that stuff for Bobby Sherwood's campaign speeches about how again and again American boys will never, never, never be required to fight abroad. In the meantime,

let's you and me stick within the mundane world of political reality. Give me the low down on Marshall. In my position I obviously have to know. When you take a busted ex-Colonel and make him Chief of Staff, the blood of the great journalist courses within my veins. . . .

H. What do you mean "busted ex-Colonel?"

P. Well, when you take a Colonel who's busted and make a General of him he's a busted ex-Colonel isn't he? Or maybe I should say an ex-busted Colonel?

H. (relaxing a little) Well, I admit there were a few odd things about the appointment. But I think it will work out all right. I think he'll be a good man for the job.

P. I take that you mean by "the job" the conquest of Germany? (as Harry starts to protest) It's best to call things by their right names, Harry. I know you are inflexibly pursuing peace, democracy and collective security, but we are just discussing the necessary practical steps in that direction. Which happens to be war against Germany.

H. Yes, I'm afraid that is inevitable. Hitler shows no disposition to be acceptable as a member of world society.

P. The only way he could do that would be to commit suicide. But about the new appointment, almost anybody with one or two stars could do that job as well as Marshall can, and most of them, not having his ego and his weaknesses, could do it better. I suspect the Russians have a hand in it. I'm wondering how much say they'll want to have in our military matters to go along with your anti-German coalition.

H. That's a screwball way of outlining the problem.

P. Not at all. The Russians have a well-tested rule, the same one our bankers follow. They don't make loans without collateral. You want Russian support on something like a military move against Germany. They want assurances. You promise them what you're going to do when everything works out as it's supposed to work out. They put just as much value in a

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The Game and The Candle

promise like that as your banker does. What they want is a share in the control of your actions. That's what a "united front" always comes down to. I'm guessing from the timing of the appointment and the background of the appointee — a real weirdo any way you look at him — that Marshall must be their boy. It makes sense and if I were in their shoes it's the kind of price I'd chance for pulling my troops out of Spain. What I'm really wondering is, did you have to promise more? What about the Navy? What about the Secretaries? What about State?

H. No. There are no other promises at all. You know, what you say has just enough of the edge of truth in it to bother me, but basically it's not true at all. The way you see things, everything is low and foul, or anyway corrupt. Of course, the left wing crowd likes Marshall. There's no reason why they shouldn't. And there's nothing dishonorable or improper about it. He did good work with them in the CCC and they got to know and trust him. Naturally they favored his appointment. He has an excellent staff record, and it's primarily a staff job.

P. Good, good. I always like to deal with a man, or a woman, who gets on the defensive. It answers a multitude of questions without having to use indelicate words. So we understand each other there. Now tell me about yourself. Rumor has it that you have decided to seek and accept the nomination for the Vice Presidency. (raising his hand to stop Harry from saying anything) Don't deny and don't confess. And don't tell me I'm a year ahead of time. Listen to sage advice from the self-styled Warwick of modern American journalism. Don't. Don't seek it and don't take it if forced upon you.

H. Without denying or confessing, tell me why I shouldn't.

P. Because the Vice Presidency is a graveyard job. Either you or God must put a little arsenic in the Prexy's soup so you can mourn touchingly at his real grave, or you will live to sit and mourn at your own political funeral if Prexy outlives you. The life insurance figures give Roosevelt too good a chance to live through his next term to make it attractive to rely on God's arsenic. I would not advise you to try your own brand, since murder is so abhorrent a mechanism of American politics. Perhaps I should broaden that and say an abhorred mechanism of democratic politics everywhere, unless you wish to classify Soviet politics as democratic. Also, and quite bluntly, you will not be an asset to the ticket.

H. Why do you think that?

P. You're too intelligent. You understand too well the base nature of the system. You don't approve of this baseness, but you are able to understand its existence and go along with its political manifestations, all of

which makes people think of you as too smart, too adroit. To the public, to understand evil is to be finged with evil. So democracy requires in its successful candidates either infantile naivete or total egotism. The total egotist doesn't smell of evil because to him nothing is evil that advances his own interests. So all he has to do is just be discreet. You don't fit into either classification, and which one fits your mighty boss is a question it would be unprofitable to go into at this time. So what the party needs for Vice President in 1940 is leftism in the person of childish innocence. The reason for that is very simple. Nothing your party can do can remove the left wing tinge, the taint of the CIO, the Labor Board, the hand-holding with Russia, the obvious crowd of high ranking leftists in the government. No one can deny this. Not now. Later maybe it will come to seem the normal order of federal business. But not now. So since it can't be denied, prudence requires it to be packaged nicely for public consumption. For this as I've said sweetness and innocence are necessary, two attributes that no one in or out of his senses has ever associated with you.

H. (laughing) That's true enough. But who is this paragon of virtue, leftism and innocence?

P. He also has a technical appeal to that great mass of worthy voters, the staunch, independent American farmer. I give you Henry Wallace.

H. (astonished) Hank! God knows he's sweet and innocent enough, but there are people who wonder whether he has all his marbles.

P. I know. All the better. It shows we're not being tricky and that we have well-nigh infinite confidence in Roosevelt's health.

H. We'd better have if we're going to name Hank.

P. Ponder it, Harry. Remember that you are the man of action standing daily at Armageddon battling for a democratic god, while I sit like a spider in the middle of my web and ponder the destiny of man, that is of democratic man. Both of us has, therefore, his role, and the ponderer sometimes comes forward with those observations of wisdom that only pondering can produce. And also besides laying the eggs of wisdom, this ponderer can hatch the chickens of publicity.

H. Well. . . I (as he starts to leave, the Publisher calls him back)

P. Oh, I forgot something I wanted to ask you. If I desired to talk to someone who could, if need be, make a high level connection with the Soviet Government, who would it be?

H. You mean some American Communist?

P. No, I mean a Russian, somebody in their government, not high brass but not part of the clerical help either.

H. Well, of course, there's Oumansky, but since he's Chargé now, that's pretty near high brass. Perhaps the man that might do you would be Stepanov. A Captain Boris Stepanov.

P. Is he attached to the Embassy?

H. I suppose so, though to tell the truth I don't really know. He only has a Captain's rank but he seems to move at least on the edge of important circles. I don't think you'd go wrong starting with him.

P. Thanks. And don't forget to think about that I said. It's important.

Scene 7: Harry's office in the White House in the fall of 1939. Harry and Dex are present.

HARRY. You bastards. You utterly unprincipled bastards.

DEX. There must be aspects of it we don't know about Harry.

H. What can there be we don't know about? First, you make an overnight alliance with Hitler. Then you join him in attacking Poland. What unknown aspect have you in mind?

D. I know it looks funny, Harry. And it distresses me personally. Terribly. But . . .

H. But you're sure Moscow knows best!

D. Yes, I'm sure they do.

H. Even when they make an alliance with the killers of your own people?

D. Harry, the Jews are just one part of the world. They're not all of it. The Soviet Government can't devote itself to the welfare of the Jews. It has other, greater responsibilities. I admit I don't like the turn things have taken, but I'm sure. . . .

H. Yes, I know. Moscow knows best. But I'll tell you when Moscow almost didn't. It was a damn close thing after the announcement of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. Roosevelt was almost ready to cancel Bullitt's commitment to England and France. Let Germany gobble up Poland and let Russia worry about a powerful German neighbor in a year or two.

D. I'm glad he didn't change his mind.

H. So am I but it's no thanks to Moscow. It's perfectly infuriating. Here the whole alliance was worked up with your friends being consulted and informed every step of the way, right up to the minute they and your whole crew go over to the enemy. Real lovely people to deal with! With Russia in the war, Germany could have been beaten in about two years, everybody figured. Now no one knows how long the war will go on and how serious it may get. You just double-crossed us, Dex. That's the right name for it.

D. I don't like it. But. . .

H. Yes, I know. Tell me, are you personally going to be in there pitching with the rest of your friends to help Hitler by refusing to repeal the Neutrality Act?

The Game and The Candle

D. No. I told them that since I was part of the Administration and Roosevelt had asked for that repeal, they couldn't expect me to take any part in the fight.

H. How humane of them. Who gave you that gracious permission?

D. Boris.

H. Boris?

D. Stepanov. You've met him.

H. Oh yes. The Captain. And who will mastermind your Senate fight against us?

D. Leon. But I think he's really going to be half-hearted about it.

H. And yet your boss Boris put him in charge?

D. Yes.

H. Is Boris like Oumansky? A God damn sadist?

D. No, I wouldn't think so.

H. So he didn't put Leon in that spot just to torture Leon?

D. No, I don't think so. You mean you think Boris is really just putting up a sham fight?

H. Not necessarily. He may know the fight is hopeless anyway. At least it's an encouraging sign. There's one other. Marshall is all out for a big and rapid build-up of the Army and Air. No interest in the Navy, but that may be due to professionalism, not to his political quirks.

D. I'm glad to hear that. I didn't know.

H. You don't keep in touch with him?

D. I'm not allowed to. All of us who knew him from the CCC days are . . . well, we're just to be total strangers to him from now on.

H. (amused) Who is allowed to talk to him?

D. Really no one, I think. Oumansky, I guess, but I don't know. I suppose I shouldn't even talk to you about it.

H. I'll bet you're breaching Party discipline.

D. I suppose so, but with you I don't think it would matter.

H. I thought Communists weren't allowed to think for themselves. Anyway not in opposition to a Party order.

D. No, they're not.

H. Then you'll have to do penance for a grave sin, won't you?

D. Maybe.

Scene 8: The Publisher's office sometime later. The Publisher is talking with Captain Stepanov.

PUBLISHER: Captain, do you know a young lady here in New York whose cover name is Nancy Doyle?

STEPANOV: No. Should I?

P. Yes. I believe you would find her one of your most effective agents, even though neither you nor she quite realizes it yet.

S. And what is the remarkable qualification of this young woman?

P. She is the mistress of a Wall Street lawyer named Wendell Willkie.

S. So? I do not enjoy knowledge of him or his acquaintance.

P. I suppose not. But he will be the next Republican candidate for President of the United States.

S. Are you trying to pull me my leg, as you say?

P. No. What I'm saying is perfectly straightforward.

S. I do not bother to believe you.

P. You should. You have surely been taught that an inside circle of American capitalists control the Republican Party and hoodwink and control the masses by inside deals in some smoke-filled room.

S. Yes. Certainly that. But where is the smoke-filled room?

P. You would not expect that you would be invited to that? But what is strange about me, a great publisher, being invited to such a room?

S. In that there would be nothing strange. What would be impossibly strange would be that you should tell me about it.

P. Only because you do not yet understand. And I'm not going to bother you with an explanation now. Knowledge follows, not precedes, belief. All I want you to do is get the people who run your open part in New York and ask them to put you in touch with Nancy Doyle. Ask Nancy whether I do not know all about her. Whether I do not know of her influence on this fellow Willkie and whether I did not promise to get him the Republican nomination. Or anyway to do my best to get it for him. Actually I'm almost certain I can get it for him, but to tell him how sure I am would make it seem improbable, or else make him think he can get it without me. That's a sickness all ambitious ignoramus easily contract. But when he gets it, come and see me sometime and we will talk things over.

S. (pondering) Suppose it is true. It means very little. It is not probable that he could be elected.

P. I think myself it is probable that Roosevelt will win against my candidate Willkie. That's part of Willkie's purpose, of course. Or rather I mean it's part of my purpose for Willkie. The poor man I suppose, really thinks of himself as cut out to be a great President and on his way to become so, backed by his loyal friends, including me. However I will invite you to follow my magazines as the campaign progresses. They will be for Willkie, but . . .

S. What do you want of me?

P. Nothing. Just that you should know what you now know.

Scene 9: A few days later in the old-fashioned business office of the bankers of Act II, Scene 5. The

Publisher is there with Tom, George and Alan. All are noticeably older.

PUBLISHER: It's a natural. It comes as near to being something we can't fail on as we could get. He'll be just the type of President we need.

TOM: What I'm worried about is how he can get the nomination. I agree he'd make a strong candidate and an excellent President.

GEORGE: (a little dubious) I should think a man so exclusively identified with one electric utility would make a rather weak candidate.

P. George, no one is a weak candidate who'll get the publicity we'll give him. How on earth do your clients sell their soap and their automobiles? Do they go out and ask what the public wants and then manufacture it? You know damn well they don't. They decide what is convenient and profitable to manufacture and then they hire ad agencies to tell the public that's the soap or the car they've always longed for. In a week they are longing for it. In two weeks they can't remember a time they didn't long for it. Candidates for the presidency, cigarette lighters, nail polish, what's the difference?

T. Of course, there is a connection. But there are political principles in the back of people's minds and the personality of a man has an effect.

P. The personality of a man affects people who meet and deal with him personally. But consider a profile in the *New Yorker* or a cover story in *Time*. Here the "personality" is not just of the man himself, but that invented by the writer. How does it differ from the "personality" of a popular soap, which the buyer uses in his shower? If it doesn't smell nice, if it doesn't wash off the dirt, he won't buy it again. You're not under such restrictions with political candidates. They are one-way operations, no deposit, no return.

ALAN: Is that your plan for Willkie?

P. If he can't make the grade, yes. I think a perennially defeated candidate is a bad thing for a party. Look what Bryan did to the Democrats. I wouldn't like that to happen to the Republicans. We run such a risk if the Party nominates a man with strong organizational support.

A. You mean men like Taft or Dewey?

P. I mean Dewey. You can't overlook his partial control of the New York machine, or in his long and friendly association with the Rockefellers.

T. There would be advantages in a man who had been less closely associated with the Rockefellers, I admit. But what you seem to be proposing would involve fighting them. That I don't like at all.

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P. Tom, I don't foresee a fight. Not a real one. The usual Convention fireworks, of course. What I do see is such a lightning move on our part that the nomination is practically in our hands before anybody knows what happened.

T. How would you go about it?

P. We'll send Willkie on a trip around the country. I'll line up suitable reporters. Some may be my own, some from local papers, some one from the AP and UP. I can get that just by asking for it. Willkie will be asked if he's a candidate for President and, of course, he'll deny that he's seeking the Republican nomination. Simultaneously, I will run weekly stories about the ground swell that is demanding Willkie as the Republican candidate. Then after a few weeks when everyone knows he's important, when no one can clearly remember when they hadn't heard of him, you fellows can put the heat on your depositors and borrowers that Willkie's the man. The whole utility industry, needless to say, can be lined up solidly behind him. The thing to do is pick out a few key states like Missouri and Michigan and a few others where sentiment might be against you. Hire a professional and give him the money he needs. In cases like that you just hire the other fellow's delegates away from him. That's the cheapest and quickest way.

A. I know Wendell slightly. He's a nice fellow. But I can't think of anyone less suited to be President. A more total ignorance of the facts of politics and of the state of the world I have never encountered in anyone over the age of eleven.

T. Alan, aren't you being something of a perfectionist? You forget that Wendell takes advice, and he will be in a position to get the best advice.

A. Because he will feel indebted to you for his nomination?

T. In part.

G. It seems to me that one of the most important things involved here is that we should be sure that we have a Republican candidate who not only is not himself an isolationist but won't give encouragement to the isolationists.

A. Why? Is isolationism a new mortal sin?

G. Alan, don't be tiresome. You know perfectly well it's essential to support England and France in their struggle with Germany, just as it was twenty-five years ago. The fundamental truths of world politics don't change. The isolationists are always a latent danger.

A. I grant that, but it seems to me that a President should have more qualifications than just being an interventionist. I can even imagine, mind you only imagine, a case where if there were enough other things wrong with an interventionist candidate, I might prefer the isolationist, even though I myself do not subscribe to that view.

T. What could one of those wrong things be, Alan?

A. For one, unrealistic policy towards the Soviet Empire.

P. Isn't it an unrealistic policy to ignore the existence of the Soviet Union as a nation and its people as members of the human race?

A. It would be, if anybody had such a policy. But even that would be less unrealistic than failing to recognize that the people who are willing in one way or another to cooperate with the Soviet Government are already the most powerful single political faction inside every Western democracy, including ours. It's not anywhere as powerful as many combinations of other factions. But the problem of keeping the other factions firmly united against the Soviet faction is already a grave one. What I'm afraid of is that the unity of other factions may become impossible. That's why Willkie's ignorance worries me a little.

P. You think he might take bad advice about Russian matters?

A. Don't you?

P. No, why should he?

A. Well, there's his taste in feminine companionship. It may be something of no political significance, but I think the official political pretense that a man's wife or mistress has no bearing on his political views is absurd. I notice, by the way, that the Russians agree with me. Wives or mistresses with bourgeois ideas are anything but assets in Soviet life.

P. And you'd like to introduce the straight-jacket of Soviet politics here?

A. (unperturbed) Thanks for confirming to me my estimate about Willkie's mistress and your knowledge of it. (to Tom) Tom, I don't think I can help you any further. My opinion is decidedly against this. I consider it a dangerous adventure. I don't think it at all assures a Republican victory and, if it did, I don't know at all what it is we would win.

T. What then do you think we should do?

A. I think we should approach Taft, and see if we can build up a reasonably conservative, reasonably honest candidate.

G. Taft could not possibly win unless he ran as an out-and-out isolationist.

A. Perhaps we should approach Dewey to see what sort of deal we could work out there.

T. No acceptable arrangement would be possible there, Alan. The Dewey people would insist on so subordinating our interest that it would be meaningless. I know from personal talks with them that they have no willingness to fight public power or resist government control of underwriting. Worse than everything else, the Russian-German alliance makes their attitude toward the war more than a little equivocal. I just don't trust them.

A. Who's seeing Soviet specters under every bed now?

T. It's not that. Neither they nor I imagine domestic dangers that don't exist. In their case it's the weight of Russian power in the Middle East vis-à-vis their oil interests. They have to be careful. I would be if I were in their shoes. Only to us this situation is altogether different. For that reason I think we should probably go along on the Willkie idea, though there are some things about him I don't particularly like. I don't feel he's a stable man. And certainly he's not well informed. But I think we must try to use him. I see no other way for us to recapture our lost political ascendancy.

A. That ascendancy was based on a command of money. Without this command, we have become only a minor influence in politics. We delude ourselves if we think we can recapture the power we had when you first joined the firm.

T. Times have changed.

A. Precisely. And that's what makes this whole meeting of ours no better than a confidence game. Because that's what it is when a man with a fantastic means for misinforming the public comes to us and says, "Help me pull this smart little political stunt and you'll be as powerful as you were back in the days of J. Pierpont Morgan." It doesn't fit, Tom, it just doesn't. And that means there's something behind it that we don't see. So I say, "Leave it alone! (Tom shakes his head gloomily, as the Publisher smiles)

(To Be Continued)

Cultural Catacombs

Cont'd. From P. 9
book review editor of the *New York Times*), Mordecai Richler (Canadian-Jewish novelist), Lucy Rosenthal (experience unknown), Wilfred Sheed (London-born Catholic, former book review editor of *Esquire*). It is interesting to note that only three of the six panel members are Jewish. Perhaps next year Affirmative Action will see to it that a black and a Chicano are added to the panel. Maybe in the year 2050, either as an act of noblesse oblige or tokenism, a native-born Majority member might be made a judge.

Academic Freedom

William Shockley has been banned from so many universities, so many of his lectures have been broken up, so many threats have been ricocheted at him by so many

academic birdbrains, that the recent cancellation of his speech at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, hardly rated a one-centimeter headline or a two-centimeter filler in the national press. This time it wasn't the black students so much as the black townspeople, who managed to silence him. Once the towners threatened a violent demonstration, the gowners promptly and with much relief "disinvited" him. Ironically, thirty years ago Westminster was noted as a citadel of the Bill of Rights when it provided the forum for the famous Iron Curtain speech of Winston Churchill. Churchill, having helped place the West at the mercy of a devious butcher named Stalin, regretted it at a time it was politically counterproductive to take a hard anti-Soviet line.

Angela Davis, the black Stalinist, doesn't have as much trouble as Shockley getting her views across. No threats from white townspeople mar her performances. If such occurred, the Justice Department of Edward Levi and the American Civil Liberties Union of Aryeh Neier would come rampaging in to see who was daring to violate Angie's civil rights.

Arthur Jensen is traveling the same thankless, briekbat trail as Shockley, but since he is considered more of a menace — his sociological credentials and his professorial demeanor are impeccable — we hear less about his persecution. In the first of two lectures at the University of Minnesota in May of this year Jensen was only interrupted sporadically by demonstrators from the Progressive Party (largely black Maoists) and the Committee Against Racism (a goonish group that emanates from Harvard). Jensen's second lecture, however, was forcibly halted and ended in a riot.

Symbolic Virginity

In the fall and winter semesters of 1975-76, Yale University coeds

reported three rapes and two attempted rapes. All the victims were white. All the rapists were black. Campus security forces reacted by checking the IDs of blacks wandering about the campus. The blacks both at Yale and in the grubby surrounding settlement of New Haven reacted in their turn with the cry of racism. The most appalling contribution to the controversy was made by James Jones, Director of the Black Coalition of New Haven, and a former Yale law student: "Yale has to ask itself if preserving symbolic things like the virginity of freshmen women is worth alienating a significant part of the community." We have decided to let Mr. Jones's statement stand without comment. The feelings it arouses are a little too strong for words.

Lapsus Linguae

Samuel Eliot Morison has written some mighty fine books about the sea, i.e., his biography of Columbus and his naval history of World War II. Even his **Oxford History of the American People** is not too doctored for an era when major publishers feel safer with liberal-minority mythology than historiography.

Morison died on May 15 last. Dan Rather noted the fact on the Saturday evening news on CBS. **Christopher** Eliot Morison, he said, was dead. Indeed, he repeated Christopher a second time. That neither the writer who fed the information into the teleprompter nor Rather knew much, if anything, about Morison is not surprising. The **lapsus linguae**, however, does bring up the matter of commentator intelligence. Rather, it will be remembered, hosted the notorious CBS special on IQ with a straight face. This means he is capable of handling any deception.

"Culture-free" types like Rather really come into their own in wartime, when they mouth the most ignorant whoppers and inconsistencies without wincing. With his jet black hair, his burnt-

cork eyes and his Upper Paleolithic face, Rather is hardly a Majority type. But he is just enough of a white to be taken for one as he pumps his dagger in and out of the back of Western civilization. The destruction of America will continue to be an inside job.

Inklings

Continued From Page 10

for a short time. White lawyers, doctors and university professors stay longer.

French, German, English, Americans and Chinese are pouring hundreds of millions of dollars into Africa, a great deal of it in Nigeria, whose capital, Lagos, is probably the most livable black city in the dark continent. In Nigeria white prostitutes are making fortunes, while venereal disease reaches epidemic proportions.

All in all, Black Africans have been unable to shake off the DT's that came with the end of the white colonial binge. They drank — or were forced to drink — too much white culture and technology to ever kick the habit, to the detriment of both themselves and their colonizers. If whites had isolated Black Africa instead of colonizing it, settling it or slave trading with it, there would be no blacks in the New World, no blacks in London and Paris, no jazz, no lynchings, no muggings, no NAACP or zebra gangs, no **Brown vs Board of Education**, no integration, no busing, no inner city etiolation.

Black Africa has always been and will be in the foreseeable future a political, economic and social plague — a highly contagious plague to which members of the white race are most susceptible. There is only one sensible way to stop the contagion and that is the total isolation of whites from Black Africa and blacks everywhere. The result of the quarantine would be the rebirth and regeneration of both races, which mix about as well as a match and a tinderbox and with even more inflammable consequences.

Philosophers, preachers and the literati have always been aware of these polarized sets of behavior, often oversimplifying and perverting them into a Jekyll-and-Hyde. "split personality." To sharpen the dichotomy, while at the same time confirming it, behavior patterns were moralized into virtues and vices, the former being credited to God, the latter debited to the Devil. The instinctual basis was sometimes recognized, but seldom elaborated. Today, when the gene has become as much a part of Western physiology as the blood cell, the truth is still not coming out.

Farmers and nomadic tribesmen have known for millennia that animals can be bred for temperament. Aggression can be bred into bulls, murder into roosters. If one had the time and inclination, it would only take a dozen or so generations to breed killer doves. Since such dispositions have moral connotations in man, it follows that morality can be bred into humans — a fact that is shattering to theologians, including those of the Marxist persuasion.

The idea has been given some attention of late by the founders of ethology, Niko Tinbergen, Konrad Lorenz and Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt, who have now demonstrated that even the most complicated behavior of birds and mammals is likely to be the exclusive product of inheritance. On the basis of these findings, who can deny that morality may soon become a science, as recommended by Raymond Cattell?

Gehlen's Contribution

Early in this century the French-Jewish philosopher Henri Bergson, who had succeeded in corrupting Darwin's theory with the *elan vital* and other metaphysical absurdities, decided there were two sources of morality. One source was the family or tribe (here he agreed with Spencer). The

other was humanitarianism — consisting of brotherly love (for all men), equalitarianism and the kind of sentimental liberalism found in the Declaration of Independence, the UNESCO statements on human rights, the editorial pages of the *New York Times* and the "news" columns of *Time*. Bergson, needless to say, considered the expansion of the family ethic into humanitarianism as "progress."

Arnold Gehlen, one of the few social scientists worthy of the name, thinks differently. In his important work *Moral und Hypermoral* Gehlen presents an almost irrefutable case that humanitarianism is not progress, that it is not an extension of the family ethic, but a hideous perversion of it — a vampire bat that flits about in the garb of a peacock.

The perversion, Gehlen writes, first became a world menace after the death of Alexander the Great, when his successors, having cut up the short-lived Macedonian empire, were struggling for bigger and bigger hunks of the pie. The code of amity was no longer relevant because the family had been deep-sixed and the tribal system half obliterated by artificial states forcibly implanted into a helter skelter of incompatible races and cultures. In desperation the kings and generals ordered their wise men, eggheads and rhetoricians to come up with an ideology that would prevent their motley subjects from flying at each other's throats — and at the throats of their rulers. Since the Cynic and Stoic philosophers who headed up the project were mostly Near Easterners, anti-Greek in spirit and congenitally hostile to the Macedonian militarists, it did not take them long to devise a leveling regimen that soon dampened and eventually extinguished the racial verve of the Greek soldiers who had made Alexander's conquests possible.

In this early outburst of rampant equalitarianism, a serious

endeavor was made to turn large segments of the human race into one family. Everyone was equal to everyone. Maternal love was "enlarged" into international altruism. Hatred was no longer reserved for the foreigner but for the citizen who refused to accept the new order. Responsibility for one's acts, even one's thoughts, was no longer invested in the individual, the family and the kinship group, but in the tyrant.

The *mise-en-scène* was that of a peaceful herd enjoying a blissful existence under the guidance of a benevolent shepherd, an Arcadian image that has cropped up time and again in history — in pastoral poetry and the Golden Age, in myths about the Noble Savage, in the works of sundry utopians, in the social contract of Rousseau and in the lunatic fringe of today's conservationists.

The distortion of the family ethic into a worldwide moral absolutism has served as the ethical basis of various attempts at universal empire from the temporal popes of the Middle Ages to the One World concept of today. Unsurprisingly, humanitarianism has turned out to be more of a problem maker than a problem solver. Leaving no place for the natural outlet of aggressive instincts, it turns aggression inward against the state and against the family itself. In a humanitarian world, where all men are brothers and war is outmoded or "impossible," violence breaks out in the most unlikely places. The media, for example, grow rabid, as TV wallows deeper in blood. Paradoxically, the enemy is now the man who still clings most tenaciously to the old family and tribal ethic, from which humanitarianism sprung. Called a racist, a reactionary, a social misfit, his affections still directed toward his real rather than his nominal brother, he must be silenced.

The Heart's Civil War

The tragedy is that all these frustrations and anomalies set up

furious and destructive moral conflicts in the same heart. This is often an insupportable psychological load for the descendants of humans whose survival for hundreds of thousands of years has been predicated on not doing unto others as they would have others do unto them. The principal victims of this internal psychological warfare have been women. Their instinctual love for children and biological urge for the preservation of life, family and home have made it possible for them to be mesmerized en masse by humanitarian appeals to love for all children, all life, all families and all homes. In addition to those who stand to gain directly by the weakening of our mental and physical fiber, the chief architects of this moral realignment are liberal clergymen. Who is better equipped to promote humanitarianism than those who have been fighting the family ethic for the last two thousand years? It is not much of a leap from the New Testament's disparagement of domestic unity and loyalty (Matthew: 10,35) to the surrender of one's household, one's neighborhood, one's nation and one's people.

Humanitarianism, Gehlen prophesies, cannot possibly work because it applies tribal ethics to vast agglomerates of nations and peoples. What is not accepted naturally and voluntarily can only be imposed by force. Consequently, once the liberal tyrants are overthrown, the different population groups will throw off the totalitarian juggernaut of humanitarianism, revert to the family ethic and rebuild their lives and their cultures accordingly.

Since the main goal of present-day humanitarianism is to share the fruits of the labor and creativity of the more prosperous peoples of the world with the less prosperous, we may expect it to come to an end when so much has been taken from the former that they are no better off than the latter.

Gehlen is at his best when he describes a principal component of humanitarianism as **Massenslebenswert**, a word he borrowed from Max Weber — and a polysyllabic German monstrosity which he goodnaturedly admits would have sent Mark Twain into a fit of belly laughs. What it really means is the right of the masses to enjoy a high standard of living, an ideal unknown before the industrial revolution. Today in the West this right has become a moral canon, with political implications that are not difficult to comprehend. At this stage of history a politician who does not stand for the higher wages, increased services and bigger welfare and retirement benefits which will permit everyone to enjoy "the good life," is considered immoral. Yet at the same time it is becoming immoral to pollute the environment. Only the most hypocritical politician can escape being gored by the horns of this dilemma.

Gehlen provides many more examples of the moral hypertrophy that now goes hand in hand with humanitarianism and the distortion of family and tribal ethics. He points out the paradox that the more we become ensnared in a universal morality, the faster the individual's personal morality withers on the vine. And as our morals dry up, we unconsciously assume less responsibility for our actions, while demanding that the government assume more. Having ourselves become moral monsters, we yield our moral prerogatives to the state. As the state then goes about forcing people to accept a morality abhorrent to both nature and evolution, government takes on a new and elaborate set of functions, including those of a nursemaid. "Leviathan," as Gehlen puts it, "acquires more and more of the characteristics of a milk cow."

Arnold Gehlen died six months ago in Hamburg. Not one page of his work has as yet appeared in

English, though his books have been printed by the tens of thousands in West Germany and have been translated into Spanish, Italian, Japanese and Czech. A well-written English translation of **Moral und Hypermoral** has been rejected by almost all the important university presses in the United States. But timeless ideas have the habit of conquering temporality.

Liberal-minority censors may have temporarily put the quietus on him in America, but his remarkable contributions to sociology and to the exciting new field of philosophical anthropology, which he helped originate, are alive and kicking elsewhere.

L'Affaire Stavisky Continued From Page 5

brought to Paris at the turn of the century. Over a long career of confidence games, forgery, pandering, scalping and smuggling, alternated with run-of-the-mill stealing, he gradually rose to the ownership of a prominent newspaper and, accompanied by dazzling midinettes, became the darling of the **haute monde**. Slowly but surely he added one politician after the other to his string, not excluding the **Sûreté General**, the French secret police.

Stavisky published two newspapers, one feeding its readers the liberal line, the other conservatism. Forty-five complaints of swindling were leveled at him, forty-five times they were ignored. One of his trials was postponed nineteen times. During the postponements, Stavisky's fraudulent enterprises garnered many more millions, a favorite ploy being the continued issuance of municipal bonds, which were secured by either stolen or fake jewels. He would then discount the bonds at a legitimate bank, the proceeds being used to found another Stavisky corporation. In 1933 a confederate grabbed by the police confessed that Stavisky's bunco network had made off with 239,000,000 francs' worth of bonds from Bayonne

alone. Stavisky's newspapers, apparently at ideological loggerheads, were not so in reality. The authentic ideology was the acquisition of both leftist and rightist suckers for the furtherance of Stavisky's "projects." Presently the Minister of the Colonies himself was unveiled as one of Sacha's minions in the financial rape of insurance companies. George Bonnet's name (he was the proper, conservative Minister of Finance) popped up when his aide turned out to be a Stavisky collaborator.

As the scandals reached new highs of infamy, and as the French public was subjected to new evidence of the widespread nature of Stavisky's machinations, he mysteriously vanished. Simultaneously it was discovered that the Sûreté General had secretly furnished him with a spurious passport, obviously hoping he would flee abroad. At this juncture the French government appeared to be coming apart. Panic seized various departments. The French national police, unable to arrest Stavisky, and having failed to spirit him out of the country, had apparently cornered him in his house. Mentally baffled, the Sûreté began smashing about somewhat in the manner of a frustrated gorilla ordered by a research team of psychiatrists to make stacks of little blocks. The police plaintively announced that at the very moment they were breaking down Stavisky's door, he committed suicide! No one who had not been committed to an insane asylum ever believed that story.

At the cracking point, the French people gathered in cynical, angry throngs in the Paris streets — and started to rampage. On one night after another in January 1934, destructive, cursing mobs assaulted the Palais Bourbon and struggled, by the thousands with police. Fascist and Communist groups were embarrassed to find themselves battling side by side in a common purpose. In the midst of the rioting, the news came of

another big minority scandal. The Minister of Justice was involved in the Sacazan bankruptcy swindle. To further inflame the citizenry, several Paris newspapers falsely reported that another minority, in this case, Senegalese Negro troops, were about to be marched in to "mow down" the demonstrators. One particular mob, of unusual determination and numbering 10,000, made twenty crazed assaults on a bridge over the Seine, with a loss of six dead. On February 6, 1934, a furious Parisian crowd of remarkably large dimensions, estimated at over 40,000, headed for the ministries in an apocalyptic rumble. This time sixteen rioters were killed and 655 injured. Then, as a finishing touch a minority magistrate, Dr. Albert Prince, who had been active in keeping Stavisky out of jail, was first drugged, then tied to a railway track and then horribly maimed and killed by four passing trains. State investigators with straight faces adjudged the act a suicide.

These events transpired while Nazi Germany was arming next door to France on a round-the-clock schedule. As an aftermath of the disorders, some members of the military hierarchy began to talk openly of getting rid of the Republic. French voters, however, mistakenly thought they had a solution. Moving starkly forward as a one-man national rescue team strode the leader of the Socialist party, Leon Blum. In July 1934, Blum signed a "pact" between his Socialist party and the Communists calling for a "Popular Front" against French Fascism, although some observers wondered just what the Fascists had to do with the government corruption. In April 1936, after two more years of intensive German rearmament on the other side of the Rhine, Blum was the victim of a racial assault by disgruntled French rightists, who beat and kicked him ferociously after dragging him from his limousine. In May 1936, the Popular Front's election victory swept Blum into power as

premier. By way of celebration, union leaders called a series of paralyzing strikes throughout France, beginning at aircraft factories and moving into the automobile industries.

On the joyous occasion of opening the first session of the new Chamber, Leon Blum found himself confronted with the worst wave of anti-Jewish feeling in France since the Dreyfus Affair. The rightist Xavier Vallat taunted the new premier mercilessly in the Chamber of Deputies:

XAVIER VALLAT: Your arrival in office . . . is incontestably a historic date. For the first time this ancient Gallic-Roman Country will be governed. . .

HERRIOT (the Speaker): Be careful what you say, M. Vallat!

XAVIER VALLAT: By a Jew. I have to say aloud what everyone is thinking silently — that to govern this peasant nation which is France it is better to have someone whose origins, no matter how modest, spring from the womb of our soil than to have a subtle Talmudist. Vallat then told the Chamber that the country would now be run by a "small Jewish coterie."

The attack on Blum was followed by a fusillade of public verbal tirades. Henri Beraud named thirty-two Jews who had just been given prominent posts in the ministries. Pertinax, the influential press commentator, stated that Blum unnecessarily courted anti-Jewishness by surrounding himself in the Premier's office by "ten, if not more, Jews." The newspaper of **L'Action Française** screamed "Le Juif au Pouvoir!" Andre Gide, the Nobel laureate, asserted: ". . . Blum considers the Jewish race superior, as called upon to dominate . . . that it is his duty to work for its triumph."

Blum's contribution to France's welfare ended with a bitterly quarreling, bankrupt country a year later, when he resigned. The social gains of the Popular Front were immediately wiped out by economic setbacks. Blum's personal prestige suffered a fatal

blow from a peculiar incident. A particularly savage riot broke out in the Paris suburb of Clichy between a rightist group and Blum's Popular Fronters. In the melee, the police killed five rioters and wounded 150. One of the wounded was Blum's head of cabinet, Blumel, who had rushed to the scene to help restore order. Blum, surprised by the news while at the opera, sped to the riot in a silk top hat, white tie and tails. The sight of Blum tippy-toeing through

the blood-spattered, body-littered riot zone in this getup proved to be too much for anybody of whatever political persuasion.

The foregoing is a brief rundown of the psychological and political condition of France just prior to its declaration of war on Germany in September 1939.

How can a scholar observing this period in France believe that this condition had no effect on the will of the French army, particularly at the vital command levels? We

know that the French fighting men of 1914-18 were among the toughest in history. Yet twenty-two years later, in 1940, 135 French divisions crumpled almost instantly at the first German onslaught. The vital question for Americans now is to determine whether a somewhat similar situation can arise between the heavily arming Soviet Union and the United States, which is crawling with latter-day Staviskys and Blums.

Is It Time Continued From Page 8

cases have one or both deficiencies (one will have both). Suppose further this carrier of both deficiencies has children by another carrying two such deficiencies. One out of four of the second generation offspring will carry four deficiencies. And so it goes. Each generation will have carriers of genetic deficiencies double those of their parents. As a result, in a few generations, large numbers of the population will be carriers of several genetic defects. As these numbers increase, the strain upon medical facilities increases. The economics soon become untenable. Eventually, the population will seek relief through socialized medicine and then the burden of maintaining health care will fall entirely upon the healthy.

This artificial effort to avoid the ravages of nature only prolongs the inevitable and makes it more difficult for everyone. The mania of the defectives overrides all opposition. Life becomes so sacrosanct that billions are spent to preserve the existence of the most grotesque and vegetative beings. I doubt that it is within the power of man to alter this trend through the use of reason. Nature will have to do the work for us. We may hope that the survivors will profit from the lesson and will establish a society in the future based on wisdom rather than emotion.

You may have had occasion to observe this deterioration among children, as the numbers requiring special educational programs

increases rapidly. Two possible remedies are available. Either those with severe deficiencies should not be allowed to reproduce or subsidized medical care should be done away with so nature can do what she wills.

My point is that sooner or later, nature herself is going to be the founder of a healthy new racial society. The madness for life at any cost is so prevalent today that the shrewdest and most intelligent dictator could not overcome it.

My observations are not a note of futility. Rather, they are intended to provide a basis for constructive long-range planning and action. The groundwork for our future society must be undertaken now.



PHOTOGRAPHS THAT NEED NO COMMENT — Presenting Alan Stang, the Voice of the John Birch Society.

Birmingham: Smack in the heart of Dixie, in a hall owned by the University of Alabama, sponsored by several national organizations, given enthusiastic support by a feature article in the **Birmingham Post Herald**, a black woman named Sarudzai Churucheminzwa appeared recently to raise money for the Zimbabwe Africa National Liberation Army. Zimbabwe is the African name for Rhodesia and ZANLA is the outfit that kills lonely whites in the night in sporadic forays from across the Mozambique border. Governor Wallace was too busy in this failing race for president to prevent his own state university from furnishing the facilities for the fund-raising group. It is true that Birmingham is 7,000 miles away from Rhodesia — too far for Alabamans to hear the black-triggered bullets spiking into white bodies, too far to hear the chortles of rapists going after the white women they have just made widows, too far to hear the crackling of the flames as the white farmers' trim homes go up in smoke. But the more money raised in Alabama for ZANLA, the sooner the shots in the night, the gang rapes and the crackling flames will be heard and seen and felt in New York, Washington, Atlanta and, finally, in Birmingham itself.

Denver: Where is the Majority resistance first going to rear its head? In the ethnic wastelands of urbania? In the Deep, Deep South? Perhaps. But there are some awfully hard-hitting and hard-thinking Majority activists in the Denver area. We are not talking about the Coors, who give and spend their millions where they least count. We are talking about young professors, young lawyers, young philosophers and young gas station attendants who bombard the media with letters of protest, who are working on the economics of pay-as-you-go publications and political organizations, who compile nationwide mailing lists of potential converts, who rush to the legal and financial defense of persecuted Majority members. On a recent weekend several of these young men set out on a grand tour of the area's most expensive and most exclusive country clubs. Under the windshield wipers of every Mercedes, Porsche and dollar-grinning Cadillac, they slipped a flyer advertising **The Dispossessed Majority**. We were sorry to hear that no Aston Martins were encountered. We feel sure that every Aston Martin owner, with the exception of James Bond, is a natural born **Dispossessed Majority** reader. At any rate, a few orders from Denverites did arrive in the following week. Since the **Denver Rocky Mountain News** refused to run a rather bland ad for **The Dispossessed Majority**, the windshield wiper campaign was one way around the liberal-minority censorship. Besides, as the First Amendment is rapidly becoming a

scrap of paper, we better start practicing with flyers — which is generally the last resort of the oppressed, or next-to-last resort now that the land is being flooded with CB radios.

Somewhere in the Far West: One of **Instauration's** subscribers, a young professor of anthropology, recently received one of those "questionnaires" in the mail. It was cooked up by a Central Michigan University Professor of Sociology and Anthropology named Leonard Lieberman. Mailed to all the "Chairpersons" of college anthropology departments in the U. S. and Canada, it endeavored to find out exactly what each anthropologist thought and felt about race and how he handled the subject in the classroom. The first part of the questionnaire delved into the teacher's ethnic origin, going back as far as his four grandparents. Other questions probed the writings and books which had influenced his thinking on race. The bulk of the questionnaire was carefully designed to assess the respondee's conscious and subconscious racial attitudes by a series of graduated responses from "strongly agree" to "strongly disagree." No one need be surprised to know that these questions were phrased in such a way as to strongly support the equalitarian position, provided they could be translated from sociological jargon into English. Sample question: "Races vary from populations differing only in the frequencies of a few genes to those groupings that have been totally isolated for tens of thousands of years and are at least incipient species." We were impolite enough to fill out the questionnaire in the name of an anthropology professor called Julius Striker, III, who had a lineage that began with Haman and ran through Titus, Ferdinand and Isabella, Edouard Drumont, down to Colonel Sanctuary and Louis Ferdinand Destouches. Gobineau, Vacher de Lapouge and Alfred Rosenberg were listed as being the principal shapers of Professor Striker's ideas on race. Required reading included **Mein Kampf**, **The Protocols** and the poetry of Dietrich Eckart. Publications favored were **Der Stuermer** reprints and the irregularly issued newsletters of Louis Zoul. The questionnaire will probably afford Mr. Lieberman a chuckle before he forwards it, along with his more serious responses, to the local chapter of the ADL.

Tijuana: Tijuana is the largest outdoor insane asylum in the Western Hemisphere — possibly anywhere. It must be explained that I read, write, understand and speak the Castilian language. This does not mean that one can make himself understood in Tijuana. Castilian is a white man's language, strongly influenced by 6th century Gothic; its morphology, especially

the labial manipulations, is not native of, nor does it suit, the teeth (if there are any), tongues, chins, throats or facial muscles of Mexican Indians, who are of Asian derivation and who did not develop the idiom. Its enormous complexities, embedded in the dim past of the Roman culture, are not amenable to the convolutions and neural patterns of their brains, and the constant passage of tequila and scorching chile around the nasal and laryngeal passages worsens an already evil condition. When I enter that fearful place my Anglo-Saxon physical get-up, usually within seconds of walking across the border, make me bull's-eye for all the frenzied panhandlers in Baja California, some of whom have pedigrees that go back to Montezuma's court. I never drive a car into the inferno; there's something about an Anglo in an automobile that brings out everything satanic in a Mexican. I accept philosophically being short-changed in a bus, since it is usually only a negligible amount. The buses, incidentally, have few working springs and Mexican highway maintenance consists of dropping large rocks into the ruts, the reasoning being that this makes the hole visible. I calculate that the purely Spanish-descended element in Tijuana is somewhere below one percent. When the city is pulsating with dense mobs, making it nearly impossible to walk, my impression is that every ugly Indian in Mexico and every ugly American in the U. S. have somehow made their way into the metropolis. What the place needs is another Cortes with 400 men-at-arms to march on City Hall.

Next Month in **Instauration**

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From the racial unconscious to the Indianization of the American psyche.

Chow Line for Four Billion
Anti-Malthusianism at the expense of the Majority taxpayer.

Life in Qatar
An **Instauration** correspondent finds food for thought in an Arab oil barony.