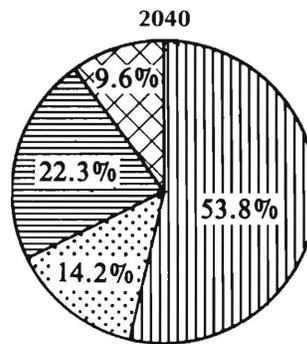
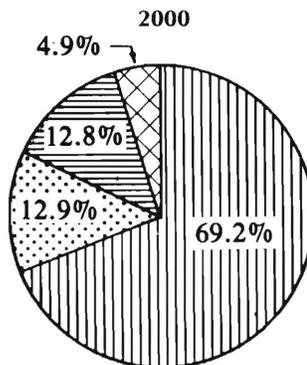
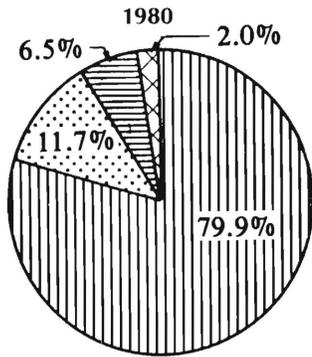


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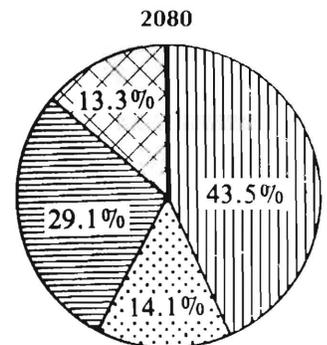
VOL 8. NO. 5

APRIL 1983



The Future Racial Composition of the United States

The estimates look bad,
but the reality will be far worse.



The Safety Valve

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

The local NBC-TV station's news-speaker (a Chinese-American female) tonight intoned that a warming weather trend "would grant a reprieve from Old Person Winter."

682

I love Thomas Dixon's stories of the South -- so much factual history, so chockfull of vital information and wisdom, so pleasantly intriguing with their once-upon-a-time gracious, leisurely ways.

443

I'd like to add to *Instauration's* account of the Third Annual Revisionist Conference. Tom Marcellus and Willis Carto were witty, funny, creative, effective and very logical in their introductions. One of the reasons for feeling so welcome and so much at home was that Tom Marcellus had everything planned with absolute perfection and Willis Carto was so cheerful and enthusiastic that we forgot we hadn't always known him. Some of the guests had a lot to do with such joyful feelings, too. I don't think he'd want to be mentioned, but one lawyer from Georgia was so funny that all at our table were crying so much (from laughter) that this writer had to be excused to re-do her makeup. If Dr. Larson is interrupted in the middle of the story he is telling you, he'll pick it up at exactly that place when he sees you the next day. And when historically retarded people didn't quite grasp the significance of some speech, we had Drs. Weber and Lindsay to explain it. For me one of the nicest things about the conference has been that some men like Dr. Martin understood that I didn't understand and patiently continued to explain far beyond the call of duty. All of which proves these conferences are helpful even to the least historically minded.

035

"Brave New Baby" (Nov. 1982) was a useful update indeed. We should be warned, however, that the very top 0.01 percent of our race is not necessarily the best breeding material. Louis Terman, in his great "Studies of Genius," found that generally an increase of intelligence implied increases in physical and mental health, personal satisfaction with life, and what we call character. But towards the very top, these positive relationships tended to reverse. It is as if the very, very brightest had brains too big for their heads. The results of breeding programs would probably be more stable if we just concentrated on the top 10 percent instead of the top 0.01 percent. Also, there are so few up at the very top that we would have to mix the intellectual cream of the crop with the athletic cream and the managerial cream and so forth just to get a decently large breeding pool. It would be better to stick to the cream or rich milk instead of mixing the cream of the cream, at least until we know that we know what we're doing.

200

A bad times good sign is that young white musicians are turning away in boredom from schlock noise and turning toward their own incomparable musicality.

117

Since I had recently decided to name a pro-Majority journal in a new will, the piece on "Majority Estate Planning" (Nov. 1982) was timely. I feel most strongly that by helping their race survive, I bequeath the most to my kin. Nor does the thought of a parting shot at the enemy sadden me.

Canadian subscriber

I thought our congressmen had enough brains to differentiate between offensive and defensive weapons, but after Lebanon they still can't reach a decision. How did they make their decision regarding Turkey and Cyprus?

980

"The Obsession of the Black Middle Class" (Oct. 1982) was one of the most interesting pieces I have ever read in *Instauration*. I can hardly believe that a black wrote it. In a way it is kind of flattering. I hardly thought many of us honkies were worthy of any respect these days! If I ever saw Mark Curtis, I would shake his hand. For years I have observed "oreos" in action. Curtis's article helps me put their behavior into clearer perspective. It must be hell to be a black with intellect and sensitivity and see one's brethren behaving so abjectly. I salute all blacks who have high goals and ideals in life. I hope they embrace eugenics as much as us racist "cranks" of the Caucasian persuasion. I will say this for blacks, they certainly know how to relax. Us uptight whities could enhance our Type A lives by learning how to back off and loosen up a bit in the face of life's stresses. Problem is, blackie generally takes his relaxation a bit too far.

842

In East Asia, as one goes farther north, one finds increasing percentages of white genes mingled with the Mongoloid. Going further south towards Vietnam and Cambodia, one finds increasing Australoid genes. North Chinese aristocrats are, quite simply, Eurasian. The lower classes of Vietnam, the Philippines and the Malay countries are over half Australoid; the rest are Mongoloid. The goons who mangled our men in Nam were, of course, Australoid. The crueler American Indian stocks were Tunguses, the sub-race found in the far north and northwest Mongolia and the northern third of Korea. I have seen some people in Korea and some Indians in America who could be interchanged without a non-Mongoloid observer being able to tell who was who. The Indian Tunguses were the fiercest torturers. They included the Kiowas and Comanches, both related to the Aztecs, as well as the "unspeakable Ute," so named by their Cheyenne and Arapaho neighbors. The Cheyenne by contrast were light, tall, European-visaged -- and chivalrous. They were the preferred marital partners and the enemy of choice. They did not torture.

095

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□ The Soviet occupation of Afghanistan is costing the USSR between \$3 and \$4 million daily. Conservatively, the daily flow of dollars to Israel is at least \$10 to \$12 million, fully three times the cost of daily Soviet expenditures. Nevertheless, the establishment media never fail to refer to the Soviet invasion as "Russia's costly war" and in wishful thinking make allusions to the "Soviet Vietnam." The fact that America is absorbing the expense of maintaining three Afghanistans simultaneously to keep the Promised Land afloat inevitably escapes notice.

142

□ One of your zippers in the January issue was commenting on the lack of blacks in the Scandinavian countries. I visited Norway and Denmark last summer and was greeted with posters telling the people to enjoy a family experience -- by adopting a black or an Oriental!

783

□ Instauration has become one of my family's main sources of enlightenment and strength. I even think of the two children we have had in the last 16 months as "Instauration babies." Every time I hear the term WASP, I wish it stood for White American Survival Party.

194

□ Regarding your story on Jewish enrollment percentages at various universities ("Screaming Numbers," Jan. 1983), the figure for Harvard (16.1%) seems quite low. Henry Rosovsky, Harvard's current Dean of Faculty, "holocaust survivor," and likely first Jewish president of the university, flatly states, "I believe 25 percent of the Harvard student body is Jewish . . . There have been more Jews in the last fifteen years than in previous years." As a recent Harvard graduate, I feel that Rosovsky's "from the horse's mouth" estimate is also low. A cursory examination of student rosters of the College and Graduate Schools should substantiate my assessment, which is 38% and climbing. Add another 7.5% for blacks, 3% for Hispanics, 1% for Eskimos and Amerindians, and a growing 8.5% for Asians, and you've got a fairly representative breakdown of Harvard's student body. Don't forget the 18% for foreign students, only about a third of whom are European.

021

□ On a recent transcontinental business trip I dropped in at Los Angeles, Chicago and New York. I was shocked half-silly at what I saw. Nordics are now practically nonexistent in all three cities. In case any Instaurationist has not yet gotten the message, immigration is now the one and only issue. Shout it from the rooftops: "Immigration Kills!" Not until Americans become thoroughgoing monomaniacs on this issue -- and get organized -- will there be any hope.

223

□ It's a funny old world. While skiing last year I met a very pacifist German of Latvian origin, who had married a Vietnamese. Without any conversational pretext, he suddenly attacked Hitler on the grounds that he had failed to give support to someone who had suggested putting rockets on board U-boats and sending them to destroy New York, thus knocking America out of the war!

Austrian subscriber

□ Concerning the sniping against John Lennon (McCartney and Harrison were also "Liverpool Irishmen") by Instauration, one should keep in mind that although there was an occasional redoubtable verse, the music of the Beatles was far and away a hedge against the revolutionary spirit that consumed the youth of the 60s. Although Lennon's post-Beatle music did have a Marxian tint to it, he renounced those ideas a few years before he died and raised his son a Christian (as his last album indicates).

Cholly might rethink his occasional allusion to where a person "comes from." If it was not for his obvious mental vigor and spunk, I'd say he was an old, tired, pallid Boston Brahmin. The notion that humble origins is a sort of scurvy, genetic disease is pretty narrow considering that most of our ancestors were illiterate peasants ten or fifteen generations ago and primitive tribesmen 100 generations ago.

391

□ The Wall Street Journal used the term "low-cost housing" the other day. Calling high-cost subsidized housing low-cost housing is getting close to the "freedom is slavery" in Orwell's 1984.

600

□ I sense a real mood of despair, despondency and hopelessness as I circulate among my fellow Americans. Urban sociologists talk of saving the cities. Ridiculous! The cities are dead. The country is dead. The race is dead. We are moving into an era which is going to make all other eras look good by comparison. It should be an axiom that anything coming out of Massachusetts should be opposed. The very fact that Massachusetts first cooked up Adamism and tried to peddle it to the rest of the colonies should have been the tipoff to any intelligent person that George III was absolutely right. Certainly, if Washington or any other Southerner could have seen what those people would do to us and our children, they would have crawled on their knees to lick the boots of the British troops. I would gladly do it today if it would undo the American Revolution, and I am a descendant of a general in the Revolutionary army. The scriptures are incorrect. The correct question should be: "Can anything good come out of Massachusetts?" That state, the womb of Harvard, represents the distilled and purest essence of leftism. It is the unspeakable root of political and social violence.

300

□ My degree is in political science, but I was required to take several psychology courses including abnormal psychology. When men see "Nazis" (or elephants or snakes), which other people can't see, psychologists call it a "delusion." Delusions are characteristic of schizophrenia -- a disease which is more common among Jews than among any other people. Paranoid schizophrenia is characterized by oversuspiciousness, grandiose delusions or delusions of persecution and harassment. Men suffering from this mental disturbance can be the most deadly of all psychotics.

935

□ How can we Nordics expect other races to respect us if we don't respect ourselves? The world was once ours, but today we are its.

109

□ For the record, I, the guy who wrote the somewhat tart criticism of the South (Instauration, Feb. 1982) love the Southern people's racial instincts, but they do have an anachronistic obsession with Christianity and provincial regionalism. If you want to effectively combat Negroes and aliens, don't make the mistake of saddling yourself with a pacifistic, love-your-brother creed. The dumber ones in your congregation will blow a mental fuse trying to reconcile the inevitable contradictions. For God's sake, you good ol' boys, come into the 20th century.

By the by, one reader claimed that I must have spent no more than a couple of days in the South, that I had only a passerby's acquaintance with Dixieland. For the record, I lived in Georgia, North Carolina and Tennessee for a total of almost ten years. I know what I'm-a-talkin' about, good buddy!

208

□ Having Instauration come once a month is the best thing that happens to me! I enjoyed the December issue, per usual, and especially was delighted to see the article about Nazi leniency. You might add the following item:

In 1933 the National Socialist government issued orders to organize a Winter Relief program to assist over 17 million people who needed help to endure the coming winter. This included coal and foodstuffs, chiefly potatoes, a German staple. The aid was to be given regardless of creed or political affiliations. The theme of that program was, "The work of relief must be a phase of human improvement as well as an alleviation of distress." Included in the 17 million figure were not only over 8,000 foreigners but 29,108 Jews.

959



□ Zip 606 (Nov. 1982) is upset by my indictment of Arthur Conan Doyle for racial shilly-shallying. So be it. I suggest he reread "The Adventure of the Yellow Face" in the light of my charges. The story deals quite favorably with miscegenation and interracial adoption. If that isn't sufficient grounds for my charges, I'll eat 606's two-volume set of the Holmes stories.

191

□ January 1983 marked 500 years since the birth of Martin Luther, 50 years since Adolf Hitler took power and 200 years since the birth of Erik Gustaf Geijer, the most famous poet and philosopher of Sweden, who wrote *Vikingen* and *Odalbonden* and who sought to preserve Nordic ideals. If today we had a leader with courage, intelligence and the ability to act comparable to any one of those men, the articles in *Instauration* would not sound like dirges.

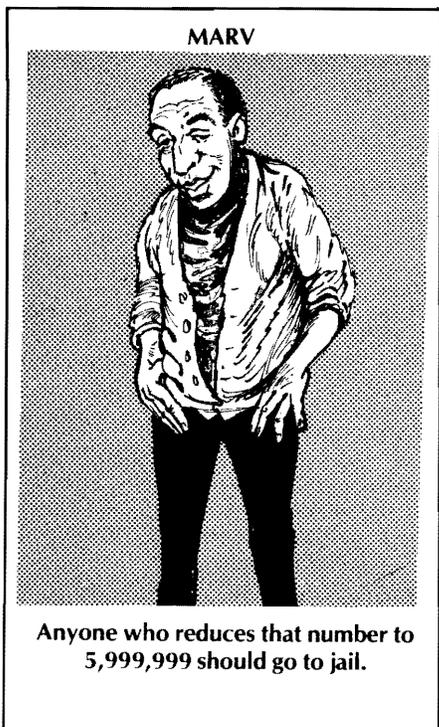
Canadian subscriber

□ On some fateful day between 75 and 100 years from now, the American Majority will be just another minority. Do you think we'll then be eligible for affirmative action?

121

□ Cholly is so right. We raised three decent young men and, for all the effort expended, we find ourselves in a "generation gap" with the boys that I doubt can be mended. They are all college graduates (does this have something to do with it?) who greet our realism with condescending and pitying looks. The debilitating poison has seeped into the fabric of our family life that now includes grandchildren. People our age tell us to "go with the flow." Truth and reality have put us in an isolation booth!

946



□ Picture a warm summer night in a major American urban center. Picture a pleasant, totally restored and well-maintained brownstone neighborhood, built for the upper middle class in the 19th century, a Negro ghetto in the 20th, white again in the 21st. Bill owns a brownstone, preferring the liveliness and convenience of urban living to the isolation and expense of suburbia. ("Why build on precious farmland?" he thinks.) His ancestry? "Mixed European," but his last name is English. His wife, Linda, is an Afrikaner, the daughter of a couple who came over from Pretoria in the population transfer of 2017. They have three children. Bill Jr. is 14, and tonight he's downtown at the movies, having taken the clean, ultra-modern, nearly noiseless subway. Dave is 9, and he's around the corner at his neighborhood school involved in some sort of club. Sue is their 7-year-old. They just sent her out to pick up a loaf of bread at the corner grocery, even though it's past 9:30 P.M. Bill and Linda didn't give the time a second thought.

886

□ Larry Holmes, one of 11 children, tried to prove he was not a racist before the Cooney fight by referring to his white in-laws. Four of his brothers married white women. Was this supposed to warm our cold WASP hearts?

607

□ I enjoy most of Cholly's columns and do not want to accuse him or anyone of excessive pessimism. Lord knows, we're all entitled to it. Yet I am concerned about the lack of an editorial counterbalance to Cholly's prominent position in the magazine. Readers always know exactly what Cholly thinks about a given subject, but we can never be 100% sure about what *Instauration* thinks. A high proportion of the *Safety Valve* items which refer to *Instauration* articles refer to Cholly's. This is partly because he is so good. But maybe it's also partly because so few of our nameless writers have a chance to build up an identity and a following. This has the side-effect of putting Cholly's impress over the entire publication to an unhealthy degree. It is disconcerting to see most of a given issue at odds with Cholly's stance, and yet Cholly's minority position shining high above the rest like a beacon of truth. He even gets those prestigious wasps on either side of his name, while poor John Nobull must settle for a scepter.

223

□ One of the things of which I seem anxiously aware (although I can't always practice what I preach) is that one has to be continuously on guard against the tendency and habit of merely batting back at the opposition. If the firemen stopped to take care of the yapping dogs all the time why, hell, they'd never reach the fire! I observe in history as well as on the street that when people are hot under the collar they can effect no worthwhile solution to their problems except to include in their solutions the high probability of their own destruction. I'd never ask for a solution from an angry man, nor send one on an assignment. I fear our antagonism, our solidifying anger will help our enemies bury or enslave us the more.

817

□ I have been reading the *Safety Valve* for some time now and I constantly see letters from *Instaurationists* indicating they are bored, tired, scared, pessimistic, dejected, frustrated and mad because of their inability to do anything about our worsening situation. I don't share these feelings because I just say to myself, "Well, what better have I got to do? Might as well fight a little because at least something might result." The thought fills my otherwise pointless days with some purpose.

321

□ I picked up my paper on Martin Luther King Jr. Day. The lead story was about a Majority police officer being tortured before being killed by a "black Jesus" and his disciples. The screams of agony were heard a block away by fellow officers. Until it was too late, high police officials "refused to let the cops intervene." They were fearful of minority charges of police brutality. In the same paper two "Russian immigrants" were charged with the murders of two Majority teenage girls. A Majority band manager, 36, was shot to death despite "no resistance" in a bank robbery. In a small town a Majority homeowner found a black prowler lurking in his yard. He told him to beat it. When the creature returned, demented by wine and drugs, an hour later, the homeowner fired a warning shot. Guess who was in jail for "aggravated assault"? The "dynamic minorities" are no longer content to pick us off one by one.

088

□ The thought that is buzzing on the airwaves out here in Reno is that the most recent black riot in Miami was O.K. because the local blacks were frustrated. Priscilla Ford was also frustrated. That is why she ran down and killed six whites on Thanksgiving Day a few years back. She has never uttered a word of remorse for her mini-massacre. Since it's all our fault, surely in the name of democracy and civil rights, she should be released from jail and recompensed for the trouble she was put to for alleviating her frustrations.

895

□ I've just finished reading *The Dispossessed Majority*. It expressed a world view that rings truer than any other explanation I've ever encountered. It is the most magnificent, most important book I've read in many years and one for which I have long been searching. I hope that a political party, molded around the principles outlined in the book, has formed or is forming. I feel strongly that such a party must take great care to inform not only the rational minds of our people, but also -- and much more importantly -- the deepest levels of our collective psyche. Symbolism, music, and ritual will be vastly important. Our current political parties seem only to appeal to the surface, cerebral level. That's one reason they are so incredibly unappealing. If our call is always primarily to the subterranean levels of our people's racial consciousness, and it is bolstered by strong (and easily understood and learned) rational arguments, then we can build a party that will provide our people a home. If we can let them know, through whatever means we have, that their home is ready, then -- in time -- they will surely move in.

100

THE FUTURE RACIAL COMPOSITION OF THE UNITED STATES

The Bouvier Report, "The Future Racial Composition of the United States," should bear the same warning label seen on some roller-coaster ticket windows: "Not recommended for heart patients" (at least, not for white ones). Veteran demographer Leon F. Bouvier and his coauthor, Cary B. Davis, have calculated that, if present population trends continue -- and currently there is no political force on the horizon to stop or reverse them -- the U.S. in 2080 will be only 43.5% "White non-Hispanic," a catch-all group which even includes American Indians. As for California, even if national immigration levels are *reduced considerably* from what they have been these last few years, the Golden State will be only 28.8% "White non-Hispanic" in 2080.

That is the bad news. There is no good news. There is only worse news, which is that Bouvier and Davis have been grossly negligent in their population projections (see pie charts on cover) and have drastically understated the amount of racial change America will undergo if present trends continue. The reality is that California will be perhaps 10% "White non-Hispanic" in 2080, and that 10% will be concentrated in the northern redwood country and other peripheral areas. In the big cities, European racial types will be perhaps 2% or 3%, if they survive at all -- just as the English Americans who settled New England (and constituted 90% of its population in 1840) are now 2% and 3% in some of its cities.

Bouvier and Davis have given their readers a totally false idea of America's apparent racial future because the assumptions underlying their calculations are badly flawed. For example, they assume, for statistical purposes, that zero intermixing will occur between racial groups -- this at a time when one out of three whites in Hawaii is already marrying a nonwhite, and when America's entire vast educational apparatus is geared to promoting intermixing. If, in the year 2080, America is 43.5% "White non-Hispanic," 29.1% Hispanic, 14.1% Black, and 13.3% Asian and Other, and these racial blocs have been thoroughly integrated and have roughly equivalent income levels, then one of two possibilities *must* occur:

1. Widespread intermixing will take place, and the white race will rapidly go under (blond hair, light eyes and the Northern European facial configuration are genetically recessive, as can readily be seen by examining the progeny of 100 assorted mixed marriages).

2. Widespread intermixing will *not* take place, in which case America will come to resemble an armed camp, or, rather, half a dozen mutually hostile camps.

How many white Americans want either their race or their nation to go under? I have known a white, Nordic-looking sociologist who says he wants all Americans to be mulattoes and mestizos, but among the hundreds of white Americans I have spoken to about race, he was the only one in favor of racial amalgamation. It is true that many Americans now think it "inevitable" that we will all become mulattoes and mestizos,

but perhaps only a sociologist could relish such a thought.

In short, America's white majority will soon be forced to choose between two futures it dreads -- the end of whites or the end of America, as we have known it. But before analyzing the situation as it really is, let us return to the Bouvier-Davis study, and see where the authors went wrong.

Wacky Assumptions

To their credit, Bouvier and Davis insist at the beginning that readers not confuse *projections* with *predictions*.

[Predictions report] what a writer thinks will actually occur in the future. Population projections are simply the mathematical results emanating from various alternative assumptions about future demographic behavior. Given certain clearly stated assumptions about fertility, mortality, and migration, the population in any future year can be projected. Barring mathematical error, the projection itself can never be incorrect. The assumptions on which the projection is based can be and often are incorrect. "In fact the purpose of projecting population is not exclusively, or even primarily, to make accurate predictions. Rather it is to identify and chart the likely effects of influences and contingencies that will determine future population size" (Peter Morrison, Rand Corp., 1977).

The problem with the Bouvier study (excluding several faulty calculations) is that certain key assumptions are wildly implausible. Some of the damage can be remedied, however, because most of these faulty assumptions are described somewhere in their text. Unfortunately, very few of the journalists who relayed the Bouvier findings to a national audience had sufficient expertise to pick out these errors.

Take James J. Kilpatrick, who, upon learning that "whites" would be a minority in 2080, asked, "Does it matter?" and glibly answered "no." He wrote that "the authors' methodology appears to me to be beyond reproach." (The blue-eyed, fair-haired Kilpatrick presumably pictures in his mind's eye that 43.5% of Americans will still look more or less like him in a hundred years -- and thinks he can sleep soundly with that prognostication. The onetime preacher of Southern resistance to forced racial mixing did his readers a double disservice -- (1) by not studying the Bouvier and Davis projections more carefully and (2) by not pondering what would inevitably follow even their faulty picture of 2080. Does white extinction in America really "not matter" to Kilpatrick? And was he really unable to see that white extinction -- not 43.5%, which will only be a quick way station on the road to 30% -- is the issue at stake?)

Putting aside an inscrutable Southerner (who has probably become inscrutable to himself), and returning to our semi-scrutable academicians, we find that Bouvier and Davis begin on an appropriately false note. Their opening sentence reads: "Since Independence, the ethnic and racial composition of the United States has resembled a constantly changing kaleido-

scope reflecting the varying sources of immigration as well as the fertility and mortality of both natives and immigrants." Why start at Independence? In fact, North America was racially mostly Indian until the 1600s, when it became mostly Nordic, which it remained until quite recently. The United States was overwhelmingly British in 1840, and overwhelmingly white until after President Johnson's immigration "reform" bill of 1965. The "constantly changing kaleidoscope" is a very new reality, at least on the *racial* level (and this purports to be a study of race): nonetheless, it has already become a national myth, and one to which Bouvier and Davis feel they must make an opening obeisance. Their Introduction ends with an even greater act of deference to liberal myth:

As we enter still a new phase in the ongoing process of developing an American identity, disturbances may again occur, followed, it is fervently hoped, by new adjustments and new definitions of "American." It is for that reason that changes in ethnic and racial composition remain important today and must be studied objectively to better understand and influence the direction the nation is taking.

As Charles Eliot Norton, the leading educator of his day, wrote in 1904, an American national character and identity had practically crystallized a generation earlier. Norton, with virtually all other contemporary observers, publicly deplored the state of confusion into which American moral standards were thrown by the massive introduction of foreign types. If, in other words, our development of an "American identity" is, in 1983, still "in process," let it at least be understood that we were far, far closer to that goal 100 and 200 years ago. And if, as Bouvier and Davis write, "changes in . . . racial composition [or lack of same] . . . must be studied objectively," how can it be "fervently hoped" that there will be "new adjustments and new definitions of 'American'?" If hoping fervently for one potential result among several constitutes "objectivity," spare us from subjectivism!

Getting into the bare bones of the Bouvier projections, we find five annual immigration levels selected for analysis: zero, a half-million, 1 million, 1½ million and 2 million. Although the authors state repeatedly that the 1 million figure reflects current realities, the facts are probably otherwise. By adding half a million legal immigrants and refugees per year to the million annual illegals, a figure which all savvy Border Patrol observers insist upon, one gets about 1½ million per year.

The study's faulty assumptions are as follows: "White non-Hispanics" are assumed to maintain their 1980 *total fertility rate* (TFR) of 1.758; Blacks, presently at a TFR rate of 2.33, and Hispanics, at 2.6 (many Hispanics are still single men living alone), are assumed to *converge* toward the 1.758 rate, reaching it in the year 2030; nonwhite immigrants, at still higher fertility rates, are also assumed to converge at 1.758 in 2030. What all this means is that "White non-Hispanic" women are giving birth at a rate, *in 1980*, such that, spread out over a lifetime, each would have 1.758 live births. This, incidentally, is far below the replacement rate of 2.15 which is required simply for a population to replace its numbers. Further, the 1.758 was arrived at by including Amerindians and other very high fertility groups which few Americans would consider "white." The weird logic used by Bouvier and Davis to justify calling Indians "White non-Hispanic" is all too typical of their study:

Native Americans, very small in number, are included under this category as well. Another option was to include them under Asian & Other. It seemed somewhat inappropriate to label the earliest Americans as "Other."

I choked when I read this. Not only must Amerindians now be called the "first Americans" -- although many of them were the *last* to join the American *nation*, and many others still insist they belong only to the "Cherokee nation," etc. -- they also must be labeled as "white" rather than "other" because it would be "inappropriate" to label the "earliest Americans" what they really are! The problem with this little gesture is that in the state of South Dakota, for example, where less than 7% of the people are Indian, nearly 20% of the babies being born are Indian. Try compounding that over several generations. So, while Indians are "very small in number," including them with whites distorts the racial picture considerably by 2080.

Was it really just a "nice gesture" which made Bouvier and Davis lump Amerindians with whites? One doubts it, because virtually all of their seemingly arbitrary decisions have the effect of *increasing* the projected population for whites. This cannot be coincidence. Obviously, Bouvier and Davis, like demographers the world over, are anti-alarmist to the point of deception. The only unresolved question is: do they only deceive others, or do they also deceive themselves?

Some will say it is overly pessimistic to assume that "White non-Hispanic" fertility will remain around the dismal level of 1.758 births per woman over the next century. Here, however, Bouvier and Davis are probably on target (unless there is a massive political upheaval among white Americans). The fact is that *white fertility is generally lowest in precisely those places where whites must now compete with nonwhites*: in California, the urban North, and -- what is seldom realized -- in the post-Martin Luther King South as well. The remaining pockets of higher white fertility are generally in the Mountain states and in the rural Midwest. For example, Iowa, with few blacks, had a birthrate in 1981 of 16.1 per 1,000 people, while the Virginia rate was only 14.0 per 1,000, although the latter state has a large black minority with a high birthrate. It's easy to see that not many whites are being born in Virginia.

The reason why racial integration depresses white fertility could not be simpler: virtually all white people are intense crypto-racists. Even those who most loudly profess their liberalism are determined that *their* son and *their* daughter will not attend mostly nonwhite schools, or, worse yet, wind up working in jobs largely taken over by blacks and Hispanics. Even in 1983 it is not the same thing to be a white dishwasher or ditch-digger in Iowa as in Virginia -- or even a school teacher or hairdresser. Consequently many Iowans on every social class level are prepared to "take a chance" on having that third or fourth child, even knowing that they cannot "do as well by him."

In the South, even the earliest rumors of integration back in 1954 depressed the white birthrate relative to the nation as a whole. As racial mixing becomes far more pervasive nationwide in the decades ahead, we can certainly expect whites to persist in their suicidal fertility practices. On the other hand, it is highly doubtful that nonwhite fertility levels will fall to the white level by 2030 because every minority leader and publication will be insisting that nonwhite fertility below the replacement level spells "genocide." (Can it be that neither Bouvier nor Davis has ever perused a few random issues of *Ebony* magazine?)

Playing Dumb

If the authors' assumptions regarding fertility and miscegenation are unrealistic, so, too, are many of their others. For example, they assume that, given a net immigration level of 0.5 million per year, 20% of all immigrants would be "White non-Hispanic" in the year 2080, just as in the year 1980; and that, given a net immigration level of 2 million per year, 12% of all immigrants would be "White non-Hispanic" across the entire century. In other words, while it is recognized that higher levels of immigration will (at any point in time) tilt the racial makeup of America's immigrants in a nonwhite direction, it is conveniently ignored that the rest of the world will be growing far less white over the next hundred years.

This flies in the face of the authors' own admission, on page 21, that the "dramatic upheaval" in America's racial composition is "a situation that parallels that noted in West Germany, Sweden, France, and elsewhere." Where, pray tell, will those pure-white Swedes of 2080 be coming from? Off an asteroid?

Even today, translating the Immigration Service's country-of-birth data into racial data is a very tricky business (for example, many "British" immigrants are really just transplanted West Indian blacks) -- and the trickiness will escalate rapidly in the years ahead. The authors know this but ignore it. Their stock excuse for such omissions is: "In selecting assumptions we were guided by the policy of simplicity: the fewer the better." And if nearly all such simplifications serve to exaggerate the white component in America's future, well, so much the worse for the bell-ringing realist who would alert a dying people.

Bouvier and Davis repeatedly play dumb about immigration/fertility interrelationships: "if all immigration came to a halt in 1880, the 1980 population of the United States would be about 166 million." Apparently, not one native American white was deterred from having children by poor immigrant hordes occupying entire states. The authors also conclude that "about 27% of the 1980 population of the United States are the descendants of post-1880 immigrants." They (deliberately?) forgot to calculate that the newcomers had a higher fertility rate over the interim than the natives.

Many times, the authors assume what they feel like assuming. Thus, the current crop of Asian immigrants is "assumed to have" a TFR of about 1.9 children per woman, despite abundant evidence that they are still well above the level of Zero Population Growth (2.15). No explanations are given, no justifications provided.

But let us concede the reasonableness of all the Bouvier/Davis assumptions. Their projections from the assumptions are still enough to scare anyone half-silly who knows the first thing about racial dynamics. For example, even if:

- Net immigration is cut back to 1 million per year;
 - Zero miscegenation takes place after 1980 (already false);
- and
- Blacks and Hispanics soon reduce their fertility to the suicidal white level --

Even so, Texas's "White non-Hispanic" population component will be reduced to 32.0% in the year 2080, and Florida's to 33.3%. If, on the other hand, net immigration is cut nearly to zero but racial fertility differences remain almost as great as today -- a likely scenario -- the picture will be just as bleak in 2080.

It's time we started figuring the impact of all this on our electoral college system. Florida and Texas, plus California, New York and Illinois (for starters) will all have nonwhite

majorities well within a century. With Hawaii and the District of Columbia, they had 164 electoral votes in 1980. If a presidential candidate carried the rest of the nation by a 268-106 electoral landslide, but lost to the bloc-voting minorities in just those states, he would lose nationally by 270-268. Bouvier and Davis's assertion (page 52) that "states like Iowa, Vermont, and Oklahoma" will experience "practically no effect whatsoever" (locally) from the next century's nonwhite deluge would thus be pretty cold comfort, even if it were not absurd. (Absurd because Hispanics enter the United States only to be near productive whites. When the gringos are gone from Texas, the Hispanics will follow them into Oklahoma.)

James J. Kilpatrick, choosing to ignore that sexes and age groups have never yet voted as blocs, writes fashionably (if crazily): "My own guess . . . is that the next 20 or 30 years are more likely to see political divisions along the lines of age and sex than along the lines of race and color." Now you know why they let him on national TV!

We have barely skimmed the surface silliness from the fathomless folly of Leon F. Bouvier and Cary B. Davis (not to mention their commentators in the pop media). They needed 68 pages to execute their demographic atrocity and nothing less would suffice to analyze all the loaded language and febrile optimism they have planted within it. But at least they are on target in one place:

Regardless of the level of immigration [the immigrants'] proportion would continue increasing until it accounts for 100% of the total population in the very distant future.

Oblivion is the true name of the white American game. After all, a far lower average level of immigration and a far higher national average level of native fertility than those now prevailing sufficed to drive New England's colonial stock to the brink of extinction. If white America as a whole cannot learn from that somber regional experience, and act upon its learning, it deserves the grave already being dug for it.

The Future Racial Composition of the United States by Leon Bouvier and Cary Davis is published by the Population Reference Bureau, 1337 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. The price is \$10.

Ponderable Quote

The poor-law system, as revealed in the Norse laws, was that all the poorer men were bound to do a certain amount of work for their chief In return the chief was bound to see that they were insured against extreme poverty or distress. They were free to accumulate wealth if they had the ability to do so, but their bargains and marriages had to be ratified by the chief in order to safeguard them from the follies of incapacity. When a man wished to resign this position of insurance against misfortune there was no objection to his independence, and he could do so on paying a small fee, and having a feast with the chief and witnesses. But if after that he played the fool, and his family came to naught, no one was responsible for them, as he had resigned his insurance. There was but one course left, a wide grave in the churchyard received the whole family alive, and only the one who survived the longest had the right to live at the cost of his chief afterwards.

W.M. Flinders Petrie,
Janus in Modern Life

DROWNING IN ANTI-NAZISM

After the bombing of West Beirut and the massacre of the Palestinians, it was inevitable that the U.S. was in for renewed doses of anti-Nazism. But who could have foretold the avalanche that has been snow-jobbing us in recent months? Since Israel, for the first time was not "looking too good," the Zionist propaganda mills had to crank up to spot remove the blotches of anti-Zionism that were beginning to creep into the American consciousness. After all, since we live in an anti-Nazi age, since our culture has largely been reduced to anti-Nazi potboiling, since our only operative religion has become a faith whose prime symbol is the Holocaust, our mediating elders could ill afford to let our minds retain images of Lebanese hospitals being blasted with phosphorous bombs and Palestinian women and children being slaughtered in cold blood in concentration camps. Our new religion holds that only Jews are supposed to die in concentration camps. Even worse, along comes that perky little Marine captain who stopped three lumbering Jewish tanks at pistol point. All of this called for immediate correction with massive booster shots of anti-Nazi vaccine. And, man, did we get them!

February 6, 1983, on American TV should have been called "Anti-Nazi Sunday." All three network evening news programs concentrated on Klaus Barbie, the 69-year-old German who had been in charge of deporting Jews from Lyons, France, during World War II.

"60 Minutes" came next. Two of the three sequences were pegged on what might be described as "the Jewish angle." Ed Bradley, the mulatto member of the CBS reporting team, was deeply offended that a bail-jumping Jewish swindler named Sidney Jaffe had been "kidnapped" from Canada and brought back to Florida by bonding company employees. Jaffe, a New Jerseyite, acquired Canadian citizenship *after* he had been charged with more than 28 counts of illegal land sales in the U.S.

The next sequence, a rehash of the Eichmann trial by Mike Wallace, carried the exact opposite message. Here the Israelis were congratulated for having kidnapped Eichmann from Argentina and having dragged him back to Israel for trial and execution. The CBS moral seemed to be that kidnapping a Jew is bad and kidnapping a Nazi is good.

In other words, in this anti-Nazi age the law seems to depend more on the race of the criminal than on the nature of the crime. Wonder how Mike Wallace would react if the PLO had kidnapped Fatso Sharon and put him on trial for *his* war crimes? Unlike Eichmann or the Nazis of Nuremberg, however, Jewish war criminals somehow escape the hangman's noose or a life term in Spandau. Their punishment seems to be limited to being shifted to another high government post.

At 8:00 P.M. ABC began a new anti-Nazi epic by Herman Wouk, the "conservative" Jewish author whose Gentile wife has converted to Judaism. Before "The Winds of War" had hardly begun to blow, Nazi planes were strafing civilian refugees on the road to Warsaw, a rich Jewish art connoisseur (played by the Romanian-born Jewish ham, John Houseman, and modeled on the late Jewish art critic, Bernard Berenson)

was portrayed as a paragon of high culture in his sumptuous villa in Tuscany, and a kindly Jewish multimillionaire in Berlin was forced to rent his elegant mansion to an American Naval attaché in order to keep the Nazis from selling it for a few pfennigs to an "Aryan." In deference to the Holocaust gallery of photographic horrors, a later sequence depicted a crowd of innocent Jews being machinegunned in a ditch.

Robert Mitchum, whose acting range consists of pursing his lips and squinting his eyes, was hailed by all the pundits for his brilliant performance. Parenthetically, Mitchum, who is part Norwegian, part Irish and part Blackfoot Indian, admitted in an interview published in *Esquire* (Feb. 1983) that he questions the statistics of the Six Million. Too bad he didn't say that on film.

At 9:00 P.M. "Masterpiece Theater" came on with its serialized apotheosis of Winston Churchill. Earlier sequences had shown our "hero" praising his good friend Bernard Baruch and telling off Hitler. This particular episode ended with Churchill agreeing to shoulder the messianic task of saving the world from Nazism. The author of the political soap opera is Martin Gilbert, a Jewish Oxford don who is described in the *British Who's Who* as the "official biographer" of Winston Churchill. Gilbert also specializes in Holocaust studies and has recently produced a book on Auschwitz. In his teleplay Gilbert cannot seem to resist bringing in Viscount Cherwell as the gray eminence without whose whisperings Churchill would have gone down in history as a second-rate British politician. Cherwell, born Frederick Lindemann in Baden-Baden, Germany, was the son of a rich Alsatian who emigrated to Britain. His mother was an American named Olga Noble, who, before marrying Cher-



Left to right: Cherwell, Sir Charles Portal, Sir Dudley Pound and the Empire's Liquidator

well's father, had wed a rich banker named Davidson. Since Cherwell was the most fanatical of all the fulltime anti-Nazis surrounding Churchill, since he was responsible for drawing up the plan for the mass bombardment of German cities in World War II, people can be forgiven for thinking this mysterious character was not a Christian of pure blood. The possibility bothered Cherwell's biographers so much they have gone out of their way to make specific denials that he was a non-Aryan. Have they been protesting too much?

The rash of anti-Nazi propaganda that has infected the body politic in recent months demonstrates once again the central protagonist of all current history is the state of Israel, that all our concerns, feelings, attitudes and thoughts must be focused on a people that is not our own.

This is a unique historical and psychological experience, whose outcome is hard to predict. Can an unceasing year-in, year-out barrage of obsessive indoctrination induce one race to give up its identity and adopt the identity of another?

So far the transference seems to be working.

But anti-Nazism is more than a psychological aberration, a mass obsession and a worldwide institution of orgiastic dimen-

sions. It is a religion, a strange upside-down religion which unlike most organized faiths, seems to promote immorality instead of morality. Whatever Nazism is for, then anti-Nazism must be against. Since Nazism was *against* drugs, homosexuality and miscegenation and *for* capital punishment, the religion of anti-Nazism must be for or at least tolerant of drugs, homosexuality and miscegenation, and *against* the death penalty. Almost by definition the religion of anti-Nazism is forced to bless many types of immoral behavior because not to do so would have to be considered an open or tacit acceptance of some aspect of Nazism. Anti-religions have not one inch of room for their opponents' beliefs.

Ironically, the devil worship at the heart of the anti-Nazi religion has probably done more in the last 40 years to weaken and demoralize the West than all the sins attributed to the Nazis. Hitler alive was never so dangerous as Hitler dead. By swallowing Hitler's ideas whole, standing them on their heads and then regurgitating them, the priests of anti-Nazism have given the West a religion that is leading it straight into chaos, the kind of chaos that is an ideal seedbed for a reincarnation of Hitler.

Majority heroine of the year

AN INSTAURATRIX FACES DOWN A BLACK "ATTACK THERAPIST"

While there are many Dr. Kings and "human betterment" seminars in which whites meekly submit to the verbal flagellation so zealously prescribed for their personal growth (*Instauration*, Dec. 1982), let's not forget that it takes only one lone white with racial instincts to slay this particular dragon.

I am a probation officer. My job is to monitor the behavior of convicted female offenders who have been granted probation by the courts. Probation officers in our county were, until quite recently, compelled to attend a series of Sensitivity Sessions, described as "growth experiences," with heroin addicts housed in the State Hospital after having been found guilty of robbery, burglary and sundry other misdeeds. Why do they put such people in a hospital instead of a prison? Because the courts, in their infinite wisdom, reason that treatment, not censure, is merited in such cases. Naturally, the inmates had all the advantages in these sessions as we were on their turf and subject to their rules. They ran the sessions! And, to my dismay, I looked on as fellow officers submissively accepted the role of pupil to these self-appointed teachers -- the sophisticated, street-wise addicts.

As the sessions gathered momentum, mutual trust was "engendered" in the addicts or ex-addicts by having all of them flop backwards into each others' waiting arms. A yen for heroin was relieved by a team of six people swinging a prone body back and forth. The "inner self" was exposed to the light of day by milling about the room and repeatedly being asked, "Who are you?" (One astute woman ultimately discovered that she was "a female, an entity, a member of the human race.") Resolutions to solve major life crises involved uttering trite little epigrams like, "Today is the first day of the rest of my life." Since the slightest protest or resistance was invariably met with

a concerted verbal attack by the group, the young, white male officers -- completely mesmerized -- could only stare dumbly into the agate eyes of the inmates who devoured them, session by session. (One of the officers subsequently married an addict who, upon being paroled into his custody, promptly ran off with her former lover.)

The "love circle" became the "happy ending" to every attack and destroy mission visited upon unwary victims selected through an unspoken, mass consensus that seemed to operate beneath the level of consciousness. "We never destroy," pontificated our lesbian instructor, "without putting the person back together again." So, everyone would dutifully join hands, encircle the distraught victim, and one by one overwhelm her with fervent embraces which were accepted with pathetic gratitude.

Emerging from one session, I commented to a fellow officer that the entire sado-masochistic exercise had been enough to make me vomit. To my astonishment, he claimed it had all been a "beautiful experience." I went home to a long, thoughtful cup of coffee.

The force that drove the machine was -- Attack! The addicts thrived on it. It was their only sport. Bored, confined, seething with restlessness and resentment, they let their inner rage boil over in scathing, verbal attacks against those who were successful in the outside world. They could go anywhere with words; create any kingdom; write any rules.

I was assailed, vilified and pitied. One street-hardened addict, in a masterpiece of one-upmanship, approached me in front of the group, took my hand as gently as a parent might take the hand of his child, and crooned: "I understand. I was once where you are. It takes time."

As the sessions dragged on, subtle changes began to emerge. Tenuously at first, then in increasing numbers, the inmates began seeking my company, vying for the chair next to me. The officer who had railed at me in the parking lot even whispered that he was beginning to agree with me, but wasn't about to say anything "here." During a coffee break one woman officer even confessed, "I go home so ill after every session I can hardly eat."

It was fear, I finally decided, that was the name of the game. Plain and simple fear. Outmaneuvered, out-psyched and out-done, most of the officers were picked off, one by one, by a powerful, cohesive group that had the myth of the decade on their side. It was holy writ that it took an addict to treat an addict, a parolee to correct the criminal; that the minorities had all the answers and the whites all the responsibility. Yes, they had their act down cold. What's more, they believed it, and they got most of the officers to believe it. At least, for the moment. The untrained, unseasoned officers were too soft, too middle class. Each session caught them off guard. To speak out would invite exposure, ridicule and that most terrifying of consequences -- excommunication. I was ashamed of these knee-jerking members of my race.

The final session, awaited with bated breath, was to feature a much publicized black man who specialized in attack therapy, a "new psychological technique" designed to correct criminal behavior by attacking any rationale for such behavior. Everyone was terrified of him, particularly the probation officers. Horror stories about the man's uncanny ability to seek out a female victim, strip her raw and lacerate her with hyped-up Freudian probings had been circulating through the department for weeks. The inmates spoke of him in muffled, awed tones, "He's the greatest! What he doesn't do to you! Scares hell out of us all. You'll see!"

When the great day arrived, a wiry black of medium height entered the hushed room to ceremoniously take the chair reserved for him. He exuded a certain lean majesty, obviously relishing his effect upon the audience as he leisurely lit his pipe and let his gaze wander methodically from face to face.

"My name, ladies and gentlemen, is Mr. Jefferson Jones. In this hospital, there are only four attack therapists. I happen to be one." I recall smiling to myself at the incongruity of such a title. After a few minutes of casual inquiries, he abruptly focused upon a slight, blonde woman, an addict on parole, who had been hired as counselor at one of the drug centers. As he began probing, he discovered that she had been "chipping" and missing work. Her rising alarm signaled open attack which the therapist orchestrated with what I can only describe as sadistic gusto. I watched, sickened, as each attempt at self-preservation was deftly assaulted and destroyed before he offered her up to the group, prostrate and weeping.

Nodding in satisfaction, he then crossed his legs, leaned back in his chair, gestured with his pipe toward the distraught girl, and purred, "I think this calls for a love circle." With obeisant, bowed heads, everyone rose, formed a circle about the weeping victim and "put her back together again." One of the women who had been particularly vicious in aiding Jones in his psychological blitz tenderly placed her cheek against the cheek of the supplicant, murmuring endearments and professions of love. Puffing at his pipe, Jones looked on in smiling approval. Seated once again, everyone turned expectantly to the Grand Inquisitor as he solemnly perused the circle of faces. "Questions?" he asked. "Comments?"

"Yes," came the sly voice of one of the staff counselors, who had noticed I had remained seated during all the mummery. "I'd like Florence's reaction."

"Whose?" His attention focused like a snake scenting its next meal.

"Florence's," she repeated, smiling serenely as all heads pivoted in my direction.

But he was already leaning forward, all flags flying, jibbering at me, "Speak up! Speak up!"

Raising my voice, I said, "Everyone here already knows my reaction. It really doesn't need repeating."

"But . . . I . . . don't know your reaction, do I, Miss . . . ?" His black-olive eyes riveted me to my chair as the tension in the room tightened. Rustling sounds and automatic groping for cigarettes and lighters signaled expectations. Good Lord, they wanted a double feature! Well aware of the unending attacks upon anyone who strayed from or expressed doubt in the program or its methods, I wished desperately to avoid a scene. But I recognized this time there would be no escape.

"I think," I began, "that you got exactly what you were after, Mr. Jones. Sadistic enjoyment in reducing that girl to a quivering mass of jelly. It reminded me of nothing so much as ravishment . . . in which you played the part of a voyeur." "Furthermore," I went on, warming to my subject, "your charity in wanting to 'put her back together' in the form of that idiotic love circle was not only sanctimonious but megalomaniacal." As though at a signal, all heads swung in unison from me to him; some with expressions of *Schadenfreude*, others with expressions of horror. The attack therapist attacked? This was heresy in its rankest form.

"WHAT . . . IS . . . YOUR . . . NAME?" he gurgled in a voice constricted with rage.

"Mrs. Adams," I replied evenly, beginning to enjoy myself.

"Mrs. Adams," intoned the voice of doom, "What . . . is . . . your . . . occupation?"

"Probation officer."

"And tell me," he thundered, "what experience of any kind have you had in therapy?"

"Enough, sir, to . . ."

"SIR!" he screamed, pointing an accusing finger at me. "You called me sir!"

"So I did, sir."

"Sir! Sir!" he shrieked repeatedly. "That's hostile! That's hostile!" His index finger beat at me through the air.

I decided he was quite mad. Either that, or so swollen with conceit that he could stand no opposition. "O.K.," I shrugged, "I'm hostile." For a moment I thought he would spring at me. It was at least a minute before the frenzied look on his face began to subside and the shaking, clenched fist loosened. Lifting one hand, he pointed at me and exhorted, "Look at her! SHE is a destroyer. We just had a beautiful experience here. An unforgettable experience. All of us, in a united effort to help this unfortunate young woman. But SHE destroyed it. SHE . . . IS . . . EVIL!"

"Go ahead," I challenged in total disgust, "do your worst. But your bag of tricks isn't going to work with me. There's no way you're going to make me cry. No way at all." As I stared him down, I could sense the group shifting uneasily. Why wasn't he doing something? Why was he regarding me so warily? So uncertainly? Why was he hesitating?

"Well," he announced flatly, "we're not going to let Mrs. Adams destroy this beautiful experience we've had here, are

we?" He turned to the lesbian instructor. "Dismiss the group immediately."

She looked at him in despair. "We're locked in until five," she breathed, glancing at the large clock on the wall. "We've got three minutes to go."

Leaning back in my chair, I laughed as I watched him, increasingly agitated, inspect every nook and cranny in the room. Why, you pathetic black creep, I thought. So, you're the great wizard. Someone pulls down your screen and there you are in your underdrawers. One li'l ol' rebel who won't fiddle to your tune and you're done for.

Bewildered faces reflected not only disappointment but loss of faith. The only sound in the room was the tick-tick of the wall

clock. Finally, the five o'clock whistle blew and the therapist bolted from his chair, upsetting it in his haste to be gone. I drifted after him, the center of a milling circle of men and women, all babbling. The king was dead!

And that, dear Instaurationists, is all it takes to depose bullying hominids like Dr. King and Mr. Jones. Incidentally, after the disaster described above, all further sensitivity sessions were cancelled.

Zip Withheld

[Editor's note: The names of the villain and the heroine in the above communication have been changed, as well as a few minor details. We don't want our courageous subscriber to lose her job.]

MULTIMILLIONAIRE MEDIACRATS

Dan Rottenberg, who has set himself up as an expert on Jewish and non-Jewish wealth in America, recently released a financial rundown on the richest media moguls (The Quill, Dec. 1982):

Fabulously wealthy (\$1 billion to \$2 billion)

The two Newhouse brothers, Samuel and Donald, whose empire includes 21 daily newspapers, 5 magazines, 6 TV stations, 4 radio stations and more than 20 cable systems.

The two Cox sisters, Barbara Cox Anthony and Anne Cox Chambers, 97% owners of Cox Enterprises (*Atlanta Constitution* and *Journal*, *Dayton News* and *Journal-Herald*, *Miami News*) and 44% of Cox Broadcasting.

Children and grandchildren of William Randolph Hearst preside over 8 daily newspapers, 20 magazines, 3 TV stations, 7 radio stations and two book publishing companies.

Super-rich (\$600 million to \$1 billion)

Abe Pritzger, 86, sons Jay, 60, and Robert, 56, own *McCall's* magazine.

Walter Annenberg, owner of *TV Guide*, *Seventeen* and *Racing Form*.

Ruth Crocker, Dorothy Buffum Chandler and grandson Otis Chandler own 31% of Times Mirror, Inc. (*Los Angeles Times*, *Dallas Times Herald*, *Denver Post*, *Hartford Courant*, TV stations and cable systems.)

Rich (\$500 million to \$600 million)

Six grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren of Edward Scripps control the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain and 75% of Scripps-Howard Broadcasting.

Descendants of Joseph Pulitzer own Pulitzer Publishing Co. (*St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and *Arizona Daily*).

Jane Bancroft Cook, William Cox Jr. and James Cox McElree, descendants of Clarence Barron, early publisher of the *Wall Street Journal* own about a third of Dow-Jones stock.

Well-to-do (\$200 million to \$300 million)

Rupert Murdoch, the Australian, controls the destinies of the *New York Post*, *New York Magazine*, *Village Voice*, *San Antonio Express* and *News*.

John Walton Wolfe and other family members own the *Columbus Dispatch* and TV stations.

Warren Buffet controls the *Buffalo Evening News* and is a princi-

pal shareholder of a textile company which owns about 15% of the Washington Post Co.

Six grandchildren of James McGraw own about 18% of McGraw-Hill (*Business Week* and 60 other magazines, book publishing and 4 TV stations).

Paul Block Jr. and William Block own the *Toledo Blade*, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, two smaller papers, TV and radio stations.

Lila Wallace, 91, widow of DeWitt Wallace, owns 37.5% of the *Reader's Digest*.

William Ziff Jr. is the sole owner of Ziff-Davis Publishing (*Boating*, *Car and Driver* and other special interest magazines).

Eugene S. Pulliam owns 4 major papers in Indianapolis and Phoenix.

Gardner Cowles and John Cowles Jr. are the principal owners of the *Des Moines Register*, *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* and some smaller papers.

Marilyn McCormick, 84, widow of Robert, Ruth McCormick Tankersley and other members of the McCormick-Patterson family control about half the shares of the Tribune Company, which owns the *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Daily News*, several small papers in Florida and California, and various TV and radio stations.

Comfortable (\$100 million to \$200 million)

Marshall Field V and Frederick W. Field each own a third of Field Enterprises (*Chicago Sun-Times*, *World Book Encyclopedia*, UHF TV stations).

Katharine Graham controls the majority of the voting stock of the Washington Post Company (*Washington Post*, various TV and radio stations).

James L. Knight, biggest shareholder in Knight-Ridder (*Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Miami Herald*).

John H. Johnson, publisher of *Ebony* and *Jet*, said to be the wealthiest black in the U.S.

Malcolm Forbes, publisher of *Forbes* magazine.

Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, 89, and her four grandchildren have the controlling financial interest in the *New York Times*.

There were many more multimillionaire mediacrats in Rottenberg's roster. Instauration only focused on those personalities of most interest to Instaurationists.

TO SAVE THE MALE EGO, WOMEN MUST FORBEAR

Only a decade ago, the percentage of women in America's M.B.A. (Master of Business Administration) programs stood at 3.5%. Today it is nearing 30%. But a Wellesley College study suggests that a "tipping point" may soon be reached in the nation's executive suites, leading to much greater male resentment and hostility.

Meanwhile, nearly half of all *married* women with preschool children now work -- four times the percentage in 1950. In the past, the unlucky minority of children usually had at least an aunt, a grandmother or an older child to care for them; now the unlucky one-half of preschoolers is most often relegated to day-care centers or paid non-relatives.

Finally, according to the *Washington Post Magazine* (in "Armageddon for Singles"), "thousands of attractive, high-powered single women in America are spending Saturday nights alone." One luckless woman complained, "There are no good men. Every woman I know is complaining about it. Either the men are emotionally immature, or they're crazy, or they don't have their act together, or they're jerks or emotionally repressed." A male Senate staffer had to admit that half the men in town were either homosexuals or "jerks."

Nearly everyone the *Post* interviewed told the same story of spreading male inadequacy, but no one seemed to consider that proper sexual functioning -- not only in bed, but in all the stages leading to it -- is very closely linked to *feelings of dominance*. Men who are impotent -- physiologically, socially or in other respects -- are almost invariably also low on some pecking order (at least in their own minds).

Low dominance feelings also account for much female frigidity, but that problem is less socially and personally deleterious for many reasons. One of these is that sexual and presexual behavior demands activity or performance primarily for the male. The woman's role, as a few female sociobiologists are coming to realize, is the more passive, yet no less vital, one of judging male performance. Women ultimately decide (or help to decide) which male genes will be reproduced, even in the many cultures where mating decisions superficially appear to be familial.

Another reason why low dominance feelings are far more socially destructive in the male is that, in every human society studied, male dominance is defined as the *norm*. When, in 1937, the eminent anthropologist George P. Murdock surveyed the sexual division of labor in 200 societies, he found considerable variation in the activities which were considered suitably "masculine" or "feminine." Yet, regardless of which tasks were assigned to men and to women in a given culture, the work considered to be more valuable was that done by men. Patriarchy is a universal of human existence. Despite all myths and claims to the contrary, no evidence exists that any society was ever matriarchal -- that is, ruled by women.

Even today, women in high status positions seek men on at least their social level -- and with excellent reason. It is indeed

true that a woman may be rendered socially inadequate if she is pecked or ridiculed too severely by other women in her environment, or *ignored* by the men. (This can lead to sexual frigidity through low dominance.) But a woman will *not* be made frigid if a (compatible) dominant male "captures" her and proceeds to dominate her -- quite the contrary! (Here, the pair actually attains higher dominance together through her *relatively* low dominance.) If, on the other hand, a woman is forced to settle for a less dominant man who responds to his relative status with insecurity and loss of confidence, she will become bitter and may answer impotence with frigidity. (Here, lower dominance as a team actually results from her *relatively* high dominance.) Obviously, saying that weak dominance feelings *can* result in female frigidity is not at all equivalent to saying that they *can* result in male impotence.

Instinct and experience alike teach women that relationships with men of a lower social standing tend to go awry. The couple needs to agree -- and really convince themselves -- that, say, his informal learning at least equals the "value" of her income, or that his income equals or surpasses her degree.

As the percentage of all master's degrees going to women reaches one-half, and the proportion of female doctoral degrees nears one-third, it becomes very hard for many women to find men on their own educational level -- simply because many such men eagerly marry women at a lower level (the easier to dominate them). Some women caught in this predicament settle for marrying blacks or Hispanics who, often through Affirmative Action programs, have *formally* attained their level. Appearances are too often accepted for realities in the tragic race for status.

More and more women are marrying men of less education but higher income. They thereby further lower the value of advanced degrees, a healthy sign for many reasons, not least for the boost it gives to sagging sexual relations.

Even so, many women are being left stranded near the top of the social heap. For them, women's lib has boomeranged. As they reach the age of 30 or 32, with no prospects for a family life, they begin to panic. Their panic grows when they realize that, as one puts it, "The men are moving away from us, hoping in that way to move away from the pain within themselves." A 31-year-old male engineer says, "I have many male friends who are very eligible bachelors who are just going womanless rather than put up with the hassles of dating women." Tragically, some of these low- and medium-dominance males, though heterosexual by nature, are *willfully* becoming homosexual in order to obtain sexual fulfillment without having to go through the anguish of attempted courtship with women of higher social standing. No less tragically, tens of thousands of others -- in North America, Australia and throughout Western Europe -- have begun sending off to the Philippines and other Oriental locales for women of a type they can no longer find at home.

The ultimate insanity of this spiraling sexual crisis is that, as more and more women spurn the lower-status and traditionally female jobs, the reason they give for their decision is simple -- a bigger paycheck. Quite clearly, that is now the main attraction for most. However, it does not take them long to learn that the average masculine job is none too exciting. If it was real stimulation that women were after, more would have turned to art, writing and other wide-open creative endeavors long ago. Recent findings suggest that women are no more sociable by nature than men, so it cannot be said that women all crave "people-oriented" or gregarious forms of stimulation. The introverts should be beating down the doors of philosophy. But no. With a few exceptions, women are now stampeding from feminine into masculine pursuits simply because the latter pay better -- exactly the reason men have been drawn to such jobs. And the women's stampede to "men's work" will grow worse as more and more men suffer feelings of inadequacy and so perform poorly, thereby forcing the women to "wear the pants."

This is the most vicious circle imaginable, as millions of black women will testify. Incredibly, only a few years ago, millions of white women perceived it as a *virtuous* circle, one which would lead ultimately to a wonderful kingdom of "sexual equality." Now the same feminine voices are speaking of "qualms" and "grave doubts." The illusions of bliss are being shattered because when men are prevented from feeling dominant a profound pain grows within them, infesting every tissue of their brain and body. To escape it, they must turn from women -- to men, to immersion in nonsexual pursuits, or to exotic women as yet untouched by feminist currents. Millions of men have always had such status problems -- it is merely the number of sufferers that has changed.

"Sexual retreat" is a tragedy for the men involved, but it can be even worse for the women left behind, as many intelligent women have recently come to agree. Among these wise reactionaries is Carol Gilligan, a frequent contributor to *Psychology Today*, whose book, *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development*, was recently published by Harvard University Press. In it she cites new studies, her own included, which show that while men usually define themselves in terms of individual achievement, women -- even the most career-oriented feminists -- usually seek their personal identity in a context of human *relationships*. Many of the things which Gilligan says are remarkable, and, indeed, deeply stirring to a generation of men which has suffered from the recent violent intrusion into its gender terrain. The successful career women interviewed by Gilligan

not once mention their academic and professional distinctions when describing themselves as women. If anything, they regard their professional lives as jeopardizing their sense of themselves, and the conflict that they encounter between achievement and care leaves them either divided in judgment or feeling betrayed.

While in all of the women's descriptions, identity is defined in a context of relationship and judged by a standard of responsibility and care, for the men the tone of identity is clearer, more direct, and sharper-edged The male "I" is defined in separation

This [female] focus on interdependence is apparent in fantasies that equate power with giving and care. [Psychologist David] McClelland reports that while men represent powerful activity as assertion and aggression, women portray acts of

nurturance as acts of strength.

Jean Baker Miller, a psychoanalyst, agrees with McClelland [and] calls for a new psychology of women that recognizes the different starting point for women's development, the fact "that women stay with, build on, and develop in a context of attachment and affiliation with others Women's sense of self becomes very much organized around being able to make, and then to maintain, affiliations and relationships [E]ventually, for many women, the threat of disruption of an affiliation is perceived not just as a loss of a relationship but as something closer to a total loss of self."

When Gilligan asked young career women, "How would you describe yourself to yourself?", their replies were often defensive. One said, "This sounds sort of strange, but I think maternal, with all its connotations. I see myself in a nurturing role It's hard for me to think of myself without thinking about the other people around me that I'm giving to."

If maternity, the most beautiful concept on earth *bar none*, sounds "strange," then our Western civilization is in desperate straits. If in these times of excessive self-assertiveness, of hypertrophy of the male principle in life, the yielding, sacrificing female principle is something for which to apologize, then the West has signed its death warrant. But -- the god of instincts be praised -- we are suddenly, unexpectedly surrounded by women who are pleading for a chance to be real women -- but *on fair terms*. Gilligan's main thesis is that Western philosophy and social science have consistently measured women by alien male standards and (necessarily) found them wanting. It has then (illogically and rather pathetically) denigrated them as somehow less than fully "adult" or "mature" or "developed." Gilligan quotes Virginia Woolf: "It is quite obvious that the values of women differ very often from the values which have been made by the other sex." Yet, Woolf adds, "it is the masculine values that prevail."

If that prevalence seems natural or inevitable, it is not -- at least not to the extreme degree found in the Classical and Western civilizations. Patriarchy may be universal, but the non-European civilizations have nonetheless managed to keep what the Chinese call *yin* and *yang* in harmony. Amaury de Riencourt has brilliantly argued (in *Sex and Power in History*, David McKay, 1974) that it is precisely for this reason that they never suffer feminist revolts, racial suicide and eventual collapse (he persuasively links the three). Only if the West learns to balance a feminine ethos of life and symbolic values against the masculine rationalistic ethos can it hope to survive, warns Riencourt.

The American male cannot return to the 1950s. Should the chauvinists -- an ugly lot -- be foolish enough to try it, the brave reaction of the Carol Gilligans -- which seeks to restore a balance -- will be cut short. Then the sexual revolution, a deeply demoralizing trend toward unisexual values, will assume a new and deadlier force. Other races, who never denied the life-force, the eternal feminine, in themselves, will then press even more tightly against our withered, dry husk of a race.

When our race begins to lose its instincts, when we think only with our minds and no longer with our bodies, we mistake our mission, our end in the universe, for that of our means, whether they be electronic software or abstract ideals. Then we try to comport ourselves like bloodless computers or equally bloodless "saints." Instead of fulfilling our potentialities, and, more importantly, those of our unique racial type, we lose our moorings and try to save a million orphans in Bangladesh.

Gilligan writes, "Women's moral weakness, seen in an apparent diffusion and confusion of judgment, is . . . inseparable from women's moral strength, which is an overriding concern with relationships and responsibilities." Women, *unchecked by men*, often degenerate into compassion junkies, about the most devolutionary, entropy-inducing thing one can be in this unforgiving world. It is man's duty to *focus* his earth-mother's nondiscriminatory embrace. Man must play the "bigot." He must draw the line which excludes. Woman loves him when he draws it, and she then focuses all the love and caring which he cannot generate onto the narrow beam leading skyward into a higher future. When man will not or cannot draw the line, women's love spills over onto cats and dogs and Bengali orphans.

To sum up, we seem to be circling downward toward sexual stonewalling. Fewer and fewer people are finding the adult relationship we seek. Worse, children are being neglected as the two sexes compete with each other. Worst, fewer white children are being born at all. It is no good to "call off the women." That will not make real men out of all the inadequate men and boys who are already hopelessly messed up. In the absence of those real men, women are better off pursuing their careers and their money.

The solution may be a "backfire" approach, with women, somewhat paradoxically, adopting *aggressively female* values and roles which will coax men to seek their abandoned virility. This, again, is the option suggested by the ideas of women like Mary Batten, who stress the evolutionary value of the judgmental nature of female passivity: men perform, but women judge their performance. "Okay," many women are saying now, "we will step back and be passive for a while if that will help you men to become the men we really want more than anything else." Men, in turn, must applaud this self-conscious (and self-limiting) adoption of a *positive* female-spectator role, by praising women for a change instead of taking advantage of their life-giving forbearance and their passivity to further run them down.

If Western man will not realize that the sex which humbles itself (to protect husband and child) should be exalted -- or at least better appreciated -- then he can expect a lot more sexual competition and emotional blight in the decades ahead.

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

Alfred Tennyson, *The Princess*

Natural and Unnatural Aristocrats

A West Coast *Instauration* subscriber, an aerospace engineer, is concerned about aristocracy, which he believes is a great impediment to a Majority rebirth. He divided aristocracy into two parts -- the natural aristocrat and the unnatural aristocrat, meaning by the former an aristocrat by merit, someone whose inborn talents and character propel him to the top of the social heap. The unnatural aristocrat, on the other hand, is what most of us would call the true article, a man born into a family with distinguished forebears going back many generations, a man of breeding, wealth, dignity and taste.

Now we all know that examples of the latter species of aristocrat are few and far between. We had some among the plantation aristocracy that produced a fair share of our founding fathers.

Today we still have a few aristocrats or pseudo-aristocrats about. Most of them are what our West Coast correspondent defines as unnatural aristocrats, people who got where they are because of their birth, not because of their abilities. Our friend proposes an inheritance law that would, so to speak, prevent the bestowal of any advantages, financial or otherwise, on anyone on the basis of birth. What it amounts to would be a tight restriction on the money and property that any member of a family could give or bequeath to any family offspring.

The object is to permit everyone to begin the race of life from the same starting line. No one would have a head start because of inherited money, social position or connections.

No doubt our correspondent makes an important point. Recent history reminds us all too well of the miseries visited upon Americans by such an "unnatural" aristocrat as Franklin Roosevelt. Since plutocracy in present-day America is often synonymous with aristocracy, the political careers of the Kennedys, Rockefellers and Harrimans would almost certainly have been a blank if their families had not provided them with blank checks. How far would Averell, Nelson, Jack, Bobby and Teddy have gone on their own?

The question is, however, can a high culture come into being or exist without a functioning aristocracy? Today the West has no aristocracy worth talking about. But neither has the West any longer a high culture worth talking about. It might even be said, after a night locked into TV and a cursory reading of the morning *New York Times* and an afternoon of watching the White House and Congress in operation that we have no culture at all.

High culture is a delicate mix of taste, tone and manners that over the years establishes standards of behavior and criticism. History indicates that these special attributes cluster more frequently in aristocratic societies, where a fortunate few are surrounded from birth with the finer things of life and are imprinted with a deep and lasting appreciation of them, which in turn is passed on to their descendants.

Can a child brought up in a slum or ghetto, crammed into a small flat with a drunken father and a screaming mother and a litter of

unwashed siblings, ever acquire the decorum that is the very foundation of an advanced social order? No matter what the child's intelligence, can he ever absorb the politesse and finesse that are the subtlest but mightiest props of civilization?

Aristocracy is no easy row to hoe. To endure, to pay its own way, it must do much more than pour money and preferments into new branches of old family trees. First of all, it has to overcome with the toughest physical and psychological regimens the softness inherent in privilege. In short, it must observe the rules set forth by Edith Hamilton, author of *The Greek Way*, in her description of the aristocracy which pioneered the greatest of all ancient cultures, that of classical Greece:

In the aristocratic creed, power was to be held by men who alone were immune to the temptations that beset, on the one hand, those struggling to be powerful and, on the other, those struggling to survive. The proper leaders of the world, the only ones who would be trusted to guide it disinterestedly, were a class from generation to generation raised above the common level, not by self-seeking ambition, but by birth; a class which a great tradition and a careful training made superior to the selfish greed and the servile meanness other men were subject to. As a class they were men of property, but position was not dependent upon wealth. The blood ran as blue in the veins of the poor noble as in the rich, and precedence was never a mere matter of money. Thus, absolutely sure and secure, free from the anxious

personal preoccupations which distract men at large, they could see clearly on the lofty eminence they were born to, what those lower down could not catch a glimpse of, and they could direct mankind along the way it should go.

Nor was their own way, the aristocratic way, by any means a path of ease. They had standards not accessible to ordinary men, standards well-nigh impossible to men obliged to fight for their daily bread. An aristocrat must not tell a lie (except in love and war); he must keep his word, never take advantage of another, be cheated in a bargain rather than cheat by so much as a hair's breadth. He must show perfect courage, perfect courtesy, even to an enemy; a certain magnificence in the conduct of his life, a generous liberality as far as his means could be stretched, and he must take pride in living up to this severe code. Aristocrats subjected themselves as proudly and willingly to the exacting discipline of the gentleman as they did to the rigid discipline of the warrior. High privilege was theirs, but it was weighted by great responsibility . . . Nobility of birth must be matched by nobility of conduct.

A "natural aristocracy" or aristocracy of merit is a boon to any political organism, and one of the primary aims of statecraft should be to see to it that superior individuals are not handicapped by lowly birth. But the natural aristocrat himself does not want to be a flash in the pan -- a one-generation phenomenon. The hope of lifting up one's family and descendants is one of the principal spurs to extraordinary achievement. This is why the natural aristocrat would be the last one to proscribe the traditional forms and privileges of aristocracy. He knows better than anyone that *vin ordinaire* can never measure up to vintage wine. He has seen the problem from both the top and the bottom of the ladder and has learned firsthand that mellowing refines and embellishes most human endeavor and that mellowing is the special province, the exclusive expertise, of aristocracy. In fact, the natural aristocrat is the only possible founder of a long aristocratic line.

In some ways the "spoiled or degenerate" aristocrat, the worst case of our correspondent's category of unnatural aristocrats, both resembles and symbolizes the spoiled or

degenerate race. Thanks to its superior gifts and capabilities, and a certain amount of environmental luck, a race rises to the apex of the human condition. Art, letters, politics and living standards are elevated to heights unknown to other races. But just because it has attained everything, the race inevitably loses everything. It faces no more challenges. It no longer has to fight its way through life. It merely glides. The needs and wishes of the race are fulfilled without exertion, often without even an act of will.

The spoiled or degenerate aristocrat lives off accumulated inertia. He becomes a perpetual receiver. The spoiled or degenerate race takes the same downward path. Eventually they both go down together, the leaders and the led.

When aristocracy goes to seed, race and culture follow. This is why every effort should be made by aristocracies and plebeians to keep aristocracy flourishing. The natural aristocrat has his place in the sun. But without a genuine aristocracy, the jungle will swallow up natural and unnatural aristocrats alike.

None Dare Call it Monopoly

One summer day in 1980, a Vietnam vet and West Point graduate named Bob Johnson, and his friend, Ron Pramschuer, were out fishing for crab and not having any luck. Their conversation skipped around awhile before settling onto "able-bodied loafers." One of the men said, "hey, let's invent a game" -- and, from that moment, Bob Johnson's life was changed. A piece of cardboard was handy and soon the rudiments of "Public Assistance" were taking shape. "Why Bother Working for a Living?" was the board game's subtitle, and, once perfected, the trade magazine *Giftware* called it "the most original game of the decade, if not the century."

About this same time, a Marxist professor in Johnson's state of Maryland, named Bertell Ollman, was releasing a board game of his own called "Class Struggle." Though Ollman's game advocates the destruction of the American government and economic system, he has had few if any problems getting large stores and chains to carry it. Johnson's "Public Assistance," on the other hand, while concentrating on the excesses of the welfare state, has been driven from store after store by organized opposition. Yet it remains a hot item in small, out-of-the-way stores, where it has sold 80,000 copies.

Johnson calculates that, given the same fair treatment received by every other game, "Public Assistance" would have reached 8 million sales by now. That calculation provoked his recent \$5.5 million lawsuit against Stanley Brezenoff, the former head of New York City's Human Resources Administration. It was welfare bureaucrat Bre-

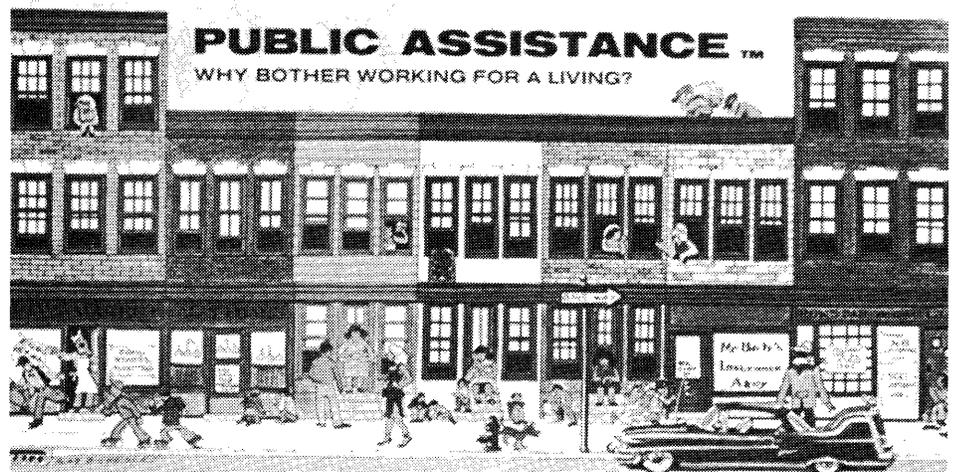
zenoff who underhandedly scared Toys-R-Us, Macy's Bloomingdale's, Brentano's, FAO Schwartz and other large chains away from the game.

Last December, U.S. District Judge Milton Pollack rejected Johnson's suit, forcing him to the same bitter conclusion being reached by millions of his countrymen. "Honey," he told his wife Nancy, "you don't understand. This is wonderful. This means the arms race is over. Because now there's not a goddamn bit of difference between us and Russia." The man has a point.

On November 5, 1980, Commissar Stanley Brezenoff (with a \$3 billion annual budget behind him) sent a private letter to New York's larger game sellers, in which he accused "Public Assistance" of being "ugly and damaging," and of "perpetuating out-

dated myths" (in fact, it portrays all welfare recipients as white, and many as blond). The game, wrote Brezenoff, was "a grave injustice to taxpayers," and he asked store owners to keep it out of circulation. The Freedom of Information Act was ultimately required to make a copy of this secret appeal public. Until the letter went out, things had gone swimmingly for Johnson. He appeared on the "Today" show, the *New York Daily News* ran a big story, and Macy's placed an order. Then, suddenly, the orders stopped. Macy's returned its games.

One toy merchant, who did not receive Brezenoff's letter, admits he would have dropped the game "like a live hand grenade" if he had. "I'd be afraid of dealing with the city," says Michael Kilbert of New York's Compleat Strategist, although he car-



ries 2,000 board games of every conceivable kind. "I'd be afraid the commissioner would be calling the police department, the fire department, the sanitation department, to come here and check me out."

Meanwhile, welfare groups in other areas began to use similar tactics, threatening boycotts and pickets. One chain dropped "Public Assistance" instanter when Richmond's Catholic bishop promised a church boycott. The NAACP made knocking the game off the market one of its three top goals for 1981.

Some people in the game industry find all this amusing. Others are horrified. As Parker Brothers vice-president Phil Orbanes points out, there is nothing at all unusual about a game making a political statement.

In the 60s and early 70s, when social issues were being discussed on everything from gay rights to promiscuity, these things found their way into games. Some of them sold quite well for a time, among people who were interested in those issues.

Even today, the most cursory look around a toy store reveals games to offend everyone (except for those who may not be offended). There is "Black and White," for instance, which portrays America as intensely (white) racist -- and was designed to create sympathy for persecuted blacks. "I've never had any trouble over that one," says Orbanes. There is "Pass-Out," where players drink themselves senseless and "Around the World in Bed."

None of these games, including "Class

Struggle," has provoked organized protests. Why not? According to the *Washington Times*, "The difference, both friend and foe agree, is that a lot of people feel threatened by 'Public Assistance.' " Of course, feeling threatened and actually being threatened are two entirely different matters. Many board games promote ideas which gravely threaten white people or the middle-class or those who wish to pass a reasonable moral code on to their children, but if someone tried to make an issue out of them (as indeed some have), they would get nowhere.

The explanation is simple. Our system defines some people as "threatened" and others as "unthreatened," and uses this distinction -- and none other -- to keep the former groups mobilized and the latter groups dissipated. The longer this system endures, the more unthreatened the officially "threatened" groups -- like welfarites -- actually become, and the more threatened the officially "unthreatened" groups -- like productive citizens -- actually become.

Marvin Hettleman of Maryland's Department of Human Resources, which also called on merchants to ban "Public Assistance," asks: "What if someone made a board game which made sport of genocide?" In fact, many such games exist. In "Stalingrad," for example, the opposing sides gleefully attempt to starve and slaughter millions of Russian and German soldiers.

By Judge Milton Pollack's ruling, Stanley Brezenoff did not libel or censor "Public Assistance" with his secret letters, and, even if he had, "governmental immunity" covered him since he did not act "out of spite or

with ill will." Johnson will appeal the decision and also makes plans to sue Maryland officials. All this is making him poorer instead of richer -- not to mention a nervous wreck. While Ollman the Marxist is getting rich, notes Johnson, "We don't have any capital. We've been banned. They're crushing us."

Brezenoff finds Johnson's rage amusing:

This was a game being offered as a game and without any opportunity of rebuttal. Books implicitly offer rebuttal. There are other books on the same subject.

A bit later he added that it might be a good idea if the state discouraged the sale of certain books as well

When his ordeal began, says Johnson, "I didn't have a racist bone in my body. Now I'm a racist right up to here." He points only to his elbow, not to his heart or his head.

"Public Assistance" is available from Hammerhead Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 1057, Severna Park, MD 21146.

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How it stacks up religiously, racially, sexually and politically

The 98th Congress

	House	Senate
Democrats	268	46
Republicans	165	54
Men	412	98
Women	21	2
Protestants	257	69
Baptists	38	10
Episcopalians	42	20
Lutherans	21	3
Methodists	57	18
Presbyterians	49	10
Other	50	8
Greek Orthodox	5	2
Roman Catholics	124	17
Jews	31	9
Other religions	22	5
Lawyers	200	61
Whites	401	98
Blacks	20	0
Hispanics	11	0
Asians	2	2
Polynesians	1	0

The numbers don't add up perfectly because there were two vacancies in the House when some of the above figures were being compiled. Also, *Instauration's* figures differ slightly from

the official count because we classify as Jews Rep. Mickey Edwards of Oklahoma, a convert to Christianity, and Senator William Cohen, whose mother is not Jewish. Senator Barry Goldwater, who calls himself an Episcopalian, was not counted as a Jew.

The Chicago *Sun-Times* (Dec. 11, 1982) managed to find some racial significance in the composition of the 98th Congress:

Congress is no longer the WASP nest it was years ago.

A post-election survey shows that WASPs (white, Anglo-Saxon Protestants), once the dominant force in American political, social and economic life, now are sharing their power and influence with several other groups once considered marginal

The *Congressional Quarterly* supported the *Sun-Times* decline-of-the-WASP theme by stating:

The aggregate number of the largest Protestant denominations -- Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian -- has declined from 55 percent of the total membership of both chambers in 1961 to 45.6 percent in 1983.

During the same 22-year period, the percentage of Roman Catholics increased from 19 percent to 26.3 percent, and Jews increased from 2 percent to 7 percent.

Soviet Anti-Zionist Posters

While the Soviet Union was continuing the systematic murder of Afghans and America was continuing to subsidize the Zionists' systematic murder of Palestinians and Lebanese, posters denouncing Israel's barbarism in Lebanon flooded Moscow. Three samples are provided on this page.



The headline reads, "Stop the Genocide in Lebanon." The chains on the handcuffs are twisted to spell out "Zionism."



The headline shouts, "Stop!" The word on the hand extending from the hairy arm and holding a "Made in U.S.A." bomb bears the inscription "Israel."



The headline says, "Shame to the Criminals." The bayonet is attached to a submachine gun "Made in U.S.A." The stock bears the inscription "Israel." The word on what looks like a shattered wooden cross (a strange symbol for Soviet propaganda) is "Lebanon."

Affirmative Racism

"White boys are inferior athletes to blacks!" That's a racist pronouncement if there ever was one. Yet the media didn't take it up; not a soul challenged it. Perhaps it was because the pronouncer was the rather special person known as the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Jesse spoke his piece while complaining about the National Collegiate Athletic Association's decision to raise educational standards for college freshmen athletes. Beginning in 1986, high-school seniors who want to go out for varsity sports must get at least 700 in the SAT tests. Since it's hard for most whites and even many blacks *not* to get 700 or more on SATs, this is hardly a mind-boggling setback for aspiring Negro football, baseball and basketball players. But it smelled of racism to Jackson, who then proceeded to get very racist himself.

Marino Casem, the football coach at black Alcorn State college, waxed even more racist:

This is going to whiten up a lot of teams. You can't win the Kentucky Derby riding a jackass, you've got to have horses. And they aren't going to have the horses.

Suppose a white reverend had said, "Black boys are inferior students to whites!" and a white football coach had compared black athletes to jackasses. Just suppose.

Affirmative Action = Negative Employment

For years American economists have been hoping that foreign motor car companies would set up their own factories in the U.S. and thereby give needed jobs to American auto workers who have been laid off because Detroit can no longer compete with the Japanese and German car makers. A few years ago the hope came true when Volkswagen built an assembly plant in New Scranton, Pennsylvania.

Today Volkswagen is the defendant in a \$70 million class action suit filed by ten Negroes who claim they were actively discriminated against by the company's "hiring, promotional and lay-off" policies.

The VW experience is not likely to encourage other foreign car makers to move to America. The automobile business here is in bad enough shape without having to hire, promote and coddle black workers on a quota basis. Foreign motor moguls are quite aware that, as the Detroit work force darkened, Detroit quality declined.

In these times of massive unemployment, when both whites and blacks need jobs desperately, precious time and investment money must now be wasted defending ra-

cially inspired lawsuits. Thanks to Affirmative Action the productivity of the American work force continues to play second fiddle to the racial composition of the work force.

The VW lawsuit took a dramatic turn when one of the plaintiffs, William Brock, an administrator of the VW plant, committed suicide a few days before he was to be installed as president of the local NAACP chapter. The media and the black watchdog organizations let on that Brock was driven to self-annihilation by racial discrimination, even though he was scheduled to go to West Germany in the next few months and become the first black executive to visit the company's international headquarters. The story at the plant, however, is that Brock was soon to be charged with the sexual harassment of two white women.

Whatever the reason for Brock's suicide, the fact still remains that approximately 400 of the current 4,400 employees at VW's Pennsylvania plant are black. This 9% quota far exceeds the percentage of blacks in the surrounding county.

Equality leads to superequality, and superequality leads to racial blackmail, as everyone but diehard minority racists and liberals seem to know. For example, in the construction of an extension to Boy Scout headquarters in Pittsburgh, not too far away from the Volkswagen plant, some professional Negroes noted that there were no black faces on the job. Pickets were immediately set up by some dubious black organizations and all workers on the construction project were forced to stay home. Blacks intimated that the project would be shut down permanently, if a substantial number of Negroes were not hired forthwith.

Affirmative Action, which has always been equivalent to negative productivity, is now becoming the equivalent of negative employment.

United Nations

The boundless hypocrisy of our world's leaders was never more apparent than on the memorable day when "the cream of the U.N. social elite" cheerfully toasted Khieu Samphan, one of the top three Khmer Rouge leaders under whose rule at least one million Cambodians may have been killed between 1975 and 1979. It was really a swell reception, "one of the most lavish and elegant of this year's General Assembly," according to T.D. Allman of the Pacific News Service. "Society women in Paris frocks clinked glasses" with Samphan, who "worked the crowd like a veteran U.S. politician, shaking every hand he could."

And who was hosting this gay soiree? None other than former Cambodian chief of state Prince Norodom Sihanouk -- several of whose own children were murdered by the

Khmer Rouge! "We are begging your comprehension," said Sihanouk at a recent press conference. He embraced Samphan as an ally, he continued, because he had "no other choice." Cambodia was under alien, Vietnamese rule and only a united front with native Communists offered any chance of national independence. So what if these native Reds had murdered up to 20% of the people? They were kin! Sihanouk did not have to "beg" very hard to win "comprehension." In California, Washington, D.C., Canada and wherever else he took his "diplomatic roadshow," he garnered instant sympathy. Vice-President Bush commiserated; so did "homesick Cambodian students whose whole families the Khmer Rouge killed."

Plain-speaking Oriental

During a recent trip to Washington, Japanese economist Eiji Kobayashi discussed his and his countrymen's changing attitudes toward the white race. When he first came to California 20 years ago, Kobayashi said he experienced a feeling of inferiority while watching crowds of attractive white people bustling through the streets, surrounded by material goods of a superior quality. But now, he candidly told his white listeners, he felt he was better off than they were. Wasn't the U.S. swamped with alien hordes, its natives in a daze, while Japan remained proudly pure? Hadn't Japan vaulted past America in applied technology, in spite of its tiny land area and pathetic resource base?

But Kobayashi still gave whites a big edge in two critical respects: they were, he said, the beautiful race and the race of individual genius -- and would likely remain so. The Japanese, on the other hand, were still super-conformists who would not dream of having an open-ended discussion like the one he was engaged in. Their high IQs notwithstanding, the Japanese rarely asked the ultimate questions about man's place in the universe. The great pity, Kobayashi hinted, was that whites, now in the grip of racial disintegration, could no longer successfully *apply* the results of their genius.

This Can't Go On

A circuit judge in Alabama was suspended without pay on December 9 for telling a black man with seven children to have himself sterilized or risk losing his house in a pending divorce case. "There are enough pickaninnies in the world already," the bespectacled Judge Wilson Hayes told hospital orderly Freddie Lee Scott. In his futile defense, the judge denied having technically ordered a vasectomy for Scott, or using pickaninny "as a term of derision." State's attorney Ed Carnes argued successfully that even quasi-coerced sterilization was wrong,

and "Judge Hayes's reference to race" made matters much worse.

Two weeks before Judge Hayes's suspension, the Wiegand family of Garden City, Long Island, made its customary donation of a Thanksgiving turkey to local charity. Edwin Wiegand, who built up his own refrigeration business, elected to stop at three children. This year, his turkey went to a Dorothy Braswell and her sister, two welfare mothers with 13 children between them. The Wiegands, who are active in guilt-inducing "encounter groups" sponsored by their church, also visit a Vietnamese immigrant family regularly and shower it with gifts.

Ed Wiegand is a staunch Republican who believes that charity (though rarely for his own kind) is "politically correct." "The president is basically right," he says. "The government can't do it all. The people have to assume a much bigger share."

Banned Poster



The above poster was put out by the Postal Service as part of a campaign to warn postal workers against the ever sorrier phenomenon of post office robbery. Since blacks are committing a totally disproportionate share of the robberies these days, it would seem reasonable to portray a Negro as the bad guy in such a poster and a white as the victim. But unfortunately reason plays no part in a country in the pathological grip of minority racism. William Burrus, vice-

president of the American Postal Workers Union, backed up by various Negro congressmen, complained violently about the poster to the Postmaster General, who obsequiously backtracked and ordered the poster scrapped. Only whites will be pictured as robbers in the future, following the general practice adopted by television and the movies. When Negroes commit three-quarters or more of the violent crimes in the U.S. and when blacks represent 60 or 70% of the population, will it still be forbidden to show a Negro as a criminal? Si, señor.

Isomania

Steve Dunleavy is terrified that his house might catch fire. It isn't just the flames and fumes which have the New York journalist worried, but the thought of a "spindly-legged firewoman" coming to rescue him. At last count, "feminists" had 15 lawsuits pending against major American cities with all-male fire departments. For Dunleavy, "this is equality gone mad."

When the bra burners started off way back, it was all a bit of a joke. But the joke has now become a bit sick . . .

I know of a New York City female police officer who is 4 ft. 11 in. She gets equal pay, and equal rights.

But does anyone really believe that a 4-ft., 11-in. female could actually subdue a 6-ft., 4-in. drunk?

She could always pull a gun and shoot the drunk dead, I suppose . . .

Do I think women are equal to men? Darn right I do. Equal but different . . .

Of course, perish the thought that these women are taking jobs away from men in one of the tightest job markets ever seen in American history.

Perish the thought that these women are putting able-bodied men into the ever-swelling unemployment ranks for the privilege of doing a lesser job than their male counterparts.

And perish the thought that a woman at a time of booming divorce rates might even consider staying at home to be a housewife and raise a family.

That would be absolute insanity, wouldn't it?

White Geishas

New York isn't the only large, colored city with a "Minnesota Strip." Tokyo, Osaka and other Japanese cities import "leggy young blue-eyed blondes" by the gross for the local sex trade. Los Angeles police detective Fred Clapp reports, "The demand for Caucasian prostitutes in Japan is so great that it can't be filled." He personally knows of "at least 50 girls -- trusting and naive -- who've accepted one-way plane tickets to Japan." Phony talent agents in the employ of the Yakuza and other Japanese rackets lure the young beauties with promises of singing and dancing careers. Once in Japan and penniless, many end up in brothels.

Obviously, the only way out of such a trap is for the young white woman to get the

attention of a white man who will help her. But, in this decadent age, when not only chivalry but race consciousness is infra dig, that once-simple task isn't easy. Last year, two young entertainers named Kristina Kirstin and Tracy Hutchinson sued a group of Japanese and Americans for conspiring to force them into prostitution. Named in the twin \$3 million suits were Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr. and the U.S. government. The women told the judge how, in Osaka, the officers of the Foreign Service had refused to render them any aid or assistance. We hope Hizzoner sticks it to the ungallant officers even worse than to the racketeers. The latter will always be with us, but, without a little more gallantry, every large city on earth may soon have a "Minnesota Strip."

Southern Revival

Not all loyal Southerners live in Dixie. A handful still reside in our nation's capital, where curator John Hurley is trying to reopen the long-dormant Confederate Memorial Hall. One Saturday late last year, more than 150 people (average age 35) attended his first fundraiser, a genuine Carolina barbecue.

"The South didn't lose a thing" in the Civil War, says Hurley. "Tell me what the North won. Cocaine? Parties in Georgetown where people spend evenings exchanging profanities?" The Confederate Hall is situated midway between the statues of Union generals John Logan and George Thomas. "Look at them," says Hurley. "These statues were imposed on us by the North after the war, but who cares who Thomas or Logan was? What did they win? Our [Southern] traditions and values are intact." This is brave optimism at a time when Scarlett O'Hara's adopted town of Atlanta has a 92% black school system, a black mayor and a massive and increasingly militant homosexual population.

The four-story Confederate Hall (at 1322 Vermont Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005) was founded in 1889 by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and originally served as an old soldiers' home. After World War I the building became a museum of Confederate culture. Half a million dollars may be needed to renovate it. Hurley would like the bottom floor to become a ballroom for the Washington remnants of old Southern society. "We'd like to have white-tie parties for, well, proper people, but we can't hold them in Washington. Now all of our social functions have to be held in southern Maryland or Virginia."

Jimmy Carter would *not* be considered "proper." When he barred military bands from playing "Dixie" at Confederate rallies, he showed his true "scalawag" colors. Writer Thomas Dixon and filmmaker D.W. Griffith are more to Hurley's liking. He plans a showing of the latter's film classic, "The Birth of a Nation," which is based on the former's novel, *The Clansman*.

Posthumous Truth

Mediacrats with a grain of intellectual integrity, which limits their number to one or two, always knew that Lyndon Johnson was the pits of 20th-century American politics. As president, LBJ was as war-loving as FDR, as much of a cockalorum as Truman and JFK, as devious as Nixon, as ignorant of foreign affairs as Ford, as hypocritical as Carter, and as dense as Eisenhower and Reagan. All these not too endearing characteristics have now been thoroughly explored and tabulated by Robert Caro in the first volume of a projected three-volume, data-laden biography entitled *The Years of Lyndon Johnson* (Knopf, New York, 1982).



Robert Caro

Caro, the son of a Polish immigrant, claims he started his work as an ardent LBJ fan. He was fast disillusioned. FDR, of course, was Johnson's idol, and he copied him religiously, even to the point of acquiring a mistress, one Alice Glass, the wife of a Texas oil baron. He apparently spent as much time on the phone to her as JFK did dialing his Mafia moll. Johnson started stealing elections in high school, where he distinguished himself by blackmailing a girl student and welching on his debts. In college he managed to get a page of unkind references cut out of the college yearbook. In one interesting footnote Caro shows that in his 21 years of "public service" Johnson's net worth increased at the rate of half a million dollars a year.

When Caro's other two volumes are released, *Instauration* plans a long article on Johnson, who, to our mind, bears as much responsibility as any living or dead person for the decline of the American Majority. He was a man without the slightest feeling for or knowledge of his own culture, a man who viewed life as a trip through a jungle, who decided early that money, money, money

was the master key of politics and every other human endeavor.

How could Johnson so easily turn against and betray his own people? For the simple reason he never gave them a thought.

Unfair Competition

Instauration will forgive the IRS for all its sins, or at least 10% of them, if it manages to bring *Mother Jones* to heel. *Mother* is one of those antiquated radical sheets that is agin' everything except a pasted-up Marxist-Freudian-leveling philosophy which aims to turn society into a Leninesque work camp where the productive will slave eternally for the nonproductive.

Mother, since it "qualifies" as a nonprofit organization, may solicit subscriptions for less than half of what the same solicitation would cost *Instauration*. For example, if *Instauration* wanted to send out promotional brochures, it would have to pay 10.9¢ a piece in bulk mailings. *Mother* only has to pay 4.5¢ per piece. Even worse, *Mother* is subsidized by a left-wing foundation, which is allowed to accept tax-deductible contributions. All this favoritism puts a tremendous handicap on publications which have to pay their own way and which could never qualify for nonprofit status or be subsidized by a foundation because they are defined as "racist." Minority racist publications like *Mother Jones* and other "nonprofit" racist or sexist mags like *Commentary* and *Ms.* are not deemed racist.

The IRS, in addition to seeking to remove *Mother Jones'* nonprofit status, is suing to collect back taxes to the amount of \$390,000. Some of this money was accumulated by selling advertising and the magazine's subscription list -- two strictly commercial operations in anybody's book.

Incidentally, *Mother's* most recent scoop (Feb.-Mar. 1983 issue) was about something called the "M project," financed by \$180,000 in unvouchered White House funds during World War II. Seventeen full-time researchers, 32 assistants and 9 secretaries were employed to investigate ways and means of handling Jewish and non-Jewish postwar refugees. "Because we would be dealing with political dynamite," FDR cautioned the project's head, Henry Field, "the extremest secrecy . . . must be observed." One solution was to send them to other planets! "Temporary quarters may eventually be established on Venus or Mars," says one part of the project's report. "[But] Alpha Centauri, the nearest star . . . would require 129,000 years to reach. [Again but] the idea of sending by rocket the Earth's surplus population looks at the moment highly impractical. [Again but] world population is increasing at the rate of 123,000 per diem [and] this daily increment would cost \$369 trillion to rocket into

space."

Since fewer Jews would have survived Mars and Venus than Auschwitz, other refugees like the Belgian Congo and Madagascar were also given some consideration.

ADL Reticence

There is only one group in the U.S. that is not afraid to stand up to Jewish racism. The Mafia, which hires Jewish lawyers, accountants and money manipulators to manage the financial side of its huge crime conglomerate, has no compunction in rubbing out its shyster stooges whenever they show the slightest sign of stepping out of line.

As the Department of Justice well knows and as Jimmy Hoffa found out to his sorrow, the upper echelons of the Teamsters Union is little more than a Mafia front. When Teamster President Roy L. Williams, along with Allen Dorfman and three others, was convicted for conspiring to bribe former Senator Howard Cannon of Nevada, he laid part of the blame on the testimony that Dorfman had given to the prosecution. Such an assertion, true or false, was the kiss of death for Dorfman. In spite of his lifelong Zionism, his huge contributions to Israel, his standing as one of the leading Jewish mobsters after the death of Meyer Lansky, Dorfman was shot down in broad daylight in a Chicago suburb with a .22-caliber pistol equipped with a silencer.

What is the ADL going to do about it? One wave of one finger from the ADL and all American politicians, businessmen and mediacrats fall flat on the floor and crave forgiveness. But the ADL always maintains a discreet silence about the mob, a silence that can be attributed to that form of cowardice known as "being practical."

The ADL's pen is the mightiest of all contemporary pens and of all contemporary swords -- except for the .22-caliber pistol with a silencer.

Lansky Obit

Meyer Lansky, whose recent demise was mentioned in the preceding article, died of lung cancer in Miami last January at the age of 81. He was one of the lucky Jewish gangsters who gave up the ghost in bed, which is more than can be said for such Lansky pals as Arnold Rothstein, Bugsy Siegel, Dutch Schultz, Louis Lepke -- and, of course, Allen Dorfman. In his 60-plus years of crime, Lansky (born Maier Luchowljansky in Grodno, Poland) accumulated several hundred million dollars and spent a total of three months and 16 days in jail. He was living proof that crookedness pays and pays and pays -- at least in the 20th-century United States.

As one obituary put it, the 5' 4½" Lansky had the brains and his Italian cohorts had the muscle. He religiously recognized this division of authority and never let ambition or greed tempt him to take more than his

share of the pot. His financial acumen -- he developed the skimming of profits from Las Vegas casinos into a fine art -- made rich Neapolitan and Sicilian mobsters richer, and in return they let him get richer and, more important, live to a ripe old age.

Lansky is supposed to have said that the Mafia was bigger than U.S. Steel. Today, since steel has fallen on hard times and since the illicit drug business has climbed to such dizzying proportions, the Mafia is probably bigger than Exxon and A.T. & T. combined. Someday it may even be bigger than the multinational conglomerate called the United States of America.

Lansky's remains were buried in a simple ceremony attended by friends and relations who arrived in a convoy of ten limousines. Rabbi Shmaryahu Swirsky remembered him "as a learned and compassionate man, a devoted father and grandfather and a generous friend of Israel . . . He had a heart that beat . . . to all other people."



Lansky in Jerusalem in 1971

Jewish Week (Jan. 20-26, 1983) wept more than a tear for the mobster Midas, who "used his considerable influence for Jewish causes." The paper revealed that Rabbi Stephen Wise once called upon Lansky in 1935 to use his strongarm tactics to terrorize Nazi sympathizers. *Jewish Week* also claimed that in 1948 the top Jewish gangster cooperated with Israeli agents to stop all shipments of arms to Arab countries in the Middle East.

As far as is known there were never more than one or two WASP gangster chieftains in this country and only a half dozen or so Irish. Jews and Italians dominated the trade from the start -- and the latter still do.

Whether any Jewish mobster will emerge to fill the shoes of Lansky is most doubtful. The Italians have always been suspicious of Jews, and the pro-Jewish mobsters like Luciano and Costello (who married a Jewess) are no longer around to keep the peace.

One expert (see *The Rise and Fall of the*

Jewish Gangster in America by Albert Fried, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1980) tells us that, as the sons and grandsons of southern Italian and Sicilian Mafiosos acquire more education and learn the ropes of accounting, law and finance, Jews, who are no longer to be found in the Mob's executive suites, will be entirely eased out of the Cosa Nostra, and "our thing" will finally mean "the Italian thing."

Heroes Aren't Welcome

Somewhere out there lives a fair-minded immigration judge. His name is John C. Williams and he serves in San Diego. Last June Judge Williams refused to order the deportation of alleged "war criminal" Edgar Laipenieks, thereby infuriating Justice Department lawyer Clarice Feldman. According to Feldman, the Holtzman Amendment to U.S. immigration law does not care about a person's motivation if they have persecuted someone because of race, religion, national origin or political opinion. Thus, it makes no difference that Laipenieks "persecuted" Communists while serving with the Latvian political police because he (quite rightly) saw them as traitors to his nation. Nor does it matter that, as lawyer Jan Goldsmith states, "His own relatives were sent to Siberia [during the Soviet occupation of Latvia] and killed." Remember, motivation counts for nothing. "Assisting is everything," says Feldman. "Reasons are irrelevant."

Laipenieks saw totalitarians slaughter his family and steal his nation. Because he dared to fight back, *with the only allies available*, our Justice Department does not want him here. Goldsmith notes that his client "no longer is charged with being a persecutor of Jews, but now he's charged with being an anti-Communist." Judge Williams managed to see through the charade, and that's cause for celebration -- if the Board of Immigration appeals upholds his verdict.

Gun Wise

Findlay, Illinois, is a town of 809 souls about 200 miles south of Chicago. The town policeman, John Love, knows everybody and never had any problems. The kids are "excellent," he says. "They cause no trouble." Most folks in Findlay own guns and believe that "God, guns and guts . . . made the U.S. what it is today." Those are the words of Greg Bohlen, the 23-year-old senior vice-president in charge of marketing at the tiny Bank of Findlay. The bank cannot even afford to print traveler's checks, so, to keep up with the multinationals, it is offering a unique service. Purchasers of \$2,500 six-year certificates of deposit will receive nearly \$1,200 worth of guns as "instant interest" in lieu of any future interest. They will get a pair of Colt pistols, a .357 Python and a .22

Diamondback, all in a handmade walnut showcase. "We're not a real liberal town," says Bohlen.

Electric Brain Test

A new state law in California requires would-be public school teachers to pass a proficiency test in the three R's before receiving their teaching credentials. The test problems are a snap, and only a 65% score in the math section, a 67% in writing, and a 70% in reading are required to pass. Yet -- to everyone's embarrassment -- 71% of the black and Hispanic teaching candidates have been failing. This does not please minority members who, in many cases, have received advanced degrees in education.

"We tried to eliminate all bias by having minorities look at the questions," explains Pat Chladek of the state's educational evaluation and research office. "We don't know the reasons. There might be different things stressed in different cultures. There might be an inability to make fine line discriminations in reading."

The inability explanation is getting "warm," for the problem is clearly biological and not cultural. New research in Britain on evoked potential (EP) in the brain is making this more apparent day by day. A husband and wife team at London's Institute of Psychiatry, Alan and Elaine Hendrickson, has recorded the electrical activity in the brains of 200 volunteers as they sat in a darkened room and listened to simple tones. They found that high-IQ subjects' brains responded much more *consistently* to the tones than did low-IQ brains.

While everyone's evoked potential appears graphically as a jagged line, say the Hendricksons, IQ is closely correlated with the "string length" of such tracings -- that is, the length of the tracing when it is pulled taut like a string. In other words, the more jagged the line, the greater the string length -- and the higher the intelligence as measured independently on conventional IQ tests. The reason is that a slow learner's erratic electrical responses to tones (or any other stimuli) cause his "peaks" and "valleys" to offset one another and average out as a smooth wave. Extreme jaggedness on the EP graph is paradoxically an indication of extreme *smoothness* of response to stimulation. It shows that the neurons are firing at identical intervals, thereby minimizing the "dead time" in the brain's information-coding process. Superior problem-solving strategies are the result.

So culture-free is this tone-test that Elaine Hendrickson says a low score "can't be explained by a cultural deficit -- it must be genetic." That won't please Rita Walters, a black member of the Los Angeles School Board, who has urged officials to do the impossible -- redesign the state teachers' test so it will not "exclude a disproportionate number of any group."



Cholly Bilderberger



For those interested in speculating about how American Jews could ever be controlled, the contemporary Russian "solution" opens up interesting vistas. In the early years of the Russian Revolution, Jews played a prominent part in governmental life, but Great Russians have gradually ousted them (and other minorities) from the inner circles of authority. As noted in several articles in *Instauration* over the past few years, Great Russians, who comprise very roughly half the overall USSR population of some 270 million, are primarily Alpine, with East Baltics and some Nordics in the North. They are being outbred by the other half of the population, and have serious problems in trying to stay in charge.

Very broadly, they have evidently decided to do so by phased control rather than more violent measures. In this they are following the lead of the Roman Catholic Church and the former British Empire rather than Nazi Germany. The Church and the Empire never had official racial programs. In theory, any man could rise in these systems if he played by the rules. Economic, social, religious and political factors — to say nothing of behind-the-scenes racism itself — more often than not prevented this theory from working in fact. At bottom, the British wanted to run their system by themselves, and the Italians wanted to run theirs. But if the price of smooth operation was an occasional Disraeli or black cardinal, it was still a price which could be afforded. The alternative — public admission that the system was closed to any form of meritocracy — was distasteful to both the English and Italian temperaments. Or, as Churchill put it in the 1930s in private conversation on the political advantages of moving against the Jews in a "democratic" society: "Anti-Semitism is a good starter, but a bad sticker."

The Germans, on the other hand, went to the core of the matter with typical thoroughness and linear logic. Unassimilable minorities should not be given theoretical equality and then controlled from behind the scenes. On the contrary, they should be openly (honestly) stripped of all rights and turned into inferior citizens working solely for the benefit of their superiors.

In retrospect, both approaches seem to have failed. The Roman Catholic Church has lasted 19 centuries or so, but it has been in decline since the Reformation, and now concentrates on sheer numbers, especially in Africa and South America. Like all other Western institutions, it has lost its way and may, in time, be swallowed up by its minorities. The British Empire disappeared after 1914. (The Falklands excitement is temporary and reflexive, not part of a long-range plan to re-establish any sort of control of minorities abroad or at home.) And needless to say, the Nazis lasted a mere twelve years, managing not only to collapse but also to give enormous impetus to minority takeovers everywhere in the West.

The Vatican may smugly claim to have endured (technically), and the English may sadly take some pride in having had an empire for a couple of hundred years, and a very few

Germans (and others) may approve of the Nazis in their extremely brief moment, but they all failed and the differences between them are only a matter of degree. Catholic and English hypocrisy fared no better than German jackboots. The minorities have North European stock on the run everywhere, and there is no sign of resistance.

With two exceptions: South Africa and Russia (assuming that Great Russians are classified as North Europeans.) Of the two, only Russia can really claim to have a chance. The South African situation does show what determined whites can do when they band together, and that lesson is invaluable. However, in the logical sequence of change, a place like South Africa is not a fair test for racial control. The ratio of blacks to whites is just too huge without the support of the rest of the white world, which is so conspicuously lacking. On the contrary, the policies of the Afrikaners are under relentless attack from all other whites everywhere, beginning with many of those of English descent in South Africa. If people of Northern European descent started to exercise control, Western Europe and America would be the natural starting places — South Africa would be one of the last areas to be put in order. So long as the cart is before the horse, with America and Europe groveling before the minorities, the Afrikaners face a hopeless task.

Russia, on the other hand, has an eminently workable base. And the Russian system extends throughout the east Europe satellites, aided by the sharp reduction of Jews in those countries since World War II. When combined with Russia, this is a sizable chunk of the white world. Russians also have a far more sophisticated plan than the Afrikaners. Unburdened with primitive Christianity, they have taken the old English and Catholic hypocritical equalities and married them to the modern police state. In the long run, they may fail, but they have a chance — certainly they have the only program in an otherwise spineless white world, and are worth respect on that score alone.

In the case of the Jews, the Russian rulers have played their cards with amusingly sardonic realism. Aware that their Jews, like all Jews, are ultimately unassimilable, they do not rush into the streets with that fact — and thus end up in the German morass. Instead, they pretend (they are even better at pretension than the English or Italians) that Russian Jews are no different than any other Russians, with all the rights and opportunities — and obligations — of other Russians. Among those obligations is the duty to believe the state is infallible on all questions of *ex cathedra* importance . . . including Zion. If the Kremlin says that Zion (Israel) is a "mad, racist adventure" and that all Zionists, in and out of Israel, are "enemies of all humanity," especially those humans in the USSR, then all Russians — and especially Russian Jews — are expected to believe the dogma and act accordingly. Those who do not are guilty of heresy, and the state will have to deal with them as all states have always dealt with those who flout established religion.

Of course, the Russian rulers are completely aware that this

particular dogma will perturb only Russian Jews — to all other Russians, naturally and healthily anti-Jewish, protected by the state from the Jewish propaganda which has engulfed the West, it seems so obvious as to hardly need mentioning. Russian rulers know further that the roughly 3 million Russian Jews will have varying degrees of conformity. At one extreme will be Jews who will accept the dogma, denounce Zionism, and act as model Russians. Following the Catholic and English models, these Jews will be allowed upward mobility. The higher they get, the more obstacles they will encounter; and in all likelihood they will never be allowed into the inner circles. Great Russian rulers believe that a conforming Jew is still a Zionist at heart, but that it is too expensive to exclude him from the system for that reason. The conforming Jew understands that he will never be completely trusted, but he is willing to put up with that in order to gain other advantages. It is Victorian England all over again.

At the other extreme are those Jews who throw caution to the winds and openly proclaim themselves diehard Zionists. Russia is subtle here, too, and does not create a clear pattern (which is easier to attack) by treating them all alike. Some are tossed in jail, but some are allowed to yowl in public, and some are allowed to emigrate.

In the middle, between the two extremes, are the great majority of Russian Jews, vacillating in their minds between one extreme and the other, but slogging along in the system. Some of them too, are allowed to emigrate, and some are not.

As a whole, Russian Jews are squeezed, in a slow, suffocating way. They cannot obtain the foothold for domination which they gained in the Western “democracies” so long ago. They may hope — some of them may even believe — that eventually European Russia will have to give in to Jewish control as has the rest of the continent. But they cannot be sure of that. There is a terrible timelessness in Russian suffocation, as the east Europeans have learned. No one — not even a Jew — can be confident that Russia can ever be forced to change its ways. (Political changes do not count — Russian “Communism” is no more or less than repressive Czarist imperialism updated. The Russian character remains as it always was.)

It comes down to a contest of wills. The Russian rulers say, in effect, to the Russian Jews: “Conform.” The Jews, in effect, reply: “We have never conformed in 5,000 years, and don’t intend to start now. We may conform outwardly, but never inwardly. We shall wait our time.” The Russian rulers rebut, in effect: “Then you shall wait forever, and we shall see who is stronger. The Catholics and the English failed, but we think we have learned from their failure. We can outwait you, and in the end you will simply have to face that. What you do then is your problem. We shall not kill you, but we shall not stop you if, in your final despair, you do away with yourselves.”

The indispensable Russian ingredient for their program is the police state, which all but the most passionate racists in America and Western Europe find too great a price to pay, even to control Jews and other minorities. But can those minorities be controlled without a police state? If they are as numerous and entrenched as they are in America, probably not.

It is certain that they will never be controlled under the present American “democratic” system (which only exerts pressure in the opposite direction) — it is just a question of how far that system would have to be modified. Produce-and-consume capitalism is simply meat and drink to Jews, and — because of the constant demand for new, subsidized markets

— for all other minorities, too. So it would have to go. So would our legal system, designed for a homogeneous population of Northern European descent. So would any other “freedom” which interfered with control.

The real question is not technical, however, but whether the battered Americans of Northern European stock wish to repossess their country or not. To date, that question has been answered with a resounding “No!” by 99.9% of those qualified to pass on it. There is no reason to believe that this overwhelming percentage will change in the foreseeable future. So minority control will increase rather than decrease, until it passes the point of no return — if it is not there already.

Among other results of continued and increased minority domination will be a weakening of America as a political and military entity. The basic belief of all American leaders since World War II, up to and including Reagan and his advisers, that resistance to Russian world hegemony relies on military hardware alone, is pathetically naive. Countries can fall apart no matter how imposing their arsenals, and America is on the road to becoming the most spectacular example of this fact in history. There may well be a formal battle or two at the end — there usually is — but only as window dressing.

Russia has grave problems — most importantly, it doesn’t really have the people and the flair for the world domination it is seeking — but it is certainly far ahead of America and Europe in controlling minorities. And if the failure to control its huge and aggressive minorities is going to be fatal to America — if it hasn’t already been — then it may well be clear, in time, that the entire Russian-American struggle revolved around and was decided by that failure. In that case, all the bombs, invective and ideological differences will be seen to have been red herrings; at bottom the deciding factor always was the ability (in Russia) versus the inability (in America) to achieve and maintain control of minorities.

An Interesting Portrait of a Prominent Military Family



Roscoe Robinson Jr., the Army’s first black four-star general, poses with his family at his promotion ceremony. A West Point graduate, Robinson was commander of U.S. Army troops in Japan and has now been assigned to Europe to represent the U.S. on NATO’s military committee.

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

I met Roy Campbell many times. He was a most amusing companion and one of the outstanding poets of this century. Passages from his lyrics come frequently to my mind, such as the opening of his poem, "To Autumn":

I love to see, when leaves depart,
The clear anatomy arrive,
Winter, the paragon of art,
That kills all forms of life and feeling
Save what is pure and will survive.

T.S. Eliot called him the best satirist in English since Byron -- he undoubtedly was one of the best -- and there lies the rub. He satirised the wrong people, which is why his name does not appear, along with "great" names like Stephen Spender and Allen Ginsberg, in university poetry courses.

Campbell arrived in England at the end of the first world war, an unsophisticated young South African anxious to make contact with the metropolitan literary scene. He found himself mixed up with the Bloomsbury group, centred around the unstable, self-torturing Virginia Woolf, the brilliant, shadowy Lytton Strachey and the unutterably mandarinish E.M. Forster. It did not take him long to identify left-wing thinking with intellectual tedium and homosexuality of both kinds. In due course, he removed himself from the scene and began to publish satires which dwelt upon these characteristics:

The stately homes of England ope their doors
To piping nancy-boys and crashing bores

Soon, he extended his range to include trendies from his own country, as in his comment on "Some South African Novelists":

You praise the firm restraint with which they write --
I'm with you there, of course,
They use the snaffle and the curb all right,
But where's the bloody horse?

Wherever pretentiousness reared its ridiculous head, Roy was ready to take a swipe at it. Here is his view of J.C. Squire and other peripatetic seekers after cheap, nasty sex:

Now hawthorn blooms above the daisied slope
Where lovelorn poets after milkmaids grope,
Or troop whore-hunting down the country lanes
With flashing spectacles and empty brains,
To hang their trousers on the flowering spray
And sport with lousy gypsies in the hay

Seeking refuge from an England rotted at the intellectual core, Roy and his English wife, Mary, deliberately came to embrace the Spanish tradition -- not least because it so obviously conflicted with the mealy-mouthed British Nonconformism which had led on to Fabianism. Both became Roman Catholics, under the mistaken impression that the Roman

Church would hold up against the assaults of modernism. When the civil war came, Campbell fought for Franco in the front line (unlike Hemingway, who attended writers' conferences well behind the opposing lines and wrote that infamous piece of propaganda for *Pravda*).

Our barrels were too hot to hold,
The night was made of tearing steel,
And down the streets the volleys rolled
Where as in prayer the snipers kneel.

("Barrels" is my own emendation from the original "rifles" and Roy agreed that my word was both logical and right.) He also wrote a fine poem on the mining of the Alcazar, telling:

How mortals, thinned to ghastly pallor,
Gangrened and rotting to the bone,
With winged souls of Christian valour
Beyond Olympus or Valhalla
Can heave ten thousand tons of stone!

George Orwell liked Campbell because he had also risked his skin, though on the other side, and knew that the civil war had not been all black and white. Indeed, Victor Gollancz, publisher of Left Book Club titles which influenced intellectuals to support both disarmament and anti-fascism (the one combination which would make war inevitable), had refused to publish Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* because it was critical of the Communists. Anyway, Orwell and Campbell used to drink together in a pub called The World's End in London's King's Road, and I joined them on occasion. The rest of the intelligentsia contented itself with keeping Roy's name out of the anthologies wherever possible, and waited until both he and Mary were safely dead before plunging a knife in his back. Last year, a professional lickspittle called Peter Alexander published a book called *Roy Campbell: A Critical Biography*, which was excerpted for the benefit of the readers of the *Times Saturday Review* (13/3/82). Many readers who had never heard of Campbell before were introduced to a quite unrecognisable figure who sponged off the kind Bloomsburyites and concealed an alleged homosexual tendency under a swaggering exterior. The most is made of a lesbian seduction of Mary Campbell by the notorious Vita Sackville-West. Other reviews followed, including that of John Lucas (*New Statesman*, 30/4/82), which referred to Roy's "dull coupling of epithet and noun," his "reach-me-down philosophising about Man and Nature" and his "obvious lack of metrical discipline." Note the adjective "dull." How Roy's skewering of left-wing dullness must have hurt! Fortunately, we have his two autobiographies, *Broken Record* and *Light on a Dark Horse*, to provide a salutary corrective.

Sir Oswald Mosley was likewise given the silent treatment after the war. Sam White, the Australian Jew who has appointed himself a sort of Alistair Cooke on French affairs, wrote an



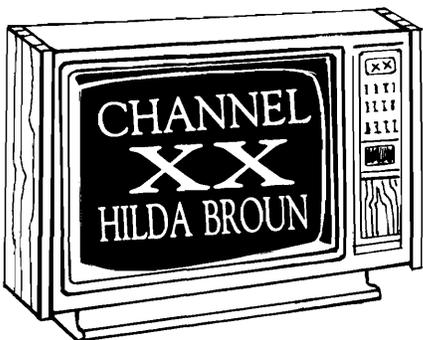
article after Mosley's death entitled, "A Fascist to the Last" (*Spectator*, 13/12/82), in which he revealed that British Embassy staff in Paris were under orders to stomp out of any reception at which Mosley was present. Journalists likewise were told to omit any reference to his meetings in England, at least before they happened. Once he was safely dead, and his brilliant wife Diana had gone down with a brain tumor, the jackals felt they could approach the great carcass without fear. After the funeral, Diana had given her stepson, Lord Ravensdale, a packet of letters without reading them (yes, there really are a few wives capable of such discretion), because the top ones were in the handwriting of his mother, Lady Cynthia (néé Curzon). In fact, many of the remaining letters were from Mosley himself and revealed that he had philandered with other women. However, Ravensdale saw no reason to hand them back. He bided his time, and has now published a really nasty vilification of his father, entitled *The Rules of the Game*, in which he quotes selectively from this private correspondence written fifty years before. Like Uriah Heep, he has done his best to besmirch his father's name, while protesting his deep love and devotion to his memory. He intends to follow this up with another volume, vilifying his stepmother, but she has meanwhile recovered and shown herself more than capable of giving as good as she gets. In sundry interviews, reported in the press this time, she has laid it onto her stepson for duplicity, mendacity and hypocrisy. What is more, there has been a heartening display of family solidarity, with Ravensdale's brother and sister solidly behind Diana, just like her own offspring. The grandchildren of Lord Curzon can hardly be unaware of his affair with the adventurous Elinor Glyn, which gave rise to the following jingle:

Would you like to sin
With Elinor Glyn
On a tiger-skin?
Or would you prefer
To err with her
On another fur?

Still, some damage has been done. The timid revisionist historian, A.J.P. Taylor (who has now been superseded by the much braver and better-informed David Irving), was able to call Mosley "a thundering cad," thus to some extent exonerating himself for once having called him (in the *Observer*) "A superb political thinker, the best of our age." Other members of the establishment followed suit, the idea being to replace Mosley the statesman with Mosley the compulsive womaniser, just as Campbell the poet is to be replaced with Campbell the repressed homosexualist. At least in Mosley's case there is some hard evidence for his amorous proclivities, though it should be added that he was most courtly and considerate toward the ladies, and his affairs were with women of beauty and intelligence. Still, I cannot help recalling with some amusement my objecting to a fully united Europe on the grounds that Sicilians, Maltese and Cypriots spend their time exploiting Northern European women. He answered that such people overstressed the importance of sex, whereas we had more important things to think about.

Mosley is in no way diminished in my estimation by his eldest son's revelations and lies. He was clear-minded, wide-ranging, generous and inspiring. In my book, his only crime was his excessive tolerance. He was far too ready to see the other chap's point of view, and wasted a lot of time in discussions with rancorous Jews and sneering, jeering lefties. Campbell could have done with some of Mosley's sense of proportion. Equally, Mosley could have done with some of Campbell's intolerance:

In the cold hour when poets light their tapers
And the tall Muse glides naked to the door,
When by its love, its drinks, its evening papers,
All Babel has been lulled into a snore,
The pious poet in that silence hears
Like some pure hymn uplifting his desires
How Nero's fiddle shrills across the years
And to its music leap the dancing fires.



Not long ago I received a letter from a young male friend: "As I grow older," he wrote, "I become more and more discouraged and pessimistic. I think every trend is working against us. With Spengler, I must conclude that optimism is cowardice." I laughed and remembered what the 79-year-old mythologist Joseph Campbell had said to a San Francisco audience:

I'm sick and tired of hearing all this moaning and groaning. Think of the grass. It grows and grows and every two weeks you cut it off. What if your lawn just gave

up and said: "Oh, what the hell! Why should I bother to grow? It's useless. I'll just give up."

With as much exasperation but with a little more sophistication, the 69-year-old Hugh Trevor-Roper once told Bill Moyers:

I dislike the spectacle of people throwing up their hands and saying: "We are sliding to destruction, there's nothing we can do." I think there's always something one can do. But I would say that there is no hope of revival of Western civilization if we don't believe that it can be revived, and therefore, I think the first thing is to believe that it can be revived and then to look to the areas where we ought to improve it or correct abuses . . . Anything that is lost can be regained if one has the will to do it . . . And I don't think that any process is irreversible in human affairs.

Trevor-Roper went on to suggest that history is full of surprises, that he disliked the historical tendency to eliminate human beings out of history. "There are moments when human beings have reversed a tendency thought to be irreversible. I don't believe anything in that nature is impossible."

In college I was taught that this view, called the "Tinker Bell" philosophy, was wrong. "Have faith! Believe and you will live!" scoffed one of my Jewish political science professors in sarcastic imitation of poor Tink. He was careful to add, "That's crazy."

My Marxist professor hated Walt Disney and advised his students never to let their children see these subversive and unrealistic movies or expose them to those "insane" songs. Think of the words from "Pinocchio":

I've got no strings to hold me down,
To make me fret, or make me frown.
I had strings but now I'm free.
There are no strings on me.

Or what about "Dumbo" with his big ears that allowed him to fly? Remember? He thought he could fly because of the magic feather. But he found that he really possessed the power of flight. All he needed was to believe in himself. Of course, my professor *did* want me to believe in something -- in my people's defeat, in pessimism. If we are pessimistic, we just give up.

My dispirited friend I quoted at the begin-

ning of these remarks ended his letter by saying: "I have discarded all illusions of myself as the leader on the white horse. I know myself and my shortcomings all too well for that." Shortcomings? He's attractive, well educated and successful. He only believes that he has shortcomings because he has been seduced by the pessimism of Spengler.

The problem with pessimism is that just a dash of it seems to dispel lots of sunshine. A room can be filled with happy people until one gloom-and-doom character walks in. A small black cloud hovers over his head. The room soon turns gray.

Until Joseph Campbell and the poet Robert Bly had mentioned it, I had never realized that fairy tales were about growing up or that they were mostly for girls. Think of "Sleeping Beauty." According to Campbell the girl has to do nothing. She just exists and is awakened by a man. And soon, she is a mother. She doesn't have to be a mother to prove her womanhood. Someone awakes her womanhood and causes her to become a mother. For a boy, Campbell and Bly agree, things are much harder.

Boys learn that they must go out and face the world and girls learn they must welcome their awakening. The stories contain much about faith and magic and the need to believe. There is a great deal about dreaming and wishing and the materialization of dreams and wishes. In hypnotism this is called "visualization." The fairy tales teach us to search, to discover, to free ourselves of our strings, to fight and win against great odds with help from no one except an occasional fairy godmother.

Fairy tales tell us more clearly than any philosophical treatises about the wisdom of our not-too-distant ancestors, about their close association with magic, mystery and nature. We learn about the close bond in fairy tales between people and animals. There are helpful mice, wicked cats, silly horses, dogs with terrific personalities and enchanted forests and castles atop mountains. It's the world that still exists in our modern unconsciousness.

But if we are finally to escape from Spengler, the most important ingredient is will. With faith, imagination and will, we must decide what is worth saving of Western civilization, what we should once more call forth -- since deep down we have never lost it.

* * *

I had a friend named Gloria. Now the pampered wife of a Nordic multimillionaire, she was, at seventeen, in love with an older, married Jewish man. He'd started divorce proceedings and was willing to sacrifice everything for my pale blonde friend, who, though she thought she loved him, decided she couldn't take a father away from his family.

Years later when I returned to my home state for a funeral, there was Gloria with her three lovely children. She seemed to have grown even more beautiful in her frail, old-

fashioned way with her delicately heart-shaped face, her almost white blonde curls and those incredible pale blue eyes. We were able to break away for a few hours to discuss old times. In the course of our conversation, I told her that her old Jewish admirer had recently been caught in some shady deals. He'd stayed with his first wife and they now had a fourth child. Their second child was born mentally retarded and died a few years ago.

Gloria shifted her position and seemed to study her coffee cup. Then it all came out. She confessed she hadn't realized how lucky she was until she'd read a book about the novelist, Thomas Mann. "His mother," she explained, "was born in Brazil and was half-Portuguese. So Thomas was only three-quarters German. All his life he seemed obsessed by the differences between his Latinness and his Germanness.

"What almost happened to me," Gloria explained, "happened to him. He saw and fell in love with a young Jewess named Katja Pringsheim. He married her and they had children. According to Jewish law, being born of a Jewish mother, they were Jewish children.

"Imagine the conflict. Did you know that Mann's *Blood of the Walsungs* was never published because it was considered anti-Semitic? Or that to many German nationalists and anti-Semites, Thomas Mann was 'a Jew' and a 'representative of Jewish interests.' In *The Magic Mountain* the most awful character in all literature appears, Naphta, 'the little vehicle of cynical hate . . . an ordained Jesuit, born a Jew . . . in irreconcilable opposition to the native individualism . . . of Europe.' That's how mythologist Joseph Campbell described Naphta.

"Think of how close I came to that. Look at my hair. There aren't many natural blondes like me in the States any more. I'm a vanishing breed, but I've at least passed it on to my children."

I smiled to myself thinking how often Gloria had been cast in high-school plays as

the "good" woman or the Christmas "angel." I was amazed and happy that this beautiful creature managed to understand the crucial problem of our age all by herself, when everything she read, saw or heard was telling her to do the opposite of what she had done. But then I felt a sense of dread. The Manns are taking over the earth. Was my friend one of the last of her kind?

* * *

According to Robert Bly, Norwegian Lutherans are torn apart inside, because they are taught by parents and church to be happy and cheerful and not to talk about their insane grandmothers or alcoholic grandfathers in public. The poet calls this too brusque a jump into Sunshine and Joy. Bly says that this is wrong, that you have to start like the alchemists with "lead," with the heavy dark pain, that you have to live with it and dwell in it for a while before moving too quickly into the realm of joy.

Many of our German and Norwegian Lutheran men suffer from the false joy imposed by the Lutheran Church, the joy which allows the pain to fester in our souls' darkness.

The woman and children can't understand this because they are spoken to only in generalizations, like "the tragic hostility between men and women." This is a very common and a very modern theme. But what does it mean? We women are confused. We love you. But your silence is like a wall. It's a Northern silence.

From Latin Europe come these verbal creatures who are so willing and able to tell us all their problems. But our Northern men make us guess and punish us quietly until we find the answer to their puzzle. We are not your mothers or those old-maid school teachers who humiliated you as boys. We are not the girls who were too young to know that they preferred you to all other men. We're just women and just as much a part of our people as you are. We want you back!

Ponderable Quotes

The commercial cinema is like a hallucinogenic drug; it distorts the vision of all who work in it. What is at stake behind the public scenes is always personal power and prestige, which reduce the industry to a poker table where every player must, if he is to survive, become some kind of professional cheat, or hustler. Success is always with the two-faced; and one can no more enter the game innocently [than enter] a house with BORDELLO in neon lights across its front. That its madams, pimps, whores and bullies masquerade publicly as "distinguished" directors and stars, famous producers and agents simply shows how much there is to hide.

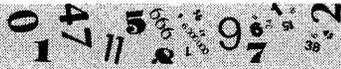
from the novel Daniel Martin
by John Fowles

The news media is basically a permanent propaganda machine of the Democratic party.
Letter in Otis Pike column,
Chicago Sun-Times, Nov. 1, 1982

Gentlemen, I have been asked to welcome you. Not only do I dislike newspapers, but I dislike those who write for them.

Sir Arthur Power, British Royal Navy
officer, to a group of visiting newsmen.

Talking Numbers



63.7 million Americans toil in service jobs as against 31.1 million in manufacturing and agriculture. More than twice as many people are required to keep things running as to make things that run.

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President Reagan promised the federal government would buy \$22 billion in goods and services from minority firms in the next three years and would help establish 60,000 new minority businesses in the next 10 years.

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The 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals ordered the New Orleans Police Department to give blacks half of all promotions until the force is half black at every level.

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Blacks buy 36% of all the hairsprays, conditioners and shampoos sold in the U.S.

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In 139 decisions in which Sandra O'Connor took part since her appointment to the Supreme Court, she has sided with ultrarightist Justice Rehnquist 41 times and ultraleftist Justice Brennan 15 times in cases which had a decidedly ideological overtone.

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At present some 700,000 Arabs live on the West Bank, compared to 25,000 Jews. By means of subsidized housing (one-fourth to one-half of the cost of the same house in Israel) and low-interest government loans, Begin hopes to have 100,000 Jews living in what he calls Judea and Samaria by 1986-87.

#

In 1980 the Methodist Church contributed close to \$8 million to the National Council of Churches; United Presbyterian, nearly \$3 million; United Church of Christ, nearly \$2 million; Disciples of Christ, over \$1 million; Episcopal, over \$1 million.

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A Lincoln and a Porsche were among the cars impounded by U.S. Marshals in Philadelphia recently during a government crackdown on student loan welters.

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The number of elected black officials in the U.S. increased from 2,264 in 1972 to 5,160 in 1982.

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Of those arrested for 3,140 murders in California in 1981, 24.9% were white, 33.9% Hispanic, 38.1% black.

535 members of Congress employ nearly 20,000 persons to guard, file, type, advise and clean up for them.

#

The *Daily Journal*, Kankakee, IL (Nov. 4, 1982), devoted considerable space to three "Area celebrations": the 90th birthday of Elizabeth DuBois, white, with two surviving children, 5 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren; the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Regnier, white, 1 daughter; the 57th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thomas Sr., black, 9 children, 42 grandchildren, 25 great-grandchildren.

#

Approximately 400 Jews give more than \$100,000 a year to the United Jewish Appeal; 550 give \$50,000 to \$100,000; 5,500 between \$10,000 and \$50,000. About 44% of the UJA's enormous annual take comes from the above donors. A new goal of the UJA is to ferret out "incognito" Jewish money moguls who are supposed to comprise a considerable portion of the country's 520,000 millionaires.

#

Some 6,000 to 20,000 leftists, Communists, Trotskyites, anarchists, criminals and just plain nuts allegedly "disappeared" in the Argentine military's campaign against terrorists in the 1970s. Israel's dwarfish foreign minister, Yitzhak Shamir, claims 1,000 of these were Jews. The U.S. won't sell arms to Argentina because of "human rights violations," though it transports whole arsenals to Israel, whose gallant air force plasters civilians and hospitals with cluster bombs and phosphorus bombs. Human rights or no human rights, Israel is quite happy to sell arms to Argentina, many of them received free of charge or at half-price from the U.S. In return, Argentina has promised to look into the matter of the 1,000 Jewish "desaparecidos."

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Wilson Riles, California's black superintendent of schools, was defeated in the 1982 election by non-WASP Bill Honig. Before he left office, Riles was asked by federal auditors to return \$1.4 million in grants for poor children. The money, it seems, never got to its destination, having been thrown away on trips, conferences and entertainment. Riles simply bequeathed this embarrassing problem to his successor.

#

A Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Sacramento, who own five homes and six cars (including a Rolls), received \$6,000 in welfare benefits in 1982.

40% of all black college graduates got their sheepskins from the 106 predominantly black colleges last year. Only 5% of black freshmen in 1976 graduated with their class, compared to 52% of nonblack freshmen.

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A George Washington University study of television declared that half of all business executives in TV dramatic shows were depicted as crooks, whose misdeeds ranged from fraud to murder.

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Antonio Sanchez Villa walked out of a Richland, Washington, hospital leaving behind \$80,000 worth of medical bills. An illegal alien, the freeloading señor is now back in Mexico. His unpaid bills will be written off as bad debts and passed on to local citizens in the form of higher hospital costs.

#

Since 1968, Joseph Gruss, a Polish Jew who arrived in New York on a tourist visa in 1939, has given \$11 million to Jewish causes. For being allowed to stay in the U.S., Joseph and his wife have been "quietly showing their gratitude ever since," writes the *New York Times*. There was nothing in the *Times* panegyric, however, to indicate the Grusses have been showing their gratitude to Americans in general.

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Only one percent of America's 78 million TV households tune in to Injun Dan Rather as often as four nights a week, asserts a reassuring article in *The Wilson Quarterly*, a publication of the Smithsonian Institute.

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A U.N. committee reports that the going price of Haitians captured and put to work in Dominican Republic sugar mills is \$3.50 per slave.

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The *Chicago Jewish Sentinel* (Dec. 23, 1982) claimed on the basis of a report by the World Jewish Congress that West German reparations to Jews and the state of Israel will exceed \$135 billion before they end. Later in the story the figure was pegged at 90 billion marks, which would make the dollar figure \$35 billion, since a mark is now worth approximately 39¢. Maybe the *Sentinel* slipped in an extra digit. Maybe it didn't. Anyway, when Jews start playing with figures, strange things happen.

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Although Kenyan women give birth to an average 8.1 kids in their lifetime, 70% want more offspring.

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One out of 20 Jewish husbands beats his wife, according to data released by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies.

Primate Watch



Puffing on a ram's horn and snuffing out candles to symbolize the snuffing out of their enemies' lives, **THREE RABBIS**, one a Negro, excommunicated several hundred Jews for "collaboration with the enemy and committing a traitorous act." What chiefly offended the elders was an anti-Begin *New York Times* advertisement inserted by a bevy of radical Jews critical of Israel's devastation of Lebanon.

☆ ☆ ☆

Dr. **ROBERT LATZER**, a Stanford University professor of physics, was found guilty of sexually molesting a young boy. He was a member of the North American Man/Boy Love Association, which is lobbying for the repeal of sodomy laws. The association is noted for organizing orgies in which dirty old men degrade pre-pubescent boys.

☆ ☆ ☆

The daughter of Leo Ryan, the congressman killed in 1978 while investigating the Guyana-based cult of **JIM JONES**, has married into the Oregon-based cult of **BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH. SHANNON RYAN** (now Ma Prem Amrita Pritam) was wed to the former **PETER WAIGHT** (now Swami Anand Subhuti), a onetime *Birmingham* (England) *Post* reporter who was sent to investigate Rajneesh.

As predicted, the 700 cultists, who are settled at the 100 square mile ranch commune called Rajneeshpuram, have taken over the government of nearby Antelope, Oregon. The new mayor, **MA PREM KARUNA**, had this to say about the worried locals: "I don't have a lot of sympathy for someone who wants to live in a stagnant place. . . . The last years of their lives will be better for being around the likes of us." As for Bhagwan, the INS will try to send him home to stagnant India. The perfect master, by the way, owns 25 gift Rolls-Royces, but has not spoken a word (even "thank you") in two years.

☆ ☆ ☆

December 30 was a happy day for **ELFIDIO G. ALFONSO**. The champagne flowed as Alfonso's Boutique -- a "class operation" with four showrooms -- opened at a beautiful new location in San Francisco. Days later, the Cuban-born Alfonso was arrested for receiving \$150,000 in stolen goods from 19 local stores, lifted for him by a highly trained Peruvian gang. The Peruvians, graduates of special shoplifting schools, have operated in Houston, Los Angeles and other American cities for at least 12 years. They wear large coats with hooks inside them, blitz through an area's stores, and sell their loot for about 20 cents on the dollar. Released on \$14,850 bail, Alfonso presumably will continue serving as a part-time "voodoo priest."

The evening before Mississippi Governor **ROSS BARNETT** secretly agreed with U.S. Attorney General **ROBERT F. KENNEDY** to let the state university campus at Oxford be federally occupied and integrated, Ole Miss played a football game in Jackson. That was September 30, 1962, and the Confederate flag-waving fans were singing the campus hit, which ended:

Never shall our emblem go
From Colonel Reb to Old Black Joe.

Twenty autumns later, Ole Miss had its first black cheerleader, **JOHN HAWKINS**, who refused to carry the school banner, the Confederate flag -- but happily hoisted blonde coeds on his shoulders. And **JAMES MEREDITH**, the original black student who caused all the fuss, asked the NAACP to file suit against the university unless it discontinued the singing of "Dixie," the use of the Rebel flag -- and the Colonel Reb emblem.

☆ ☆ ☆

A tribal council member of Washington state's Puyallup Indians, **SILAS CROSS JR.**, has been fined \$29,000 and sentenced to seven years in prison for his part in a conspiracy to loot some \$135,000 in tribal funds. Instead of apologizing to his people for betraying their trust, Cross complained that white prejudice keeps Indians from getting a fair shake.

☆ ☆ ☆

While former yippie **JERRY RUBIN** preaches his 1980s gospel of money at New York's Studio 54, another counterculture superstar gave college students the same advice he had given his son, "Get into computer crime." **HUNTER S. THOMPSON**, top writer for *Rolling Stone*, claims the "American dream" died after the "great magic time" of the 1960s. "It's all over for us," he told a University of Georgia audience. "You people are doomed."

☆ ☆ ☆

Back in 1958, when **GEORGE WALLACE** lost his first gubernatorial race, he vowed he would never be "out-niggered" again. A quarter century later he kept his vow, in a paradoxical way, because it was the black vote which returned him to the Alabama governorship. And, as Mike Sherman of the *Alabama Journal and Advertiser* reported, "those who helped bake the Wallace political pie [have been] first in line to eat it." Wallace may have broken all his promises to his own people, but he has "kept the faith with the blacks" who returned him to Montgomery. Blacks will now hold four committee chairmanships and four vice chairmanships in the state House.

Chicago Tribune columnist **STEPHEN CHAPMAN** recently did a piece on the San Diego "walkman," **EDWARD LAWSON**. Lawson is the snake-haired Rastafarian who ambles through wealthy neighborhoods at all hours and refuses to identify himself to police. It seemed at one point that Chapman was suggesting that normal-looking white people should also have freedom of the streets. "His case applies to the rest of us, too." After all, Chapman might have argued, a large area of Chicago has become *terra incognita* to frightened whites -- so why isn't the American Civil Liberties Union carrying our right to a safe jaunt up to the Supreme Court? No such luck. Chapman was actually using Lawson's case to launch a scathing attack on national identity cards. Though he conceded that most other Western countries (like Switzerland) require citizens to carry them, he claimed that their traditions of freedom were usually "much weaker" than ours.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Crib job," a black English term for robbing the elderly, was also the title of a recent episode of TV's "Quincy," starring **JACK KLUGMAN**. The story opened with an elderly white male being harassed on the street by three white youths, who for some peculiar reason used black gestures and hand-slapping. Next came an even more peculiar scene where old whites and young blacks were shown in a sort of "love-in," part of a project to bring "street youth" and the elderly together. At last came something very *unpeculiar*: a black youth was charged with killing the elderly white mentioned above. But peculiarity was soon restored: it turned out that the black youth was only trying to help the old white, a foul-tempered, cold octogenarian suffering from a degenerative brain disorder, who had been attacked and had to defend himself. At show's end, the old whites and young blacks were having another "love-in." The urban fantasy was written by **MILTON S. GELMAN**.

☆ ☆ ☆

JAMES EARL GIBBS murdered his wife in September 1971, served a few years in Southern Michigan Prison, won parole, and two years later was found guilty of stabbing a woman 21 times in a rape-robbery-kidnapping in California. Gibbs, 38, will be up for parole again before very long, but he illustrates the madness of the American system in another way as well. At San Quentin prison, Gibbs does heavy labor on the grounds crew and has been cleared by the prison doctor for work of any kind. Even so, he has just been awarded \$50,000 in workers' compensation by the state of Michigan for a (very mild) lung disease he says he contracted while working at a General Motors foundry several years ago. The California D.A. who prosecuted Gibbs says he is a "big, strong and scary guy," and adds, "I never noticed he had any difficulty breathing."



Britain. The BBC recently televised an interview with Tyler Kent, the American diplomat who was arrested on spy charges at the outbreak of World War II and accused of stealing top-secret papers from the U.S. Embassy in London. Tried and convicted *in camera*, Kent was held in a British jail for the duration of the war. He was deported to the U.S. in 1945. Since then he has led a lonely, peripatetic life in Florida, Mexico and the Southwest. Last year he resurfaced at the Institute for Historical Review's annual convention in Chicago.

In the recently aired BBC television interview, Kent, who is now living in Texas, was described as an "unrepentant spy." Only the adjective was accurate. The fact is Kent was tried under the Official Secrets Act, which is primarily aimed at silencing those who have documentary information which might prove dangerous to the British government. It is operative in peace as well as in war and carries a maximum sentence of 14 years. German spies executed by Britain during World War II were tried under an entirely different law.

When asked whether he was sorry for what he had done, Kent insisted he had been right all the time and that all the war had accomplished was the destruction and partition of Germany, Europe's traditional defense against Russia. Moreover, it had elevated the Soviet Union, which could never have earned the title by itself, to the level of a superpower and reduced the once great British Empire to a U.S. client state, which means that it is also a client state of Israel. Kent wondered out loud how the British and the BBC could continue to call such a precipitous decline and fall a victory.

As for the Jews, Kent agreed with Neville Chamberlain that they were mainly responsible for egging Britain into declaring war against Germany. Surprisingly, Kent did not dispute the interviewer's charge that he was anti-Jewish. Most people in his shoes would have tried to wriggle out of this damning accusation. But Kent believes the Jews were the intellectual founders of Bolshevism, as well as the executors of that execrable legacy. Even though Bolshevism has failed miserably in every country it has been tried, Kent asserts it still has more than a nuisance value and it still has more than its share of Jewish supporters.

According to the BBC interlocutor, Kent might have changed the course of history if the purloined papers, some of them extremely compromising messages between Roosevelt and Churchill, had fallen into the "wrong" hands. The Roosevelt-Churchill correspondence clearly showed that FDR was planning to get the U.S. into war at the very time he was campaigning for his third term and solemnly promising the American people he would keep the country out of war. If Kent had managed to bring his papers to the attention of the America First crowd

and Republican noninterventionists, Roosevelt might have had a more difficult time getting nominated in 1940 and a much more difficult time getting reelected. As it was, the British arrested and imprisoned Kent before he could make use of his cache of political dynamite. Indeed, the Brits were so fearful of his information that they kept him incommunicado for four years. The proceedings of his trial are still under lock and key, and may never be made public. Although the British government has recently declassified a number of documents dealing with the "Kent case," there are still a number of others which are considered "secret" and unavailable. "Why," Kent wants to know, "all the secrecy after 40 years?"

Nevertheless, the key facts about the Tyler Kent affair and what led up to it will eventually break out of the dark cavern of British censorship because Kent is writing his memoirs. If he can get them published -- no small feat in this truth-hating age -- they ought to make interesting reading. They will tell the story of how one man on his own tried to prevent the disaster of World War II -- one man who, despite intense pressure to recant, stuck by his guns for the rest of his life, one small voice who was absolutely right while all the big voices in America and Britain were absolutely wrong.

France. *From a French Instaurationist:* This country is now gearing up for a sort of Dreyfus Affair in reverse. Despite all the media caterwauling, Klaus Barbie, the 69-year-old Gestapo chief in Lyons in World War II, is just a dummy at the end of a string, a fall guy whose arrest is intended to get French minds off the failure of the French government to do what President Mitterrand promised he would do. It was these promises which gave Mitterrand his election victory in 1981. It is the unfulfillment of these promises, accompanied by rising unemployment, inflation and recession, which is presently losing him the support of many of his most ardent boosters. The results of the recent municipal elections in France show what the future holds. The anti-Mitterrand forces scored some important gains, which means that if national elections had been held at the same time, the Mitterrand coalition might have crumbled. At present Mitterrand is holding on to his majority in the French Assembly by a hair. If the Communists should desert him, he would have the same difficulty dealing with the Assembly as Reagan has dealing with the Democratic-controlled House of Representatives.

The anti-Mitterrand forces would probably have made greater gains in the municipal elections if it had not been for Barbie, whose abduction from Bolivia, where he had been living for 31 years, was a travesty of justice and international law. Aside from the overriding political motivation, L'Affaire Barbie

contained large elements of that good Old Testament vengeance that so warms the glands of professional Nazi hunters. France has its own Simon Wiesenthal, a creature named Serge Klarsfeld, who has devoted his life to rounding up ancient Nazis, tracking them down even on their deathbeds. Klarsfeld, who claims to have been the first to finger Barbie in Bolivia, was exultant about the French government's action and will be sure to use his considerable influence to reward Mitterrand & Co. for engineering it.

The tried and tested way to get citizens to forget their troubles and to conceal the failures of their government is for the country's leaders to entangle the nation in a foreign war. But the French electorate is too wise and too war-weary to swallow that old ploy. So the next best trick is to stage a dramatic trial in the knowledge that pouring hatred on an aging Nazi may stir enough adrenaline to permit memories of the German occupation of France to erase the more recent memories of the mismanagement of France by its Socialist officials.

At any rate, that is the Mitterrand game plan and it has been a long time brewing. Bolivia, France and West Germany had been negotiating for at least three months about Barbie before the trap was sprung. The media, of course, had been orchestrated well in advance, as proved by eyewitness accounts of Barbie's "atrocities" fed into the goggle box with split-second timing and round-the-clock scheduling. Obviously the scenario had been written months, if not years, before. The coming to power of a left-wing government in Bolivia merely started the cameras rolling.

From 100,000 to 300,000 Frenchmen were summarily executed during and after the Nazi occupation, not by Nazis, but by French Jews, Communists and other resistance fighters who wanted to do away with hated French nationalists and "fascists." This was perhaps the greatest slaughter in French history, yet very little has ever been said about it and practically nothing has been done about it. Mitterrand himself, who was a functionary of the Pétain government, might have met his end in this slaughter if he had not slyly worn two hats, a Vichy one in the daytime and a Resistance one at night.

At all events Barbie, who recently lost his wife to cancer and his son in a hang-glider crash, will be the sacrificial goat, the burnt offering to avert French eyes from the hypocrites and pseudos who will be judging and sentencing him. To prove the political nature of what is going on, just before Barbie was seized, Maurice Papon was arrested for having had a hand in the deportation of Jews. Papon was a cabinet minister in the government of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. His trial for allegedly deporting Jews to Germany 40 years ago will obviously be used to trigger new rounds of condemnation against the French right.

Barbie was arrested in Bolivia on a charge of owing the state mining company \$10,000. A government edict then ordered his expulsion, which would normally mean



he would have to leave the country by a certain date under his own power. It was not a legal extradition order that enables a government to arrest the accused and hand him over to the authorities of some other country. Nevertheless, Barbie was arrested, taken to French Guiana and then, still in handcuffs, dragged onto a French Boeing 707 and jetted to France. French Guiana, it may be recalled, was the site of Devil's Island, the prison hellhole from which Captain Dreyfus was returned to France to be exonerated of spying and eventually to be rehabilitated. There will not be any of that in Barbie's case.

Barbie, by the way, had already been twice condemned to death in absentia in French courts. There is a law in France about double jeopardy and a 30-year statute of limitations on war crimes. But in 1964 a special act of the French Parliament removed the statute of limitations for "crimes against humanity." The statute of limitations remained in force for crimes of treason committed by Communists who backed Nazi Germany against France at the time of the Russo-German Non-Aggression pact (1939-41). Nor was it abrogated for the mass killers of Vichy supporters after "Liberation." Moreover, the war criminals of France's Indo-Chinese and Algerian wars were protected by a general amnesty.

So that leaves only the enemies of the Jews liable to arrest and imprisonment without any statute of limitations or amnesty to protect them. Meanwhile, since France has banned capital punishment, there is a growing wave of sentiment to restore it for the "special case" of Barbie.

* * *

While Begin has been insulting Pope John Paul II for canonizing an anti-Semite, for hiring a "Nazi" to be a Vatican financial adviser and for uttering a few carefully chosen words on behalf of the hounded and harried Palestinians, the Holy Father, having no additional cheek to turn, sought to make amends by handing out a cardinal's hat to Jean-Marie Lustiger, the Polish-Jewish Archbishop of Paris.

Italy. "Consensus" is a strong political term. Some dictionaries give "unanimity" as its first meaning. Others give "group solidarity in sentiment" or "general agreement" as a first choice and "unanimity" second. In either case, the word signifies an exceptional state of affairs -- one diametrically opposite to the situation in contemporary America. Two 20th-century politicians who briefly achieved a backing which approached consensus from their countrymen were Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler in the 1930s. There is a reluctant but growing acceptance of this unpopular fact.

One close observer of the Hamburg scene says that, by 1938, Hitler had 95% of the

people of the formerly leftist seaport behind him. He should, this man says, have then given the intractable 5% a larger public forum, because his record gave them so little to effectively disparage. Hamburg was a huge city, but it was also almost totally German, so what kind of appeal might this obstinate minority have launched? A demand for more modern art, a lower birthrate, alien immigration, class warfare, Jewish media control, trashier streets? Quite obviously, there was -- until the tragic war began -- no conceivable way for the 5% to increase its numbers. War was an absolute necessity in any anti-Hitler plan.

The situation was similar in Italy. As the centenary of Mussolini's birth approaches, there is a constant iteration of his onetime popularity. Historians disagree about many particulars of his 20-year rule, but, according to Giorgio Bocca, there is one accepted fact: fascism was a mass movement that won almost unanimous approval in a 1929 nationwide plebiscite, and then held a "consensus" (that word again) of the Italian people for several years more. Near the end of a losing war, many Italians turned against Il Duce, yet a recent state survey found that a majority once again calls him the country's "greatest historical figure."

Mussolini, a blacksmith's son, was born, on July 29, 1883, at Predappio, south of Forli (near Ravenna). The big day is still three months away, yet the entire nation has long been caught up in "a tidal wave of nostalgia," according to *Chicago Tribune* correspondent Uli Schmetzer. Il Duce's face is seen everywhere -- on posters, magazine covers, television. People on street corners sell "I love M" buttons, and no one gives them any grief. To more than a few Italians, the dictator was "a jolly good fellow who wasn't so bad after all."

That sentiment is not hard to understand. Between 1978 and 1981 alone, about 10,000 cars in Italy were bulletproofed against kidnapers, at a cost of \$85,000 per car. The one Italian who practically destroyed the Mafia would never have allowed such anarchy. Meanwhile, more than half a million Third World aliens are illegally camped in Italy's largest cities. A people which prides itself on its whiteness, but knows that some foreign whites have challenged its racial purity, cannot long tolerate such an identity-threatening development. Old M. would have snapped his fingers and the brown immigrants would have vanished faster than Ghanians fleeing Nigeria.

Italian sociologist Franco Ferrarotti, like most of his colleagues, sees the rehabilitation of Mussolini as "a sign of maturity in this nation, which is so immature in many respects."

[A] nation . . . cannot afford the luxury of giving up an important segment of its collective memory. And whether you like it

or not, fascism is part and parcel of Italian history, and Mussolini, in a sense, was a typical representative of the Italians.

Most of the new books and TV shows on il Duce have a surprisingly benign slant. This generous attitude is also extended to his descendants, like pianist son Romano, filmmaker-writer son Vittorio, and granddaughter Alessandra. Indeed, the latter is already a leading Italian cover girl, and may soon become a top movie idol. Like any decent member of an Italian family, she affirms her granddad's virtues at every opportunity. Alessandra Mussolini's loyalty and emergence as a star makes Nazi leader Joseph Goebbels's maniacal slaying of his lovely blond children appear all the more reprehensible.

West Germany. While the Italians were coming to grips with themselves for the Mussolini centenary, the Germans remained out of touch with the past on January 30, 1983, the 50th anniversary of Hitler's accession to power.

In his seven-hour film, "Our Hitler," Hans Jurgen Syberberg had the narrator say: "Everything led to him. He was the only solution, it was no accident, no error, no violation. He was Germany and Germany was he in the twentieth century." If Syberberg is right, then West Germans are still being given an appalling picture of themselves. Nearly every large city in the Bonn Republic had a Third Reich exhibit or seminar for the Hitler anniversary, and all too typical was the one in West Berlin, described by William Drozdiak:

[The crowds] file past an array of brown uniforms and red banners emblazoned with swastikas, past huge photographs of open graves stuffed with emaciated corpses and torture victims dangling from hooks, to stop before a mesmerizing montage of the man whose twisted obsessions led to a war that consumed 50 million lives.

The anguished shouts, the thrusting arms, the hypnotic eyes seem to leap out of the frames. The spectators absorb the scenes with a mixture of awe and disgust, until they turn to leave and find themselves momentarily jarred by their own image reflected in a 12-foot gilt-edged mirror.

The Germans, according to James M. Markham of the *New York Times*, are caught in a "no-win bind." When they try to forget the past, they are accused of "burying their guilt." When they dwell on the past, "they open themselves to accusations of glorifying it" -- unless a dead Jew is shown each step of the way.

Suffering Jews have become the main staple of West German television. Between October and March alone, no less than 81 programs dealing with National Socialism were scheduled to run on state TV. Few drew attention to what the movement meant (or might have meant) to 80 million Germans. None pointed out that, a generation

later, the Germans are a lost people, their destiny seemingly in the hands of others. Most of the shows concentrated instead on the fate of a few million Jews.

Americans, too, were seriously misled on January 30. Joseph Kraft's anniversary retrospective on Hitler in the *Washington Post* posed the usual "haunting question" -- you know, the one that "echoes down the corridors of time" -- namely, "why the German people supported in such numbers such deliberate frightfulness." After all, they were (as we've heard a thousand times) "a highly civilized nation, an ornament to European culture." The question, as worded, is utterly bogus, though every student of Western civilization is now expected to spend sleepless nights agonizing over it. According to Kraft, "Lenin and Stalin and Mao claimed -- and probably believed -- they were applying strong measures in a higher cause. For them the end justified the means. With Hitler, the means justified the ends. He sported jackboots himself. . . . His avowed creed was that of the political gangster."

So long as Americans are taught such pernicious nonsense they will never form a valid picture of the world or of themselves. They will see little point in striving for a "high civilization," opting for the tawdry Hollywood kind instead. As for the brainwashed Germans, they must wonder why they should even bother reproducing -- and most of them, as the figures show, are no longer bothering.

* * *

One of the few tall, lovely German women who has recently produced as many as three children is 32-year-old Marienne Bachmeier of Lübeck, the daughter of a former SS officer. When, in 1980, a compulsive sex offender named Klaus Grabowski molested and strangled one of her little ones, Bachmeier appointed herself judge and executioner in the case. When Grabowski came to trial, she pulled a semiautomatic pistol from her clothing and shot him seven times at close range. She was immediately charged with murder for what one pundit called "the first courtroom death penalty in Germany in more than 30 years."

Bachmeier remains in prison, though most Germans are very much in sympathy with her. Under the West German system of "justice," Grabowski had never served a long sentence for his crimes and always sought out a new victim shortly after his release.

* * *

One prime quirk of West German "justice" is the longstanding unofficial policy whereby Jewish men of military age are exempted from the draft. Demographic pressures are now undermining this postwar tradition: there are no longer enough young Germans to meet the Bundeswehr's manpower needs. Consequently, a few Jews have already had problems obtaining exemptions.

Russia. Every pro- and anti-Semite on the face of the blue planet is waiting breathlessly for signs of which way, if any, the new Soviet boss, Yuri Andropov, will jump. If he is true to his alleged Jewish genes, then Russian Jews will make a comeback in the Soviet Union. More Jews will be allowed to emigrate (the earlier flood is now down to a trickle), and the Kremlin and Israel will start mending their diplomatic fences. So far very little of this scenario has taken shape, most of it still remaining a subconscious itch in the deep id of smarmy old Jewish Bolsheviks and one-dimensional anti-Semites who can't stand the thought of a nationalist Russia shucking off the shackles of Marxism, any more than they could stand the thought of the 1939 Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact, which for a dogma-shattering two years moved their best friends into the camp of their worst enemies.

Anti-Semites, however, did latch on to one Russian happening that seemed to hint at a sudden flash of Andropovian Judeophilia. A certain Sergei Semanov, a historian and leading Russian anti-Zionist, was arrested by the KGB. Because of Semanov's anti-Israel literary endeavors, world Jewry exulted. On the other hand, a prominent Jewish dissident, who had recently been permitted to emigrate to the transatlantic Promised Land, and who became a rabid anti-Soviet editor and pamphleteer almost as soon as he saw the Statue of Liberty, was gunned down in his New York apartment. Was it the long arm of the KGB, which Andropov, who should know, boasted had a long arm? *Quién sabe?* At any rate, the score may seem tied until one remembers the wire service photo of Andropov welcoming Yasser Arafat to Moscow with a warm abrazo. And then there has been the rearming of Syria, in which top-of-the-line SAMs, we are told, have been accompanied by hundreds of Russian technicians, to make sure that no more electronic tricks are played on the missiles' tracking systems by Israeli-piloted Phantoms.

In regard to a serious Russian-Jewish rapprochement, the biggest boost for such an idea came from none other than Ariel (Fatso) Sharon, Israel's mighty conquerer of Lebanon. Sharon called for a Russian-Israeli get-together, "Come, let us meet. [We] have something to talk about." Needless to say, these carefully chosen words were uttered as a warning to Reagan to lay off pressuring Israel to start behaving like a civilized nation in the Middle East.

If Sharon's wish should ever come true and Israel became buddy-buddies with the USSR, Russia's much vaunted "guardian angelship" of the Arabs, the keystone of the Kremlin's Middle Eastern diplomacy, would go by the board. A severe blow to Arabs, it would be an even severer blow to the Falwell crowd and other stiff-necked American rightists and leftists who try to justify coddling and financing Israel on the grounds it is a Western-oriented democracy and, as such, America's first line of defense against a Russian takeover of the desert oilfields.

Israel. A few months ago someone burned down the Baptist Church in downtown Jerusalem. No TV coverage of the smoking ruins. Two suspects were arrested. Their names did not appear in the press and again no TV coverage. Will the suspects ever be tried and sentenced? Who knows? Somehow blasted churches are not as newsworthy as blasted synagogues.

* * *

The four-month trial of seven Israeli soldiers accused of beating Palestinians in Hebron last spring ended on February 17. Three were acquitted, the other four convicted of following orders which were "clearly illegal, even to an infant." The seven soldiers, represented by a flamboyant Tel Aviv lawyer, had attempted to turn their case around by putting Israeli Army leaders in the position of the accused.

Attorney Yehuda Ressler introduced as defense evidence documents issued by Chief of Staff Lt. Gen. Rafael Eitan, which demanded the punishment of parents of demonstrating students, the expulsion from the country of Arabs considered troublemakers, and the "economic punishment" of entire villages known to be centers of unrest. Eitan also had said that the Arab population should be warned that "the inhabitants of Jewish settlements [in the West Bank] must carry arms and open fire when attacked."

The highest-ranking defendant, Major David Mofaz, testified that another army officer had told him that then Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon said at a meeting that his men should "rip the testicles off" Arabs caught in (unarmed) demonstrations.

Eitan's directives (and Sharon's off-the-record remarks) were not what the military tribunal ruled to be "clearly illegal." It was only the orders of some local commanders in Hebron which were condemned. Eitan's orders were declared legal because, harsh though they were, they did not include authorization to beat or humiliate Arabs. The seven soldiers stood accused of doing such things as forcing an Arab to get down on his hands and knees and bark like a dog.

* * *

The founder of modern Zionism was Theodor Herzl. His son Hans had himself baptized as a Roman Catholic, although he said he was a Quaker by conviction. In 1930, at age 39, he committed suicide.

Israel's first president was Chaim Weizmann. His son Benjamin was undistinguished and showed no interest in Jewish or public affairs. He died in obscurity on the English island of Jersey.

The late Israeli war hero Moshe Dayan has been bitterly castigated by son Ehud, in a book that is still unpublished. Ehud said Pa "cashed in" on Israel's endless wars against Middle Eastern nations and was so avaricious that he even made money out of his many illnesses. Ehud claims Pa would have been willing to sell his intestines by the yard if it would gain him a few shekels. Moshe,



Ehud reports, wrote "infantile doggerel verse" and was blackmailed by a prostitute who made several tape recordings of an intimate bedroom get-together. To those who say, "Woe unto the father whose son mourns him like that," Ehud replied, "Woe unto the son who had a father like that."

The late Yosef Sprinzak, a leader in the Israeli party, also had family problems. So moderate in his policies that in 1948 he voted against proclaiming the state of Israel, Sprinzak, a longtime speaker of the Knesset, called David Ben-Gurion an "extremist."

Sprinzak's son Yair has become one of the leaders of the fanatical Tehiya party, which chastises Begin for being soft on the Arabs!

The Burg family has gone in the opposite direction. Father Yosef is the leader of the National Religious party, and one of the Begin cabinet's staunchest hawks. Son Avraham has emerged as the spokesman for dovish youth groups which demand a withdrawal from Lebanon.

The Arens family repeats the Burg pattern. Father Moshe, new Israeli Defense Minister, is a militant who originally insisted on re-

taining the captured Sinai Peninsula. Son Yigal is an envoy of a different stripe. As a member of the anti-Zionist Matzpen movement, he has come to America to agitate against the present Israeli government.

Then there are the Ben-Aharons. Father Yitzhak was a leader of the kibbutz movement. Son Yeshayahu has left the kibbutz to explore mysticism and traditional Judaism.

The most extreme split has occurred in the Rokach family. Father Israel was long the right-wing mayor of Tel Aviv. He died before his daughter, Livia, ran off to Italy and became one of the world's most dedicated anti-Zionists.

Stirrings

Stalking the Taboo

Margaret Mead was the High Groupie of the Boasites, the egghead cult which excised biology from the study of anthropology and which probably did as much as Hitler to make race a dirty four-letter word. In fact, it could be said that Mead's so-called masterwork, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, was to the Boas corpus what St. Luke's gospel was to the New Testament.

The trouble with Mead's tract was that any intelligent, honest anthropologist could take a plane to Samoa and check her out. But for years no one dared, because just to raise a few innocent questions about Mead was to lay oneself open to a charge of racism.

Finally, one courageous anthropologist did make the leap. He is Derek Freeman, a New Zealander with a Ph.D. from Cambridge. A professor of anthropology at Australia's National University, he has just as many credentials as Mead, and a much sharper eye for the truth. Having lived in Samoa for more than six years (Mead spent nine months there in 1925-26), he found that almost everything she had written about the Samoans and their way of life was exaggerated or false. Where Mead saw free love, Freeman saw rape. Where Mead, the most fanatical cultural determinist in the history of anthropology, saw the environment as the master molder, Freeman saw genes. Whereas Mead lived with Americans and never really learned to speak Samoan, Freeman moved in with natives and became fluent in the local argot.

Freeman's book, *Margaret Mead in Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth*, is to be published this month. Advance galleys and press releases, however, have already made a big media splash. It is always news when religious figures are attacked, particularly when they've been dead for five years. But rather than discuss public relations handouts, and since *Instauration* doesn't rate advance review copies of books from publishers, we are going to withhold comment on the controversy until we actually get a copy, which we

have ordered, even though it will set us back \$20.

When we've had a chance to study Freeman's work, when we have reread Mead's once sacred text, we will examine both in the context of the nature-nurture feud, the Boas-Mead cult and Freeman's efforts to bury one of the 20th century's most dangerous, most preposterous and most idiotic propositions -- that it is not what is inside a man or woman that counts, but only what is outside.

Word to the Wise -- and Unwise

Unlike Harry Truman, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black and Senator Robert Byrd, Tom Metzger has had a difficult time resigning from the Klan. The media have never forgiven him, as his fellow Democrats and ex-Klansmen have been forgiven, for donning that white hood. In spite of the media's vendetta, however, Metzger has probably had as much experience in running for political office as any other Majority activist. In 1980, for instance, he won the nomination for Democratic congressman from his southern California district, and in 1982 he received 77,000 votes in his unsuccessful campaign to win the Democratic nomination for senator. Since then, Metzger has been busy organizing his White American Political Association and has been speechifying at various California high schools and colleges.

When a Michigan group asked for his advice on how to go about organizing the Majority Resistance that must come if the Majority -- and America -- are not to go the way of all flesh, Metzger said in part:

I support regional and local structure for the 1980s. I do not support large public gatherings where our enemies may easily catalogue each and every member. One must conform either to a cellular, unconventional system of activity or front-group activity. An effective weapon against the corrupt and treacherous establishment cannot be operated in a you-all-come manner. Those days are gone forever.

The white working people must clearly

establish, once and for all, the order of their enemies. Number one are our own renegade white political leaders We can muddle around on the fringes of the problem until hell freezes over and the renegades will still play us like a fiddle. Two-thirds or more of any national Klan-type undertaking will be composed of informers, agents, psychos, etc. I have seen the results of this type of organization and reject it. It plays directly into the hands of our enemies.

Speaking of the Klan, the FBI's own special Klan, the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, has filed for bankruptcy after the IRS hit it for \$8,650 in back taxes. This is the Klan that is headed by Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson, who keeps in dutiful touch with his FBI overseers.

Also speaking of the Klan, a North Carolina official announced on TV that 24 of the 26 Klan chapters formed in his state in the last few decades were founded with the assistance of FBI agents or informers.

Eugenics in Britain

Subscribers have asked *Instauration* if there is any such thing as a Eugenics Society in the English-speaking world. The answer is yes. The Eugenics Society, 69 Eccleston Square, London SW1V 1PJ, England, is alive and thriving. It publishes a monthly bulletin of some 30 pages with original articles on genetics, human and animal behavior and brain research, as well as capsule reviews of the latest books and magazine articles relevant to the Society's principal interest. Subscription to the *Bulletin* is £1 per annum.

Gold-plated Crutch

A few black leaders still retain a vestigial sense of responsibility, and the *New York Times* occasionally lets them speak, although it prefers the irresponsible breed. Thus, William J. Haskins argued recently, "Discrimination is a crutch we [blacks] must throw away." He called for "a reaffirmation of free will among black youth" that would "wean young blacks off self-pity." Haskins himself is a director of the National Urban League, which received \$110 million in federal funds during 1980, according to *Conservative Digest*. But at least his heart's in the right place.