

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

# Instauration®

Vol. 1, No. 3

February 1976

## The Hellcats

**Some pertinent and impertinent  
notes on the causes and  
significance of the boom in  
female violence.**



### **ALSO IN THIS ISSUE**

**The End of Commercial Man  
The Presidential Warlords**

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

□ *Instauration* comes to me just at the Advent season of 1975, and I write this Christmas Eve, having read the twenty pages yesterday, à plusieurs reprises, so as not to lose freshness. And I'm lyrical about it, ready to burst into coloratura song.

It's in the first place well produced: From the cover with the Kultur-bolschewismus art leading us to the significant article about Jewish tastesetters establishing canons for the Majority, to the funny bit of Pierpont and Maxine adumbrating the Bull Moose strategy of 1912, which is surely going to be the Ronald Reagan game—the thing is witty, intelligent, varied and sustained.

Altogether a most auspicious beginning. Such a magazine costs thousands per issue, I know. Long may it wave!

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□ As a young man who's been aware of the scummy state of America's racial affairs for a number of years, I'm more than ready to offer suggestions for satisfying the immediate need of comradeship in the Majority's ranks. To offer morale in a very demoralizing age, to buffer against the spiritual shocks induced by our hopelessly degenerate, raceless society we need to make tribal shelters for those of us who think as we do. To get one's bearings, to have a psychologically supportive environment necessitates a private territory, a "turf." This boils down to establishing racial communes, whose basic membership requirement is that one is indeed of Majority racial background and committed to the Majority's betterment and solidarity.

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□ This letter to the "Safety Valve" is not intended to berate the Editor or propose cure-alls in deathless prose, but to make a suggestion.

Do let your contributors use a name with their articles. After awhile we shall all have our favorite columnist, and shall need a name to look for, a pen name, if you like.

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□ I found your first issue to be uniformly excellent. Some particularly worthwhile articles, such as "Economics and Race," deserve to be reprinted in a cheap newsprint format so that they might be more widely distributed. This might be a means of winning new subscribers.

I hope that *Instauration* will become a guide to others, that it will inspire the formation of other publications aimed at various audiences. Those who criticize your practice of publishing unattributed articles might wish to know that the *Atlantic Monthly*, during the first two years of its publication, published mostly anonymous articles, poems, etc. The first principle that any student of literature is introduced to is the rule that any work is to be judged solely on the basis of its content, its intrinsic meaning, not its authorship. It would make absolutely no difference if, for example, incontestable evidence turned up tomorrow that Bacon had indeed authored Shakespeare's plays.

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*We share this letter writer's feelings about modern conservatism.*

□ It seems to me that English conservatism—philosophically speaking—is a doctrine that sees the principles of 1688 as the ideal of the political order of the modern world. One must compromise, of course, here and there because the world is somewhat different, but no one wants to tackle the principles of that Revolution head on and wonder whether, in fact, a society in which the rich have the political power because they can afford to pay for it is wholly superior to a society in which the nobles have the political power because they inherited it. Applying the same train of thought to American conservatism, the principles of 1776 are equally not to be realistically examined and with good reason, because with some slightly more leftward tilt they are the principles of 1688: power belongs to those who can pay for it. And the principles have not really changed very much. A mass labor union, a huge, centralized and controlled advertising industry—calling itself a free press and so forth—use money to make politics, that is,

putting verbal notions in the heads of those who will be called upon to vote as you want them to, as in the simpler, less massive doses given to voters in 1688, 1776, and, to be sure, 1789.

All this is a laborious and dull way of saying I don't find modern Anglo-American conservatism particularly convincing.

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□ Enjoyed your Wallace article. The last three paragraphs summed it up very well. I agree he is "the greatest enemy of our enemies."

I would prefer plainer wording in your articles. Via Dolorosa, acedia, infra dig and catamites all sound like a book review in *Time*.

Don't think much of your magazine's name. Reminds me of a contest years ago when a new magazine wanted a name. I suggested *Desideratum*, which resembles yours. It came out *Liberty*.

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*On the ideal Instauration subscriber.*

□ Ideally, the sort we ought to attract are the men intelligent enough to be taken seriously by the specialists, although I agree that their impact should reverberate beyond the sphere of their specialty. It is ultimately more important, for instance, to have someone like Carleton Coon than William Shockley, even though Shockley attracts more public attention. It is nice to have both. But if we have to choose, we should choose Coon. Similarly, in the Humanities, it is more important to have someone like Tate or Winters than it is to have a John Ciardi. Even though more people read one issue of the *Saturday Review* than are ever likely to read Tate or Winters, the latter two critics reach the right people—the professionals—and their ideas are transmitted down the line. This has been the tactic of the liberals, and this is why, though the electorate is basically conservative, the country is dominated by liberals. Liberals control the flow of ideas. I would suspect that fifty years ago, when Grant and Stoddard were much more widely read, Boas had the more important impact. I am more convinced than ever that we are not going to get anywhere until we begin producing people intelligent enough to embarrass our foes.

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# The Hellcats

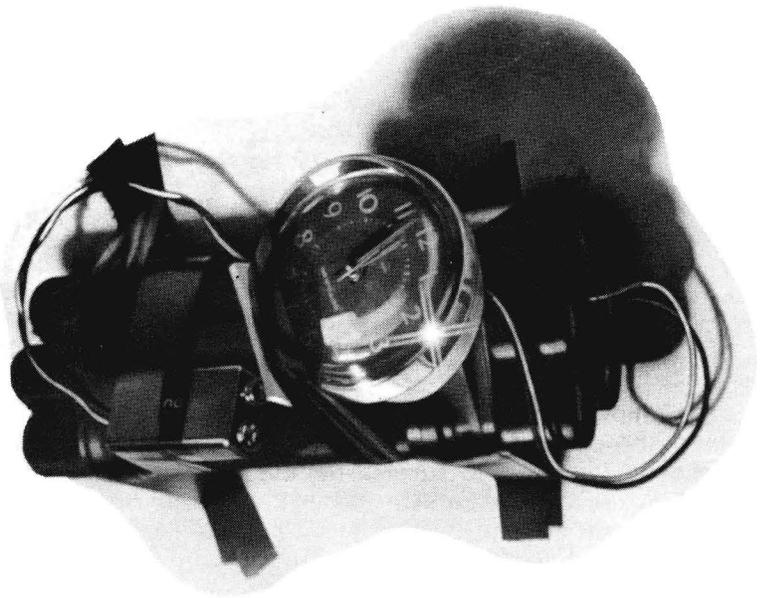
*Some pertinent and impertinent notes on the causes and significance of the boom in female violence.*

Even the media have had to confess that there is something "inauspicious" in the way that female criminals have begun to dominate the headlines. FBI crime statistics have revealed the upward-shooting curve of distaff involvement in just about every category of crime except forcible rape. But as customary in a mental climate where reporters write while looking over their shoulders, most of the important factors in booming female crime have been bypassed or treated so gingerly that the subject remains largely unexplored.

We are all aware, or should be, that modern technology with its wrenching shifts in age-old living patterns has been more shattering to women than men. In hunting, in tilling the communal soil, in going to war and going to sea, in a village workshop and later in industry, the man has been habitually away from his tree, his cave or his home a large slice of his life. But until relatively recently the female was mostly a homebody. She spent almost all her time at her parent's as a young girl, at her husband's as a wife and in her declining years at her children's as a grandmother. The single woman had just as much of a home as her married sister. She simply stayed with her father and mother. Divorce, which is basically a home-dissolving operation, is to the middle and lower classes a strictly modern phenomenon.

Today some 34 million females, almost 39 percent of the entire American labor force, are working full time. Homeless for eight hours or more a day, many return at night to a childless or manless domicile, one which may physically, but certainly not psychologically, fit the definition of home. In widowhood or retirement, home may consist of a trailer park or condominium thousands of miles away from the nearest relative. Death, like birth, is now more likely to take place in a hospital than in the family abode. There is probably nothing more heart-snapping than a lonely old woman with terminal cancer in that most unhomelike home of all, the nursing home.

But an unfulfilled yen for a permanent address is not the only reason for the rise in female crime. Other equally cogent causes can be found in the realm of education. Just as Eve, the first female intellectual, was too good a listener, modern college women are dangerously susceptible to the iconoclastic, high-tension lecturing of the social scientists who are determined to remake everybody's way of life. Away from home, away from church (as we shall see many of the most violent females had a religious girlhood), the young woman becomes less immune to the contagious breath of ideology. In college, she is often an anchorless, rudderless ship in an ugly breeze.



We know it is not the fashion to put the female terrorist who stashes a time bomb in a crowded airport in the same category with the gun moll who shoots down a guard while her boyfriend is robbing a bank. The former is supposed to be working under a higher law that excuses her from suffering the retribution meted out to the common garden variety of criminal. Nevertheless, crime is crime and murder is murder, and we will commit the unpardonable sin of classifying all female criminals who endanger lives in the process of their lawbreaking as equally vicious creatures who have no business existing in our society since they won't extend the same privilege to others.



## The Weatherwomen

Perhaps the most notorious revolutionary band in the country today is the Weather Underground, which in recent years has claimed credit for bombing banks, office buildings, industrial installations, even the Capitol in Washington. The organization derived from a gang which called itself the Weathermen, which in turn was an offshoot of the Students for a Democratic Society. The name was changed to Weather Underground in deference to the group's large female component, which was presumably offended by the "sexist" overtones of Weathermen. At last report the leader of the Weather Underground was Bernardine Rae Dohrn (born Ohrnstein), who has been a fugitive from justice for four years.

Ms. Dohrn got her B.A. at the University of Chicago in 1963, her M.A. in 1964 and her law degree in 1967. She started out as a student director of the National Lawyers Guild, an old time Stalin-worshipping bunch of shysters, to which our distinguished Attorney General, Edward Levi once belonged. Bernardine, who traveled to Cuba in 1969, where she trafficked with the representatives of the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese, has had numerous arrests—for disorderly conduct, possession of drugs, aggravated assault, and so on. Her contribution to a future edition of **Bartlett's Quotations** was made in the course of a panegyric of the Manson family for the Sharon Tate murders: "Dig it; first they killed the pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach! Wild!"

*Continued on page 14*

# The End of Commercial Man

A more than casual look at The Environmental Movement shows it to be mostly a facade of noisy rhetoric. If the speechifying is largely surrealistic, the problems are real. Basic resources for industry, as well as exotic ones, are getting scarcer. Cheap oil is a thing of the past. Even if there are no real shortages at the moment, unlimited growth is a mathematical absurdity. Nothing is growing so fast as the population of the Third World nations. Neither governments nor professional ecologists offer more than symbolic solutions.

As the *Sierra Club Bulletin* (October 1975) summed it up: "In the ten-year span from 1960 to 1970, Americans alone consumed more raw materials and energy than were used by all of mankind before 1960,"

Rather than review all the frightening statistics, which has been done over and over again, it might be worthwhile to consider first what kind of mentality caused them. If we listen to the shamans of minority racism, we will hear the blame pinned on "the culture of white, Western masculinity" (Theodore Roszak, *Where the Wasteland Ends*). There is an iota of truth here. Many of the leading polluters are indeed white males of Teutonic or Celtic descent. But the principal culprit is Commercial Man, a cultureless, raceless, unisex creature, who has purged himself of all ethnic feelings and devoted his whole being to the exchange of goods and services.

Commercial Man is not going to solve the environmental problems because he is the cause of them. He did not invent the modern technology which amplifies them, but he is the one who utilizes technology to turn everything in sight into goods and money. Science started out as the hobby of eccentrics. It was only in the nineteenth century that Commercial Man really took notice of the science kooks and decided there was unlimited wealth in store for those who could exploit science. A few geniuses like Edison and Henry Ford straddled both worlds and became legends in their own times.

The great fallacy of the ecology-minded is that modern technology is the key factor in environmental degradation. Technology is a factor, but irrigation and the stone axe could also do the job, as any serious study of the ancient world quickly reveals. Of course today's advanced technology provides fantastic leverage for human stupidity. The scientists and engineers who created it are unfortunately lacking in the mental scope or emotional maturity needed to utilize such power properly. All they know is to speed up the growth demanded by Commercial Man. Konrad Lorenz has compared the situation to cancer (*Civilized Man's Eight Deadly Sins*). This is a perfectly valid simile, since the cancer cell has lost the ability to function cooperatively in the organism. It multiplies and multiplies and the malignancy grows and grows. The tumor fattens until the organism dies. Faith healers report that they have

persuaded some cancers to reform in their own best interest. What are the chances of our social cancer coming to its senses? Very little. Antibodies are needed, not gentle persuasion.

Commercial Man cannot do anything meaningful to prevent this planet from being plundered and destroyed because very candidly that is his entire reason for being. In his socialistic, humanitarian garb his goal is to maximize the tonnage of human protoplasm on the earth and to provide these quivering masses of hominid tissue with goods and services. Optimizing the process is outside his scope; in fact it is antagonistic to his values and his way of thinking. His outlook on life is so one-dimensional that he offers only stopgap solutions for problems caused by his mindless quest for more of everything. Replication is his forte, not creativity. A billion mediocre things are better than one good one.

The mania for quantity and production has made efficiency a virtue. High efficiency means rigid stability. Natural processes operate at about ten percent efficiency. As efficiency rises above this level, the ability of a mechanism to adjust to changes declines dramatically. Lessons like this are totally lost on Commercial Man.

Commercial Man, in fact, is a creature of all humanity. He can be an Anglo-Saxon liberal member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, a de-ethnicized American Jew, an overseas Chinese, a Hindu in Africa, a multiracial comprador in Latin America. His campfollowers are the bureaucrats and intellectuals who sometimes claim to be his enemies, but are more appropriately his heirs.

The essence of Commercial Man has loomed over very diverse societies—the Third Reich, liberal America, the People's Republic of China, the Soviet Union, Israel and the United Arab Republic. Having existed for a long time, longer than historical records, he serves a useful purpose, but becomes a serious problem when his is the dominant class.

Reading between the lines of liberal-minority environmentalists reveals their solution consists of eliminating technology, in part by downgrading white nations and eliminating white scientists and engineers. Since the Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatics have plenty of good engineers and plenty of good Commercial Men, the disappearance of whites will by no means signify the end of industrialism. If anything, what will vanish will be any and all restraints on industrial expansion. The world will not return to being a beautiful wilderness inhabited by noble savages. Instead it will be covered by an endless favela teeming with rats, lice, roaches and nonwhites. There is no way of telling how long this global squalor will endure before the last so-called human creature perishes. Probably not too long.

*Continued on page 17*

# The Presidential Warlords



Is it just a trick of fate which so often thrusts the American president of liberal persuasion and humanitarian bent into the seemingly paradoxical role of warlord?

Perhaps it is not so coincidental as it appears. Perhaps Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos spun identical threads for Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson, the chief executives who put us, respectively, in World War I, World War II and the Vietnam War. Each of these presidents (except FDR when he ran for his fourth term) was elected to office after solemnly renouncing the use of force to solve international disputes. Though it may seem to defy all logic, the transformation of the peace-preaching presidential candidate into the fire breathing commander-in-chief may be as biologically determined as the process that turns a tadpole into a frog.

The triggering mechanism may be ambition. Every politician, liberal or conservative, has to be ambitious or he would have never chosen to sacrifice his pride, his honor and his human decency in order to qualify for the profession of votemongering. But the liberal politician is more ambitious than most, if ambition is measured by election to high office. There is no question that in 20th century America liberalism has been a more effective springboard to political power than any other ideology. In fact, liberalism may be deliberately or subconsciously adopted by an ambitious office seeker, not because he believes in it, but because it offers greater opportunity for advancement.

Ambition, of course, is one of the most deeply rooted of all psychological implants. Rather than repressing it, will power seems to inspire it. It is easier to dam up the flood waters of love and hate than the subterranean river of ambition. A man can cut down on his food or drink and give up smoking. He may even abandon all worldly pleasures by retiring to a monastery. But he can no more stop being ambitious than the editors of the *New York Times* can stop lying.

Admittedly when an American politician moves into the White House he has climbed pretty high. For the first year or so, he is too busy learning his new job and too

excited about it to have much time for dreaming and scheming. But all the while the bug of ambition is biting. Slowly but surely fate's fickle digit is beckoning him away from his domestic preoccupations toward the rich and unmined mother lode of foreign affairs. To arrange and justify this sudden shift in presidential interest and concern, it is obvious that an issue has to be found—or manufactured. This is child's play for anyone in the stable of White House ghost writers. All he needs to do is tune into the 6:30 TV news and find out where the international sparks are flying. He then sits down at his typewriter and gives the situation a liberal twist. He interprets it in such a way that whatever is happening becomes a contest between good and evil, that is, between liberalism and the devil.

At first glance liberalism would appear to be a most unlikely fomenter of belligerence. One of its most cherished tenets is the peaceful arbitration of international disagreements. How could such a credo possibly be converted or perverted to purposes of war? It would seem impossible until we remember that all men, liberals included, are born with a large stockpile of genes which are made to order for that form of aggression known as resistance to aggression.

Needless to say, all the semantics have to be carefully sorted out in advance. Since minorities are the primum mobile of American liberalism, aggression is more likely to be considered aggression when it is directed against a country to which the minorities have close emotional ties. By the same token resistance to aggression is more "authentic" when it is undertaken against a government whose policies are deemed illiberal or even fascist. For example, when Egypt attacked Israel in 1973, American liberals were willing to go to war, and would have, if Israel had not been able to contain the Arab advance on her own, with the help of massive air shipments of U.S. planes, tanks and other military supplies. Astonishingly, however, the Palestinians' opposition to the Israeli takeover of their country is not described as resistance to aggression, but terrorism.

*Continued on page 17*

## Executions Save Lives

America is still growing—not only in our GNP (Gross National Product) but also in our YH (Yearly Homicides). According to the FBI, our chances of being murdered have almost doubled in the last fourteen years—from 5 in 100,000 in 1960 to 9.7 in 1974.

As the death penalty has been phased out, the murder rate climbs relentlessly. Yet the save-the-killers lobby still insists that capital punishment does not deter capital crimes.

Murder has become comparatively the safest crime. **Only the murderer**, not his victim, now has death protection. A burglar can knock at your door in broad daylight and, as you open it, stick a gun in your ribs. Why not? His life is safe, but what about yours? The Los Angeles Chief of Police states that burglars used to leave their guns at home, for fear that they might kill somebody and be executed. This precaution is no longer necessary.

In California citizens voted overwhelmingly for the death penalty, but Alan Sieroty, chairman of the Assembly's Criminal Justice Committee, has had trouble making up his mind whether or not he should let Californians get what they want. His wishes seem to outrank the wishes of the voters, and of the law enforcement officers whose lives are directly endangered by judicial pampering.

At public expense the courts waste their time trying to determine whether the murderer is sane at the time of the act. Whether sane or insane, an individual who did it once can do it again. **But not if he is dead.**

It is said that we should rehabilitate the murderer. Ask any Chief of Police **how many criminals are rehabilitated.** Meanwhile, the prisons are becoming more overcrowded and every murderer saved from the electric chair or gas chamber adds to the overcrowding. Rehabilitation is about a one-to-ten gamble in which we all bet our lives that a murderer can be transmogrified into a worthwhile citizen.

Completely forgotten is society's right to defend itself. If a man kills in self-defense, it is called "justifiable homicide." If society kills in self-defense, the media call it "murder." Some people actually believe that if society sets an example of compassion for the convicted murderer, those individuals who have homicidal tendencies will appreciate the leniency and change their chromosomes.

The latest edition of the *FBI Uniform Crime Report* states that an estimated 20,600 murders were committed in the U.S. in 1974. Moreover, of the convicted

murderers released in 1972, sixty-three percent were rearrested **on the same charge** within three years. All of which signifies that for every convicted murderer freed from jail, there is a better than average chance that he will kill again.

It is about time we revised the old liberal invitation to mayhem; "I would rather let 100 guilty men go free than to run the risk of executing one innocent person." This sounds very compassionate, but it is only compassionate for the accused, not for the victim—past, present or future.

In the light of the alarming new data on murder recidivism, a more appropriate rendering would be: "I would rather execute 100 convicted murderers, one of whom might only have committed manslaughter, than sacrifice the lives of 200 innocent citizens."

## Who's Killing Whom?

Of the 20,600 estimated murders committed in this country in 1974, fifty percent of the victims were said to be black, as well as fifty-seven percent of those arrested for murder (1974 *FBI Uniform Crime Report*). With the help of a little simple arithmetic, it is easy to discover that despite the high black mortality rate, 1,442 murders (20,600 x .07) may have been committed by blacks against nonblacks. This annual figure might be compared to the grand total of 3,437 Negroes lynched in the South from 1882 to 1951 (*Encyclopaedia Britannica, Micropaedia*, Vol. 6, p. 416).

But let's not stop here. The FBI, like most government agencies, allocates its statistics into arbitrary and somewhat misleading racial categories (White, Negro, Indian, Chinese, Japanese and "All Other"). As a result we tend to forget that Mexicans and Puerto Ricans are included as whites. We also tend to forget that Majority members represent only seventy-two percent of the American white population when it is swelled to include Mexicans and Puerto Ricans. So if forty-one percent of the whites were arrested for murder (about two percent of the other arrestees belong to non-white groups other than blacks), then only seventy-two percent of this forty-one percent or thirty percent were Majority members. This percentage, which is becoming more respectable, can be further reduced when it is taken into account that Puerto Ricans and Mexicans and such dark whites as Southern Mediterraneans are more prone to crimes of violence than the average Majority member.

The FBI didn't say in its voluminous crime report that the Negro participation in murder was an overrepresentation of more than five to one. Nor did it state that the Majority—sixty-three percent of the entire U.S. population—committed a relatively small proportion of the murders.

At present the number of murders in this country is doubling about every eleven years, though it may be small comfort to know that the chances of being murdered are not doubling at this rate because of population growth. In 2020, when our young children will be approximately fifty and when Negroes, if the present rate of increase in crime holds, will be killing about 20,000 Majority members a year, we may not be able to read about it in the *FBI Crime Report*. By then all reference to race will probably be verboten.

## The Distinguished Candidate from Pennsylvania

Item: Pennsylvania's Governor Milton Shapp, one of the many candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination, personally accepted contributions totaling \$20,000 from an engineering firm during the 1970 gubernatorial campaign. These contributions were never accounted for. The firm then received \$4.4 million in non-bid contracts from the Department of Transportation. After testifying before the Federal Grand Jury in Pittsburgh, Shapp said he was "perplexed" by the whole affair.

Item: Shapp accepted an illegal political contribution from the Gulf Oil Company in 1970.

Item: On October 20, 1975 it was reported that a Shapp administration lawyer had a \$142,000 sales tax assessment trimmed by more than half for a highway contractor who had contributed heavily to the Democratic party. The reduction came after two state boards rejected the firm's appeal for a cut in the \$85,012 assessment, an appeal which an examiner for the State Board of Finance and Revenue noted had "no substance."

Item: On October 24, 1975, William R. Casper, Pennsylvania State Democratic party treasurer, was sentenced to one to two years in prison and fined \$11,500 on his conviction for extortion and conspiracy involving forced political contributions from state employees.

Item: Frank C. Hilton, Shapp's former Secretary of Property and Supplies, was convicted on a charge of extortion following a grand jury investigation.

Item: Shapp appointed Fred Corletto as deputy executive secretary of the Harness Racing Commission two months after the latter was taken off probation for a tax evasion conviction.

Item: Shapp appointed lawyer Frederick Figenberg referee for Workmen's

Compensation after the latter had been convicted of trying to bribe a witness.

Next month—a brief rundown on another distinguished governor, the recently indicted Marvin Mandel of Maryland.

## How Many Jews?

Though most of us have learned long ago to read between the lines of whatever appears in the media, we have not yet mastered the art of reading behind the figures of the mile-high batches of statistics churned out annually by our number-happy government and the axe-grinding special interest groups.

A primary lesson in statistical caution is offered on page 488 of the 1976 *World Almanac*, where we find the **Census of Religious Bodies in the United States**, which informs us there are 6,215,000 members of Jewish congregations (3,000,000 Orthodox, 1,100,000 Union of American Hebrew Congregations, 1,500,000 United Synagogue of America). No explanation given as to why the three categories do not add up to the total.

How are we to interpret this 6,215,000 figure? If it only includes religious Jews, as its presence in a religious census would seem to imply, then there must be many more Jews in the U.S. than we have been led to believe, particularly after a Gallup poll (1974) assured us that only nineteen percent of American Jewry goes to a synagogue once a week, and after an NBC poll in January 1976 found the Jews were less religious than Protestants and Catholics.

Be that as it may, let us now turn to page 214 of the same *World Almanac*, where we read under the headline **Jewish Population by Countries and Cities** that there are an estimated 5,800,000 Jews in the U.S. The source for this figure is stated to be the Jewish Statistical Bureau, Dr. H. S. Linfield, Executive Secretary. Comparing the two sets of figures it would appear that there are more religious Jews in the U.S. than there are Jews as such.

One logical way to clear up the mystery of the size of the American Jewish population would be to give the job to the Census Bureau. But prominent Jews have opposed this idea for years. When an attempt was made in 1957 to include a question on religious preference in the 1960 Census, Jews led the attack against the proposal, citing Biblical injunctions against headcounting. Although most Catholics and Protestants were for the idea, the Jews, not for the first time, got their way and the Census Bureau backed down (*N.Y. Times*, 12/13/57, p. 30).

We, of course, are not interested in getting a count of religious Jews. Politically and economically they are the most innocuous and least Jewish of Jews. What we would like to have is a count of Jews as a group (religious, irreligious, Talmudists,

Marxists, Zionists, non-Zionists and apostates). We don't feel comfortable when we have to rely on Jews for Jewish figures and we might well ask why the Biblical caveats don't apply to Jewish self-numberings. Also, we have no way of knowing whether the religious census or Dr. Linfield's census was conducted according to professional standards of demographic counting.

Because Jews are so sensitive about numbers, we are forced to wonder whether they may be concerned that a genuine census might reveal some sharp discrepancy between their count and an official count. For example, if it were found that there were 12,000,000 Jews in the U.S., it would be a severe blow to the Myth of the Six Million. Anti-Semites would then be able to back up their claim that the holocaust never took place and that most of the gassed inmates of Auschwitz are re-

ally alive and well in New York, Bel Air and Miami Beach. On the other hand, if it turned out that there were fewer than 6,000,000 American Jews, anti-Semites could make an equally strong point of demonstrating that Jewish overrepresentation in government, business and the professions was so tremendous it could only be explained in conspiratorial or genetic terms. It is hard enough to admit it is only a coincidence or a quirky cultural happenstance that three percent of the American population (computed from the religious census) account for more than twenty percent of America's millionaires (*Look* magazine, 11/29/55, pp. 27-35). It would be much more difficult to accept as a coincidence that a group representing only one or two percent of the population comprised one-fifth, possibly one-fourth, of America's superrich.

214 Population—Jewish; Black By States

### Jewish Population by Countries and Cities

Source: Jewish Statistical Bureau, Dr. H. S. Linfield, Exec. Secy. Figures are latest estimates

North America	6,145,000	Australia and New Zealand	77,000
Central and South America	787,235	Africa	177,200
Europe	4,150,750	<b>World Total</b>	<b>14,334,195</b>
Asia	2,997,010		

Europe		North America		South America		Asia		Africa		Australia and New Zealand	
Albania	300	Canada	305,000	Argentina	500,000	Afghanistan	200	Algeria	1,000	Australia	72,000
Austria	12,000	United States	5,800,000	Barbados	85	Burma	200	Congo	250	New Zealand	5,000
Belgium	41,000	Mexico	40,000	Bolivia	2,000	Cyprus	200	Egypt	500		
Bulgaria	7,000			Brazil	160,000	China	30	Ethiopia	12,000		
Czechoslovakia	14,000			Chile	30,000	Hong Kong	200	India	200		
Denmark	6,500			Colombia	12,000	India	12,000	Kenya	200		
Finland	1,300			Costa Rica	2,000	Indonesia	100	Libya	50		
France	550,000			Cuba	1,500	Iran	75,000	Morocco	30,000		
Germany	30,000			Curacao	700	Iraq	500	Rhodesia	4,800		
Gibraltar	600			Dominican Rep.	100	Israel	3,400,000	Tunisia	8,000		
Great Britain	450,000			Dutch Guiana	500	Japan	1,000	Union of South Africa	120,000		
Greece	6,500			Ecuador	1,000			Zambia	400		
Hungary	80,000										
Irish Free State	4,000										
Italy	35,000										
Luxembourg	1,000										
Malta	50										
Netherlands	30,000										
Norway	900										
Poland	8,000										
Portugal	600										
Romania	90,000										
Soviet Union	2,700,000										
Spain	9,000										

(1.) Includes about 500,000 Christians and Mohammedans.

488 Religion — Denominational Census

Denomination	Members	Denomination	Members
<b>Independent Fundamental Churches of Amer.</b> (624)	<b>77,079</b>	<b>New Apostolic Church of N. Amer.</b> (289)	<b>22,608</b>
<b>Internat. Church of the Foursquare Gospel</b> (163)	<b>143,607</b>	<b>Old Catholic Churches:</b>	<b>67,023</b>
<b>Jehovah's Witnesses</b> (6,542)	<b>554,257</b>	American Catholic Church, N.Y. Archdio. (4)	200
<b>Jewish Congregations:</b>	<b>6,215,000</b>	N. Amer. Old R.C. Church (25)	1,290
Union of Amer. Hebrew Cong. (715)	1,100,000	Old Roman Catholic Ch. (English Rite) (186)	65,128
Union of Orthodox Jewish Cong. of Amer. (3,000)	3,000,000	<b>Open Bible Standard Churches (275)</b>	<b>25,000</b>
United Synagogue of Amer. (824)	1,500,000	<b>Pentecostal Assemblies:</b>	<b>528,088</b>
<b>Latter-Day Saints:</b>	<b>2,291,845</b>	Elm Fellowship (70)	5,000
Church of Jesus Christ (Bickertonites) (50)	2,469	Internat. Pentecostal Assemblies (55)	10,000
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon) (5,162)	2,208,045	Pentecostal Church of Christ (45)	1,435
Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (1,023)	157,131	Pentecostal Ch. of God of Amer. (1,350)	127,000
<b>Lutheran Bodies:</b>	<b>8,248,534</b>	Pentecostal Fire-Baptized Holiness Ch. (41)	545
Lutheran Church-Mo. Synod (5,777)	2,776,104	Pentecostal Free Will Baptist Ch. (126)	10,000
The American Lutheran Church (4,805)	2,437,862	Pentecostal Holiness Church (1,340)	74,108
The Lutheran Ch. in America (5,738)	3,006,846	United Pentecostal Church (2,650)	300,000
<b>Other Lutheran Churches:</b>	<b>429,048</b>	<b>Polish Natl. Catholic Ch. of Amer. (162)</b>	<b>282,411</b>
Church of the Lutheran Brethren of Amer. (100)	9,000	<b>Presbyterian Bodies:</b>	<b>3,786,763</b>
Church of the Lutheran Confession (68)	9,616	Associate Reformed Presbyt. Church (General Synod) (152)	31,347
Evangelical Lutheran Synod (Norwegian Synod) (98)	17,804	Cumberland Presbyterian Ch. (828)	87,490
Protestant Conference (Lutheran) (7)	2,600	Orthodox Presbyterian Ch. (123)	14,871
Wis. Evangelical Lutheran Synod (1,037)	390,028	Presbyterian Ch. in the U.S. (4,131)	902,366
		Reformed Presbyterian Ch., Evangelical Synod (150)	22,452
		Reformed Presbyterian Church of N. Amer. (68)	5,560
		United Presbyt. Ch. in the U.S.A. (8,675)	2,723,565
		<b>Protestant Episcopal Church (7,074)</b>	<b>2,917,111</b>

In the 1976 *World Almanac* the U.S. Jewish population increased by 415,000 in 274 pages.

## Majority Liberation?

Although it is supposedly from American imperialism that the other peoples of the world want to be freed, it is, ironically, the Wasp and other Americans of Northern European descent who most need to be liberated from the Frankenstein monster that others have created out of Majority institutions. This monster goes by many names—the Establishment, the Conspiracy, the Beast, Industrial Civilization, the Free World, take your pick. It is so complex that it would take an encyclopedia, not just a book, to describe it.

History proves that the race most endangered by a crumbling order is the one that created it.

It is an obvious fact that the United States has an extralegal, phantom colonial empire spanning the globe. The leaders of our government will expend every ounce of blood and treasure to keep this would-be world government functioning until every last American is dead and every single resource is wasted. As we can see from the experience of Vietnam, this sacrifice will be made with the minimum of effectiveness. There are still a substantial number of empty-headed ideologues who think that industrialization is the salvation of all mankind and that America must bring democracy, factories and pollution to every soul on planet earth.

Any culture is originally intended to serve the interest of its creators. But very often people grow so psychologically dependent on that culture that they will destroy themselves to preserve it. Such may be the fate of the American Majority. The last desperate attempt of a once dominant race to preserve the status quo is "integration." As it began its decline, the Roman Empire enfranchised all free born residents, no matter what their race. This was nothing but an attempt to give aliens a stake in the power structure. It always fails, because the newly enfranchised use their improved status for revenge. They also know better than to let themselves be trapped in a collapsing skyscraper.

The Wasp is very much an endangered species because he has created a culture in whose end stages other races perform better. When it comes to the conniving, corrupt and perverted behavior that leads to success in democratic, plutocratic, pluralistic America (or Western Europe), the Wasp is far inferior to the Jew, the Greek, the Sicilian, the Chinese, the Hindu or the Arab. He is only a little better off than the Negro. The Negroes and the Sicilians sometimes fall back upon violence, but the Wasp has become reluctant to fight. He cleared the path for what is

known as "civilization," but he can't keep it cleared.

If Majority members want themselves or any part of their culture to survive, they had better come to grips with the obvious fact that they now belong to a subject race, and as such they have to try harder—much harder. For example, the more obvious Negro physical traits are genetically dominant and the corresponding traits of Caucasians are usually recessive. In both India and Latin America indigenous peoples have absorbed the effects of a conquest by Caucasian invaders and are now casting off both the genetic and cultural influences that came with the conquest. This process moves with dramatic speed in Bolivia, where great altitudes cause fetuses with Caucasian genes to perish in miscarriages. Elsewhere the effects of white intrusion are being filtered out more slowly, but no less relentlessly.

In Aesop's fable of the fox and the cat, the former ridicules the latter because he knows only one trick—the feline ability to climb a tree. The fox can perform a hundred other unique tricks. Come the hounds, the fox's manifold resources fail, but the one thing the cat does well saves his life. Majority members should take this lesson to heart. Other races have greater physical strength, greater imitative abilities, greater intellectual sheen, more financial acumen, more capacity for routine work, more resistance to disease and hardship—and, most important, more race-consciousness. To some extent the Majority member has excelled as a soldier, but his one uniquely outstanding trait is his amazing ability to combine abstract and applied intelligence. No other group has been able to merge theory and practice so effectively—not even the Japanese. Other human races may well use the whites' own inventions, such as machine guns and atom bombs, to rid themselves of the paleface nuisance, at which point they will settle back into civilization or savagery, as they choose. In this hectic world the Majority member has but one advantage—his double-action brain—and it is time for him to use it in his own interest. In no case will he ever make over mankind into a strange, multicolored variety of Wasp.

## Ancestor Baiting

Just before Thanksgiving, the *Washington Post* ran one of its recurring and mildly gloating "decline of the Wasp stories." This time, in deference to the season, the scene was laid in Plymouth, Massachusetts, where it was noted that no descendant of the original settlers was a member of the present-day Board of

Selectmen. In fact, chief credit for the planning project now underway to preserve Plymouth's historical character was given to David Crawley, a Portuguese-American.

Particular attention was focused on Benjamin B. Brewster, a direct descendant of William Brewster, the most educated of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. Married to a Withington, who can also trace her lineage back to the earliest Pilgrims, Brewster obligingly pooh-poohed his lineage for the benefit of *Post* readers. When asked whether the older families resented other ethnic groups taking over in Plymouth, Brewster retorted, "I don't think that roots are that strong. I think it is more of a conversation piece than a deep-seated feeling."

The *Post* then carefully explained that "much of the liberalizing influence on the Brewsters has come from their four children, aged 10 to 25. Like many young people in this part of the contry, they are socially liberal and often try to hide their blue-blood background."

How does one explain the noticeable lack of racial pride among the Majority aristocracy and the increasing intensity of racial pride among every social level of the minorities? Is there something organic about this falling off of Majority race feeling? Do we in truth have tired blood?

There may be something to this argument, but a better explanation is fear. What would happen to Mr. Brewster, for example, if he had said the opposite to the *Washington Post* reporter? What if his "liberal" children in their schools or colleges had publicly stood up for their ancestors and taken pride in their family tree? In short and quick order, they would have been humiliated by the local media, chastized by their teachers and professors and perhaps been the target of a few threatening letters or phone calls.

When there are political, economic and social penalties for the wrong answer, we will give as much credit to Mr. Brewster's words and his children's so-called liberalism as we would to replies to questions about Stalin asked by a Pravda reporter during the Great Terror.

## Affirmative anti-Majorityism

Inflation, slumping enrollments, Affirmative Action, and decreasing student interest in the liberal arts account for the fact that new positions on faculties are few and far between. Rather, the question now seems to be not how many openings are available, but how many faculty positions are to be permanently vacated. In many cases, vacancies on faculties due to retirement or death are simply left unfilled. In other cases, administrations mandate increases in class size. And increasingly, the

teaching load is handled by low-paid, part-time instructors and teaching assistants.

Doctorate holders in English are in a situation not quite as bad as that which confronts recent Ph.D.'s in the fields of history, philosophy, foreign languages and fine arts. However, the significant minority of women in English has greatly militated against a white male's chances of getting a full-time position. Affirmative Action delivers the blow of mercy to whatever life lingers in a young Majority professor's academic ambitions by its solicitude for blacks. Here we come to a fine irony. There have been a few openings of late for Ph.D.'s in English who have specialized in American literature. Since Affirmative Action has demanded the hiring of a de facto quota (i.e. "a goal") of blacks, it was quite simple for English departments to comply by crossing out American literature as a hiring category and substituting "Afro-American literature" or "Black literature."

## Hate Sheet Reader's Lament

The following letter, which was printed in the *Village Voice* (11/3/75), signals the first faint flickerings of a back-to-sanity movement among the readers of one of those inch-thick, ad-packed, plutocratic "underground" publications that overload the newsstands. Underground was the term originally used to describe subversive, ink-splotched pamphlets and flyers whose publishers and writers, if and when they were caught, faced long prison sentences or even execution. Today's underground press lords ride around in dollar-grinning Cadillacs. Incidentally, over an article by Joel somebody or other on the demise of Franco, a recent issue of the *Village Voice* carried the headline *Viva la Muerte!*

*"The current obsession with sex as spectator sport is reducing it to a cheap commodity, totally devoid of human contact or feeling, where only the crudest, most sensationalized views of it have any appeal. . . . And so we find that there are movies in Times Square that feature sex between children and adults and humans and animals. And so we discover the presence of "snuff films," where the actress is actually killed on camera—all in the name of freedom of expression, of course. . . .*

*"I know that these words will cause some to call me puritanical, but that is a charge that has been leveled at other feminists and it is one against which I am frankly no longer defensive.*

*"If the sexual liberation of the arts had given us films and literature that showed sex with beauty, taste, and tenderness, perhaps I would not have been driven to feel this way. When the screen first*

*began opening up sexually about a decade ago I supported it, saw it a welcome change from the repressions of the past. But now all we're getting are the crudest exploitations of it and I think it's about time to say that it belongs in private, not on public newsstands, movie marquees, and airwaves."*

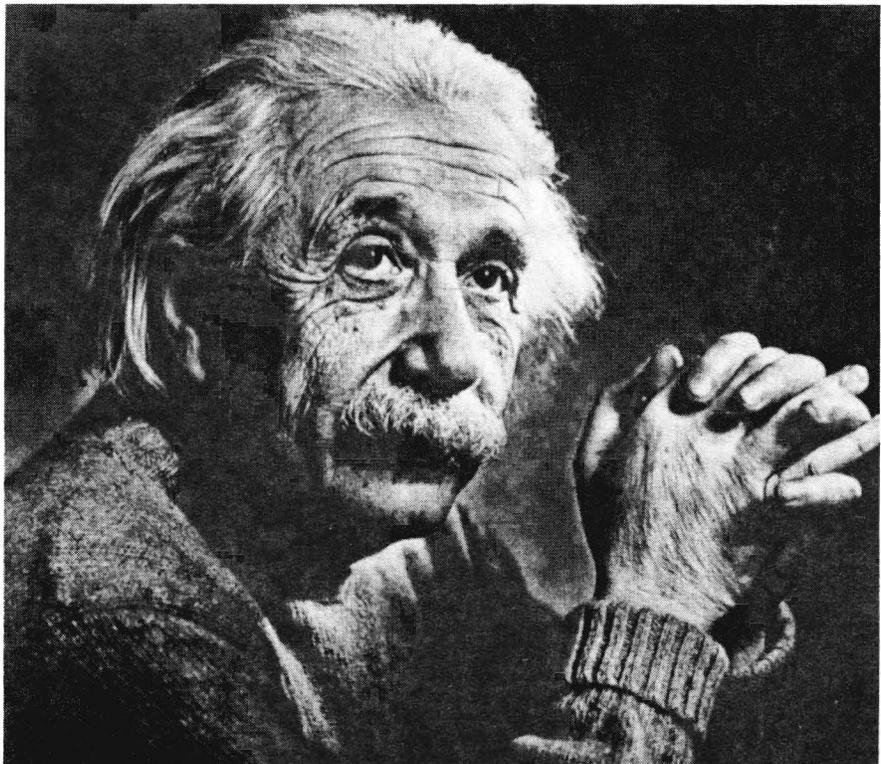
## Bombfather

To offer anything with respect to Einstein except uncritical, fulsome, almost nauseating praise—the greatest genius of all geniuses kind of nonsense—is to have the Jews consider you anti-Semitic and the non-Jewish intellectuals revel in your assured stupidity. Einstein had the courage to develop a set of equations—based, of course, on the partially developed equations of others—that provided the answers a timid generation wanted. They could not do without Maxwell's equations, but after the null results of all the Michelson-Morley type of experiments they could figure no way to keep Maxwell's ether, being too pusillanimous to change its dimensions from three to four. Einstein gave them a set of numerical solutions, and the fact that the solutions were bad logic and meaningless with respect to any physical process in moving particles was easier to accept than the alternative.

Relativity postulates certain observable differences between two systems in high mutual translational velocity. Systems are not defined, nor is evidence offered that two systems, whatever they may be, could coexist at high mutual velocities. The belief

that such **mutual translational velocities** could be achieved is not new. It derives legitimately from Newton, though it is doubtful if it is anything more than a mathematician's crutch. There is no example of such a phenomenon in the observable universe, until you get so far out into deep space that the so-called expansion of the universe begins to be hypothecated to account for the red shift. This, we think, is poor evidence for the existence of theoretical translational velocity. Nothing we have ever run into in the real world ever moves this way. Vibration, rotation, acceleration are the only movements we are familiar with. We have never come across high translational velocities.

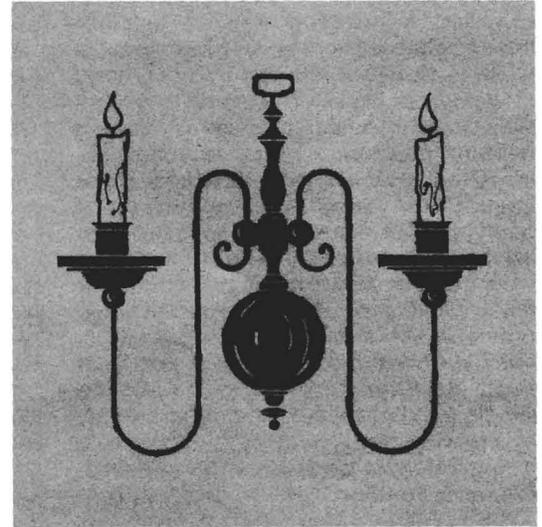
On this somewhat shaky foundation Relativity provides some equations that permit the calculation of what system B would look like when viewed from system A at a certain mutual translational velocity, **which is identical to, not the reciprocal of, what system A would look like from system B.** The latter condition is always, we think, overlooked in even the most professional papers defending the assumptions of Relativity. In any event nothing is postulated concerning what happens to the inner structure of an actual molecule during the time it is observed at a velocity approaching that of light. Relativity cannot do this because to do so would reintroduce absolute motion. It simply says that if you are riding with the molecule it will look—and act—differently from the way it would look and act if it were moving past you at high speed. In other words, all we really have here is a sort of perspective of velocity, which is nice to know from an artistic point of view but has nothing to do with physics.





## 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, America's oil king, has decided to elect a Democratic president in 1912, who will agree in advance to push through a federal banking system and prohibition. His emissary, the Colonel, offers the presidency to Mayor Gaynor of New York, who declines, and then to the Governor, who accepts, though the latter's wife insists that something must be done about Gaynor, who now knows too much.

### PART ONE, ACT I

*Scene 6: A saloon in New York City in 1912. The Colonel, not drinking himself, keeps filling the glass of an elegantly dressed young man, who is a reporter for the New York World.*

**REPORTER.** So I should just up and write a series for **The World** that Gaynor is a bad, bad man. What's he supposed to have done? I don't mean something personal he's done to you, but something I can write about.

**COLONEL.** I was told you were the best man I could find to figure that out.

**R.** Just dream something up? Joe Pulitzer wouldn't like it to be known he runs the paper that way.

**C.** I don't expect he would. That's where your skills would enter. You wouldn't want me to pay you for nothing.

**R.** Who said anything about paying?

**C.** The gentleman who advised me to speak to you.

**R.** He did? If I ever find who it was I'll do a crime series on him that'll heat his pants. How's a great journalist going to exist if people think his noble pen is for sale?

**C.** How's he going to get clients if they don't?

**R.** I don't use a pen myself. I pick with two fingers on a typewriter. There is no dishonor in selling typewriting service. Is there now?

**C.** So can we work out a deal?

**R.** We might. Then maybe we might not. I wouldn't want you to think that you can get my unique services for

just a little loose change. Trying to ruin a man like Gaynor isn't easy. First of all, he's the Mayor of this town, so he can scratch back.

**C.** I would suppose all that entered into the price. How much?

**R.** Relax. It stands to reason there's nothing in the way of personal attacks that would mean anything. The Mayor's minor sins have been chewed over for so many years no one gives a damn any more. Murphy isn't going to catch a chill over anything like that. And I take it you want to make our good Mayor a very rotten apple in Charlie Murphy's barrel?

**C.** That's about the size of it.

**R.** There's not much point in dreaming there'd be anything to his deals with the Belmont crowd to get the subways built. Anything there would have to involve bigger and richer people than the Mayor. I take it you wouldn't want anything like that. Besides that line of work is not my forte. I am, at least for the moment, a crime reporter.

**C.** So?

**R.** So since we can't nail the Mayor, we'll have to hit some friend of his, somebody in the city government. It would have to be something juicy, preferably murder. That tickles the masses and shocks the classes. And it's my beat.

**C.** So?

**R.** So I'll have another drink. *(The Colonel obliges.)* Maybe Hermann should be the turning point, the fulcrum of our little political lever. An apt simile.

**C.** Who is Hermann?

**R.** Who was Hermann! He's dead. Murdered most foully in the course of normal everyday business. His own and others.

**C.** I don't get what you're driving at, or how it involves Gaynor?

**R.** It doesn't involve Gaynor. Not yet. How could it? If it did, would you need to hire my able and expensive self? I am trying to take a spider's filament of an idea and spin it into a cable that will pull down the man you want me to

## The Game and The Candle

destroy. Let's get back to the fulcrum of our lever. Hermann, now with God, less well known about town by his fine old Dutch surname of Rosenthal, was a cheating, no good, two-bit gambler who was finally relieved of the endless misery of his welshing, his stouling, his card marking and other habits that ruined his digestion and his temper, and totally warped his judgment, by four normal young pros working, one presumes, under direction of the more honorable and far-sighted members of the gambling profession of this city. After all, if gambling is allowed to be conducted by the Hermanns of the world, it would soon become extinct. *(drinks)* Some time ago the Mayor put in charge of that part of the city where the businesses of prostitution and gambling tend to congregate, a friend and protégé of his, a Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, whom he later made Captain. Since these businesses are technically illegal, even in New York, the responsibility of the Police Captain in a precinct in which they operate is unpleasantly difficult. He is bound to furnish normal police protection to the citizens of the city. He cannot permit the doxies to roll the customers or let the gamblers shoot down everyone who wins a few dollars. That is, he must protect the customers but all the while carefully pretending not to know the business of the "merchants" who are taking the customers' money. It calls for the exercise of a nicety of judgment that is worth far more than the salary the city pays, and leads to the widespread conviction, whether warranted or not, that all the higher police officials in the areas in question receive suitable supplements to their salaries—at no cost to the taxpayers. It is one of those systems that time and human experience have worked out and it operates to the general satisfaction of all concerned. The point is, however, it is technically illegal, and over wide stretches of Brooklyn, that onetime city of churches, there are many proper Christian ladies to whom their husbands and fathers could not possibly give an oral, or if they could write, a written justification of the system. Therefore if that noted crusader for worthy causes Joe Pulitzer, my great and distinguished publisher, the half-blind son of a Hungarian, whose orders I loyally obey, were to get interested in the murder of little Hermann, no one would dare try to resist the steamroller of outraged virtue that would be crowding the Mayor into a corner.

C. I don't see how your steamroller hurts the Mayor.

R. It will flatten him. He will become totally two-dimensional under the combined impact of my cold surgical skill and Pulitzer's impassioned virtue. Unfortunately we will have to, shall we say, eliminate five men in the process, which will

naturally make it a bit expensive. However, we can arrange it so the city pays most of the bill. You won't have to finance the whole operation. There will be my professional fee, of course, and possibly a few rather heavy incidental expenses, but nothing that a man of your means and connections would find burdensome.

C. All right, how much is this to cost me? And what is this absurdity about killing five men?

R. We will come to that. First another drink. *(almost emptying his glass)* Four of them would be the actual killers of the late Hermann: Gyp the Blood, Lefty Louie, Dago Frank, and Whitey Lewis.

C. They are known to have been Hermann's murderers?

R. Of course. They expect to get a stiff sentence up the river and then, of course, a parole in a few years. That would be normal and that is what they get paid for. Merely to get a man killed wouldn't ordinarily cost much. But when a certain notoriety hangs about the victim the police must be able to nab the killer or killers. We must never forget our church-going, newspaper-reading citizens. They do not like unsolved murders. Consequently, the existence of the murderer's profession in which our four friends have been trained. *(warming up to his idea)* Here is what I'll do. I'll start a series about Hermann, provide general background, express horror at the police protecting gamblers, ask how husbands can come safely home with the week's pay if card sharks and street ladies are allowed to waylay them? Meanwhile, you will persuade the four little killers that unbeknownst to themselves they have got into a murky pond way over their little heads, and if they do not wish to fry crisply at Sing Sing—which, of course, they will but they need not know it until later—they must testify one and all in firm clear little voices that they were hired to gun down poor Hermann by the Mayor's friend and protégé, Police Captain Charles Becker. Very simple. You should then be able, with your connections, to induce the District Attorney to indict our Police Captain for murder. Then we try him, convict him and execute him, and the Mayor, friend and promoter of a notorious murderer, is finished. Neat, workmanlike and not too expensive.

C. You seem rather blandly to assume that I have friends in the District Attorney's office.

R. If you do not, you must soon do so. I take it you are a man of ambition, despite your apparent age. Perhaps your ambition is for others, not for yourself. It does not matter. Men of ambition can do no better than develop connections in the office of the District Attorney of New York County. It is the prerequisite for successful political operations in the city and state of New

York. Come to think of it, what I just said could not be printed in **The World**.

C. There are limits to Pulitzer's crusading spirit?

R. *(brushing aside the question with a smile)* I have not mentioned one final little matter that you must attend to. You must not suppose that my pieces, stimulating though they will be, will alone inspire Blind Joseph to continue over many months this little campaign on which we are considering embarking. Possibly you have friends who can bring to the great publisher's attention their deep and continuing interest in our little series?

C. Possibly. *(reflecting a moment)* You know, I believe it will do. Gaynor could never recover from a scandal of that magnitude.

R. He will die of it. Physically. That would be my guess.

C. It will be too bad to lose so able a public servant, but it is a risk we apparently must take. There is also the unfortunate Captain Becker. He is, I take it, something of a personal enemy of yours?

R. *(honestly surprised)* A personal enemy? Why no.

C. *(slightly embarrassed)* I thought . . .

R. *(studying the Colonel a moment and then starting to laugh)* If I had some personal spite, you wouldn't be calling the tune. Sorry, we must both be moral monsters together—unless you can devise a better scheme. Can you?

C. No. No, I can't. Considering what's involved I'm afraid I will have to ignore the unfortunate Captain. How much do you want?

R. How would ten thousand sound?

C. Absurd!

R. Yes. You're right. Make it twenty thousand.

*(The Colonel glares angrily for a moment, then gives in.)*

### ACT II

Scene 1: *The library of the Old Man in early 1915. Four men are present: Old Man, Proper Son and two young business executives, Charles and James.*

JAMES. I didn't want to bother you with this matter, sir, but I felt it was terribly important.

OLD MAN: Maybe it is. What do you think we should do about it?

J. Frankly, I don't know, sir. All I know is that I felt you should be consulted.

O.M. *(to Charles)* And you?

CHARLES. I think we should ask the government to intervene on our behalf.

O.M. Do you think it would?

C. I don't know. Politics isn't my field.

O.M. *(to Proper Son)* What do you think?

*Continued next page*

## The Game and The Candle

*PROPER SON.* I agree with Charles. We have done a great deal for this administration. I think it would be entirely appropriate for us to ask for help in this situation. The British are simply using the excuse of war powers to discriminate against our ships and our products and favor those of Shell.

*J.* The trouble is that American diplomatic protests, and I'm sure that's all Wilson and Bryan will do, would get a polite turn down, maybe two months later. Meanwhile Shell will have taken over all our Holland business.

*O.M.* How much of this gets through to Germany?

*C.* It's hard to say, sir, but judging by our prewar shipments and what we estimate Shell and a few others used to ship, probably three-fifths of the present imports into Holland go into Germany. Some part of that, of course, has to be used to take care of the parts of France and Belgium occupied by the Germans. The British realize this and say they do not mean to be unreasonable about Dutch imports.

*J.* The nub of the matter is that they are using their definition of "unreasonable" to throw the business to their own people. After the war Shell will have practically all the oil sales in that area. It will be next to impossible for us to get them back.

*P.S.* I think what you say is largely true, but the total volume of business isn't too important, particularly not in comparison with the Near Eastern situation where we really are dependent on British good will if we're ever going to break in as a serious producer there. *(to the Old Man)* I feel very strongly that it is essential for our future business position throughout the world that we acquire a strong position as a Middle East producer.

*O.M.* And you feel this Dutch trouble is kind of hooked to that?

*P.S.* I don't see how it can help but be.

*O.M.* I guess it's hooked in all right, but it looks to me like you've got hold of the wrong end of the hook. You want the British to cut us in on Near East oil? That's worth maybe hundreds or thousands of millions, so you think we should be nice to the British so they'll be nice to us. Tell me, how nice do you have to be to get a man to give you a million dollars? How much nicer to get a hundred million? It doesn't work that way. Never has and never will. You want something out of a man you make it worth his while to give it to you. You don't get it by being nice and agreeable to him. You give him something he wants, and he doesn't want you to be nice to him, doesn't give a darn. Or if you don't give him anything, you stop doing something to him he doesn't like you to do. There's no other way, never was and never will be in any business or any kingdom or republic.

That's the way it is and it's beyond me why you college fellows can't see that. *(suddenly getting down to business)* Now let's see. Their order in council shuts all our ships out of Holland indefinitely?

*C.* Till they study Dutch needs and announce a reopening of the blockade.

*O.M.* That's indefinite enough for me. When does it take effect?

*J.* Midnight Greenwich tonight.

*O.M.* That means it's already taken effect. What did you tell our captains to do?

*C.* Ordered them to proceed to the nearest British and French ports. Needless to say, we won't lose a dollar bill on the cargoes.

*O.M.* Is that supposed to make it easier to take? Now I'll tell you what we'll do. You wireless those ships to turn around and come back to the U.S. And then you wireless the master of every ship we have anywhere in the world that's sailing to a British or French port to turn right where he is and head for the nearest neutral port. No arguments, no explanations, no protests and no back talk. They're to change course when they get your wireless.

*J.* *(chuckling with pleasure while Proper Son and Charles look wholly taken aback)* The masters will have to make some explanation for the change of destination when they reach the neutral port, sir.

*O.M.* The chances are they won't have to. Probably we'll wireless most of 'em back on course before they reach any neutral port. I don't think England can take a tighter oil blockade than the Germans can put on her.

Scene 2: *The library a month later. The Old Man is alone with His Lordship.*

*OLD MAN.* Sorry I can't offer you brandy or whisky with coffee. I'm a firm believer in temperance and I've raised my family that way. We make no exceptions, since I look at liquor in any form as contrary to the Christian religion.

*HIS LORDSHIP.* Your coffee is far too delicious to be spoiled by liquor. *(They sit a moment in silence sipping coffee. His Lordship clearly does not know quite how to begin.)*

*O.M.* I don't suppose you came all the way from London just for coffee?

*H.L.* Not quite, sir, not quite. But you Americans rather take one's breath away. Impetuous, but rather to the point, one must admit. Your calling home your tankers last month was not the sort of thing the Ministry were used to. They were expecting a bit of a wiggling from some of your State Department chaps, but not at all what they got. Took them right between wind and water as they used to say. When the flurry settled down a bit they made a few inquiries on their own for a change and found our chaps on Threadneedle Street

hadn't been keeping them properly posted about who was really who in American finance. I imagine Threadneedle Street didn't really know the facts themselves. I imagine they only knew the American money market, which seems a long way from the whole story over here now that I've looked into it a bit on my own. We're used to large equity interests at home, but never expect to run into them abroad. *(noticing that the Old Man is getting angry at the long-windedness)* Yes, the Ministry certainly went about the Dutch oil matter the wrong way. But we really had to do something to keep oil from getting through to the Germans.

*O.M.* I realize its importance to you. Personally I don't have that interest.

*H.L.* But surely as an American and a great businessman you can't want a world dominated by German militarism. England in this war is defending the basic principles of American life, democracy, peaceful . . .

*O.M.* *(sourly)* You have a good slogan there. Could be phrased a little better though. "Defending the world for democracy"—something like that. If you and I can work out a deal, I might turn the idea over to some of them bright advertising fellows. They might work it around a little and come up with something worth a lot of votes. Anyway, I don't have your interest in defeating Germany. I take it you come here to discuss my interests. I don't know any more than you do what the word 'democracy' means, so how can we talk about how much I care about it. Let's talk about interests, shall we?

*H.L.* You Americans are certainly blunt.

*O.M.* Americans aren't blunt. They're sentimental. When they seem blunt, they're just rude mostly. I wasn't speaking as an American. I was speaking for myself.

*H.L.* Very well, sir, let us discuss your interests in the war. What are they?

*O.M.* That's better. At the moment I want to sell oil to Holland. You don't want me to. But as you found out if you don't let me sell oil to Holland, then I don't want to sell or ship it to England and France and you want that oil badly. The problem, as I see it, is if you don't want me to ship oil to Holland and do want me to ship it to England, what do you have to give me to make it worth my while to work it your way? If the U.S. was in your war, of course, you wouldn't have the problem. I couldn't fight both you and my government, no matter who was President.

*H.L.* I believe we have two propositions here, not one as I at first thought.

*O.M.* One part you can have at one price, the whole for another.

*H.L.* I'm not sure we need the whole.

*O.M.* Then you're the only man in the British government who thinks that.

## The Game and The Candle

*H.L.* How do you arrive at that conclusion?

*O.M.* Several things. One is the lead time on your artillery and machine gun contracts. You're financing American plants from the foundation up. It'll be more than two years before you get substantial deliveries. In the meantime you're hung up with contracts for rifles you don't want and can't get out of. Not without busting your credit in Wall Street.

*H.L.* You keep yourself rather well informed about our military business.

*O.M.* I keep myself well informed about everything that concerns me. Spend a lot of money to do it and it's worth every dime. Every dime. How long do you give your friends the Russians to stay in the war?

*H.L.* I admit the Russians have suffered serious reverses and their internal conditions are deplorable. The pro-German party is very strong, but they will not make a separate peace. Even though the Czarina is openly pro-German, we are informed that she is making little progress in winning over the Czar. And if she does, there are strong democratic forces in Russia which will rally to the defense of the cause of world democracy and not permit even the Czar to withdraw from the war.

*O.M.* I was wondering if you didn't have that all arranged. Which parties are you working with?

*H.L.* I fail to see how Russia is so intimately involved.

*O.M.* Come on, now. How can we discuss Persian and Arabian oil unless we can figure the Anglo-Russian situation at the end of the war?

*H.L.* I see. Well, we would rather work with the Social Democrats, and do to some extent, though mostly with one of their minority factions. The Cadets are our chief hope. In fact, I don't mind telling you in confidence that we don't think the Czar's government is good for much more than a year to eighteen months, if that. As I said, the pro-German sentiment right up into the topmost level of the court is serious and growing.

*O.M.* You wouldn't consider that's maybe a pro-Russian idea that figures the best thing for Russia is to get out of England's war?

*H.L.* (*nettled*) Sir, you are extraordinarily difficult to do business with. I am sure you know that the war began by reason of a Russian effort to protect Serbia from being destroyed by the Hapsburg monarchy.

*O.M.* The war began with the Russian attempt to dismember the Hapsburg Empire and annex all its Slavic parts. But they failed. The Russians have lost that war and as for the one that's going on now, darned if I see what they hope to get out of it. If I was them, I'd quit, and I think they will quit, and then when the Germans bring their eastern armies against you and the

French, that's when you're going to want the U.S., not just to pay the bill and give you artillery, but for ships and men.

*H.L.* If what you think is true about Russia, I admit we would be in a difficult position. But I don't believe it will. We think that if worst comes to worst a democratic revolution can overthrow the Czar and keep Russia in the war. But, you know, we are really quite a way from that yet.

*O.M.* (*shakes his head sadly at such childishness*) I never thought much of the foresight of the British in recent years, but I never knew them to count on anything so nutty. A government that has just overthrown the Czar, the Little Father of all the other Russians, is going to ask the Russians to go on getting killed and starved for the profit of the British and the French, when the only mass parties in Russia are all Czarists or Socialists? How long do you think your democratic regime can last trying to make war against Germany? Six months? A year? What kind of armies do you think it can keep in the field? You really better find something more of an ally than that, and do it soon.

*H.L.* It is a black picture. Frankly, sir, it's a blacker picture than we can afford to admit. The Ministry know that the situation in Russia is dangerous in the extreme and that our hopes for a successful revolutionary regime are poor. We can establish the regime and we could, I think, support it if we had reasonable access to Russia by sea. But as it is I'm afraid your analysis is correct. But I do not know of any substitute. The States' getting into the war would be the best solution, but the Ministry do not think that Mr. Wilson can be moved by the pressures they are able to bring to bear. As I am sure you know, these pressures are considerable. However, with an election next year, and with Mr. Wilson having so many pro-German constituents, he will have necessarily to campaign on a promise to keep out of the war.

*O.M.* A pretty thin promise.

*H.L.* (*brightening*) Should the Ministry be less certain of Mr. Wilson's opposition to war?

*O.M.* Wilson is not the core of the problem. The problem is to arrange things so that when the time comes when it's desirable for him to enter the war, he will desire to do so. Next year's campaign has nothing to do with that. That is simply to assure Wilson's continuance in office, of which I am both desirous and certain.

*H.L.* (*cautiously*) I'm not sure I quite follow you. The Ministry have sometimes thought that things could happen, that they could give Mr. Wilson a strong talking point for entering the war. But they have been naturally reluctant to do so.

*O.M.* Talking point?

*H.L.* (*doubtful whether he should say this but feeling he has no other course*) The

Ministry have sometimes wondered what Mr. Wilson would do if one of our big passenger ships like the *Mauritania* got torpedoed with great loss of life. Many, of course, would be Americans.

*O.M.* I don't see how that could very well happen. Those ships are all too fast for anything but a one-in-a-thousand chance torpedo hit, and one torpedo would never sink them. It would take six or eight, I'd guess. Figure how many it would take to blow a hole the size of what the iceberg took out of the *Titanic's* bottom. The torpedoing would have to be only an hour or two off the Irish or English coasts, so unless you wanted to I don't see how you'd get anybody's feet wet, let alone drown 'em.

*H.L.* You forget that we import large quantities of high explosives. In a crisis we might have to use our fast passenger ships. Wartime necessity, you know. An incident that could give Mr. Wilson an occasion for war against the Germans might possibly occur. But we do not see that it necessarily would work out that way. We could lose a fast and valuable ship and have nothing to show for it. We might even be worse off. Some of our people feel that if a thing like that happened, the Americans might take it out, not on the Germans for torpedoing an armed ship, but on us for putting guns on our passenger ships. Or they might even accuse your government for letting us run armed ships in and out of your ports. It's a dreadfully delicate matter and no one's quite sure how the issue would be settled if it were once raised.

*O.M.* I wouldn't worry about what the Americans will think about it. You know, if Wilson insists that the Germans must warn all merchant ships before torpedoing them, and at the same time lets you arm those ships, then maybe we have something that can be turned on or off just as it's needed. It might be just the thing.

*H.L.* It's such a tails I win heads you lose position, do you think Mr. Wilson could be induced to go along with it?

*O.M.* I don't think we've reached that point yet.

*H.L.* I see. Perhaps we should leave problems like that to you?

*O.M.* I think we could, provided the British will make it worth my while for them to win the war.

*H.L.* What do you think they can do in that direction?

*O.M.* Several things. Mostly concerning oil and chemicals.

*H.L.* Chemicals?

*O.M.* Yes. My people tell me that chemicals are going to be a big part of the oil business in the future. Seems the Germans have done a lot of work on things that would fit in with an oil company's operations. At least that's what my bright young college boys tell me. What can you do for me on that?

*Continued next page*

## The Game and The Candle

*H.L.* Frankly, sir, I don't see how there is anything the British government can do about that. We hold no chemical properties.

*O.M.* No, but the Germans do, and they tell me a lot of those German patents and things are tied up with British companies.

*H.L.* Yes, but what could we do specifically?

*O.M.* Let's suppose the American government, after it gets in the war, seizes all the German patents. If I get hold of some of them, can you guarantee none of them are tied up with one of your companies. What good is a patent I can't use?

*H.L.* Yes, the problem is somewhat complex. To tell the truth I'm not too well posted on that sort of thing, but I do believe that our chaps and the French have worked things out through the Swiss so that the American patent situation is pretty well tied up. Of course, I could . . .

*O.M.* (*putting it short*) I see, I see. The deal is already made. Tell me, what American is handling it for you? (*As His Lordship hesitates*) Don't worry I won't upset anything. I just want to know who it is in case I ever need to talk with him.

*H.L.* I hope you won't ever let him know I told you. It was all arranged by the Swiss Solvay interests and, you can imagine, it's highly confidential.

*O.M.* (*dryly*) Naturally. Who's the man?

*H.L.* A Jewish chap, actually, but he was the man Solvay insisted on. So our people went along. A chap named Meyer, Eugene Meyer.

*O.M.* (*trying to place the name*) Don't know him, I guess. And what's he to get out of it?

*H.L.* I'm not exactly certain. One percent of the stock of the American company that will take over the German interests. Someone said something about his controlling one of your Washington morning papers, or perhaps planning to control it. I suppose it might be rather useful in a thing like this, right in your capital and all. The fact of the matter is I don't know too much about it.

*O.M.* All right, we'll forget that. So it comes down to oil. I want a fifty-fifty interest with British companies in any new oil produced anywhere in the world outside North and South America.

*H.L.* (*aghast*) But, sir, that's a staggering price. Utterly staggering.

*O.M.* A half interest? That doesn't seem staggering. Not for winning a war for you against the German Empire.

*H.L.* But it's far more than a realizable half interest. Effectively it's more like two-thirds or even three-quarters, because we almost always must include certain local people in our operations. Almost inevitable. And if we give them say 15 percent and you 50 our own interests are dreadfully squeezed, dreadfully.

*O.M.* Well, I'd be willing to share that load with you. I'll take 50 percent of the combined Anglo-American interest down to 42 percent of the whole. If you give away more than 16 percent to the natives, everything above that comes out of the British share. No reason I should subsidize sloppy bribery.

*H.L.* But it's too vastly complicated, sir. How can I . . .

*O.M.* (*cutting him off with a gesture*) Either you have full powers to negotiate with me or you don't. If you don't, please go back to London and send over someone who has.

*H.L.* But I . . . If I . . . I mean, sir, even if I could agree, if I were authorized to make such an agreement, I don't see . . .

*O.M.* How it could be sewed up? Very simple. (*shoving a pen and a piece of notepaper across to him*) Just write me a personal note that on behalf of the British government you agree to my proposition. That's all I want. You can even date it sometime next year or the year after if you think it would look better if it ever got to be public. Though it never will get to be public.

*H.L.* I should think you would want it dated ahead.

*O.M.* Why?

*H.L.* Your countrymen might regard it akin to blood money.

*O.M.* (*laughing*) You think they would ever believe they got into the war for any other reason than whatever it will be they're told at the time?

*H.L.* (*unhappily, as he finishes writing the note*) No, I suppose not.

*O.M.* Better add one more thing on that note. You won't have any objections to whatever deals I make with the German chemical people after the war.

*H.L.* (*exasperated*) Sir, we came to a full meeting of the minds. We made an agreement. Now you are already proposing to alter it in your own interests.

*O.M.* I never have an agreement with a man unless I tell him something is agreed to. Just because I make a proposition and you accept it doesn't make an agreement. I can always have more propositions unless I say I don't. So I guess some of your people have an idea of a postwar deal with the Germans on chemicals?

*H.L.* I know nothing about it. I just cannot commit myself.

*O.M.* (*thinking it over*) No? Tell you what. Make it that I'll have the same interest as your people in any postwar German chemical deal—that is, excluding the German patents that are going to be seized here, of course.

*H.L.* But, sir, how about British-German agreements now existing?

*O.M.* Made during the war?

*H.L.* Oh no, made before the war and, as you might say, temporarily suspended.

*O.M.* I don't like that. I don't quite know what I'm getting.

*H.L.* But surely, sir, you can't ask us to go back and break prewar agreements.

*O.M.* (*peevishly*) All right, all right, exclude that too. I don't like it but I'll go along. Make it that way.

*H.L.* If I do, what will be your next demand?

*O.M.* None. That'll be all.

*H.L.* Can you say then that we'll have an agreement?

*O.M.* Yes, we'll have an agreement.

*His Lordship finishes writing the note, passes it to the Old Man who reads it slowly, folds it and puts it in his pocket.*

(*To be continued*)

## The Hellcats *Continued from page 3*

Off and on from the underground, Bernardine occasionally sends in taped pep talks to keep the morale of her male and female cohorts from flagging. Her political and social philosophy, if it can be explicated at all, is a brew of instant miscegenation, prairies of green weeds and the holo-caustic horoscopes of Marx, Freud and Marcuse, seasoned with a soupcon of stale

eroticism from the *Nachlass* of Wilhelm Reich, the orgasm man.

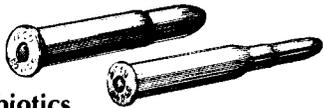
Another female member of the Weather Underground, in spirit if not in fact, yesterday if not today, is Linda Halpern, a Jewish graduate of Swarthmore, who was caught redhanded on the way to a bombing, jumped bail and finally surrendered to the police in 1975, whereupon she was

given national exposure on TV to announce she had converted to feminism. We may expect to hear somewhat the same story from Susan Saxe, yet another collegiate Jewess, when she goes on trial for killing a policeman while liberating a Boston bank.

A bomb-planting female who has not yet surrendered is Kathy Boudin (Bryn

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Mawr and the University of Moscow), the daughter of a radical Jewish lawyer who specializes in getting hominids like Dr. Spock off the legal hook. One of the few prominent non-Jewish *dinamiteras* was Diana Oughton, who was obliterated when the bomb she was making with Ted Gold went off in the cellar of a Greenwich Village townhouse in 1970. The best-selling paperback that memorialized her as a model of revolutionary virtue, a sort of braless Joan of Arc, revealed that the milestones on her road to self-extinction were the common ones of religion (Quakerism), college (Swarthmore), social work and the warm friendship of latter-day Marxists. Jane Fonda, on the other hand, graduated into the "movement," not from college, but after five years of deep Freudian analysis. Father Henry, who has been married so often even the newspapers have lost count, was certainly no counterinfluence. Neither was her mother who stabbed herself to death in a sanitarium.



### The Symbiotics

We need not say much about Patricia Hearst, whose mental and moral stamina was so weak she joined the cause of her own kidnappers, the Symbionese Liberation Army, an outfit run by women who used a Negro ex-convict as male window dressing. With the exception of Nancy Harris (born Schwartz), now in jail awaiting trial, the female leadership of the SLA was liquidated in the Los Angeles shootout. "Chief Theoretician" of the group was Patricia Soltysik, daughter of a Jewish pharmacist, who went to the University of California on a scholarship and proclaimed herself a lesbian before joining the SLA. Camilla Hall, a graduate of the University of Minnesota and a minister's daughter, was the object of Patricia's strange affection and expired with her in the fire storm. The two other female bodies dug out of the concrete block rubble where identified as Nancy Ling Perry, who dropped out of Whittier College to marry a black pianist and work as a topless blackjaek dealer in San Francisco, and Angela Atwood (born de Angelis), described as a "martyr" by the priest officiating at her funeral.

Before turning our attention from the SLA, we might note that the idol of the more bloodthirsty female revolutionists was Tania, a Soviet spy whose real name was Haidée Tamara Bunke, born in Buenos Aires in 1937 of a German Communist father and a Russian-Jewish mother. Tania was sent to Bolivia by the East German government to spy on Che Guevara and flatter his machismo till he made her his mistress. Either deliberately or out of sheer stupidity, she left some important documents in a

jeep outside Guevara's secret headquarters. Soon both she and Che perished in ambushes set by the Bolivian army. The publicity she could never get in her lifetime became mountainous when Patricia Hearst adopted Tania as her *nom de guerre*.



### The Manson Victims

In the Sharon Tate massacre, the murder team consisted of three females and one male, all in their teens or early twenties. The victims were not much older. In one sense the bloodbath, as one writer put it, "was a collision of two worlds not completely dissimilar to each other, the bored and restless world of the upper crust—with its taste for drugs, its sick party games and its fascination with the occult—and the superalienated, down-at-the-heels world of those who have surrendered themselves to another sort of sickness which compelled them to act out Manson's fantasies."

Sharon Tate was an incipient Marilyn Monroe, who spent her early life beating the Hollywood bushes. She had the bland, blond, baby face and the small but tumescent physique that over the years has proved more irresistible to Beverly Hills producers—one or two generations removed from the Russian and Polish ghettos where such women were not even dreamed of—than to the public at large. A miniature Nordic plum in a Semitic orchard, she would have needed the incorruptibility of a Saint Theresa to have escaped a career that was all body and all soulless.

Born into an army family, which was usually on the move, almost before Sharon knew it she had become the protégée of Martin Ransohoff, one of the more alphabetic Hollywood film makers. The next step down the ladder was the companionship of a foppish party man named Jay Sebring (born T. J. Kummer in Detroit), a hairdresser by trade and a fancier of Porsches, exotic drugs and prostitutes who let themselves be tied to his bedpost and whipped. From Sebring, Sharon drifted into the stunted arms of a lilliputian Polish Jew named Roman Polanski, who had made some highly touted films in Communist Poland before decamping to the even friendlier pastures of Beverly Hills. After breaking new ground in banality with a film about vampires and a second-rate piece of Grand Guignol called *Rosemary's Baby*, Polanski vaulted to the top of the film world. Inevitably, Beast married Beauty in a mod wedding ceremony in London. Not long after, Sharon appeared in all her glory in *Playboy*. The photographs were shot by her husband.

According to film gossip, the Polanski-Tate marriage might have lasted longer than most, though Jay Sebring was sitting on Sharon's bed when Manson's messengers of death appeared and sent them both to their doom. In her eighth month of pregnancy, Sharon had ostensibly sworn off drugs, though there were marijuana drippings in the ashtrays by her bed. When the police were searching the house after the murders, they found a videotape of Polanski and his wife making love.

Butchered with Sharon Tate was Abigail Folger, a coffee heiress, who spent every morning in Watts as a social worker, every weekday from 4:30 to 5:30 with a Hollywood psychiatrist named Marvin Flicker and every evening with a Polish refugee friend of Polanski's named Voyteck Frykowski, whom it would be charitable to call a gigolo. Abigail was an eclectic drug addict—LSD, marijuana, hashish, cocaine, even MDA, an extremely rare and expensive consciousness raiser that her black friends in Watts could not afford. She and Frykowski were sharing a bed in Sharon's rented Bel Air mansion when they were knifed to death. Abigail, a graduate of Radcliffe, had spent some time in social work in New York ghettos before she moved to Southern California. She was introduced to Frykowski by the Polish-Jewish novelist Jerzy Kosinski. "Gibby was very much alive with Voyteck," said one friend. "He changed her outlook. She realized she didn't have to conform to that damn Protestant ethic. I remember once asking her how she was and she laughed, 'Well, I'm not my old constipated self anymore.'" (*N.Y. Times*, 8/31/69, p. 43).

Abigail, who was not a Protestant, but had been raised as a Catholic, like Sharon Tate and Patricia Hearst, was believed to have been somewhat despondent before her death. She had labored hard for the election of Negro Thomas Bradley as Mayor of Los Angeles. In his first try Bradley was defeated. Abigail was not around to see his successful second try.

The person responsible for most of the 32 knife wounds that ended Abigail's life is Patricia Krenwinkel, a dropout from Spring Hill, a Jesuit college in Mobile, Alabama, where as a young girl she sang in the choir of the local Catholic church. But that was before her parents were divorced and her half-sister became a heroin addict. Leslie van Houten, another of Manson's harpies and another child of divorced parents, had at one time been a novitiate nun. The oldest member of the Manson family is Catherine Skare, known as the group's most accomplished liar. She was born in Paris, her mother having been a German-Jewish refugee. She spent three years in college, was married and divorced and gave up communism for Manson's half-

*Continued next page*

## The Hellcats

baked synthesis of scientology (he was a "theta clear") and satanism (he favored a last days' cult known as The Process). The charter female member of the family is Mary Brunner (B.A. in history, University of Wisconsin), who was working as assistant librarian at the University of California in Berkeley when she first met Manson while walking her poodle.

Lynette Fromm, who assumed the leadership of the Manson family pending the return of the leader himself—he can apply for parole in 1978—comes from a broken home and like so many of her "sisters" is a college dropout. When she aimed her Colt 45 at President Ford, there was no bullet in the chamber, but the clip was full, so she was given a life sentence, which means she can be out in seventeen years. The other attempt on Ford's life was the work of Sara Jane Moore (born Kahn). Yet another daughter of divorced parents, Sara had a college degree and filled in as an occasional FBI informer after finishing a stint of social work.

Perhaps the most vicious Manson murderess is Susan Atkins, who killed Sharon Tate with sixteen knife wounds, most of them delivered while the victim was hanging helplessly from a beam in the ceiling. She, too, comes from a broken home, but instead of the usual background of college and social work, she served her apprenticeship in pornographic films and go-go nightclubs.

Since there is an ethnic angle to almost every major event that takes place in this country today, saturated as it is with minority racism, we might point out that the "logic" behind the Manson murders was to blame them on Negroes, who would then supposedly rise up in wrath and kill all the whites they could get their hands on. Meanwhile, the Manson family would be hiding in the desert. When the dust had settled, they would return and take over a world the blacks were incapable of running. All of which is more than slightly ironic, since Vincent Bugliosi, the prosecutor who put Manson and company in jail, has the feeling, based on an old reform school record, that Manson's father was "a colored cook" (*Helter Skelter*, Bantam Books, 1973, pp. 555, 588).



### The Pattern

What have we learned from these two- and three-line biographies? All the malefactors, political and apolitical, are fairly young; almost all the non-Jews went through the wringer of a parental divorce, none ever had a stable marriage, only one or two had any children, almost all were college educated, several were admitted lesbians, all were on drugs for long periods

of time. As for religion, practically all the non-Jews are lapsed Catholics or Quakers. In regard to race, there is a wholly disproportionate share of Jews—as always seems to be the case whenever any cultural demolition is taking place.

In spite of this somewhat atypical sample of young American womanhood, the media have tried to pass these young women off as daughters of our next-door neighbor. The apparent reasoning is that if it can be shown that average American girls are becoming lesbians, murderesses and terrorists, then lots more girls will join in the fun. And after all, what's so bad about murdering, blowing up buildings and sex deviation? The real criminals these days are hunters and rednecks who oppose gun control.

Female violence, needless to say, is not something new under the sun. In any good reference library we can read about Charlotte Corday, who did in Marat (was this a special case?), Fanny Kaplan, who almost did in Lenin, Rosa Luxemburg of Germany and La Pasionaria of Spain, who attempted to do in their respective countries. Nevertheless, the style in which today's female goes about her violence is particularly low and animalistic. It is true that it was not a Jewess but a Jew, Jerry Rubin, who urged young Americans to kill their parents. But there is something about Ms. Dohrn's enthusiastic reaction to the Tate murders that totally sours the soul's juices.

Nothing is more virtuous than a good woman and nothing more evil than a woman who has lost her moral moorings, as the truism goes. The Manson minions seem to bear this out. None, except the informer Linda Casabian, whose eyewitness testimony brought in the guilty verdicts, has ever uttered a word of remorse.



### The Upshot

When a woman is involved in crime, it is generally wise to reverse the old cliché and *cherchez l'homme*. The advice is certainly valid in regard to the female devotees of Charles Manson, and also in regard to Patricia Hearst, one of whose tapes was a declaration of political faith and love—faith in the revolution and love for William (Willie the Wolf) Wolfe, the Sabra from Allentown, Pa., who was the only white male to die in the SLA's Thermopylae. But to find the string puller of the knife-wielding dyke, what can we do but go back to the reactionary *cherchez la femme*?

The truth is, however, that we now have, not only the individuals themselves, but large lesbian groups and the cackling sisterhoods of certain extremist Women's Lib organizations, extolling female violence and demanding an end to sex discrimina-

tion in the brutality sweepstakes. Reinforcing their organizations are powerful institutions like the media, which sensationalize the female revolutionary, and the judiciary, which is loathe to give her the punishment she deserves.

Stripped of the bold news headlines and the panting television coverage, the basic lesson to be learned about female violence, is that when society starts to boil, the dregs of both sexes come bobbing to the surface. Because of their more conservative leanings and their greater biological inertia, it actually takes longer to get the female offscourings to the top than the male. Just as there is more female than male opposition to the lippiest Women's Libbers and to the Equal Rights Amendment, so there remains more female than male antagonism to violent crime per se.

If we are looking for social adhesion instead of social fragmentation, we will find more binding forces in the woman's heart than in the man's brain. We do not have to worry so much about women tearing down the toppling framework of our civilization as we do about the men and the ideologies that are trying to dewomanize women.

Serving equal time in jail with the Hearsts and the Fromms should be the parents whose marital mitosis robbed their children of a civilized upbringing. Even hyenas stick with their cubs until they can fend for themselves. If they have to, let the childless couples swing and swap and do their swinery to their libido's content. Let the old folks lift their faces and lower their behavior and grow old as ungracefully as they wish. But when there are children in the house, let divorce or separation or desertion or any other act of homewrecking be a capital crime.

Equally guilty with the parents of the hellcats are the college professors who wetnursed their charges with the ideas and innuendoes best calculated to deracinate them. Young women may have thrown the bombs and wielded the knives, but their social science dons lit the fuses and sharpened the blades. A Spockian education at home, an anemic and liberal education at an integrated school, and a rotten education at college make a lethal combination for an impressionable young woman in the reign of Henry Kissinger.

There is no better proof of the claim that genetics plays the overwhelming role in man's fate than the fact that a sizable segment of Majority women are still willing and able to keep mending the shreds and tatters of our wornout civilization. If environmental forces were one-tenth as potent as our college professors pretend, all our womenfolk would all join the Manson family tomorrow. Isn't this what the media and academia and liberal politicians have been telling them to do, at least subliminally, for the past several decades? Isn't

## The Hellcats

that what the homelessness, the loneliness, the fearfulness, the childlessness and the hopelessness of our degenerate society have conditioned them for?

Due in part, perhaps in large part, to the average Majority woman's ornery refusal

to taste forbidden fruit, the West still lives in America, though fitfully and short of breath. Both women's and men's thinking may have been anesthetized by the anti-humans who have taken possession of their minds. But instincts die hard and

good instincts die harder. As long as theirs are intact—the deeper-rooted female instincts that are the special legacy of the earth mother—there is always the possibility of rebuilding the blasted edifices of our collective being.

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## The End of Commercial Man *Continued from page 4*

With little doubt Commercial Man's days are numbered, just as they were in classical times. The only serious question is whether there are any alternatives to the world favela.

A return to the true values of the West would entail a rejection of the false and hypocritical humanitarianism of Commercial Man. The population explosion in the Third World would be halted. Each nation would eventually have the population it could support at whatever level it deemed suitable for itself. National liberation in the Third World would also mean national responsibility instead of anti-white racism. The liberal is indeed a perverse being who wants to destroy his own race and society, but only after he has made the rest of mankind just like him. He will be gone, thankfully, and this alone will make the earth a better, cleaner, healthier place to live.

With other nations and peoples pursuing their own destinies, the Majority could turn its attention to much needed self-improvement. Marginal souls could be discouraged from having children and the childbearing of those with genetic potential would be encouraged. Without racial antagonisms and recriminations, government could be used for solving social problems, instead of treating the symptoms and breeding the causes. Welfare budgets would decline. Freedom would be availa-

ble to those who wanted it and security would be there for those who valued it more highly than freedom. An increasing ratio of brighter people would supply the drive to keep such a system going.

An unculled herd deteriorates. This is why we have suffered genetic decay. Society in contrast to nature selects not the best for massive reproduction, but the very worst. The poorest and least successful among us have the largest families, so the liberal democrats have the strongest voting blocks.

The gene pool of a race is not stationary. It changes with every generation. Without information inputs from the environment, such as differential reproduction rates and infant mortality, the race will deteriorate. Since we have reproduction rates favoring the worst of our own race, not to mention the worst of the blacks, things are getting bad very fast. This is what Elmer Pendell said in *Sex and Civilization*, and what has been known for thousands of years to animal breeders. It is formally demonstrable in the quasi-mathematical communications theory. Those who don't understand the dynamics of genetic decay have been born into the wrong universe and had better find another one for their next reincarnation.

The nobility of the Middle Ages maintained large forest areas, despite a growing need for more agricultural land. Part of the

motivation was the sport of hunting and varieties of game for the table; part was the need for a supply of lumber and other forest products. If the barons and earls allowed all the trees to be cut, there would be more, not fewer, hungry peasants and no game or wood for anybody.

The contrasting survival styles of different people is reflected in domestic animals. The dog is like the average Third Worlder. He breeds promiscuously and copiously until there are no more scraps and garbage to feed him. His cousin the wolf acts more like the nobleman. Commercial Man acts like vermin.

If we are not to sink into the mainstream of humanity and then out of sight, a small but influential portion of us must somehow move the rest off their collision course with the second law of thermodynamics (genetic entropy). Technology must be utilized to improve man, not tailor the world for increasing numbers of hard-to-feed bipeds.

The world's mineral resources are fast disappearing. So are the genetic advantages of the American Majority. If we continue to tolerate the liberal, the bureaucrat, the financial manipulator and our own aimless whimsy, if we who know better continue to be the servants of Commercial Man, we will not only be his gravedigger but our own.

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## The Warlords *Continued from page 5*

The liberal president's understanding of how liberalism can be used to beat the drums of war is accelerated by his personal predicament. Although he has risen to the top of the domestic heap, his wings are still clipped. There is Congress, the Supreme Court and, as always, the media. Unfortunately, there are no pat solutions to domestic problems. No matter what he does, discontent on the home front usually increases in direct proportion to his time in office. Charisma and half-truths cannot keep the ever more pressing internal issues under the rug year after year.

On the other hand, the international situation, although replete with even more insoluble problems, lends itself to dramatic solutions, which look good in the short term. More important, a war for liberal objectives will automatically win the support of the media and put at least a temporary damper on hostile editorials and internecine politics. It is only human for any ambitious politician to rise to such bait. Great battles waged on land and sea and in the air are more glorious than fighting with Congress. Peace conferences are more fun than press conferences.

Public opinion, which is often less than enthusiastic about what he is doing on the home front, can always be whipped up to support a president when he makes a melodramatic stand against some exaggerated act of aggression by an unfriendly foreign government. The American people, of course, don't want war. But the people, as has happened time and again in the warm-up period of America's recent wars, can be educated to hate any nation the media decide to nominate as an enemy. In the long run, with no one around to take the side of the "aggressor,"

## The Warlords

people allow themselves to drift into or be corralled into the warlike mood that practically welcomes an end to the hemming and hawing tergiversation of peace efforts that never had much chance of success. If they had succeeded, they would have spoiled the show.

War is the greatest of all temptations to the head of any country. It gets him off the domestic hook and keeps him there as long as the media go along. In the case of Wilson and FDR, who had the necessary minority consensus, the media stayed with

them all the way. The press and TV, however, ditched Lyndon Johnson, who was bedeviled by a liberal-minority coalition that hated Texans, even Texan liberals who sang "We shall overcome."

President Truman, who in his heart of hearts was never a liberal, was not in the warlord league, having inherited one war and having had a second thrust upon him. Neither was President Eisenhower, who brought the Korean war to an end, though he almost started a new one with his military adventures in Lebanon. The Bay of Pigs

and the standoff with Russia almost, but not quite, gave President Kennedy the opportunity to move into the warlord's seat. If Nixon had been more than half a liberal, he might have expanded the 1973 flare-up of the Middle East War into a worldwide Armageddon that would have diverted the voters' attention, perhaps permanently, from his domestic failures.

If the next Arab-Israeli flare-up should take place in the administration of a president who is a liberal Democrat, we had better cross our fingers.

## A Discombobulated Subscriber

Dear Editor:

I would like to find out about my subscription to **Instauration**. Every other magazine I have subscribed to sent each month's copy out before the first of the month, but the December issue did not come until late in the month and this month it is the same story. Is the magazine sent out late normally or is there some difficulty with the mails? Don't misunderstand me. I think your **Instauration** is the finest publication I have ever seen, but I cannot enjoy it if I do not receive it.

Yours truly,

*A Discombobulated Subscriber*

Dear Mr. Discombobulated:

As you indicate, subscribers to a monthly journal are conditioned to expect each new issue on or before the first of the month. **Instauration**, due in part to necessity, in part to its unorthodoxy, does not follow this timetable. Since it is not a topical publication, since its contents are not tied to datelines and deadlines, since its feature articles will, hopefully, make as much sense next year as this, the day of our magazine's arrival is not really all-important. All the editor can promise is that he will do his best to see that **Instauration** is delivered to subscribers before the end of the month of issue.

Some of the blame for slow delivery must rest on the postal service. To avoid the breast-baring necessary to obtain a second-class mailing permit—the usual means of distributing magazines by mail—**Instauration** relies on third-class bulk mailings. This costs a little more and slows up movement through the postal system. But it is worth it. The second-class permit requires filling out complicated

forms, which can be bounced back and forth for months. All sorts of personal and financial information that is absolutely none of the bureaucracy's business must be supplied and then published in the journal itself.

As for nondelivery, one of the paramount causes is the high proportion of minority postal workers in the large cities. Since third-class bulk mailings are not forwardable and since most third-class mail is considered junk mail and is not expected by the recipient, postmen could literally throw all the copies of **Instauration** in the nearest trash can and no one would ever be the wiser. In regard to **Instauration's** December issue, at least half the subscribers in Washington and Philadelphia never received their copies at all. Perhaps the postmen in these cities found it convenient to lighten the burden of their Christmas mail.

The editor hopes that the above information will increase the readers' understanding of this problem. For those who wish to get each issue a week or so earlier, we can recommend first-class mail, which costs 35¢, or about 28¢ more than the 7.1¢ cost of third-class bulk mailing. Any subscriber who wishes to pay an extra \$5 (there is some extra handling involved) will be put on the first-class list.

*It is the policy of this journal not to reprint editorials. But who could resist this one from the Springfield (Ohio) Sun (2-25-75)*

## The Meanest Man God Ever Made

Waxey Gordon was a high-style professional gambler of the Flapper Era, one of the last of the bigtime Jewish racketeers (the Sicilians were taking over what was to be known as "organized" crime). On his

way to the federal penitentiary, which brought an end to his career, he waxed philosophical with a young reporter who accompanied him and his guards.

What Waxey, a sagacious rogue, had to say went something like this. The first of the modern gangs in this country were the Irish. They were ferocious, Waxey said, but they had a habit of beating up on one another if nobody else was available. Eventually their womenfolk got weary of all the skull-cracking; the street gangs gradually disappeared; and the Irish became completely absorbed in American life.

Then, continued gambler Gordon, there was a brief period when new, more sophisticated rackets developed, mostly—though never entirely—through a relatively small coterie of metropolitan area Jewish gangsters. But after the First World War, "and almost before anyone realized what was happening," a tidal wave of immigrants from Southern Mediterranean regions brought in elements of the so-called "Black Hand" from Sicily.

"Some of those guys were hired by Jewish racketeers as strong-arm men and bodyguards," Waxey Gordon reminisced. "The Jews didn't go in much for violence themselves, but they had to have some muscle around for business purposes, you understand. The pay was good; the living was easy; the word got back to Sicily. First thing anybody knew, so much more muscle was immigrating that the Sicilian gangs were muscling out the Jews." Thus expanded the present Mafia empire in this country—far more widespread, wealthy, and powerful than Sicily had ever known.

"But let me tell you one thing, kid," concluded Waxey Gordon, "The Irish gangsters were tough. The Jewish gangsters were smart and dangerous. The Sicilian gangsters are all three. But the worst kind of gangster of all is a Yankee. There aren't many of them, but don't ever mix with a Yankee hood. He'd just as soon kill you as look at you. He's the meanest man God ever made."

**Somewhere in the South:** One of our most enthusiastic supporters, a young lawyer who may be running for Congress next year, was invited to speak to a local fraternal organization. After the talk, he sold twelve copies of *The Dispossessed Majority* to an audience of only twenty people. This experience might serve as a signal of how the average citizen will respond once his mind has been **decronked** (from the verb to cronk, meaning to blow the mass mind with propaganda, derived from the name of a prominent television commentator noted for his ability to read lies from a teleprompter with supreme authority and believability).

**Santa Barbara, California:** If you write under a pseudonym or no name at all, you sharpen the dagger of your critics. First you will be accused of not having the "guts" to stand behind what you write, although people never similarly accuse Nicolai Lion and Josef Steel, nor Mark Twain, nor O'Henry, nor the Madison and Hamilton of the Federalist Papers. The charge of gutlessness also does not seem to apply to writing under a cooked-up name like Harry Golden (Herschel Goldhurst), Bernardine Dohrn (Ohrnstein) and Montague Francis Ashley Montagu (Israel Ehrenberg).

In its better days *Time* was almost entirely anonymous, so was the *London Times Literary Supplement*. But my how the bylines have been intruding in recent years!

Conformity is one of the most powerful weapons of the powers that be. Step beyond the limits and you are a pariah, provided you can be identified. Whoever heard of an unknown pariah? The liberal-minority coalition wants names for purposes of pariah-making. The B'nai B'rith wants addresses so it can call up employers and tell them they have a pariah or Nazi (the terms are synonymous in this era of intellectual goose-stepping) on their payroll. The FBI wants names and addresses so it can make arrests for sedition when Washington starts the meat grinder in the Middle East.

Ask Admiral Clarence Ray about anonymity. He wrote a letter to the *Santa Barbara Newspress* condemning gun control. Shortly thereafter he was tracked down by a 44-year-old South Korean "student" at the University of Santa Barbara named Yung Min Kim. Kim didn't bother to argue about gun control with the retired, 72-year-old admiral. He just lit right into

him, sending him to the hospital with two broken fingers and a battered face.

We of *Instauration* will drop our anonymity when the FBI, the CIA, the B'nai B'rith and all the other professional and amateur snoopers will burn their master files and decide to permit the functioning of a free market of ideas. *Instauration* writers will use bylines when college students, whipped into frenzies of intolerance by their liberal-minority indoctrinators, stop threatening the careers and even the lives of people like William Shockley and Arthur Jensen. Shockley, by the way, who is seldom permitted to finish his talks at our leading universities, was physically assaulted in a recent appearance on the West Coast.

We ask our accusers to stop worrying about our anonymity and expend some of their energy on restoring enough civilization in this country to make it possible for a naval officer, after a lifetime of service to his nation, to write a letter to a newspaper, sign it with his own name and not be beaten up later by an alien whose historical experience of treating controversial ideas is to dispute them with his fists not his brain.

One other item. We will give our accusers a hint by certifying that all the anonymous contributors to this periodical bear good, honest Northern European names. Can the contributors, anonymous, pseudonymous or bylined, to the *National Review*, *American Opinion*, *Time*, *New Republic* and *Commentary* say the same?

**Toronto, Canada:** Some rather high personages in the Canadian government have bought *The Dispossessed Majority*, as well as a small group of nationalists and activists who oppose Canada's rising incidence of minority racism. Recently Trudeau's burly Chekists raided sixteen homes in Toronto simultaneously to seize "racial literature." When the ordinary Canadian wants a book, he generally has to pay for it or go to a library. When Trudeau's minions want to read, they just break in and grab whatever they want. How low have the Canadian Mounties descended? At any rate, while the censors are going over *The Dispossessed Majority* line by line, we hope they will be fair enough to reimburse readers who did not buy their copy with the intention of presenting it as a gift to Trudeau's comstockers.

**Sydney, Australia:** A forward-looking group of Australians has just ordered more copies of *The Dispossessed Majority*, increasing its total purchases of the book to 400. The organization writes that the book is becoming fairly well known "down under." We also received a communication from a young Aussie (female) who has been running for public office, but whose name under the liberal Whitlam regime, now happily ousted by the conservative landslide, was illegally removed from the ballot. Her crime apparently was to have criticized the Whitlam government's relaxation of the "White Australia" immigration policy.

### Next Month in Instauration

**Will there be a Tricentennial?**

*Not if the U.S. continues to defy the six commandments of nationhood.*

**The Strategy of Equality**

*Reading all the fine print in the Social Contract.*

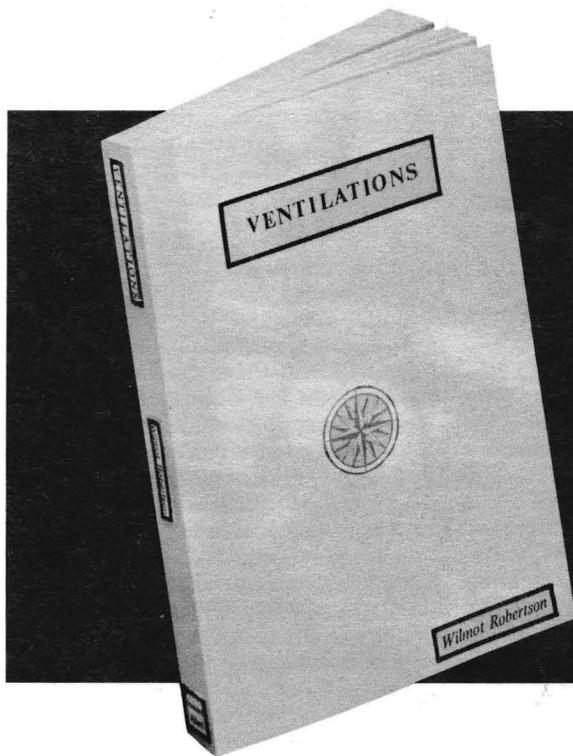
**The Ethics of the Yellow Bus**

*A young theologian demonstrates that every opponent of busing is not necessarily going to spend eternity in hell.*

**The Game and the Candle**

*Fourth installment*

*plus other articles, book reviews and the usual Instauration departments.*



*A Salvo of Tactical and Strategic Pointers for  
Getting the Majority Off Its Knees*

# VENTILATIONS

*The author of **The Dispossessed**  
Majority firms up and expands some of  
his key ideas.*

Letting his mind range freely over the Slough of Despond known as current history, Robertson first replies to readers of **The Dispossessed Majority** who have taken him to task for his pronouncements on religion and the Soviet Union. He clarifies his attitude toward Christianity by throwing some light on the little discussed but important cause-and-effect relationship between race and religion. He amplifies his prognosis of increasing anti-Semitism and nationalism in Russia by a wealth of new evidence both from within and without the Soviet Union.

After a blow-by-blow description of the attempted suppression of **The Dispossessed Majority** by a conspiracy of silence, Robertson writes intelligently and bitingly of Watergate and the fall of Nixon, which he defines as the high tide of media absolutism and as a liberal-minority purge of the ideological bankrupts who call themselves moderate conservatives. He comments at length on the nauseating apotheosis of Henry Kissinger, who has a special flare for coming out second best in negotiations with Russia and who won the Nobel peace prize for his slick betrayal of South Vietnam.

To raise the morale and race consciousness of Majority college students, whose apathy is one of the chief causes of America's drift into mindlessness, the author outlines in four separate essays how they can participate actively and productively in this stage of the racial confrontation. He takes particular pains to spell out the limitations of what can be accomplished now and warns of the frustrations that come from believing that great changes are just around the corner.

A prediction by a Dutch reader of **The Dispossessed Majority** that America will soon be engulfed in a race war provokes a wide-ranging response from the author, who comments at length on the proposition that the discovery of America drained European nations of the energies they needed to repulse aggressors from the East. He also examines the suggestion that the U.S. should trade its black population for South Africa's 3,500,000 whites.

**Ventilations** contains a stimulating evaluation of the half-forgotten dictator, Kemal Ataturk, who snatched Turkey from total dissolution after World War I. A blond, blue-eyed Macedonian, Ataturk was willing to surrender huge slices of Turkish territory to achieve his goal of racial consolidation.

Robertson compares him to other strong men, including his Turkish successors, who were less anxious to put race above real estate.

Women must play a vital role in the revival of the Majority or there will be no revival. Some conservatives hope to keep women in their place. Some liberals want to turn them into men. In one of his most perceptive essays, Robertson points out that the status of women, due to technological advances, has been irrevocably altered and that they should be encouraged to use their newly acquired freedom to become full-time partners with men in the salvation of their race.

The penultimate essay in **Ventilations** is an idealistic leapfrog into the future. In answer to those who felt **The Dispossessed Majority** contained too much carping criticism, but not enough solutions, Robertson projects a 21st-century America of separated and insulated population groups, where the Unassimilable Minorities live apart in obligatory self-sufficiency and where a resuscitated Majority is once again in control of its culture and its political and economic destiny.

Morality as a tool for gulling the citizenry is nothing new in politics. But in contemporary America it has become a mania that defies all criticism. The antidote, according to the final essay in **Ventilations**, is not to attack liberals and minority racists for their perversion of morality, but to accent the morality of the Majority's cause. Majority members should abandon the illusion they are a superior people fallen on evil times. The fact is they have become a persecuted race and should defend themselves by every means in their power. Most important, Robertson presents a host of reasons why Majority members should stop being too proud to turn classical moral arguments against discrimination and persecution to their own profit.

\$ 2.95

Ventilations by Wilmot Robertson, 115 pages, 21¢ postage. In Florida please add 4% sales tax. Order direct from the publisher: Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., Post Office Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.