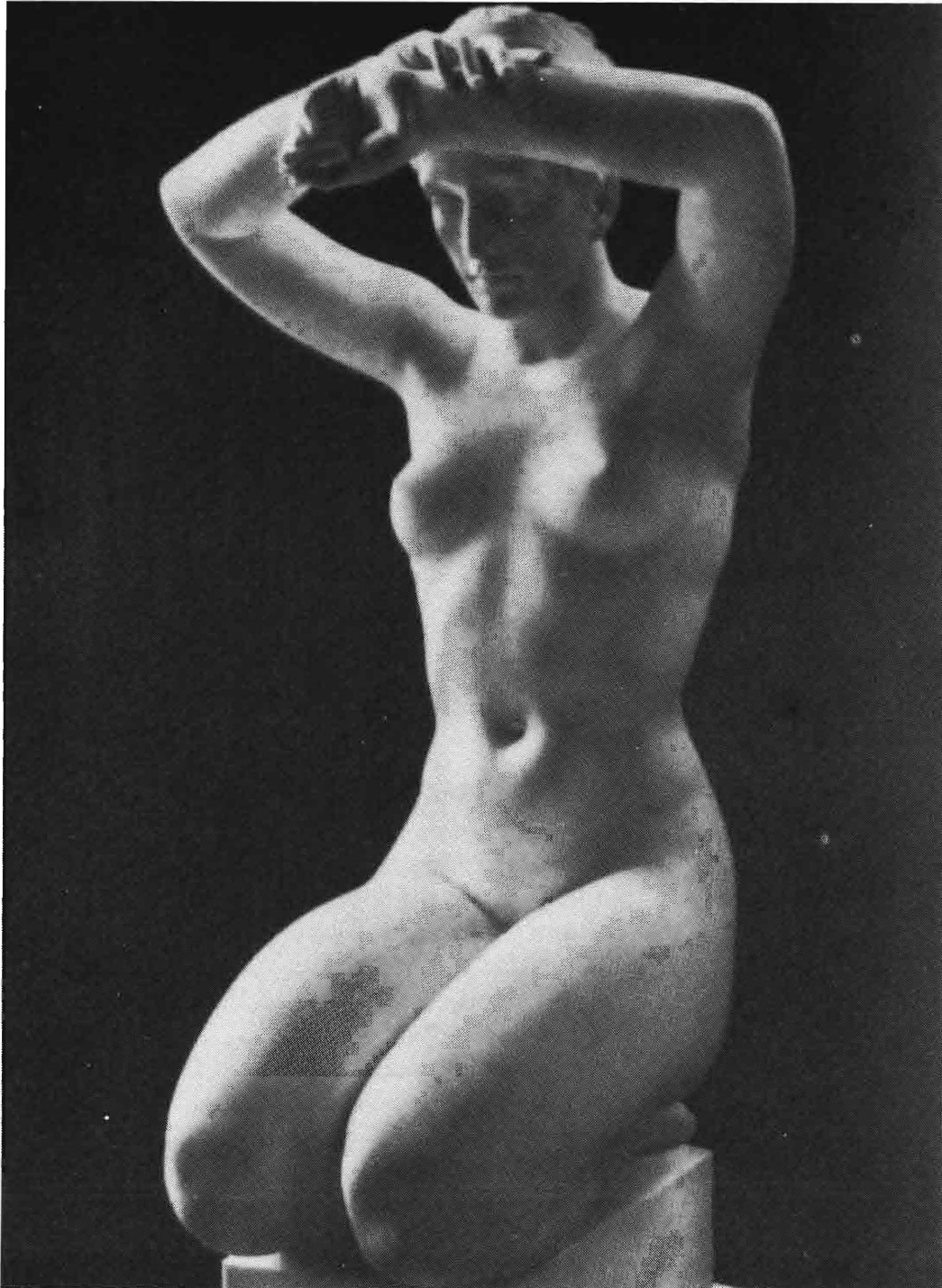


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Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL 8. NO. 9

AUGUST 1983



Kneeling Girl by Arno Breker

ARNO BREKER AND THE DILEMMA OF MODERN ART

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

In a way oddly reminiscent of E.T., the film Gandhi presented as its central protagonist a figure who is also the virtual antithesis of the Nordic hero, not only physically, but psychologically, philosophically and morally.

962

It would be much more useful to subscribers if *Instauration* would cite "non-controversial" sources. I have found again and again that when I quote a "neutral" source even the most hostile interlocutors are reduced to accepting the data as representing at least part of the truth.

British subscriber

I was delighted with John Nobull's piece about Roy Campbell, and the comparison twixt him and Hemingway. A friend who drooled over Papa's writings couldn't believe that he had a left-wing syncope. You can imagine my satisfaction in finding out that he supported the "Loyalists" in the Spanish mess and actually wrote for Pravda. I also liked the "ponderable quote" from the Daniel Martin novel by John Fowles -- the comparison between today's film industry and a neon-lit cat house. It reminded me of a guy who got up to speak at a dinner honoring an exec who'd just been canned. "Being fired from this studio is no particular dishonor," he said. "It's a little like a man who gets beaten up in a bordello. No decent man would be found dead in either one of 'em."

200

The music which almost everyone my age (24) listens to is absolutely atrocious. Whether recycled black speer-itch-you-alls or inexplicable grunts, groans, moaning and wailing (the wailing wall?), it's all noise pollution.

920

The white renegade 10% put Chicago Mayor Washington over the top in a close race. The renegade tenth undoubtedly included the usual suspects -- well-to-do Jews, deracinated white liberal-leftists, self-haters and know-nothing academics. Re this last faction, I was hardly surprised to hear that the only white group to vote overwhelmingly for Washington was -- you guessed it -- Ph.D.s! Nowhere is the liberal-minority rot more deeply rooted than in the groves of academe. Let the 10% figure remind us that, in a very real sense, our greatest enemies will come from our own ranks and the "fifth column" of the Chosen. But let us look with some satisfaction on that 90% white bloc vote. In spite of all the years of propaganda, all the "Rootses," all the gushings over St. Martin, all the blacks in TV commercials, all the nauseating appeals to brotherhood, all the fear and loathing directed towards any sign of a white reaction, the great majority of whites felt strongly enough about those long-suppressed and thoroughly reviled stirrings of racial solidarity to break their usual party affiliation and to vote their racial affiliation. (O.K., Cholly, -- I know Epton is Jewish!) Whatever else the vote meant, it proved the raw material is still there for a white rebound.

605

One good sign -- the exposure of the Franz Boas doctrine by the Derek Freeman book about the smug Mead "uplift" of the Samoan myth. Boas, Myrdal and Warren -- the trio of tripe -- stand in the way of history, which I like to regard as a message, not just a record of deeds.

303

Now that so many educational institutions are starting courses on Holocaust studies -- really courses in philo-Semitism -- how about an educated balance? I'd be quite willing to offer myself as a candidate for America's first Ph.D. in anti-Semitism.

701

De facto bigamy might solve the problem for our women. How the burden of raising children would be lifted if half the wives could stay at home! Day care centers would fade from existence, and those women who have a genuine yearning for a career could fulfill themselves, while bringing home that extra paycheck. Most ordinary and many quite above average women are faced with two choices: (1) Marry a jerk, if he's willing, and face a likely prospect of divorce in the future, or (2) Prolonged celibacy and frigidity. The latter is a certainty for women with integrity and idealism. Buying a sizable house with a basement is almost prohibitive without two paychecks. A house in the suburbs or small town is infinitely preferable to an apartment in a big, noisy, dirty city. What normal woman doesn't want a home? Only the bitter divorcees. I really don't think a lot of single men want the responsibility of raising children or supporting them. A lot of young, single men just want to be playboys. Those single men who feel left out have only themselves to blame. If they really wanted to marry, they could find a partner. I don't really believe that men have fragile egos or that they are afraid of women. Who wants a lazy Mama's boy, anyway? These delayed adolescents will have to grow up. If they are that brain-washed, chances are they are liberals, and so were their parents. If they are winnowed out, it is to the good of all. If we didn't have so many wishy-washy whites, we wouldn't have so much minority racism.

802

One of our toughest problems is what to call our race. I understand the editor's rationale for settling on "Majority," but I don't think it'll do for the long haul. Not sexy enough. "Indo-European" is far too cumbersome. "Aryan" is nice -- really nice -- but probably carries too much baggage from World War II. "Nordic" is too exclusive. In the end, we may have to go with "White," though you'll have to make it clear that this is a racial designation, not a description of skin color.

100

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□ Every gathering of more than two people protesting nuclear arms is conscientiously reported by the news media. Every precocious 11-year-old who has had dreams about the Bomb is doted on by blow-dried Phil Donahue types. "The freeze" is one of those noble causes given Grade A endorsement by the mediocrats, right up there with sodomy and miscegenation. Basically, it's just a slick new repackaging of the old unilateral disarmament scheme brought to you by those eager to accelerate the suicide of the West. Yet the Instaurationist should never forget the racial angle. We must oppose any suicidal confrontation of Teuton and Slav that would shatter the white race forever. In spite of the doomsday scenarios painted by the trimly bearded, wire-framed-glassed Jonathan Schells, one strongly suspects that the day after doomsday a tribe will crawl out of a Central African cave to, quite literally, inherit the earth.

908

□ The "E.T. Go Home" item in Cultural Catacombs (March 1983) struck home with me. "Instead of a crummy little worm come down from heaven or outer space . . . why not a visit from a lovely Nordic Princess?" Believe it or not, in the early 1960s I wrote just such a script about a lush Venusian princess who comes down to earth in a spaceship to seduce a science fiction writer. When he asks, "Why all the affection?," she replies, "For breeding purposes!" My script was sent to an agent and the rest was silence. Not too long afterward the TV production, My Favorite Martian, hit the tube, along with another show about a female robot from outer space. The astrogal in the latter kept saying, "That doesn't compute." My words, exactly, and also my story line. It seems my script was parlayed into two TV productions, thanks to some betraying ten percent. As the impresario in the movie The Red Shoes said, placating the young composer whose music had been stolen, "Look at it this way. It's better to be stolen from than to have to steal." I suppose it's some consolation to know your stuff is good (bad) enough to play on network TV. But it doesn't put any shekels in your money market account.

103

□ Once Britain was in India. Now India is in Britain. Once France was in Algeria. Now Algeria is in France. We're now "in El Salvador." El Salvador (half a million strong) is in us. Once we were in Vietnam. Now Vietnam (by the hundreds of thousands) is in us.

223

□ I took the civil service exam for clerk-typist this week. Nearly all the others were blacks or browns (mostly blacks). Some were non-citizens. Some couldn't even type. There were three blonde females in the room. The youngest and prettiest of the trio received more attention from the black administrator than any of the two dozen or so Negresses. After the test I went to the men's room. I was informed by a young black male, "there's a lady in there." Apparently our future typists don't have to be literate.

114

□ I disagree with Zip 234 about making Instauration smaller. I like Zip 400's idea better -- make each issue 100 pages.

076

□ Italians don't suffer from Third World invasions. Even the tourists are nearly all Northern Europeans. The occasional African is to be seen only in Rome or Milan, not in the smaller communities. I once took the train from Toulon to Gaeta. In my six-person sleeping compartment was a Moroccan student. Both the French and Italian customs officials gave this young man a very hard time. Some Europeans still have some racial horse sense. I saw it in their faces whenever they observed the Negro sailors stationed on my ship, complete with the usual flamboyant wardrobe, oversized radio with the volume turned all the way up. (But not when the Italian police were around -- they enforce their laws against disturbing the peace over there.) I did run into one woman who insisted on saying things like, "The Negroes are the real Americans." I didn't bother arguing with her. She's probably right. Just a little ahead of her time.

933

□ A hopeful sign is the appearance of isolated communities established to preserve Nordicism. This is analogous to medieval monks in fortified monasteries holding aloft the flickering light of learning.

774

□ From every angle the white race comes out a loser in racial intermarriage. Since the offspring of a white and nonwhite is a nonwhite, we don't suffer a "50% loss" in this equation: we suffer a 100% loss. The mulatto in America is always an addition to the American black community and a subtraction from the American white community.

441

□ Instauration has mentioned that white women have been kidnapped in broad daylight from bus stations and the parking lots of shopping malls. Well, here in Miami a white woman and her four-year-old baby girl were abducted while leaving the Orange Bowl. They were later dumped, much the worse for wear, outside a Miami radio station. The race of the kidnapper was not revealed, nor what he did to his two victims.

331

□ In April, after they had exhausted their legal appeals, five Mafia members in California were ordered to report to prison to begin serving sentences for racketeering convictions. U.S. District Judge Terry J. Hatter allowed the defendants "time to get their affairs in order" before beginning their sentences in June -- two months away! Compare this treatment with that given tax protestor Gordon Kahl.

959

□ It's Christian to forgive and even forget a wrong. But is it kosher?

902

□ Did anybody notice the conspicuous deaf and dumbness of that "fearless" and "outspoken" Ralph Nader while Israeli boats, jets and planes laid his ancestral homeland to waste last summer, butchering tens of thousands of his ethnic kindfolk in the process?

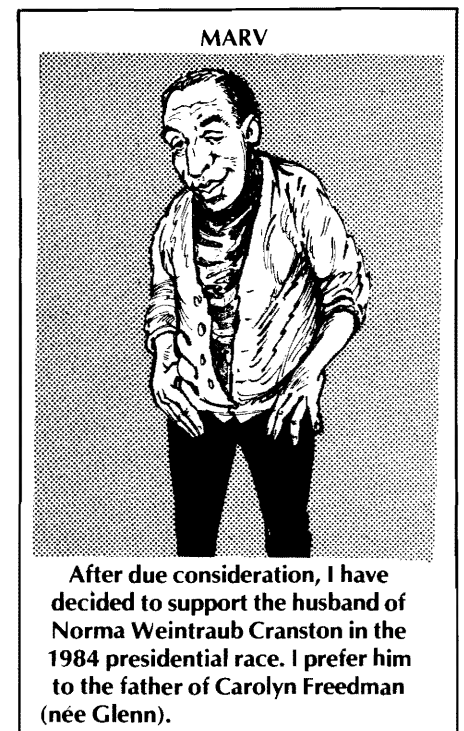
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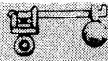
□ My political coming-to-consciousness took place as a teenager during the mid-sixties -- the heyday of civil rights, anti-Vietnamism, race riots and the generation gap. A perceptive teenager could sniff out the deeper currents and hatred embedded in those campaigns, even if he could not quite satisfactorily explain to himself exactly what was going on. Unfortunately, I became enmeshed in the standard conservative line and its piecemeal response to this attack, a reaction which I sensed would always be on the defensive, for conservatism remains committed to responding individually, collectively and situationally to the "organic whole" of the left-liberals. This is a road to nowhere that more than one of us has been down. To make a long story short, I was lucky enough to come across an ad for The Dispossessed Majority in Soldier of Fortune. I sensed immediately that it was what I had been looking for. I was not disappointed. Last year I subscribed to Instauration, ordering every available back issue. I have read them all, while experiencing that special thrill of feeling "no longer alone." Here was an ideology with which I was in unshakable accord. Instauration has raised a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. I honestly don't know how I could have faced the vicious shock of my sister's interracial marriage without the knowledge that out there were others like myself. For me your journal has an importance far beyond the editor's fond imaginings. It helped me to convert an event that once would have meant only the most profound demoralization into an equally profound commitment to Majority goals.

121

□ Five years ago the Fawcett Company paid \$2,250,000 for the right to reprint as a paperback Linda Goodman's Love Signs, a work which tells Americans when the stars are most favorable for bed-play. When will financially strapped Instauration learn how to titillate the common man?

287





□ In "Izzy's Attic Salt" (Instauration, June 1983), you might have given I.F. Stone's real moniker, Isador Feinstein. You might have also mentioned that scholar Izzy graduated 49th in his high-school class of 52 and was a University of Pennsylvania dropout. He is not only an ex-Stalinist, but before he put in a "few words" for Palestinians, he was a raging Zionist. As for his understanding of history, Izzy believes that the U.S. conspired with South Korea to start the Korean War.

032

□ Anyone who has watched F. Lee Bailey's TV show, "Lie Detector," should be aware of the potential of the polygraph as a force for political progress. All elected and appointed government officials in decision-making positions should be required by law to take periodic polygraph tests. All candidates for these positions should be tested before election or appointment and those already holding office should be tested as soon as possible. The corruption which exists at all levels of government threatens to collapse the entire system and can no longer be tolerated. While the polygraph is not infallible, its use would result in a vast improvement of our corrupt government and the greatest revolution in the character of government in the last 5,000 years. Truth and honesty are our only hope, and the polygraph is a current technology which can make that hope a reality.

921



□ Any Majority member who has walked through a crowd of black bucks pouring through a densely packed shelf of "skin books," featuring page after page of unclad white women, must have pondered the long-term implications. The blonde, blue-eyed woman is the ultimate visual display, not just for a pimp like Hugh Hefner, but for pornography as a whole. Those who would deny this only delude themselves. In a recent "Nightline" program, a black prisoner told of taping a Playboy centerfold to the back of a white man being gang-raped.

121

□ If a Majority state is carved out of and founded upon the rubble of the multiracial sewer that goes by the name of the United States, might I suggest that the state date its beginnings from December 1975, when the first issue of Instauration was published?

472

□ Instauration has mentioned frequently its disgust with pornography and the minority merchants thereof. How about a Southern woman's viewpoint on the subject? I declare that the Chosen and other minorities have control of and dominate the pornography business. But I also declare they couldn't stay in business very long without all those "blue-eyed blondes" who, after all, are hardly forced to pose for such degrading pictures. Instauration may be flogging the wrong cat.

221

□ At no time did I feel more schizophrenic as I did when I read John Nobull's column on Australia (Feb. 1983). In it, he spoke critically of Slavic immigration into Australia. My Anglo-Saxon half thundered agreement, while my Slavic half wished for the noble Nobull to stop and reconsider. Why sound off on this when the hooves of the limitless Asian hordes bang against the Aussie gate? Please, Nobull! One of your biggest fans is half Saxon and half Slav.

110

□ I don't think it's fair to say that there isn't a dime's worth of difference between a Republican and a Democrat. The G.O.P. is far more detrimental to our long-term interests. Aside from obvious reasons (the delusion that we won, we're in power), Supreme Court Justices Warren, Brennan, Blackmun, Powell and Stevens were all G.O.P. appointees. It was a G.O.P. president who forced Southern schools to integrate and, of course, the G.O.P. was the original party of civil rights and Negroes. Since Republicans have never been able to curb the inexorable long march of liberalism, what have they ever done of any consequence for the Majority?

666

□ I overheard a middle-aged, blue-eyed, red-haired Majority type counseling a young Hindu girl about job hunting. He told her to scream discrimination any time she didn't get the job she applied for. This is what our older generation is doing for us young folk. "Thanks a lot, old man," is what I felt like saying to him.

448

□ I myself have dark hair and dark eyes, but I'm the most fanatical "blondist" in my family, even more so than my red- and fair-haired sisters. We must never lose sight of what we are really striving for, not only the preservation of the highest of the species, but their advancement. I should be extremely content to see a world of people very much superior to me and all my ancestors. Isn't that what evolution is all about? This is not altruism or unselfishness; it's a recognition of reality, of truth (which Keats knew was inseparable from beauty). Why can't everybody recognize this truth? Because reality is just too unbearable for most small minds, for the man who's 5' 4" and resents anybody who's taller, for the person of average intelligence who resents anyone who's smarter. But the greatest resentment in this dark age is the resentment of beauty. U.S. News and World Report ran an article lamenting that "good-looking" people finish ahead of ordinary-looking people. Even if it were true (it isn't, look at the faces of the new breed of moneygrubbers), why resent it? The point is, there's definitely a campaign underway to undermine our ageless ideals of beauty. We'll probably soon be hearing about an Ugly Liberation Movement. A local magazine has run a cover story on the ugly heroes on prime-time TV -- Cannon, Kojak, etc. I've even seen a little cartoon-style book, Fat is Beautiful. Churchill was "large," not fat. Hitler was "skinny." "Churchill won the war."

072

□ The racial threat to the West is the most important fact of world history in this era, bar none. The threat of nuclear war has not materialized; the threat of Western racial destruction grows more ominous with each passing day. The white race cannot and will not rise to meet this awesome challenge as long as the Holocaust monkey remains on our backs. Whether purposefully or not, it is used to weaken the morale of Western man at a crucial time. The Holocaust grinds most fearfully on the minds of the declining population of one of the great nations of the West -- Germany. It is unquestionably a contributing factor in the demographic suicide of the German people. If, as is currently projected, the population of West Germany declines to about half the current 61 million in the next century, then the Holocaust will, in the long run, have helped to kill far more Germans than it allegedly killed Jews. For Western man at this stage in his history there is no more important task of historical investigation and effort than an impartial, objective and exhaustive examination of this question. If the verdict substantiates Jewish claims, the West must still confront the issue of whether its own decline and deterioration is an appropriate punishment. If Jewish claims are not substantiated, then the cause of those of us who seek to preserve the people and the civilization of the West from extinction, will receive an impetus of almost limitless significance and power.

411

□ Re the conservation article (Instauration, May 1983), I care little about conservation of wildlife. But I do care greatly about classical music. I'll make a deal. I will fight for the only race that will preserve wildlife if the nature lovers will fight for the only race that can make great music.

200

□ "To Save the Male Ego, Women Must Forbear" (Instauration, April 1983) is sophomoric stuff. One would think none of us had ever read D.H. Lawrence. All this talk about sexual functioning. What is missing and the root cause of the gathering mess between men and women is the absence of love. The American female is infamous all over the world as greedy, grasping, "me first," the boss. She is monstrous. A real chimera. What has happened to the men? They had American mothers, that's what. Reread Philip Wylie's *A Generation of Vipers*, especially the chapter on "Mom." In the education process one is bullied into sports and the money-making machine. There is no space for love, beauty or sensitivity. The brute is exalted. Greed is exalted. The girls get on the pill and sleep around. The American woman is hard psychologically. With all the money she spends on beauty aids she cannot make up for this harshness. Look at the "girls" in their fifties as they travel around. These white-haired tizzies are appalling. Psychologically the nineteen-year-old editions are identical. The American woman is a subject which has been given a great deal of attention for a long time. It is important that Instauration cross swords with this subject. Minorityites make our women's clothes and cosmetics as well as guide their thinking. Read *Glamour* magazine, which advises our emerging young women of, say 14 or 15 years, on what to do about their boyfriends' premature ejaculations. I couldn't find one word about loving and caring. It's all vile and deadly destructive. According to Hinduism this is the age of Kali, a goddess committing hara-kiri. Here in the benighted states we have the female in all her triumphant stupefaction while the race, as if transfixed, does nothing to save itself from obliteration.

937

□ I live near a city that's rapidly approaching 20% black. A new hotel just opened up as part of a downtown "revitalization" scheme. Soon after, blacks started screaming about "underrepresentation" in employment. They wanted 20% of the jobs, and 20% is what they got as soon as the craven owners caved in. The problem here is that people from the entire metropolitan area -- anybody within an hour's drive -- might well be interested in employment at that hotel. Within that radius, it's doubtful that the population is more than 2% or 3% black. The upshot is that in many such situations, blacks are being substantially overhired.

118

□ They used to say (in places like *Reader's Digest*) that "laughter is the best medicine." Then, to confound us, some crank came along and said that laughter is bad for the heart. I don't know about that, but forced laughter (the rule, not the exception in today's "humor industry") is bad for the soul.

077

□ I see where ABC-TV is now experimenting with simulcasting some of its shows over the radio in Spanish. Thus our Hispanic population can turn on the TV, turn down the sound, turn up the radio and watch TV with all the comfort of never leaving Mexico. This, of course, takes away the greatest incentive many of them have to learn English, as well as one of the best teaching tools.

287

□ Remember the scene in *South Africa* in which Gandhi and his white minister friend are walking along the sidewalk when confronted by several Afrikaner toughs, who are blocking the way? They want Gandhi off the sidewalk. It's readily apparent what's being done in this sequence: the contemporary view of Afrikaners as world pariahs is reinforced; the brutality, ignorance and racism of white people in general is suggested (the exception is that of the renegade minister). The scene was virtually a photographic negative of the reality of crime and intimidation in urban areas of the West with large nonwhite populations. Nearly every white in or near a large urban area in the U.S. lives with a secret dread of exactly the opposite -- confrontation with a large gang of feral nonwhite youths on our contemporary city sidewalks. This ever-present fear has sunk deeply into the mind of white America. That scene in *Gandhi* stands that scenario on its head.

557

□ I recently completed a graduate course in modern American history, taught by a professor with a national reputation at a large northwestern university. This gentleman has a long list of honors, has published a shelf of well-received books, and received periodic reviewing assignments in leading academic publications. In short, the whole shebang of a successful career in contemporary American academia. Although I would not classify him (nor does he classify himself) as the usual sort of Schlesingeresque left-liberal, he attaches himself to most of the house orthodoxies. McCarthyism was bad, civil rights is good, and so on. Not much unusual here, I know. But something did go on in his class that should be of particular interest to Instaurationists. Several times during the course of the semester when he discussed civil rights and the Negro situation, he "summed up" his fawning lectures with a sort of grimacing reference to the inevitability of a physical amalgamation of the races at some time in the American future. His common phrase: "We'll all be a deeper shade of tan." After one class I confronted the Prof with a sort of low-keyed Instaurationist pitch. He gave a grudging acknowledgment to some of my points and admitted he was wrong to have been so "casual" in his presentation of the weighty issue of racial amalgamation. Yet he confessed that he saw little alternative to our eventual mulattofication and mestizofication, since to prevent it would require "a sort of South African police state." Ah, yes! That familiar leper state of South Africa! Far better we should witness the complete and final destruction of the U.S. than to adopt a single measure that might smack of apartheid.

762

□ Instauration's emphasis on Stephen Spielberg in recent issues prompts me to note an article that appeared in the June 25, 1983, issue of *TV Guide*. In describing how Hollywood hopefuls will do just about anything to break into the business, the article told of the young Spielberg, fresh out of film school, who would sneak onto the Universal studio lot every day and try to strong-arm anyone around to watch a film he had just made. He finally got in touch with the vice-president in charge of talent, who took a look at the film and hired Spielberg. The vice-president's name? Sidney Sheinberg.

302

□ Young Majority members who would like to become successful actors/actresses need to know how to get a foot in the Hollywood door. According to writer Alvin T. Guthertz, "Young talents can get their chance in motion pictures by acting in X-rated films." One porn star, Marc Stevens, says he's found the industry "attracts the sleazoid defectives from every dark corner in America. The instant they're set free from the asylum they grab a camera, a pair of starstruck gullibles and a phone to set up a printing and distributing deal with an equally pig-like distributor." While the pornlords are certainly piggish primates, "the talent they attracted was not perverted, or weird." So why do these jungvolk do it? To gain "that necessary film experience." Another reason may be found in what a critic said about one of the very worst X-rated films, in which Tab Hunter made an appearance, "Someone must have something on him." In the juvenile film, *The Outsiders*, for some obscure reason it was necessary to photograph the teen stars nude. Then these stills were killed (not destroyed, just not used). Now if the makers of the film don't need them, who does?

614

□ Phil Crane's brother couldn't win a seat in Congress in Indiana, so he goes to Illinois. Jim Buckley couldn't get reelected in New York (he should have considered that a compliment and retired from public life), so he turns up in his home state of Connecticut four years later and unsuccessfully runs for a seat. Robert Kennedy, instead of campaigning for the Senate in Massachusetts, ran in New York. Gore Vidal, long before he made his ridiculous pitch for votes in California, ran for the Hamilton Fish congressional seat (Duchess County) in New York. The Rockefellers, of course, have run everywhere. How much more evidence do we need to show that such men are utterly rootless and are the least qualified of all to represent those whom they are elected to represent?

556

□ I think it would be a worthy project for Instaurationists with an interest in history to compile a list of Jewish wars, including casualty figures in such wars for non-Jewish military and civilians. Wouldn't the millions of non-Jewish dead balance the six million figure?

293

□ Instaurationists should not rock the boat; they should sink the bloody thing!

823

□ A man like Ben Kingsley, who is a first-rate actor on the British stage, ever so subtly contributes to the belief that there is nothing wrong or dangerous about the increasing hybridization of the white race. After all, Kingsley's half-Indian and he's done a great job in Shakespearean roles. I would like to remind Kingsley lovers that the civilization of the West has a biological foundation; it depends upon the continued existence of the people of the West. The reasonably educated fellow in Britain who sees or reads about Kingsley has had his ideological opposition to racially assimilating with his country's growing Indo-Pakistani population undermined just a little bit, even if he doesn't realize it.

400

ARNO BREKER AND THE DILEMMA OF MODERN ART

The modern art movement, which emits an odor that ascends to high heaven, puts the Majority artist in a bind. By and large the painters and sculptors are phonies. They prostitute their art to the demands of phony critics. They allow their work to be peddled by phony agents and gallery owners. And all the while, hidden in some trailer or garret in Peoria, Dundee, Perth, St. John's, Caen, Vigo, Verona, Bergen, Augsburg, Novgorod, Port Elizabeth -- never in the megalopolises -- are Majority artists of talent who are locked out of producing art for an appreciative audience of their own people. Because their paintings and sculptures are not "modern," the critics won't look at them and the galleries won't accept them. They and their art remain unknown and un lamented. They have no more chance in the modern art world than an honest wrestler has in today's grunt-and-groan circuit.

But there are deeper problems than the death grip on Western art imposed by an alien monopoly whose leading members were forbidden by their religion for nearly 3,000 years to have anything to do with graven images. We refer to technology, which has had about the same effect on artists as the atom bomb had on Hiroshima. The invention of photography, particularly color photography, practically knocked the props from under painting. Until the arrival of film, there was not just a spiritual hunger for painting; there was a tangible need for it. It was -- with sculpture -- the only means of preserving images of men and nature. When the tangible need vanished with the flick of a million shutters, the intangible demand remained. To satisfy it the school of impressionists came into being.

All art, of course, has always boiled down to the artist's impression of his subject. But until the latter half of the 19th century, almost all the high art of the West had been presented in a naturalistic frame -- a tree had to look like a tree, a house had to look like a house, a man had to look human. The impressionists -- led primarily by Monet, the greatest of them -- were the first artists to break through this artistic roadblock, which had already been undermined by 19th-century technology. Monet's water no longer really looked like water. It was simply his imaginative "impression" of water. It took a few long shudders for people to accept Monet, but once the blinders of tradition had fallen from their eyes, they knew they were in the presence of high art. As is so often the case when a genius is at the controls, the apparent often looked more beautiful, more intriguing and even more real than the real.

All the great impressionists were master painters who knew their craft as well as Rubens or Raphael. Had it not been for the camera, they might have spent their lives turning out anachronistic myriads of professional, second-rate "classical" paintings.

But once there is a breach in a cultural wall, it becomes easy for anyone to enter, including the enemies of culture. As modern art became a commercial racket, the pressure on artists -- and non-artists and anti-artists -- to widen the breach was

irresistible. Picasso, who could paint or draw anything, concentrated on the ugly, the deformed, the perverted, the political and the sub-Saharan -- and was rewarded with carloads of dollars, francs, pounds and marks. His works were eagerly bought up by all the world's museums, though in a civilized world they would belong in a museum of horrors. Less talented or talentless artists, scenting easy fame and money, followed down the Picasso trail until what went under the name of modern art could scarcely be distinguished from what went under the name of trash. Finally the point was reached where "artists" no longer had to know anything about drawing, design, perspective or mixing paint. All they had to do was squirt and splash.

This is the state in which Western painting finds itself today, with the fewest of exceptions, such as Andrew Wyeth, who somehow managed to get Hollywood film mogul Joseph Levine to promote his quiet, slice-of-life rural scenes. But what about Western sculpture? There is a slight difference here because technology has not yet come up with the machine or gadget to do away with three-dimensional stone or metal as the camera did away with two-dimensional canvas. Nevertheless, on a slower timetable, sculpture has followed the bottom-trending fate of painting. Rodin and Maillol, though they adhered to the basic standards of classical sculpture, flirted with impressionism, not so much in their subjects, but in their larger-than-life, intenser-than-life or more contorted-than-life works. Today, however, the vogue is the 5th millennium B.C. perforated blocks that Henry Moore informs us are "Reclining Women" or the matchstick monstrosities of Alberto Giacometti.

Meanwhile, the Majority sculptor with some sense of taste and proportion is consigned to the same isolation ward occupied by the Majority painter. He can either grind out non-art or he can get a job at McDonald's. Just as a very few painters survive on portraits (the only form of painting that still requires a measure of craftsmanship), a very few sculptors can eke out a living by doing busts or statues of prominent public figures (the only sculpture that still requires craftsmanship).

Totalitarian Art

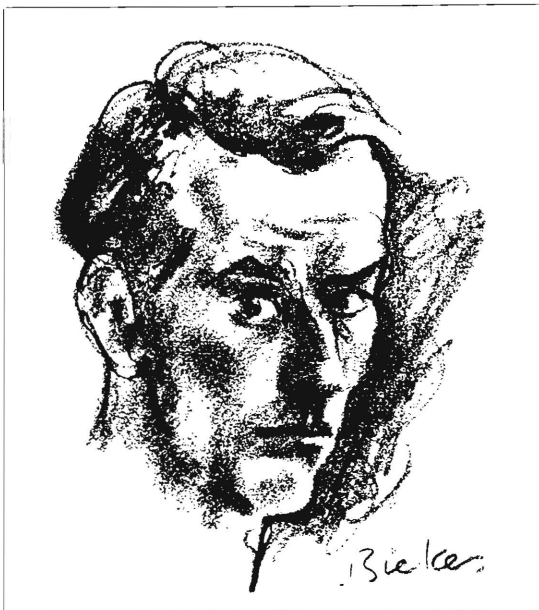
Franco, Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin chased the art pseudos out of their respective realms and freed their Majority painters and sculptors from their artistic gulags. But none of these dictators was able to solve the principal problem besetting modern art. By the time of the invention of the camera, painting had long reached a peak of technical perfection which could not be surpassed. In other words, whether the camera had come along or not, classical painting was just about through. What could any painter do after Leonardo, Michelangelo and Titian? Even more depressing, since a few of the incredibly beautiful Greek statues had survived (whereas all the great Greek paintings had disappeared), how could any sculptor top Praxiteles?

This is a question which has haunted serious sculptors since

the death of Greece. The obvious solution, which only succeeded up to a point, was to concentrate on different subjects, put them in different settings, use different materials or work different textures into old materials.

Sculpture flourishes best in an heroic age, when there are plenty of great men and plenty of great events to memorialize in stone or bronze. This is one good reason why modern sculpture has lagged behind modern painting. Where are today's heroes? The one authentic hero -- Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon -- hides out in the engineering department of a midwestern university, while politicians tout the glories of a black motel Lothario. In dictatorships, which specialize in cults of personality, sculptors are kept busy. Huge statues of Stalin dot or dotted the Soviet homeland and its conquered or subverted satellites. Mussolini fancied himself a reincarnation of Caesar and tried to prove it by commissioning almost as many statues and arches as his much more distinguished predecessor. Hitler rewarded and subsidized the likes of Arno Breker.

As with almost anyone or anything associated with Nazism, Arno Breker experienced years of glory and decades of infamy. He was probably the most acclaimed sculptor of the Third Reich and his glistening white statues bobbed up almost everywhere. During the German occupation he had a highly successful one-man show in Paris. In the *Götterdämmerung* American G.I.s broke into his several ateliers and destroyed about 90% of what they could find.



Breker self-portrait (1918)

Stifled by the negative requirements of modern art, which in its own way is as totalitarian as the art in Nazi and Communist states, liberated by Hitler and elevated to the artistic heights, then liberated back into obscurity by the Allies in post-World War II years, Breker never stopped shaping stone, though as the illustrated part of this article proves, he all too often shaped his work to the times. Rather than comment on his output, we offer photographs (see following two pages) of some of his more noted works so our readers can decide for themselves. We are not like Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg and Leo Steinberg, who slyly tell us what to look for in art and therefore, not so slyly, dictate to the artist how to fabricate his art.

It took Breker some time to break out of his de-Nazification shell. Forbidden for years to take part in any large Western



Breker at work on a bust of Winifred Wagner

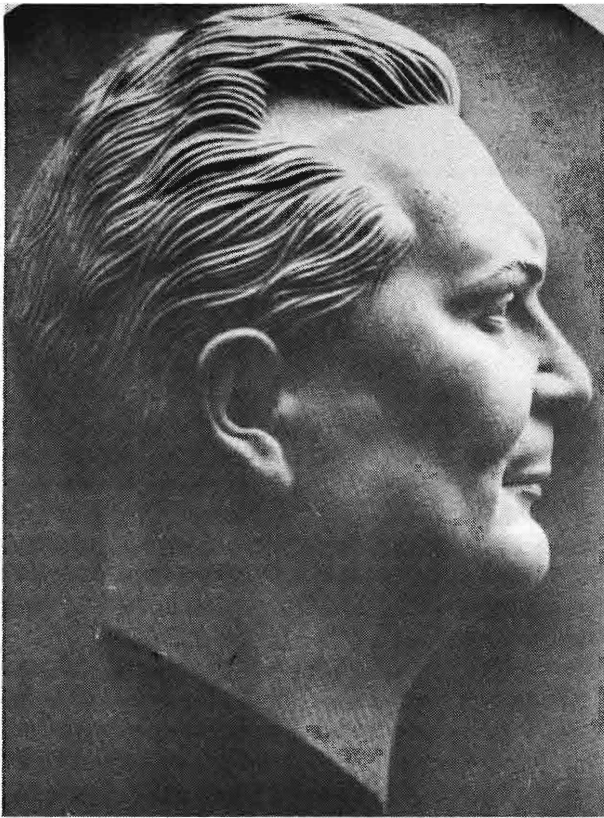
exhibition, he has shown his post-Hitlerian work in some underpublicized, one-man exhibits in Western Europe and the United States. The amazing thing is that Breker is still alive and still wielding his mallet and chisel in 1983, his 80th year.

As can be seen from the illustrations, Breker, compared to the typical "modern" sculptor of the 1980s, is a genius of the first water. But some qualifications are in order. His "nonclassical" work is above average, but nothing extraordinary. His classical statuary is as pure -- and cold -- as his stone is white. As a matter of fact, his purity of line and execution is such that many of his works would have been right at home on the Acropolis of 425 B.C.

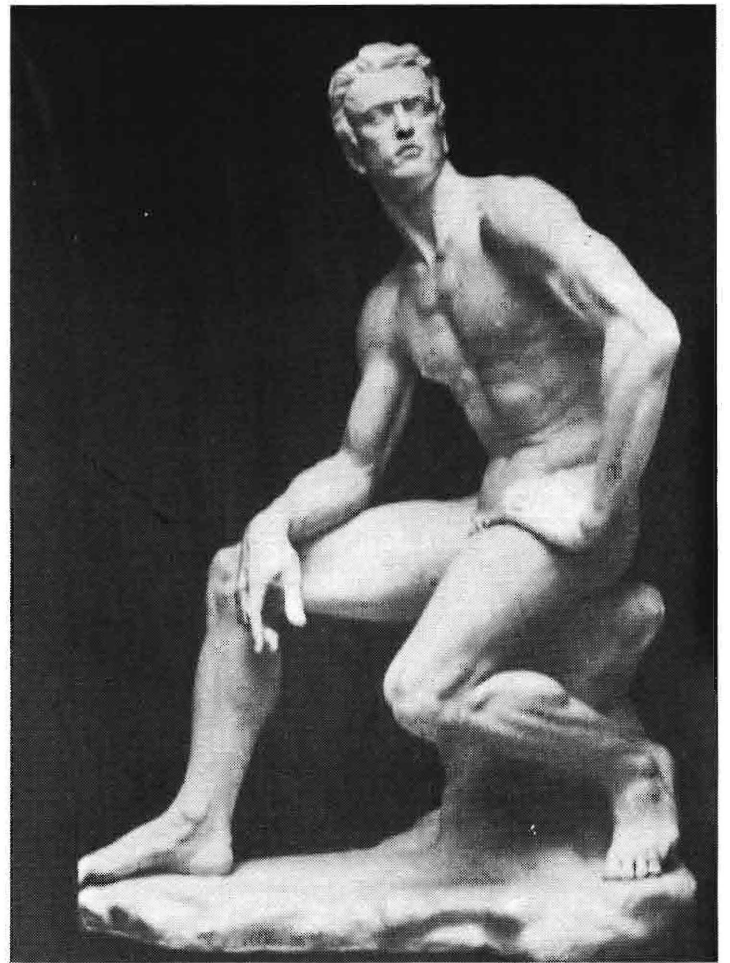
Today's world is by no means pure and by no means Greek. Neither is the world cold. Our hearts, if not our souls, are on fire, though few of us know the source of the raging heartburn. We have new materials, exotic new metals and wholly new ways of working and molding them -- for example, the extremely close tolerances provided by cutting tools like lasers.

We are grateful to Arno Breker and the sturdy few who belong to his school for their courage and integrity in bucking the trend of artistic degeneration and only occasionally surrendering to it. Although they have drilled a few holes in the hull in the worst of times, they have saved the ship from sinking. But what art needs today is not a salvage operation, but a fleet of entirely new ships skippered by a new generation of geniuses who, with only an occasional backward glance, will sail resolutely forward into new, uncharted artistic seas. Art is only truly meaningful, truly inspiring, truly lasting when it speaks to the spirit of the age and the spirit of the race. Hundreds of millions of Majority ears have been listening for nearly a century and have heard only silence. If they don't hear something soon, they may become forever deaf.

To make Breker's work and career known to Americans, whose knowledge of the artist has been severely limited by the Jewish art mafia, the Arno Breker Society has been formed. Its address is P.O. Box 384, Snyder, NY 14226. Anyone who wants more information on Breker, the availability of various books illustrating his work, the price of membership, may write to the Breker Society, which will promptly send the information requested by return mail. At present the Society has three goals: (1) the publication of books, pamphlets and other printed material about its favorite sculptor, (2) the establishment of an Arno Breker library, (3) the founding of an Arno Breker Museum. Note: the photographs of Breker's pre- and post-Hitlerian works are copyrighted by Galerie Marco Editions, Bonn and Paris, and the Arno Breker Society.

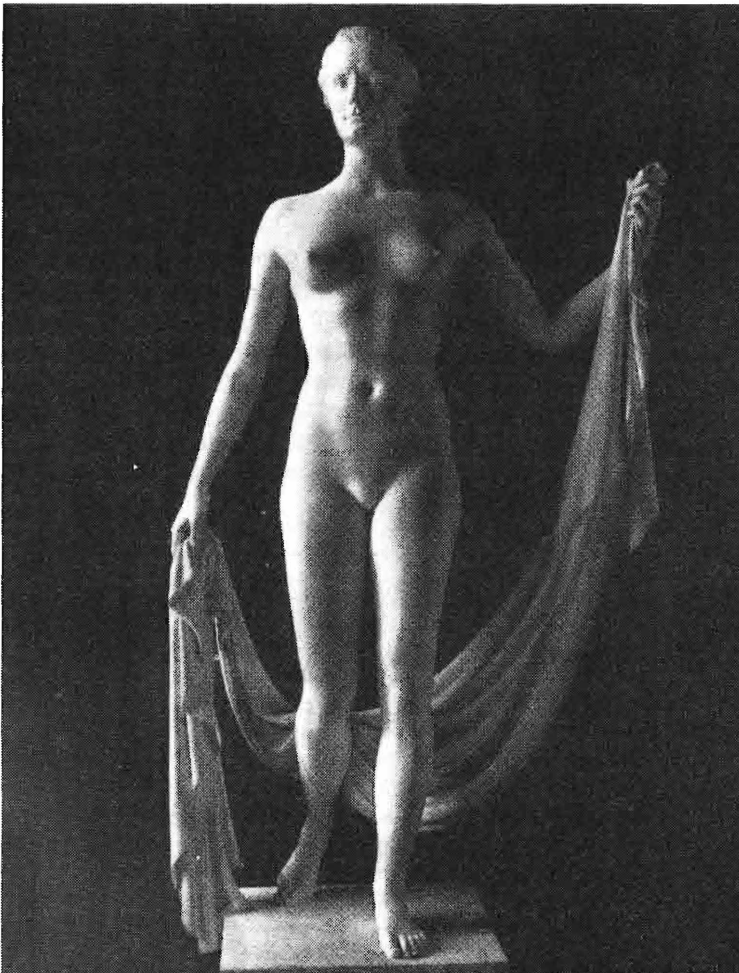


Bust of Göring

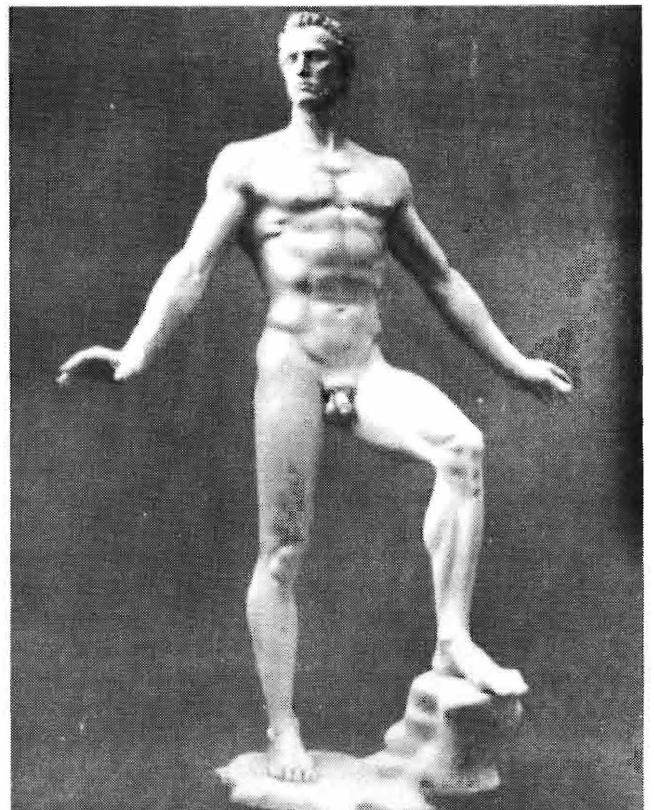


Awaiting the Call

Breker's Hitler Period



The Walker

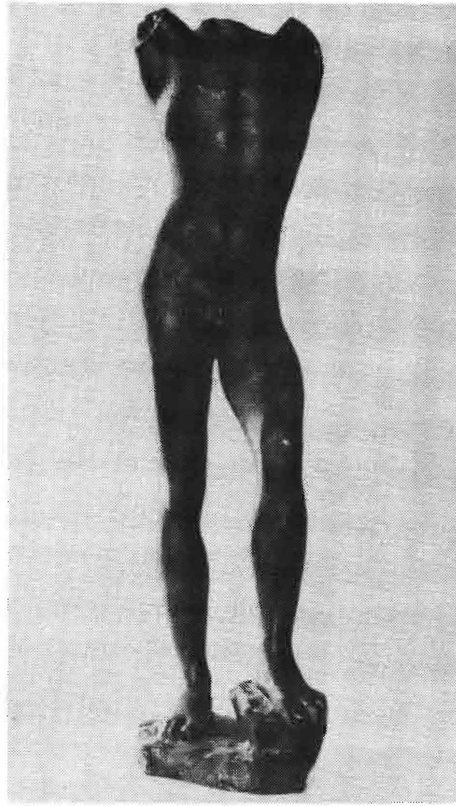


The Victor

Pre-Hitler Period



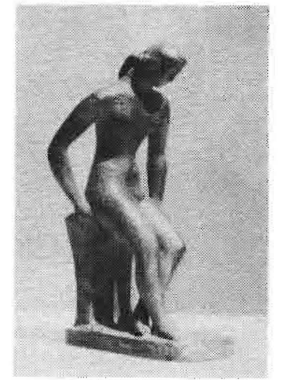
The Young Heinrich Heine



Torso of David



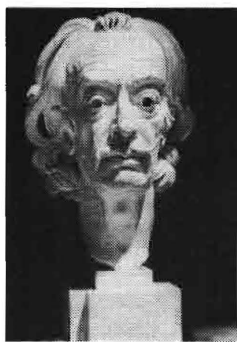
Little Dancer



Girl in Love



Ernst Fuchs

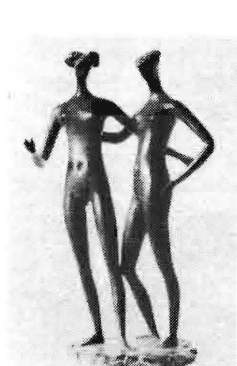


Salvador Dali



Ezra Pound

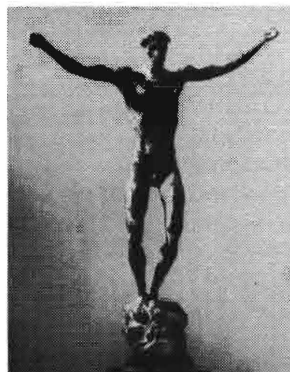
Post-Hitler Period



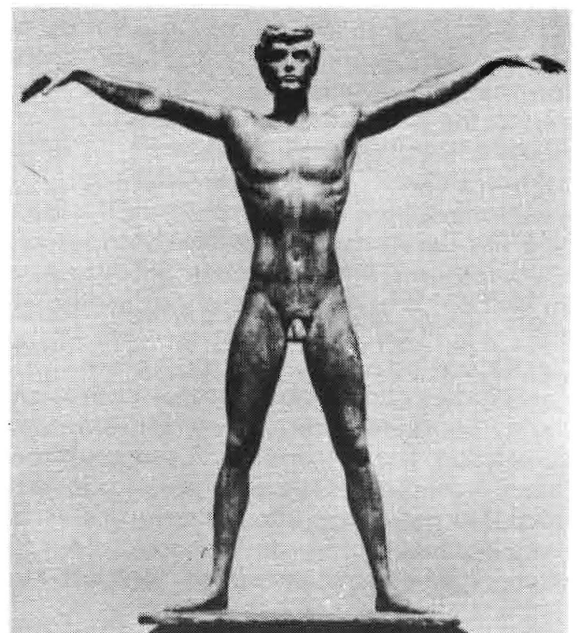
Girlish Dialogue



The Prophet



Ecce Homo



Olympia

THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD PARLAYS WITH JAMES BALDWIN



Were I the master of every language of earth, past master of all the dead tongues of the ages, a genius in the use of every epithet the rage of man ever spoke, still words would have no power to express my contempt for one who would betray his own race.

Thomas Dixon, *The Traitor*

On August 25, 1970, Margaret Mead, the goddess of the Boas anthropology cult, met black writer James Baldwin. Over the next two days they spent a total of 7½ hours “rapping” in front of a tape recorder. The result was *A Rap on Race* (J.B. Lippincott, 1971).

The first two sessions revealed Mead as very much the traitor Dixon had in mind, for whom “every epithet the rage of man ever spoke” would not suffice. In her third and final encounter her cardboard villain whites could still do no right, her precious blacks no wrong, but here -- particularly in one amazing 35-page stretch -- she let Baldwin take control of the conversation

and carry her into unplumbed depths of illogic and mental brutishness.

Instead of being horrified by the unadulterated morosity of an acclaimed “intellectual,” Mead ignored Baldwin’s 1,001 mental gaffes and agreed that he was “a very bright cat” -- which provoked “Jimmy” to inform Mead that she was “in the brilliant zone.” The reviewers’ blurbs on the paperback edition’s back cover offer a frightening glimpse of how many people would like to join this powerful but pathetic mutual admiration society. The *Boston Sunday Globe* praised Baldwin’s “fine intellect.” *Look* noted the pair’s “brilliance,” Baldwin’s “profundity” and Mead’s “relentless, fiery logic.” The *Charlotte Observer* called the encounter “intelligent, knowledgeable.” *Publishers’ Weekly* defined it an “illuminating and richly human” dialogue between two “passionately honest . . . citizens of the mind.” Alfred Kazin, writing in the *Saturday Review*, said Baldwin is so “gifted” and “spellbinding” that “he manages, astonishingly, to slip past Margaret Mead’s friendly but obstinate questioning of his emotional position.” Actually, there was nothing the least bit astonishing about Baldwin’s elusiveness, because Mead rarely challenged him when he said one thing one minute and the opposite thing the next. His chaotic mode of argumentation was not the result of any deliberate attempt to be ironic, subtle or pseudo-profound (in the fashion of an Elie Wiesel expounding on the “infinite mysteries” of the “infinitely unknowable” Holocaust), but rather the result of primitive thought processes.

At one point Jimmy confessed that it was a “rather terrifying show.” Mead could only comment on how “in international conferences and committees . . . you could count on them [black Americans] as being the people who had more insight than other people and who did seem, in a sense, to be rather like the guardians of a greater democracy.” Actually, Baldwin’s ultra-primitive performance in his “rap” with Mead will stand



preserved for all time as an illustration of why Negroes, on their own, can never sustain a democracy.

In the main, the rap consisted of this sort of gobbledygook:

BALDWIN: There’s some faith in human nature, in what a person can become no matter what time he’s born in and no matter what’s behind him. We have to -- in every generation, every five minutes -- make human life possible. That’s the only importance of having a brain because it’s a metaphor for stamina, isn’t it? And finally it’s a metaphor for love.

“I’m not arguing against any of this,” was Mead’s typical response.

Only near the end of the riotous third session, when Baldwin’s non sequiturs and self-reversals began flying at the rate of five a minute, did Mead’s patience wear thin, once leading her to blabber helplessly, “I don’t know what we are talking about now.”

Baldwin’s words flew fast, furiously and fatuously:

BALDWIN: I agree with the Black Panthers’ position about black prisoners. I think that one can make the absolutely blanket statement that no black man has ever been tried by a jury of his peers in America. And if that is so, no black man has ever received a fair trial in this country. Therefore, I’m under no illusions about the reason why many black people are in prison. I’m not saying there are no black criminals. Still, I believe that all black prisoners should be released and then retried according to principles more honorable and more just. Do you see what I mean?

MEAD: Yes.

BALDWIN: What I am trying to get at is that the American terror of the world, of reality, the American attempt to deny and manipulate experience, I have always equated with the American terror of dealing with me as a human being, dealing with

Sambo. I have watched it all over the world now -- the way Americans treat other people. They are just as afraid of the Greeks and Turks and the Japanese, and even the French, as they are of me

They don't understand the Turks when the Turks hit the streets any more than they understood Birmingham when the blacks there hit the streets They don't know why, a few months ago, Turkish students lined up on the Bosphorus and forbade the Sixth Fleet to enter, drove them out. The Americans don't know why, but I know why.

MEAD: Yes, I see what you mean.

BALDWIN: I like London and even rather like the English -- but it occurred to me that perhaps London will have to disappear before the Africans cease referring to it. If you see what I mean?

MEAD: I understand it. You knock things down but have the memory of them around for two thousand years.

BALDWIN: I don't really mean literally the disappearance of London. And I'm not at all anxious to denigrate the English. That isn't what I really mean either. But the standards which England has represented for so long are now a very crippling set of standards, even for the English.

MEAD: Oh, for everybody.

BALDWIN: For everybody. And in some way they have to disappear.

BALDWIN: . . . I'm really neither black nor white. Neither are you, by the way.

MEAD: No.

BALDWIN: According to the West I have no history I have had to wrest my identity out of the jaws of the West We, the blacks, have been told nothing but lies. So have you been told nothing but lies.

MEAD: That's right. We have both been told lies.

BALDWIN: What is really terrible is to face the fact that you cannot trust your countrymen It is a terrible omen when you see an American flag on somebody else's car and realize that's your enemy. In principle it is your flag too, but the man who is flying the American flag is going to kill you. You, his brother. That is what that flag means. Ask Southeast Asia if you doubt me. That is a bitter, bitter, bitter pill, but it is like that.

MEAD: I am not denying any of these facts.

After some 200 pages of this, and not one defense of whites by Mead, the reader suddenly encounters the following:

BALDWIN: You have got to remember, however bitter this may sound, no matter how bitter I may sound, that I have been, in America, the Arab at the hands of the Jews.

MEAD: Oh, fiddlesticks! Tut, tut, tut. Just plain fiddlesticks! You are now making a totally racist comment, just because there have been a bunch of Jewish shopkeepers in Harlem.

BALDWIN: Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

MEAD: Yes, you are.

BALDWIN: No, I am not.

MEAD: I suggest we drop this because it gets us nowhere and will get us nowhere. These are just a set of imperfectly realized analogies. Frankly, it will get us nowhere.

BALDWIN: Wait a minute.

MEAD: I will have nothing to do with it. Nothing to do with it.

BALDWIN: Wait a minute.

MEAD: I am not a racist.

BALDWIN: There was a doctor named Dr. Meyer, who was our best friend in Harlem.

MEAD: Look, anecdotes --

This went on for some time, during which it turned out that Baldwin's "very best friend [other than the immediately forgotten Dr. Meyer] was a [young] Jew" -- and during which Mead cried "fiddlesticks!" so often that Baldwin finally gave up and never did take a serious pot-shot at the Jews.

This was the only real "confrontation" in a book that was heralded by the *New York Times* as "the only published confrontation of its kind." Mead conspicuously refrained from high dudgeon when Baldwin made the following points: Harlem is "a kind of concentration camp, and not many people survive it" . . . if America cannot "embrace the black face," it has no future . . . black speech is characterized by "dry understatement" . . . the "central fact" of American history is piles of black corpses . . . 100 million black slaves crossed the Atlantic . . . America "murdered nearly all my friends" . . . "If it demands blowing up the Empire State Building" to raise up blacks, that's just fine . . . "something like that [the Holocaust] is happening here" . . . "London also belongs to the black people, who paid as much for it, God knows, as any white Englishman did" . . . America's cowboy-and-Indian "legend" is an "insult to the human race."

While Baldwin's "rapping" was given to emotional outpourings, Mead favored the wacky hypothesis invented on the spot.

MEAD: . . . Of course, the Polynesians are people everybody thinks are beautiful. If you look at them very closely, they are not really the most beautiful people in the world by any absolute standard. Yet everybody thinks they're beautiful . . . I've now figured out why: that for maybe two or three thousand years they never saw anybody but themselves, and *they* think they're beautiful and they are so impressed with themselves that everybody else thinks they're beautiful. If you think you're beautiful, you move like a beautiful person.

BALDWIN: In a certain way, yes, that's right.

On the other hand:

MEAD: . . . [A] white skin is a terrible temptation.

BALDWIN: How do you mean, exactly? But I think I know what you mean.

MEAD: Because we look like angels, you know that?

Mead then launched into the story of how Pope Gregory (before he was pope), upon seeing Angles sold in Rome, said, "not Angles, angels . . ." Might this famous assessment have had something to do with the captives' fine Nordic features, lithe bodies, radiant eyes, golden hair and shining faces -- attributes which countless observers have praised? By no means!

MEAD: . . . Angels were white. The dead, you see, are white everywhere, because the bones are white and people associate the dead with skeletons and ghosts. Then you have angels and they are white.

So, Mead concluded, whites are likened to angels because they resemble skeletons and ghosts -- and *that* comparison "is not good for people's character." It makes them feel superior[!] and "behave very badly."

Later, Mead moved on to another of her mind-boggling theories -- that the global diffusion of electric lights would soon end racism!

MEAD: You see, I think it [racism] can be eliminated, now that we don't have to be afraid of the dark.

BALDWIN: Of course, but we have so many other things to be afraid of.

MEAD: Yes, but just the same, if brightness is something everybody can have from the time they're born --

BALDWIN: But it will take a long time before brightness becomes something everybody can have from the day they're born.

MEAD: We're all moving that way. Most people have electricity, acquaintance with electric lights. In the past no one knew that there was such a thing as immediate light flooding the world with brightness. A bunch of burning coconut leaves doesn't light anything. You know, it just makes a spot.

Mead's superiority complex regarding her own moral significance is common among liberals of her background. She was born in rural Buck's County, Pennsylvania, the granddaughter of a Union soldier. Her father

bought a farm that had been a station on the underground railroad. This history we regarded as very good, romantic, good Northern behavior . . . My grandmother gave me lectures on how the mother of our Lord was a Jew. So I went out and collected Jewish children.

As a child, Mead was taught always to say, "We're sort of monglers," when asked about her ancestry. "Monglers is a Pennsylvania dialect word for a dog of mixed background. My mother would say that we were members of the intellectual proletariat." But "in the next breath she would say what she thought of the people in Pennsylvania that hadn't come over here until sixteen eighty!"

Though seemingly unaware of it, Mead, the racial backslider *par excellence*, retained much of her mother's suspicion of later white immigrants to America, as she demonstrated in this excerpt:

MEAD: You know, I'm not any more limited than you are in my use of English. I don't have as good rhythms as you have, but my rhythms go back ten generations to England. The culture in this country that is so limited, is most limited, is that of the second and third generations away from Europe. They have lost what they had and aren't ready to take on anything else. They are scared to death and so busy being American.

Mead's praise of black people is embarrassing in places. It seems that at one of those countless meetings she attended "during World War II," the Negroes present had "extraordinary heads and all sorts of diversity and character." New Guinea blacks, on the other hand, have "extraordinary hair." And black preachers in Liverpool have "this marvelous oratory." Regrettably, there is nothing the least bit marvelous about white Liverpudlians. When Mead said she had encountered black people there who could not dance, Baldwin couldn't believe his ears.

MEAD: No, you see they have white mothers. They had white lower-class mothers who were just sort of cold potatoes; their African fathers were sailors and didn't stay at all.

Unending Slurs and Putdowns

The woman *Time* called "the Mother of the World" told Baldwin: George Washington had no children, which was good . . . world civilization is the "only hope" . . . there is only

one human race . . . black people must "feel perfectly free to touch" whites . . . black rhythm is caused solely by the way that black mothers hold their babies . . . the way that white mothers carry their babies leads to "anxiety and rigidity" . . . young people who lack all sense of the past are much stronger because of it . . . "I have never been in the position" of believing that whites have rights [soon after Baldwin had declaimed about "black rights"] . . . the white race in times past "built its sense of identity on the fact that it wasn't black." For most of seven hours, Mead tried to be the hippest of the hip. Back about 1945, she reminded Baldwin, she had told everyone to ignore race. "Absolutely ignore race. You know, we were all proud whenever we forgot it." This being the sophisticated year of 1970, however, Mead proclaimed, "skin color . . . is real." As for women:

BALDWIN: They come to you for the most part as though you're some exotic -- well, they really come to you as though you're some *extraordinarily* phallic symbol.

MEAD: As if you're nothing but a phallic symbol.

BALDWIN: As if you're nothing but a walking phallus.

MEAD: You don't have a head.

Cool Mama eventually got around to youth, and Woodstock's swarm of 300,000: "For the first time they [the young people] feel safe . . . As they said about Woodstock, the sweet smell of grass was over it . . . And they were protected by being with each other and not feeling like strangers." "Precisely," said Baldwin. Mama was so cool she even came out against the "melting pot" idea before it was fashionable to do so. "Who wants to be melted down?" she asked. And she "dug" it when Jimmy said he "hated" white hippies who try to use black expressions.

Halfway through *Rap*, Mead acknowledged how rotten young whites feel about themselves. She used to ask her anthropology students "to start off with saying who they are." The blacks always "identify themselves as black in the very first sentence."

MEAD: Now, I want to tell you about the other funny people in my class. I get a student who says, "Well, I don't know very much about my ancestors. I think they were sort of English, or Scotch or Welsh, or maybe some Dutch. I don't really know much about them." They are almost always Junior League-D.A.R. people. They actually know in every case. They probably can trace eight lines of ancestry, and they have been taught to be ashamed of it. So, they muddle around and look down.

When Mead claimed that "the greatest brain" is only one-tenth used, Baldwin's candid response threw her off stride.

BALDWIN: I never learned anything through my mind. I learned whatever I've learned from my heart and guts.

What of any value remains from this dismal dialogue? Baldwin made one telling point when he accused many whites of thinking that urban black rioters "could all be Harry Belafonte" if they only "washed themselves and straightened up." "This is the great illusion," warned Baldwin, one which "exacerbates the rage" of the lumpen blacks. Later, he admitted that when the white "tyrants" were finally overthrown, new ones (presumably black) would inevitably take their place: "I don't know what else can happen." Though America is a "terrifying country" for a black, "I don't pretend that any place else is any

better." Nevertheless, Baldwin was determined to "change" America -- and the world. The "alabaster Christ" he hated had to go.

Baldwin charged white America with caring more about white students killed at Kent State University than about the black students killed at Jackson State and Orangeburg. Mead actually admitted that blacks were more concerned about "their" dead students, but added, "I don't think you can blame people for caring more . . . when someone that they identify with . . . is killed." This was Mead's only real "lapse" in 256 pages. Baldwin, however, refused to yield and repeated that blacks cared more about blacks and said it was "sinister" if whites should care more about whites! Mead let it go at that. No angry "fiddlesticks!" or "tut, tut."

A *Rap on Race* is an important document of our time, because it shows up the thinking processes and intellectual cowardice of creatures like Margaret Mead in all their total repugnancy. Mead's books, like *Coming of Age in Samoa* (to be discussed in the next issue of *Instauration*), are filled with

obvious and not-so-obvious mistakes, but most of them proceed cautiously when it comes to the outright defamation of whites. A *Rap on Race* shows something of the real Mead -- the "classroom Mead," the "lecture-circuit Mead" -- to whom tens of thousands of impressionable young Majority members were exposed during more than half a century. This Mead is not a pretty sight -- and she may have been a lot worse when the tape recorder wasn't running.

What was Mead's reward for a lifetime of service to Franz Boas's mission of preaching the nonexistence of race? As she told Baldwin toward the end of their "rap," "Wherever I go . . . I am greeted with, on the whole, courtesy and kindness . . . You see, I could go anywhere in the world. I can take any people in my arms . . . I have never suffered." Baldwin had great difficulty believing it when Mead insisted she was truly popular in a largely white America. Her life had been one of great "felicity," she explained at some length. If so, her life leaves every white with a lot to ponder, and a lot to change.

SALUTE TO THE RING



A scene from the 1942 Bayreuth Ring (Siegfried, Act III).

The only fit subject for tragedy, in the well-known view of Aristotle, is the decline and fall of a noble personage. Let's be presumptuous enough to try to improve on Aristotle. Wouldn't a fitter subject, in fact wouldn't the fittest subject, be the decline and fall of a noble race? And along with the high-sounding dialogue and mellifluous poetry and choral singing, as in the Greek drama, wouldn't the greatest, most sublime, most luminous tragedy be one in which all the vital elements were combined and expressed in one vast sunburst of music?

We think so. We even think that this great tonal epic already exists. It's titled *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

Beginning with *Das Rheingold* on January 24, Wagner's *Ring* unfolded on the Public Broadcasting System on non-successive Mondays for a total of 17 hours of viewing time. It seemed perfectly permissible to break up the tetralogy into four separate sequences. But to divide *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* into two parts each left the video audience hanging. Better a four- or five-hour opera than one broken in

half. And better an opera that follows the wishes and specifications of the composer than one dressed up in fancy modern kitsch with Rhinemaidens as prostitutes, a black Valkyrie and a Siegfried who wears a tux.

But beggars can't be choosers. Having been all but smothered in the cultural detritus that nightly flashes from our living room's unwinking electronic eye, we are quite willing to clutch at straws, any straws, even brittle, gaudy ones which give us Wagner in a slick plastic container. The simple truth is that the *Ring* is so overpowering it can easily defeat conscious or unconscious attempts to subvert it. Its defeat of the televised Pierre Boulez-Chéreau 1976 Bayreuth centennial production is only the latest in a series of such victories.

The *Ring*, of course, is not perfect. Neither is *Hamlet*, nor *Faust*, nor Beethoven's *Ninth*. There are nodding and yawning moments, seat-shifting moments. The plot is by no means watertight. It is even possible, as one commentator, L.J. Rather, has said, that Wagner changed course in midstream while

working on the *Ring*, switching from the optimism of Feuerbach to the pessimism of Schopenhauer, who taught him to wish upon a dream of self-destruction. Gobineau, his second favorite mentor, instilled in him a similar brand of pessimism -- after the *Ring* had been written -- based on the "Passing of the Great Race." In fact, the *Ring* might be described as a musical premonition of what the composer would eventually learn from Gobineau.

No, the *Ring* is by no means perfect. Wagner's story line meanders both in theme and message. But the ambiguity is an advantage in that it doesn't "fix" the music in concrete. The magnificent strains of the instruments and of that most wonderful instrument of all, the human voice, are able to pile symbols on symbols, allusions on allusions, and in the process lift audiences into a higher state of consciousness than could possibly be accomplished by a straightforward exposition of character, plot and theme. Indeed, the leitmotifs that are repeated to excess throughout the *Ring* too often bring us down to earth by identifying characters and events too sharply. We would prefer to spend more time drifting.

We read into the *Ring* the death of a noble race. Others have read into it the triumph of money and greed; others the organic degeneration of mankind's gods and therefore mankind itself. Somehow these two latter readings seem to reinforce the cogency and verity of the first. We're not sure about this, of course, and we're not sure that Wagner knew exactly what he was up to. But in a letter he wrote to his patron, King Ludwig of Bavaria, he spoke of himself as "the last German who knew how to stand up as an art-loving man against the Judaism that is already getting control of everything."

Alberich, who put a curse on the *Ring*, a curse that eventually brings down god and man alike, is overloaded with non-Aryan characteristics and is one of the *Ring's* few survivors (note the curiously modern twist of the word). He belongs to a dark,

underground race of dwarfs who live and flourish on envy and revenge. Cutting away the sophistry, Wagner's enemies probably hate him more for Alberich than for all his "racist" writings.

In tune with modern racial prejudices, Siegfried is presented as a sort of cock of the walk, a James Cagney figure, who would be better cast as Loge. Only Mime acts like a Nibelung. Siegmund and Sieglinde, enmeshed in twin love, are fair and blond, and it was not too difficult to believe they carried the genes of gods. But the great glory of the "French" *Ring* is Brünnhilde, sung and acted to perfection by Gwyneth Jones, whose superb voice matched her superb and totally appropriate looks. Once rid of her armor, once she appeared with her long, flowing golden hair overflowing a long, flowing white gown with long, flowing sleeves, her performance was an incomparable, unforgettable, untoppable operatic feat that would have put an iceberg in a state of deep emotional shock. Goddess, Joan of Arc, loving daughter, enraptured lover, scorned innamorata, wild avenger, prophetess, Christ-like redemptress -- never have so many different souls occupied the same heart and never has anyone played or sung such a difficult role with greater elegance and inspiration. We were offered a rare glimpse of the empyrean that high art can reveal so much better than religion.

This is not a good time for people like ourselves to live. But for seven evenings on PBS, it was a good time, so good that it compensated for at least a year or two of bad times. Maybe we and our race will go down, as Wagner seems to predict. But if we do, we will know that one of us, who knew our fate well in advance, described it in such soaring terms that the memory of us will outlive men and gods and perhaps time itself. This knowledge and assurance, provided by the most ambitious artistic undertaking of all time, should offer us much surcease from sorrow as we gird ourselves for the worst.

SKULLDUGGERY IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

How honest is contemporary social science? One of the darkest opinions on the subject is held by the English writer Ralph Estling, who described his "principle of inverse irreversibility" for readers of the London weekly *New Scientist* last December 30:

A little evidence against [a scientific "law"] will cause agonies of doubt; moderate amounts will cause real concern and a pursing of lips; but irrefutable proof of his law's inaccuracy and untenability will cause the scientist to cling to it with the tenacity and singlemindedness of a barnacle.

Consider the fate of Hans Eysenck when he found in the 1950s that a large sample of patients undergoing psychoanalysis had an improvement rate of only 44%, against 64% for those receiving other psychotherapy, and 72% for those getting no treatment at all.

Aghast when the news first struck, psychiatrists quickly rallied, closed ranks, and conducted their own surveys -- which only confirmed Eysenck's mordant findings. At this point and with a sigh of profound relief, there being nothing else a true

scientist could do under the circumstances, psychiatrists the world over dismissed Eysenck and his findings on the grounds that Eysenck is a racist.

According to Estling, when a philosopher like Karl Popper assures us that science is not a set of facts but only a method which produces "a continuous abandonment of ideas shown by objective inquiry to be untenable," they are confusing "a beautiful concept" with ugly reality. Max Planck came closer to the truth when he wrote: "A scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light, but rather because its opponents eventually die and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it."

By this reasoning, for sociobiology to triumph, it is not enough that it be proven right on critical topics: rather, young people with limited time and imagination must invest a lot of time and imagination in sociobiology before family responsibilities come along and their minds go prematurely dim. Then they will have a personal stake in the welfare of sociobiology, just as the less adventurous students of Margaret Mead's generation long retained an emotional commitment to her shallow-rooted dogma. (One shudders at the fate of a generation

weaned on the research of present-day black historians.)

There is a small element of tongue-in-cheek -- painfully small -- when Estling postulates his "principle of inverse irreversibility." But William J. Broad and Nicholas Wade are perfectly serious when they describe science fraud in their new book *Betrayers of the Truth* (Simon and Schuster). Among the many studies of scientific bias which they recount is one by psychologist Michael J. Mahoney, who tested the "referee system" used by most scientific journals.

Given the fragmentation of knowledge, general editors can no longer hope to detect a would-be contributor's deficiencies in reasoning or technique. So they send copies of manuscripts to experts -- "referees" -- in the pertinent specialty. Mahoney's idea was to send "fictitious manuscripts on a hotly debated aspect of child psychology to 75 referees whose personal positions on the problem were known."

All the manuscripts described the same experimental procedure, but the purported findings were different, some favoring the reviewer's perspective, some refuting it. The result: "Identical manuscripts suffered very different fates depending on the direction of their data. When they were positive (in accord with the referee's particular bias), the usual recommendation was to accept with moderate revisions. Negative results earned a significantly lower evaluation."

Social scientists, it appears, are the most human of beings. In a related study,

two psychologists resubmitted 10 high-quality published articles on psychology to the very same journals that had published them some two years earlier -- first replacing the authors' real and sometimes prestigious names and affiliations with fictitious ones. The journal editors recognized only three of the manuscripts, and only four of 22 reviewers recommended publication.

So much for the vaunted "referee system," which is widely regarded as one of the three critical "safety nets" against fraud and shoddiness in social science. Broad and Wade find the other two nets -- the "peer-review system" and experimental replication -- no less full of holes. One recent study determined that the fate of grant applications under "peer-review" depends half on sheer luck and only half on the application's "merits" (with "merit" including, of course, all the biases of whatever money-dispensing elite is guarding the scientific gate).

When a faulty study does get funded and does get published, there remains (theoretically) one last guardian of scientific sanctity: replication of the study by an independent researcher. Every scientist is supposed to describe exactly how he carried out an experiment, including publishing his original data insofar as that is practical (it rarely is), so that others may confirm or refute his findings. Every philosopher of science insists that replication is the crucial test. But, warn Broad and Wade,

[R]eplication is not a regular part of the scientific process -- surprising as this fact may be to most laymen.

They continue:

There are several reasons why, in the real world, exact replication is an impractical undertaking. In the first place, published descriptions of an experiment are often incomplete. . . . Often a researcher deliberately omits vital details. A scientist who has made a new discovery will want to publish it so as to establish priority, but he may also wish to have the field to himself for a

time while he explores the consequences of the discovery. Both objectives can be attained by publishing a slightly incomplete recipe.

Moreover, repeating an experiment often requires a major investment of time and money. The costs, financial and otherwise, may seem too great. Most important, perhaps, is that the motivation to replicate may be lacking. In science, the prizes go for originality; being second wins nothing.

Two important studies suggest that scientists -- psychologists at any rate -- will not usually make their raw data available to fellow researchers. In 1962, Leroy Wolins and a colleague wrote to 37 authors of papers published in psychology journals asking for relevant data. Five authors never responded, while an astounding 21 claimed that their data had been "misplaced, lost or inadvertently destroyed" -- the old "my dog ate it" ruse familiar to grade-schoolers who neglect their homework. Now we are down to 11. Two of these, wrote Wolins, "offered their data on the conditions that they be notified of our intended use of their data, and stated that they have control of everything that we would publish involving these data." Two others lollygagged so long that their data arrived after the study was completed. Three submitted data filled with gross statistical errors. Only four sets of data (out of 37 requests) arrived in reasonable time and in good order.

One wonders *which* psychologists were both obliging and competent, and *which* were unobliging and incompetent -- especially in terms of their position on nature vs. nurture and other vital controversies. And one marvels that so sloppy and unscientific a group of individuals could collectively vilify the aging, lonely Cyril Burt, his eyesight failing, for having made some gross errors in his own data.

A second inquiry, much like Wolins's, was made in 1973 by James Craig and Sandra Reese. They had better luck, receiving some degree of cooperation from about half of the 53 newly published psychologists from whom they had requested data.

34 or 3,400 or 100,000 Skeletons?

In an appendix, Broad and Wade list 34 "known or suspected cases of scientific fraud," but elsewhere they estimate that "for every case of major fraud that comes to light, a hundred or so may go undetected," and, again, that for every exposed fraud 100,000 others "lie concealed in the marshy wastes of the scientific literature."

Several recent and not-so-recent hoaxes have received considerable publicity:

- In July 1981, *Science* magazine published an article by Cornell biochemist (and former psychiatrist) Efraim Racker and his 24-year-old protégé with the "golden hands," Mark Spector, in which they claimed to have found how certain viruses turn normal cells into cancerous ones. For about a year, this "kinase-cascade theory" of cancer causation was taken seriously, though at least three respected researchers had independently determined that there was something rotten in Ithaca. It turned out that Spector was a convicted check-forgery who did not even have a B.A. degree, and that Racker, treating him like "the son I never had," let him cook up whole notebooks full of phony data without checking it. When the "kinase-cascade" fraud was finally exposed, it had "spread its web over the whole field of cancer research," wrote Broad and Wade.

- In 1978, another "promising young cancer researcher,"

Marc Straus, and at least eight members of his staff, were found to be manipulating data at Boston University. Straus was fired days later, but had no trouble moving on to New York Medical College and receiving a new \$910,000 federal grant. His team's fakery is now known as the "Boston University incident," and that institution, which should have been rewarded for its prompt, corrective action, has suffered instead.

- Back in 1926, the Viennese biologist Paul Kammerer, an "ardent socialist," committed suicide when a colleague discovered paint on a midwife toad and some salamanders whose "color-changes" Kammerer had been reporting for 20 years. Though Arthur Koestler came to Kammerer's defense with a book 45 years later, his lab assistant admitted: "I kept very exact records. That too annoyed Kammerer. Slightly less exact records with positive results would have pleased him more." Soviet Education Commissar Anatoly V. Lunacharsky ordered the production of the movie *Salamandra*, in which he played himself and which showed the martyr Kammerer being hounded by capitalist geneticists who favored Darwin over Lamarck. According to Broad and Wade, Lunacharsky "created the climate" for Lysenkoism, which all but wrecked Soviet biology from 1929 until 1965.

- In 1974, William T. Summerlin of Sloan-Kettering Institute pleaded insanity when it was determined that he had "painted" his lab mice to make it look like he had developed a successful skin-grafting technique. The insanity plea is gaining favor with disgraced scientists who cite the "devastating pressure" to obtain results (and money).

- Late last year, Dr. Joseph H. Cort of New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine admitted falsifying drug studies. He blamed his misdoing on financial insecurity. "Individual scientists shouldn't feel themselves so alone and so insecure about getting grant money." (Cort was also in the news in the 1950s, as a Communist Party activist at Yale. He had no trouble returning from his self-imposed exile in Czechoslovakia in 1977.)

- In another recent development, Philadelphia physician Harry Levin pleaded guilty to falsifying data on five proposed painkillers. One of these drugs, an analgesic called Zomax, has been marketed by a prominent drug company since 1980, in part because of Levin's phony testing. Levin probably will receive one year and one day in jail, making him only the third medico in the past 10 years to be imprisoned for falsifying drug tests on humans.

- The new science fraud regulations of the National Institutes of Health were applied for the first time in February against John R. Darsee, a Harvard heart researcher who admitted faking experiments with dogs. Darsee probably will be barred from federally funded research for 10 years, and the Harvard-affiliated hospital where he worked may have to cough up the \$122,371 which it received from the U.S. Treasury.

- Over at Yale, Professor Philip Felig, the chief of endocrinology, was dismayed by the discovery, in 1980, that his assistant, Dr. Vijay Soman, had faked and plagiarized data on several papers that Felig coauthored. Soman has vanished to his native India, while Felig was demoted.

- Much wilder was the odyssey of Elias Alsabti, a native of

Iraq, who in the late 1970s fooled various governments and U.S. research centers with his claims to advanced degrees, scholarly publications and new miracle drugs. Alsabti republished other scientists' papers wholesale, then vanished from sight. Some fear he is still conducting research on humans under an assumed name.

- One of the most destructive cases of alleged scientific fraud in recent years may be the Sobells' alcoholism study. Mark and Linda Sobell reported in 1970-71 that their "controlled drinking" techniques held new promise for confirmed alcoholics. In *Science* magazine (July 1982), Mary Pendery and Irving Maltzman vigorously disputed the Sobells' claim by showing that only one of their patients had really learned to moderate his alcohol consumption by following the Sobell regimen. In newspaper interviews, Maltzman has accused the Sobells of outright fraud.

The Minority Preponderance

One can scarcely avoid noting how many publicized fraud cases of recent years have involved members of minorities. A page one report in the American Psychological Association's *Monitor* (November 1982), mentioned the Sobells, Straus, Kammerer, Felig and Soman and Summerlin -- in that order. Other recent surveys provide similar lists. But there is one curious feature in most of these surveys -- the invocation of Cyril Burt's name as the assumed archetype of scientific fraud. Thus, about 400 words into the 4,000-word *Monitor* article, before the Sobells and other alleged and admitted hoaxers have been introduced, we read: "With the exception of the Sir Cyril Burt affair, the taint of fraud generally has avoided the behavioral sciences."

Accompanying *Monitor's* overview of fraud is an in-depth examination of the Sobells -- and this second article ends with a mention of Burt! Some reviewers of the Broad and Wade book also seem to have a Burt fixation. Henry Kisor of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wastes little time noting (falsely) that Burt "got away [with his misdeeds] for half a century." Thankfully, Kisor closes by observing (correctly) that "Burt's philosophic opposite number, Margaret Mead, may have deceived herself and everyone else for 50 years."

Broad and Wade themselves fall victim to the anti-Burt propaganda:

Cyril Burt's data, supposedly proving the heritability of intelligence, provide an excellent example of a highly influential theory, supposedly proved, that influenced scientific debates and public policy for years. Burt's results were not tested or replicated or even seriously assessed by his colleagues or by anyone else.

This is patently false. As reported in *Instauration* last November:

Burt's distinguished student, Hans Eysenck -- among others -- has reanalyzed all of the *valid* published data which pertains to Burt's suspect data and has found the two sets to be "practically identical." Burt got away with his cheating for as long as he did [23 years rather than 50] because he made his phony results mesh perfectly with the honest findings of many others.

The false assertion that "Burt's results were not tested or replicated or even seriously assessed" by others -- false be-

cause here, for once, experimental replication was demanded and was achieved on a massive scale -- leads Broad and Wade directly to a pernicious conclusion, "Fraud has been a factor in studies that have influenced public attitudes and government action on matters of class, race, immigration and education." Since only Burt's shortcomings are mentioned in the modern abilities-testing field, the authors' implication is obvious.

Are Broad and Wade really unfamiliar with the infinitely greater falsifying of the environmentalist camp, which has culminated (so far) in the decade-long, multimillion-dollar swindle of Richard Heber's "Milwaukee Project" (*Instauration*, November 1982). Heber's was the hoax which convinced a presidential commission, the major news media and practically everyone else that black IQs could be raised by 33 points -- and did so without producing a scrap of supporting data! Surely these self-appointed hoax-hunters know the other side -- but then they both work for the *New York Times*, which happens to be the granddaddy hoaxter of them all in the nature/nurture pseudo-debate.

Looking at science, Wade and Broad pose the ancient riddle, "Who shall watch the guardians?" Sadly, one regards these unblushing champions of Stephen Jay Gould and Leon Kamin, these mockers of Jensen and Lewis Terman, and asks, "Who shall blow the whistle on the whistle-blowers?"

Thanks!

About half of all Instaurationists sweeten the pot to the tune of \$5, \$10, \$25 or \$50 when they renew their subscriptions. In polite society, each case should call for a personal thank-you note from the editorial staff. But we just don't have enough people to observe the amenities and write letters to all those who have given a little -- or in some cases a lot -- extra. So we ask these generous subscribers to consider these printed words a heartfelt acknowledgement of their donations. We use the extra money primarily to buy photographs to brighten up our graphics and to pay the expenses (phone calls, stamps, trips to libraries, book purchases) accumulated by our unpaid writers.

Finkish Immigration Bill

The Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1983 passed the Senate in May with little opposition. The House is expected to approve it by the end of summer. The bill would grant amnesty (legal status) to millions of illegal aliens who arrived here prior to January 1, 1980 (and to tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of later arrivals who will falsely claim to have beaten the deadline). The supporters of amnesty, led by Senators Edward Kennedy and Alan Simpson, claim it would be impossible to find and repatriate so many illegals. When pressed, they argue that, even if possible and practicable, enforcement of our immigration laws would be inhumane. The truth is, amnesty is quite popular with most politicians. Those who opposed it would have to support the rounding up and deportation of illegals, which would bring the wrath of the liberal-minority media down upon them. Only 21 senators voted to delete amnesty from the bill, even though every opinion poll has shown a large majority of Americans are against it.

The bill contains mild sanctions aimed at employers who hire illegals. Simpson and Co. believe that such sanctions will deter future illegal immigration so effectively that no future amnesties will be required. This view ignores the increasingly strong population pressures at work in many Third World countries. It also ignores a General Accounting Office study which found that penalizing employers for hiring illegals has been ineffective in other Western nations. Employer sanctions, while a necessary control measure, will not enforce themselves.

The Senate also voted overwhelmingly to remove a provision imposing border crossing fees on aliens, a means of generating badly needed revenue for the overworked

and underfunded Immigration and Naturalization Service. In view of the magnitude of the surrender embodied in the amnesty, the other control reforms in the bill are not worth mentioning.

One of the most depressing aspects of the fight to get immigration under control has been the performance of the largest restrictionist organization, FAIR (Federation for American Immigration Reform). After raising millions of dollars from citizens concerned about the nonwhite invasion, FAIR lobbied for the Kennedy-Simpson bill.

The coterie of liberal environmentalists who run the group decided that it would be bad for fund-raising if they could not claim a victory, even a Pyrrhic one. It's a fact, of course, that it would have taken some doing to overcome the media's all-out support for amnesty. But because the enemy is strong is not a sufficient reason to abandon or compromise the struggle.

FAIR is afraid of its members, most of whom are conservatives, populists and nationalists gleaned from the sucker lists of Republican mailing list brokers. The policy of the organization is set by its liberal staff and directors, not by its members. Grass-roots organization is kept to a minimum, perhaps because of fear of a takeover by the non-liberal rank and file. The California FAIR affiliate has already broken away from the national office because of the surrender to amnesty.

Only massive grass-roots agitation and unremitting pressure on politicians can bring immigration under control. FAIR sends well-scrubbed lobbyists swarming over Capitol Hill with hosts of attractively printed position papers. But the old pols know that FAIR is a paper tiger. Most congressmen get little constituent mail on the

issue, a pretty good indicator that no one is really stirring up the populace. Rumor has it that FAIR has only 20,000 members, a fraction of the membership of the numerous minority and liberal groups pushing amnesty.

It seems unlikely that the smaller, under-financed restrictionist organizations will be able to stop amnesty in the House, although, to their credit, they have been working hard at it for at least two years. Conservatives for Immigration Reform (P.O. Box 2607, Washington, D.C. 20013) has been distributing hundreds of thousands of anti-amnesty postcards to be sent to congressmen. AFFIRM, the breakaway California FAIR affiliate (P.O. Box 338, Van Nuys, CA 91401) has been organizing similar grass-roots activity.

NOTE: To be fair to the national organization of FAIR, the group did change its mind and come out *against* the immigration legislation, but only after it had passed the Senate and seemed destined to further watering-down in the House. By then it was too late. You don't call out the fire engines after your home has burned down.

Incredible Quotes

But I think that, in the Middle East, the victim is Israel. The aggressor is the PLO, and the PLO is responsible for the invasion of Lebanon.

Cynthia Ozick,
New York Times Magazine (4/10/83)

There's a kind of purity in her [Ozick's] work.

Elizabeth Hardwick,
Ibid.

The Philosopher and the Economist Surrebut the Author of "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth"

The author of "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" (henceforth, for brevity's sake, I shall refer to him by the acronym "Masorote") has favored his critics with a more detailed view of his system in the February *Instauration*. I, for one, could wish that this more detailed view succeeded in laying to rest my philosophical qualms. For, as I mentioned previously, what our race is most in need of, if it is to survive the attacks now being leveled against it from both outside and within itself, is a metaphysics justifying its own racism.

Unfortunately, the more detailed view of Masorote's system not only reinforces my original qualms, but induces some new ones. We now find imported into the system, for instance, the contention that a "Hilbert-Riemannian type of 'hyperspace' " constitutes, as opposed to a merely phenomenal "perceptual Euclidean . . . space and time" what "really does exist." But why does this Hilbertian space have to be Riemannian? Because real space and reality are both Einsteinian? But Masorote, on the first score, might examine the arguments in "Some Experimental Incoherencies of Riemannian Space," *Philosophia Mathematica* (vol. 12, no. 1); and on the latter, the concluding paragraphs of J. Nelson's "Does Physics Lead to Berkeley?", (*Philosophy*, January 1982). As for supposing that real space is Hilbertian, that is to suppose that real space is not really *spatial*, but is an axiom system of sets and other formal elements.

We also find imported into the system something even Hegel (whose philosophical stomach was strong indeed) could not stomach: the solipsistic Kantian two-story world of the known but subjective (Kant says "objective" but he is using the term in a technical way that does not in any way diminish the subjectivity of his "phenomena") and the real but unknown (the "noumenal"). To offer to rescue a drowning man by throwing him a whole bale of solipsism is like throwing him a lead balloon.

We are also treated to such suspicious reasonings as this: that because there exist such "mysteries" as "why the oceans are not far saltier than they are and exactly where all of the world's water is coming from (it should have evaporated into space billions of years ago)" we have grounds for inferring that "perhaps the planet's infrastructural bulk is alive." But that is as if we should reason -- supposing we did not possess the physics to account for the phenomenon -- that the earth has purposely kept the moon in its orbit (perhaps so that men could sometimes see their way about at night -- a real convenience to information-gatherers)

instead of letting it fly off into space.

It is not, however, the existence of these and various other minor sticking-places in Masorote's system that has induced me to subtend a reply to his own reply. What motivates me is the thought, which I proposed in my first set of objections, that Masorote's system, even in its expanded version, does not unambiguously support European ethnicity.

To be sure, we now have a planetary inframind that, because of quantum indeterminacy, does not always evolve along absolutely set lines toward what is best. Because of quantum indeterminacy, "evolutionary aberrations" occur which "can in no wise be explained with theodicies." Thus, such things as "the victory of criminals" can occur. So Masorote says. But by the principle of supersummativity (also espoused in Masorote's system) it has to be supposed that the planetary inframind, even if constituted only by the biosphere, is a bigger and better mind than any human mind, e.g., Masorote's "criminal" conquests have been going on as far back as Abram's pillaging expedition into Egypt. Instead of decreasing in extent they have been ever increasing. How then can it be supposed that a few indeterminacies can account for this constant increase in Jewish power and depredation if the Planetary Inframind, with all its vast knowledge and awareness and agency, did not approve? In short, to go by Masorote's system, it can be argued, more plausibly than not, that Yahweh's Chosen are also Planetary Inframind's Chosen and the European race is rightfully being enslaved (just as we are told, in effect, that it should be in Isaiah -- the book in the Old Testament that is so often cited by both Christian preachers and Jews as espousing "universal justice").

No, Masorote's Planetary Inframind will not do. But, I repeat, he is on the right track in that he is proposing a metaphysics intended to justify European race consciousness. I can only suggest that he go back to the drawing board. He has the intellect, erudition and imaginative daring, I should predict, to succeed here, if anyone can.

The Philosopher

The author of "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" is a gifted amateur trying to correlate a number of ideas gleaned from wide reading. Amateurs, not too tied to reigning orthodoxies as the professionals, have made great contributions, but almost always they have mastered the orthodoxies they set out to reform. The reason for this is that our sciences and other fields of learning evolve:

even the quantum mechanical revolution left most of science intact. Our author has a good way to go. I have had many advanced graduate math courses, and it is clear that he is using terms like non-Euclidean and Riemann spaces all too loosely. Even many professional scientists are not good mathematicians and write a lot of nonsense in their popular articles. Also, it should be obvious that subatomic quantum effects will be swamped by the laws of large numbers when it comes to the human brain and that, therefore, the case for free will must be established by other means. Yet rarely does one find a scientist saying so. I can't really blame our author for perpetuating such arguments, but I do feel obligated to point out to him the fallacies involved.

I am not a 19th-century materialist but a 20th-century one. I commend to the author Mario Bunge's *Scientific Materialism* as an accessible statement of modern materialism and Bunge's *Treatise on Basic Philosophy*, after he has picked up his masters degree in mathematics. Bunge argues that complex systems evolve over time and can have properties not possible to their constituent parts. A clock can do things (tell time) its gears cannot. Bunge lets the mind range over the grand chain of systems: atomic, molecular, biological, psychological (including free will) and social. Of the last, there are hills in ants, hives in bees and civilizations in man. These we can identify and count, but it would be a violation of Occam's Razor to multiply entities in calling the whole planet one large super-duper "organism."

Only two civilizations have had the necessary raw building blocks (racial Europeans) to fully emerge as *stable* supra-organisms. Classical civilization lost its racial foundations, and the West's racial future is in jeopardy. Other so-called civilizations were at bottom agricultural slave empires. This allowed population density to go up by a factor of ten, but at the cost of wearing out the soil. It takes a critical mass of interacting Europeans to transcend this digging of one's own grave, for only Europeans have the kind of brains that allow for a massive feedback between fact and theory. (Julian Jaynes never asked why this feedback, i.e., consciousness, came with the Greeks. The answer is racial.) The reality principle, or the commingling of fact and theory in the hemispheres of the cortex on the individual level, has diffused to such a large extent to non-Europeans that there are no non-European "civilizations" left, only poor copies of the Western scientific mentality.

This is all richly observable and not at all

mysterious: it pays to think scientifically, even if the strain on non-European nervous systems can be terrific (which explains the ordeal of modernization and why this ordeal is so much greater outside Europe). By all means, don't invent a planet-wide "or-

ganism," for the hidden implication is that all living forms, bacteria, ants, fish and non-Europeans are equal partners. It also distracts from Western man's greater goal: to move off this sorry planet and head for the stars. So far as we know, there are no plane-

tary "organisms" out there, only opportunities for our settlement.

The Economist

Signs of Life in Mississippi

It's easier to remove Christ from Christmas than the Christmas tree. In Mississippi it was easier to take the state's leading TV station out of the hands of whites and give it to a black manager, easier to take the once pro-Southern Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*, the state's leading paper, and turn it into an ersatz *New York Times*, easier to force black quotas on white businesses and black students on white colleges -- much easier to do all the above than remove the Stars and Bars, "Dixie" and other Confederate symbols from Ole Miss.

A few decades ago in one of the most extraordinary power plays ever put on by the U.S. government in peacetime, the Federal Communications Commission forced the Murchison brothers and some white Mississippians to hand over their Jackson TV station, WLBT-TV, the state's biggest, to the New York office of the United Church of Christ, which then promptly installed a black manager. Too much white and too little black news was the excuse given by the FCC for this high-handed confiscatory act, which was forced upon the commission by a court order signed by no less stellar a judicial personage than Warren Burger, when he was a federal appeals judge and before he was moved up to head the No-good Nine. The new management then proceeded to air black programs which were more racist than anything that had provoked the ire of Burger, who at this time remained discreetly and pusillanimously silent.

As for the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*, it was owned by the Hederman family, a staunch group of good ole boys who were Southern to the core -- until it became unprofitable and even a little dangerous. The problem was solved by young Rea Hederman, who had gone to college up north and come back with a head stuffed with not very original ideas -- to wit, the anti-Majority, anti-Southern reverse raciology that has been adopted as the true faith by the true believers of Harvard and Howard universities. Within a year or two the newspaper was turned inside-out. Swarms of carpetbagger reporters replaced the paper's old standbys. Anti-Southernism gushed from headlines written by people who until they were hired by Massa Rea had never spent a day south of Newark. The paper sank so low that a few months ago it won a Pulitzer Prize -- the same award given to the *Washington Post* for black reporter Janet Cooke's Munchausen tale of a teenybopper heroin addict.

Southern culture was not the only casualty in the de-rednecking of the *Clarion-Ledger*. The wrenching process so fragmented and demoralized the Hederman family that the paper was sold to the octopean Gannett news imperium, famous for thinking of profits first and news last and run by a media fanatic named Allen Neuharth, who says he comes from South Dakota but looks like he came from Salonica. Rea, having done his worst, got a divorce, remarried and disappeared into the bowels of New York City, where his soul seems at ease and where he can freely fraternize with other Southern sellouts like William Styron and Robert Penn Warren.

We won't go into the other events that have hastened Mississippi's reincarnation into a liberal-minority state -- the deaths at the University of Mississippi in the riots that accompanied the forced integration of the student body (at the points of 3,000 bayonets), the rise of a "new class" of scalawag politicians, changes in voting laws that guarantee the election of incompetent black officials, the agglomerating political corruption and the avalanche of black crime -- all the blessings that have marched side by side with the enforced Re-reconstruction of the South.

But we will point out that when blacks at Ole Miss recently demanded that Confederate flags be banned at football games, demanded the elimination of the mascot, Colonel Rebel, who looks like he's always eating Kentucky Fried Chicken, demanded that "Dixie" no longer be sung, then whites at least momentarily lifted their heads out of the sand. Huge rallies were held. A thousand white students marched to a black fraternity house and dared the black male cheerleader, who had refused to wave a Confederate flag at a big game, to step outside. Ole Miss President Porter Fortune was so shook up by the unexpected backlash that, unlike other Southern college presidents, he didn't cave in completely to black ultimata. He did forbid the university's distribution of Confederate flags at games, but he still permitted (big deal!) the flags to be sold in the student bookstore. Meanwhile, white students and alumni organized to pass our free Stars and Bars at sports events and at last report many more flags than ever were flying from dormitories and car antennas. All that was missing was a Francis Scott Key to capture the defiant mood in a new Southern anthem.

Another example of white defiance noted in Mississippi recently: The voters of Jackson turned down a \$42 million bond issue for public schools. A 60% yes vote was needed for passage. After a deafening propaganda campaign mounted by the media, the teaching profession, the churches, the unions and black organizations, only 52% of the voters approved, and the bond issue was rejected. The sore losers of the establishment could think of nothing more original than to blame it all on "racists." The funny thing was that even some blacks voted against what would have meant a jolting increase in local taxes. Most white parents, who have had to stretch their budgets to the breaking point to send their children to private schools, were adamantly opposed to coughing up additional money for a fourth-rate school system that is now 75% black.

Before ending this brief roundup of a few Mississippi counterpunches at our disposers, it might be recalled that last November what happened in Chicago and what has happened so frequently elsewhere did not happen in the deepest part of the Deep South. Webb Franklin, a white Republican, ran against Robert Clark, a black Democrat, for Congress. The district has about a 50-50 racial split. The papers, the radio stations, the TV stations, the big politicians, the Democratic moneybags were all for Clark. Franklin was accused of running a racist campaign, although Clark played the racial game to the hilt by never ceasing to remind the black voting bloc of the color of his skin.

When the returns came in, wonder of wonders! Franklin won. In Mississippi, at least in that one race, enough whites did not split their votes to put the black over the top. The same cannot be said for the whites in Chicago.

Ponderable Quote

It is better for all the world, if instead of waiting to execute degenerate offspring for crime, or to let them starve for the imbecility, society can prevent those who are manifestly unfit from continuing their kind.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, delivering the majority opinion of the Supreme Court in Buck v. Bell (1927), which affirmed the right of the state of Virginia to sterilize mental retardates

From the Horse's Mouth

Americans have a very special person in their midst and a very special group to protect this very special person. Rabbi Meir Kahane can say things which, if said with a few changes of proper nouns by a Majority member, would mean a jail term, job dismissal or at the very least subjection to a media campaign of character assassination.

To prove these assertions, we offer in evidence a few Kahane pearls of wisdom uttered at a public debate in Albany, New York, on April 4:

The country of South Africa belongs to the blacks. The country of Israel belongs to the Jews.

[It would be] inexcusable not to bomb, shell or kill because of mercy to civilians of a people who want to wipe out Jews. If one comes to slay you, slay him first. Do not be overly righteous, for one who has mercy on the cruel will someday be cruel to the merciful. One Israeli soldier is worth more than all the Palestinians.

Jews who are opposed to JDL violence should be ashamed of themselves.

Although at the beginning of the century, the proportion of Jews to Arabs in Palestine was about the same as the present proportion of whites to blacks in South Africa, Kahane now says Arabs and other non-Jews should be allowed to live in Israel only as "resident strangers." This invidious courtesy is also extended to Arabs in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, who outnumber Jews there 25 to 1.

Kahane explained it was an abomination to think Israel should be a democratic state. Democracy would allow Arabs to have enough babies to eventually outvote their Zionist masters. "In the Talmud it is quite clear that a non-Jew in Israel is not entitled to be a citizen."

Racism, genocide, imperialism and colonialism -- all the no-noes that American Jews are supposedly against -- are being preached openly in Israel and at Jewish gatherings in the U.S. The media, which salivate hydrophobically whenever a member of the KKK says one-tenth as much, don't seem to worry too much about the Palestinian-scourging Rabbi.

The Favored 21

There are now 21 ethnic groups which qualify as disadvantaged under Public Law 95-507 and whose members are therefore qualified for special federal favors, such as low-interest unsecured loans, first shot at jobs, and all the other advantages now be-

ing doled out on the basis of race. The groups are:

Black Americans.

Hispanic Americans.

Native Americans (Indians, Eskimos, Aleuts and Native Hawaiians).

Asian Pacific Americans (citizens who came or whose ancestors came from Japan, China, the Philippines, Vietnam, Korea, Samoa, Guam, the U.S. Trust Territories of the Pacific, Northern Marianas, Laos, Cambodia and Taiwan).

Asian Indian Americans (citizens of Indian, Pakistani and Bangladeshi origin).

Epicanthic Racism

Most students of American history have been taught to remember -- with horror -- our Oriental Exclusion Acts of 1882 and 1907. They should read Japan's Exclusion Act of 1636:

No Japanese shall be sent abroad. Anyone violating this prohibition shall suffer the penalty of death All Japanese residing abroad shall be put to death when they return home The Namban people [Spaniards or Portuguese] and any other people with evil titles propagating Christianity shall be incarcerated in the Omura prison Even ships shall not be left untouched, in the matter of exterminating Christians. Everything shall be done in order to see that no Christian is survived by descendants, and anyone disregarding this injunction shall be put to death, while proper punishment shall be meted out to the other members of his family Children born of the Namban people . . . in Nagasaki and people adopting these Namban children into their family shall be put to death; capital punishment shall also be meted out to those Namban descendants if they return to Japan The samurai [warrior class] shall not purchase goods on board foreign ships [in Nagasaki] directly from foreigners.

Congressman Norman Mineta, who has been raising the Capitol roof about Anglo-Saxon racism against Asians, should put that in his Sony and read *The Economic Aspects of the History of Civilization of Japan* by Y. Takekoshi (Allen & Unwin, London, 1930, Vol II, pp. 128-29).

Light-weight Principles

The 1983 Harry Truman Public Service Award was given to Coretta Scott King and posthumously to her late husband.

There is irony here. In 1965 Truman held a sidewalk interview in New York City in which he damned Martin Luther King Jr. as "one of the first-class troublemakers" (*Time*, April 23, 1965, p. 73).

There is even more irony. A few months

ago it was revealed that Harry Truman had been an authentic 24-carat bigot in his salad days. Like nematodes in browning lawns, racial slurs permeated 1,400 letters he had written to wife Bess. At the age of 27, Truman had this to say:

I think one man is just as good as another so long as he's honest and decent and not a nigger or a Chinaman the Lord made the white man from dust, a nigger from mud, then he threw up what was left and it came down a Chinaman I am strongly of the opinion that negroes [sic] ought to be in Africa, yellow men in Asia and white men in Europe and America.

Truman even penned some unkind remarks about Eddie Jacobson, his partner in an army canteen business, who was later to become his partner in a haberdashery store that went bankrupt:

I go count nickles [sic] and dimes up to \$400 a day more or less. I guess I should be very proud of my Jewish ability.

One event in Truman's life which his liberal friends have conveniently forgotten and have been able to make most Americans forget was his flirtation with the Ku Klux Klan, of which he was briefly a member in 1922.

When it became impolitic not to do so, Truman debonairly shucked off his racial ideas and became a pillar of the integration establishment. Such quick ideological fixes are a dime a dozen in a political system where votes are everything and principles naught.

More Right Than Left

A Gallup Poll testing the public's political pulse (Sept. 17-20, 1982) came up with some numbers that may have some interest for those who have a particular reverence for pollsters.

First of all, Mr. Gallup says that his respondents were 40% different shades of "right" and 32% different shades of "left." The only significant difference between whites and nonwhites was that 5% of the latter identified themselves as "far left," compared to 2% of the former. The region leaning most heavily to the right was the Midwest. Surprisingly, the college crowd was more "rightist" than the high-schoolers. Equally surprising, the older folk were more "leftist" in their politics than younger people (fears about Social Security?). Unsurprising to Instaurationists was the high proportion of well-off people in the leftist category, though, as a whole, the more affluent were concentrated in the rightist brackets. As we all have come to understand or should come to understand, the Democrats with the fattest checkbooks were more left-oriented than Joe Blow Democrats.

Gallup also rated the public's feelings toward Israel -- 55% generally favorable, 35%

generally unfavorable. College and grade-school students were more pro-Israel than those in high school. The Midwest was the least Zionist-inclined region. Rich Americans looked more kindly on the Jewish state than did the poor.

Is This a Good Ad?

Is this what it takes for him to get a decent job?

Discrimination isn't funny. It's real. We're here and 100 employees give a person \$1,000 if they don't get a job. They won't take anyone with the word "job" in their name unless it's from a black man. From where the New York Urban League comes on. We've been fighting discrimination against black people since 1919. We are who's activity involved in the important areas of

education, housing, health and social welfare. As always, our door is always open to New Yorkers get the chance they deserve. But we can't do it alone. You can help. Become a member whenever your services. Or send a contribution to the New York Urban League, 3000 Broadway, New York, New York 10006. (212) 730-6200.

The New York Urban League

The New York Urban League used the above photo of a black face painted white to make the anachronistic point that only whites are hired these days. Hasn't the League ever heard of Affirmative Action? At any rate, what is more ugly than the racial traits of one race, any race, superimposed on another race? No one in his right mind would hire such a monstrosity as the gentleman pictured above. For this reason the ad was probably counterproductive in economic terms, and certainly counterproductive in aesthetic terms. No illustration could emphasize racial differences more convincingly. And nothing could bring out Negro features more unbeautifully than painting them white. The "credits" for the ad go to Ervin Jue of the Doyle Dane Bernbach ad agency.

The Philistines Were No "Philistines"

When Tom Wolfe's book, *The Painted Word*, poked fun at the primitive anti-aesthetics of three critics named Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg and Leo Steinberg -- even labelling their hometown "Cultureburg" -- *Commentary* magazine answered with a blast entitled "The Revenge of the Philistines." Had Wolfe dispensed with wit and pointed out the Jewishness of the three "bergs" (and not taken a Jewish wife besides), an otherwise very similar book would have drawn a response cal-

led "Revenge of the Anti-Semites." As Wolfe well understood, the label "philistine" was serving him notice that he had gone about as far against the establishment as he safely could.

Matthew Arnold once suggested that those who first applied the word "philistine" to people lacking (or supposedly lacking) higher cultural values had in mind particularly "a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the chosen people, of the children of light." Knowing their Bible well, these wordsmiths selected the archnemesis of the Israelites in the time of King David for this special reproach. Nothing good is said about the capital-P Philistines in the Hebrew holy book, but there is a great irony in their name having become the chosen epithet of Western aesthetes: new discoveries are revealing that the Philistines, probably an Aegean-derived people, were far more artistic than their Israelite foes.

Even Trude Dothan, a scholar at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, concedes that their "material culture, particularly the pottery and cult vessels, does not accord with the negative meaning of the term 'Philistine.'" The pottery, she says, "demonstrates high artistic and aesthetic abilities" -- a much more favorable verdict than ancient Jewish relics customarily receive. The motifs on this fine pottery, and other clues, point to a connection with the earlier high Minoan civilization of Crete. Dothan is constructing a Philistine chronology extending from 1250 to 950 B.C., while Robert R. Stieglitz of the Hebraic Studies Department at Rutgers University is calling the Philistines "a great ancient civilization."

What became of the Philistines? As Goliath's kinsmen moved east toward the River Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, they encountered the "children of light" moving west. Defeat and assimilation into the larger surrounding population was their fate. But they gave the land their name -- Palestine.

Cannibalism Addenda

In reference to the article, "Anthropophagous Redskins," in the *May Instauration*, may I add a few historical instances of cannibalism among American Indians? (See *Montcalm and Wolfe*, Vols. I and II, by Francis Parkman, Little, Brown, 1902).

1. Father Roubaud, a Jesuit missionary paying a visit to the Abenakis in St. Francis, Canada, saw "a large number of them squatted about a fire, before which meat was roasting on sticks stuck in the ground; and, approaching, he saw that it was the flesh of an Englishman, other parts of which were boiling in a kettle, while near by sat eight or ten of the prisoners, forced to see their comrade devoured." (Vol. II, p. 171)
2. The journal of Bougainville, aide-de-

camp to General Montcalm, contained an entry about a detachment of 300 provincials, chiefly New Jersey men, who were surprised by Indians on Lake George in 1757. "About a hundred, however, made their escape. The rest were killed or captured, and three of the bodies were eaten on the spot." (Vol. II, p. 172)

3. Baron de Dieskau was wounded and captured at Lake George in the engagement, known as The Bloody Morning Scout, Sept. 8, 1755. "Scarcely were Dieskau's wounds dressed, when several [Mohawks] came into the tent. There was a long and angry dispute in their own language between them and Johnson [a British general], after which they went out very sullenly. Dieskau asked what they wanted. 'What do they want?' returned Johnson. 'To burn you, by God, eat you, and smoke you in their pipes.'" (Vol. I, p. 321)

I am of the belief that the above accounts are true beyond question. Would Father Roubaud, the Abenakis' parish priest, have any reason to concoct such an infamous untruth about his own parishioners?

By the same token, Bougainville would be doing his king a great disservice by making up stories of such a horrible nature that in the long run just might alienate the loyalty of his savage allies.

In Sir William Johnson's case, he had been adopted into the Mohawk tribe and made a chief. His dealings with the Mohawks had always been honest and straightforward. Why would he make a false statement to Dieskau? Johnson could ill afford to antagonize any of the Six Nations, whom he was continually endeavoring to get to fight on the side of the English.

019

Dopester Heroes

- In 1964 Bob Dylan gave the Beatles their first taste of marijuana. By the next year they were swallowing LSD sugar cubes for dessert. Only Ringo abstained from dope.

- In 1967 the Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, had a homosexual session with John Lennon in Spain.

- Lennon broke up the Beatles when he and his Jap wife, Yoko, became hopelessly hooked on heroin.

- George Harrison and Ringo Starr's marriages fell apart when the former announced he was in love with Mrs. Starr.

The above items are just a few of the biographical hors d'oeuvres served up in *The Love You Make*, a new book about the Beatles by their onetime adviser, Peter Brown. If half of what he writes is true, Western youth had a sorry bunch of role models in the days of Beatlemania.

Reagan's Across-the-Aisle Appointments

Did voters elect a Republican president so he could appoint a cohort of minorityites and left-wing Democrats to important government posts? Apparently they did. In keeping with the standard White House policy of naming minority Democrats to serve as U.S. mediators in world hotspots, Reagan picked Richard Stone, quondam senator from Florida, as his special envoy to Central America. We can be sure that if Stone succeeds in bringing "peace" to those hysterical Hispanic lands (Costa Rica excepted), it will be a Kissinger-type, 'Nam-type sellout. Meanwhile, the Sandinistas must be in Seventh Heaven.

Other recent Reagan nominees were his four choices for the Civil Rights Commission, whose chairman, an earlier Reagan appointment, is a fumbling, Uncle Tomish black named Clarence Pendleton, who has been accused, and rightly so, of being less than truthful at his confirmation hearing. Reagan's four new anti-Reaganites are:

- Linda Chavez, radical Hispanic Democrat, assistant to Albert Shanker of the American Federation of Teachers, an organization which bears as much responsibility as any group or person for the lamentable state of U.S. education.

- John Bunzel, true-believing Democratic equalizer, president of chaotic San Jose University during its worst days.

- Robert Destro, bearded Democratic law professor from Catholic University, who, although a professional and professing Christian, is much more interested in this world than the next one.

- Morris Abrams, Jewish elder, former president of Brandeis University, former president of the American Jewish Committee, former president of the United Negro College Fund.

What a motley crew! Their only plusses are that some of them are allegedly against forced busing and quotas. Otherwise, they have never strayed more than a millimeter from the straight liberal-minority party line.

We are told the Civil Rights Commission has no power to implement its racist ideology (minority racist, that is). Not true. Members have at their constant beck and call a huge, wide-open pipeline to the media. Every scurrilous attack the Committee makes on Majority mores and institutions is immediately picked up and given prominent space by the wire services and your daily newspaper. Who wields greater power in these dismal days than the man, woman or group with unlimited access to the media?

Ironically, Reagan's nominations have been deemed unsatisfactory by some un-

grateful mediocrats who don't want any ifs, ands or buts to gnarl the integrationist propensities of Commission appointees. Their favorite member is Mary Berry, who after a 1977 trip to China returned singing the praises of Chairman Mao. Sundry senators of the Cranston persuasion are expected to put up a fight against confirming some or all of the Reagan nominees. But Morris Abrams has nothing to worry about. Nathan Perlmutter of the ADL has already come to his rescue.

Uncommon Jewish Expressions

Every Goy's Guide to Common Jewish Expressions by Arthur Naiman (Ballantine, 1983, \$2.75) is at first glance nothing more than another cheap Leo Rosten-type treasury of Jewishisms which minority publishers seem to delight in issuing in mass market paperbacks, apparently more to flex their muscles and rub in their dominant role in the field than for any other purpose.

But Naiman has done something different in this book. Amid the feeble Jewish humor one finds under the Six Million entry:

Ask almost anybody how many people the Nazis murdered outside of combat and they'll tell you six million. But that's not even close. The number is actually twelve million (ten million civilians and two million prisoners of war), of whom six million -- aha! -- were Jews.

Now I know we're smarter and more sensitive and just all around better than everybody else, but it does seem to me that just because six million Russians, Poles, Serbs, Gypsies, homosexuals, communists, socialists, anarchists, pacifists and, by the way, Christians (because anyone who was a real Christian in Nazi Germany and didn't get out ended up in a concentration camp) -- just because those people weren't Jewish doesn't mean they don't count.

I don't think it's so hard to understand how survivors of the Holocaust can raise money to help Israel do to the Palestinians what Germany did to the Jews when you realize that these same people always refer to the six million victims of the Nazis as if the six million non-Jews didn't exist.

But they did exist and just like the Jews, they had organs, dimensions, affections, passions. If you pricked them, they bled. If you poisoned them, they died. So I think we owe it to them to remember their deaths too.

Under "Zionism":

It's possible to admire many things about Israel, to be proud of its accomplishments, to be glad it's there as a place of refuge, and to still be disgusted by the Israeli government's treatment of the Palestinian people, or by its close ties with South Africa . . .

Finally, in Appendix A, Naiman daringly comments on the JDL:

Anyway, I have no apologies to make for writing a dictionary of Jewish expressions that doesn't seep with nostalgia for life in the shtetl, present the Jewish religion as the greatest collection of human truths yet assembled, or claim that the state of Israel can do no wrong. There are lots of ways to be Jewish, and every one of them is OK.

Naiman winds up with what could be interpreted as a prayer:

I just hope this keeps the JDL death squad from my door.

Fourth Brancher

The Senate is composed not of a hundred but of 101 members, according to the *New York Times* (May 26, 1983). The 101st is David Brody, a Flintstone-looking Jew who is described as the "unelected senator" by Senator Mathias of Maryland. Jesse Helms escorts him into the "Senators Only" elevator. Senator Grassley of Iowa bows him into the "Senators Only" Capitol subway. Former Vice-President Mondale chimes in, "Dave Brody can get in and out of more senators' offices more quickly than any person I have ever met in my life."

Who is Brody and what gives him such an "in" in the Senate? Well, he's a paid lobbyist for civil rights groups and -- you guessed it -- Israel. What's more, he's the Washington representative of B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League, which should be, but isn't, registered as an agent of a foreign government.

Anti-Semites have charged that the B'nai B'rith is the fourth branch of the U.S. government. Mr. Brody's maneuverings and machinations in the Capitol lend some credence to this charge.

Uncle Sam's Settlements

What has been the cost so far of the settlements the Zionists have been building on the occupied West Bank, where there are at present some 725,000 Palestinians and 27,000 Jews? Mideast experts put the cost at \$1.5 billion. Where does this money come from? From the U.S., directly and indirectly, mainly through foreign aid and tax-deductible gifts to Zionist organizations. At present Israel receives \$785 million annually from Washington to spend on anything it wants. The rest of the multibillion-dollar aid package is tied to largely military expenditures. Since Israel is broke and would default on its huge debt without continued U.S. financial aid, a sizable part of the \$785 million -- at least \$200 to \$300 million a year -- must be

going into settlement building. There is no other place the money can come from.

Yet on September 1, 1982, Reagan called for an "immediate freeze" on Israeli settlements. He couldn't have meant what he said since he is the head of a government which advances to Israel the money that makes it possible for it to keep on building and building. If he wanted to, he could stop the West Bank settlements with a stroke of his pen. But there is a wide, wide gulf between saying and doing in American-Israeli relations, where the forked tongue continues to make all the pronouncements.

We Lepers

Consider the headlines of this newspaper story: "Blacks Written Off for 1984 Campaign, Reagan Aides Assert." Wherein lies the news? All the campaigning in the world would not lure more than 10% of the blacks, a pathetic 1.2% of the electorate, to the Reagan fold. Reagan spokesmen, of course, called the allegations "ridiculous." Republicans, they said, are going all out for minority support. Administration officials were then quoted to the effect that "making peace with women," Hispanics, blacks and Asians are top Republican priorities.

Democratic officials never wring their hands because they get proportionately less white and male support than their opponents. And no one ever reproaches them for it. Instead, they go after the minority (and female) vote all the harder. They are "deeply troubled," they say, if their Hispanic backing falls from, say, 90% to 75%, but are not at all bothered if white males in a given area reject them en masse! Neither do the Republicans seem to mind if their white male backbone of support declines. But they are "deeply troubled" when their Hispanic female support falls from, say, 15% to 12%.

Even when most black leaders in America publicly use words like "our enemy" to describe Ronald Reagan, he comes crawling back to them in speech after speech. What he thinks privately is another matter, and no doubt his political cronies really have written off the blacks -- though they feel they must deny it. Yet neither party would dare to crow over a gain in the "white" or the "white male" vote.

Why should this be, since whites still greatly outnumber nonwhite voters? Is it because whites, especially white males, are perceived as a large, sodden mass which is being politically "phased out" and is just too dumb to react? The phasing out proceeds faster in the key electoral plums -- New York, California, Texas, Florida -- where the minorities are noisiest, most volatile and most ethnocentric. No wonder when Reagan was told he "must" carry these choice pieces of political real estate to win, his response was reflexive -- stroke the Hispanics some more! The option of increasing his white support in those states was apparently unthinkable.

One doesn't bet on dinosaurs -- or lepers.

And our kind is plainly treated like a colony of lepers, even though (for a while longer) we are the American Majority, and even though (for a while longer) the more leprous members of the leper colony are allowed to repose in the symbolic seats of power.

Jewish Black Market

A newly unearthed State Department report charges that Jewish relief agencies turned UNRRA (United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency) into a vast black market operation after World War II. The money derived from the illegal sales of UNRRA rations was "the largest source of income for both the Jewish underground and the legitimate Jewish relief agencies operating in Italy." Moreover, at least "10% of the underground refugees," who were running the British blockade into Palestine were "Communist agents."

It's a pity this report did not come out on May 14, 1947, when it was written. But writings critical of Jews, no matter how official and no matter how important, have the annoying habit of disappearing into deep, dark pigeonholes.

Untouchable Redskin

Dennis Banks, the bail-jumping Indian leader who was left unmolested by the FBI when he sought sanctuary on the Onondaga Indian reservation near Syracuse, New York, was freed of charges of illegal possession of firearms and explosives by U.S. District Judge Redden because of the government's delay in pressing charges in the 7½-year-old case. J.B. Stoner, who happens to be a paleface, was sentenced to jail after a trial which took place almost 20 years after the crime for which he was charged.

Former Governor Jerry Brown previously refused to allow Banks's extradition to South Dakota to serve a sentence for riot and assault. Two FBI agents were murdered when they attempted to arrest Indians as a result of the 71-day occupation of Wounded Knee. Banks was deeply involved in the Wounded Knee siege, as well as in the takeover of the Washington headquarters of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Unlike Banks, white criminals, real or alleged, have no sanctuaries from which they can defy the law.

After a few months as a fugitive from justice, Stoner has now given himself up to Alabama authorities, and the white supremacist faces the prospect of a long and dangerous stay in prisons overbrimming with blacks. Neither was the kid glove treatment given to Banks by law enforcement officials extended to Gordon Kahl, the trigger-happy tax protestor, when they blasted his hideaway in Arkansas to smithereens in a shoot-out and fire that left his body so burned it was almost unidentifiable.

Minimize the Non-minorities

"Non-minorities" is a somewhat fateful word that was first noticed in an article from the *Jersey Journal* (March 31, 1983):

Preliminary State Police written exams are being given covertly in Hudson County to help meet court-mandated Affirmative Action requirements in the hiring of troopers. News of the tests is being kept to a minimum to prevent non-minorities from showing up at the testing sites, said a testing official.

Alan Rodriguez, the bureaucrat in charge of the exams, was quoted as follows:

We were trying to keep the test quiet, but if we are going to get 500 people who are not minorities and women, I'll just have to cancel the test.

Pet Peeves

- Middle-aged housewives who suddenly "get religion" and become tireless workers for the nuclear freeze movement. Sunday newspapers everywhere are full of long profiles of this type.

- Leftist TV pundits who subtly display their "solidarity with the Nicaraguan" people by pronouncing the country "Nee-hawah-rah." They remind me of nothing so much as Bill Dana doing his "José Jimenez" character.

- Truckling magazine articles about some ghetto welfare mama who saw to it that every one of her 13 children went to an Ivy League university. Her motherly dedication does not impress middle-class white parents struggling to put their two kids through a second-rate college.

- A homo-not-quite-erectus like "Mr. T," who has become a media celebrity and a "role model" for American youth.

- Trendy talk show host Dennis Wholey of "PBS Late Night" presenting a John Birch Society spokesman in the interest of "balance" to compensate for the 500 left-liberal-minority "spokespeople" he's previously interviewed.

- Ecstatic Sunday Supplement pieces on how well our new immigrants (Laotians, Koreans, Haitians, Jamaicans, etc.) are "adjusting" to American life. The roster will include a West Indian black holding down a \$7-an-hour factory job and a smart-as-a-whip Asian who's become a college professor. Out-of-work white citizens read such articles with mixed feelings.





Cholly Bilderberger



King Carter Madison, head of Virginians Against Anti-Semitism, the Richmond-based, Old Guard organization, was in town last week, and a guest at a luncheon given for him by Yitznah Areshnap, the tympanist, at Tucano. Also present were Caroline Plimpton (who's so interested in retarded Chinese children, on the mainland as well as in Taiwan and America), and Morley King (organizer of the projected AIDS Syndrome telethon — 48 hours. According to King Carter Madison, Robert McAfee Brown's book *Elie Wiesel: Messenger to All Humanity* (Notre Dame, 1983, \$16.95), is a landmark. "It's important that it was written by a non-Jew," he said in his speech, immediately after the *chausson de grenouille au cresson*. "And a non-Jew who is both a theologian and a critic. When Elie Wiesel gets the Nobel Prize, a bit of the credit will go to Robert McAfee Brown, and that is as it should be. He has taken Elie's Dostoyevskian preoccupation with the shards and tails of meaning as expressed in his own experiences in Auschwitz and Buchenwald as a means of creating great art as well as great — unsurpassed, I should say — morality. In his books, shades of the ghettos prance austere through the fore- and subconsciousness of all of us, stunning us with the Chagall-like beauty of Jewish thought and practice. Elie has been called the founder of Holocaust literature, and he does not deny it. Who can forget the transcendental clarity of his insight in depicting God Himself on trial for crimes committed against the Jews? (That's our God, needless to say.) What Elie is telling us is that if it comes to a choice between our own God and what He has allowed to happen to His Chosen People, then, as Elie proposes, we should face the fact that our God is anti-Semitic and deal with Him accordingly. When we hold the trial, I propose that Elie be the judge, and that the jury be composed of Jewish survivors of the concentration camps. Elie, having attained the moral authority of Moses, the philosophical stature of Spinoza, the humility of Einstein and the popular appeal of Al Jolson, is more than equipped to deal with such prosaic matters as our problems and our God" At this point, King Carter Madison was suddenly unable to continue with his speech, and was assisted from the restaurant. As he left, he was heard to say that Elie also has the "athletic ability of Karl Marx and the flair for seamanship of Sigmund Freud." Applause for this prophet of the Old Dominion was long and sustained after his departure, and an ad hoc committee has been set up to carry out the program. King Carter Madison has not as yet returned to Virginia, but is staying on in the city at the Eddie Cantor Clinic in a private (no calls) suite.

* * *

Coming Marriage: Patricia, daughter of Lt. General (Ret.) and Mrs. Francis P. Dempsey, to Howard Bassen-Mayer. General Dempsey (nicknamed "Vanadium Innards" for his heroism in WWII) describes himself as "an unregenerate admirer of Charles Lindbergh, Joe McCarthy and Jim Forrestal," and is currently writing his memoirs, tentatively entitled *America Last*. Howard Bassen-Mayer is Chief Executive Officer of Bartle, Inc., the holding company which controls Astral Computers, darling

of the high-tech stocks. He is the son of Helen Bassen (the cosmetics queen) and Prince Matthias Wallenstein, the Austrian aristocrat who fled his native land in 1938 and later led an OSS team which returned to Austria in 1943-44 and killed 566 Nazi soldiers (mostly SS) in remote areas of the Salzkammergut. The prince was also an authority on bees and the early history of European cinema. (He and Howard's mother were divorced in 1969, after which she married Ben Mayer, the producer and mountaineer.) Prince Wallenstein's aunt, Marie-Louise, was reputedly the mistress of Sir Richard Wagner D'Assoon, the Talmudic scholar and Grenadier Guards major who was killed on the Somme in World War I.

* * *

Event-of-the-Month was certainly Barbara Hellmann's costume party, given aboard the *Protocols of Zion*, her 122-foot yacht, currently moored in the East River. (Always asked why she named the yacht after the most famous of anti-Semitic forgeries, Barbara inevitably answers: "In the old days everybody with any wit in Hollywood if you want to know the truth, including me, thought the *Protocols of Zion* were not only crazy but also the funniest thing ever written. We used to read them aloud at parties and roll on the floor. All we had to do was say 'Protocols' to each other, and we'd all break up. We used to say it would be sidesplitting to use the name on a yacht, and drive the goys round the bend. After all, everyone, but especially Jews, is supposed to take the *Protocols* seriously just because they are fakes. Well, I was the one who got the yacht — when I married Tyson Whitney — and I kept the promise.") The theme of the party was Great Moderns, and there were nineteen Golda Meirs (with Amanda Livingston's by far the best), eight Henry Kissingers (Henry's was not the best), and no end of Einsteins, J. Philip Oppenheimers, Emma Goldmans and Barney Baruchs. Jenny Burden, who interprets "modern" broadly, came as Rebecca Zuckerman, the once-unknown 19th-century New York poetess who is now credited by advanced scholarship with much of Emily Dickinson's work. The party ended with a gigantic fireworks display over the river re-enacting the siege of Beirut.

* * *

Also at the Hellmann party was Jim Longwood, chairman of Iowans Against Another Masada. Jim, a Sioux City banker and also an authority on breeding hybrid birds (he is currently attempting to cross a pheasant and a chicken), came as Anne Frank's father. He is very serious about Iowans Against Another Masada. "We're doing a lot," he says. "Our current project is painting silos throughout Iowa. We've got a lot of them, and they're ideal for our purposes. We are putting portraits of outstanding American Jews on these silos. It's part of our motto, which is: 'Never in Iowa!' These portraits are big — they cover the whole silo, and we use paint which can be seen at night when lights shine on it. It's something to remember to see an eighty-foot Felix Frankfurter or Irving Thalberg looking out across our cornfields." Jim says that his only regret is that "we

don't have mountains in Iowa. We'd like to do a large-scale commemoration of the founders of Israel on a Mount Rushmore scale, but we just don't have the elevation anywhere. However, we're dickering with some of the western states that do. We'd send the money and the sculptors and all the heavy equipment. All they have to do is donate a mountain." In another interesting sidelight, Jim says that Iowa will be the first state to have anti-anti-Semitic laws. "We will have bills before the next session of the legislature to provide stiff jail penalties for any sort of anti-Semitic slur. Up to five years in prison for second offenders. Iowa leads the country in literacy, and we want to be the first in moral literacy, too."

* * *

Maizee Hamilton, at El Shezan, asking, "Who says fair play and friendship are dead?" She was referring to the gallant fashion in which *tout New York* (and Washington) leapt to Henry Kissinger's defense in the wake of Seymour Hersch's book attacking him as wholly amoral. Among others, the two Bills, Buckley and Safire, contributed impassioned praise of the great statesman in their syndicated columns. "Those two columns read a lot alike," Betty Hornbull says at Maurice, "maybe Henry wrote them himself." And at the Italian Pavilion, racist Potter Bostwick saying loudly to his table, "Hersch could never have published that book if he hadn't been Jewish." Irene Silverstein, self-described as "just a lower-middle-class Jewish wife to a delicatessen store worker in Queens and trying to have a nice little lunch in the city and not listen to this Nazi talk," promptly threw her *piccata Guido* full in Potter's face, to the cheers of everyone in the place.

* * *

Speaking of Bill Buckley, and lots of people do just that a lot of the time, Holocaust, Inc., has applauded his column of a few weeks ago which urged an Israeli takeover of much of the Middle East. "Why not give serious thought to telling Israel to go ahead and occupy Damascus?" Bill asked. "Why not . . . let Israel dictate the terms to King Hussein?" he went on. ". . . why not say to our friends in the area: . . . Now we're going to let Israel run the show, and back Israel to the hilt." Shimon Fischbaum, publicity director of Holocaust, Inc., was sincere in his appreciation of this backing. "Bill shows what a proper attitude for a non-Jew is," he said approvingly over lunch at Palm. "Of course, he still has a long way to go — let's face it, all non-Jews do — but he's made a beginning, which a lot of you people haven't."

* * *

Sights and Sounds in the Night: Excited by the fireworks display from the Hellmann party — and, perhaps, a bit punchdrunk from his endless battles — Sutter Lang was convinced that, as a hospital spokesperson put it, "the counterrevolution had begun." In that mistaken assumption, he went into the streets with more than his usual audacity, attacking minorities from the Battery to the Bronx, a wild sweep which ended only when three teams of Special Police totaling seventeen men overcame him near Hell's Gate. Hospitalized with "the usual injuries," he left what Lieutenant Klaus O'Janovic of the NYPD calls "a trial of Jews, blacks, Hispanics and mixed ethnics totaling thirty-two, all male, all requiring at least emergency room

treatment and most of them additional surgery in one form or another. Even for Sutter, it was a big night."

* * *

At Raoul's, Potter Bostwick was diatribing as usual — "What is New York? I'll tell you what New York is: the smack of a pink palm in your face, the smell of an ochre mugger, the incoherences of ghetto-speak . . ." — when Harvey Denton, the popular paraplegic singer (and recent recipient of a cast-iron and post-stressed nylon pituitary gland to replace his own, badly damaged by fire in his apartment at The Dakota) rammed himself and his wheelchair into the insensitive racist. Potter was unhurt, but chastened into silence. Harvey ruptured his pancreas and will need a new one — fortunately a donor with one which matches has been found in Tierra del Fuego. The corpse of the donor — an Indian known simply as OK, who died of hypertension — will be flown to Los Angeles, as will Harvey, and the transfer will be performed in the John Wayne Pavilion of the Jack Warner Hospital.

* * *

Black circles in town are excited about the recent discoveries concerning Benjamin Banneker (1731-1806), considered "America's first man of science," an astronomer who helped survey the boundaries of the District of Columbia, and who built the first clock made entirely in America. "Perhaps this will finally focus attentiveness on Raffash Attrucks," says Paul Adams, the black leader. Interviewed in his midtown townhouse (staffed, as he points out to refute claims he is prejudiced, "entirely by white servants, including the butler") at Brandywine Towers, Paul talked about Attrucks at length. "All he was was America's first real geneticist, and one its first military experts, and lots more. He was a friend of both George Washington and Lord Howe, and was crucially key in planning the defenses at Saratoga and near the Delaware. His genetical research, which was way ahead of Darwin by nearly a century, was lost in the Great Fire of 1806, which swept through his home at Montrose, the plantation which belonged to Geoffrey Lee on the James River. Attrucks lived there in slave cabin number sixty-seven, and had to work in the cotton fields all day long. He conducted his experiments at night. In 1799, Mr. Lee gave him a few days off and Raffash was able to hold the first genetical conference ever held in the United States right in that cabin. Scholars came from all over the free world and told Raffash that his work, particularly on repressive characters, had inspired all of them and would lead to Darwin. Raffash was also into politics and wrote books and articles for Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, the dedicated Federalists, which were published in their names. He was also an authority on etiquette for slaves, and founded a school behind his cabin to teach the subject. This modest start later became Georgetown University, and its architecture inspired Thomas Jefferson when he built the University of Charlottesville . . . Raffash Attrucks was also into and a leader in fermentation, celestial navigation, the theory of plastics, strip mining, birth control the steam engine, art, historical novels, excavation, dams, bridges, Indian extinction, pollution, fibers, cancers and tumors, the preservation of whales, and colonic irrigation. He was a true Renaissance man, and it's high time we honored him."

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Rightists are constantly complaining that the Right is fragmented and therefore powerless. Well, I see the need for cooperation (preferably covert) wherever there is any chance of electing someone remotely acceptable or of combining on any referendum. However, from the practical point of view there is a great deal to be said for being fragmented, particularly at a time when we have so little power. The reason is that all actions tend to provoke equal and opposite reactions. This holds true particularly for the actions of those seeking to transform society or promote a leader with the will to do it. That is why, again and again in history, movements with big ideas, not to speak of remarkable leaders, have become bogged down -- cancelled out by an opposition springing partly from hostility, largely from inertia. Shoot an arrow for any distance and air resistance plus gravity will do much more to render it ineffective than any enemy shield. But shoot it in a gravity-free vacuum, and it will continue on forever. Widely differing viewpoints which nevertheless take fundamental principles for granted help to create a partial vacuum, in which the most effective expression of those principles may go forward without much impediment.

What I am advocating is a form of Gramsciism. Every successful movement makes allies which are fundamentally different in their motivation. Take the Russian case. The first Comintern turned out to be overwhelmingly Jewish, although Russian sympathy for the Jews can hardly be described as overwhelming. Although the Jews had the advantage of being a ruthless and fundamentally cohesive group, they could never have come to power but for (a) World War I, and (b) the progressive undermining of the Russian intelligentsia by mystical self-abnegation deriving from the Enlightenment via Tolstoy. Quite simply, an atmosphere had been created which enabled the most effectively organised force to come out on top without losing too much momentum on the way.

Mussolini succeeded because, under disturbed postwar conditions, and out of the very heart of the socialist movement, he managed to make an appeal to patriots of all kinds. Thereafter the Left was wise to this possibility and took steps to prevent a recurrence. As a result, National Socialism, which combined the same elements, had a much harder row to hoe. Indeed, if it

had not been for the existence of so many other patriotic splinter groups of the Right, it is very doubtful whether Hitler would have come to power. Members of the officer corps, *Freiwillige* from the east, Hohenzollern supporters, conservatives, folk enthusiasts, pagan mystics, historical determinists -- even the SA and the SS -- were constantly at loggerheads, but none of them questioned the need for Germany's revival. Thus it was possible to integrate the Stahlhelm organisation into the SA within a very short time of the Nazi takeover and the intellectuals soon fell into line, as they always do. Hitler succeeded because his was the most effective expression of an aim shared by widely differing groups. Where he made his mistake, and he came to see this too late, was in allowing himself to be manoeuvred into an alliance containing only fundamentally fascist parties. He reached out to the Japanese, but they did not respond to any extent (e.g., by opening a second front in the Soviet Union). What was needed, as Hitler saw it, was a direct appeal to the Arabs, but this was prevented from becoming dangerous by Mussolini's claims on the Arab world.

To us, the importance of fragmentation lies in the fact that it enables us to induce people of different class background, different ideology and different attitudes to move in the same direction without necessarily realising it. Provided the different groups agree on the need to preserve and improve our race, or at least to preserve the freedom which allows us to do so, one group can cover the activities of another. A Social Creditor, a true conservative, a fascist, a Christian traditionalist, an Odinist, an elitist, or a populist of the Poujade type may differ profoundly as regards ends, but they will hardly waste time discussing whether busing should be enforced or whether coloured immigration should continue on a mass scale. And once a tacit consensus has been achieved, then the most effective reaction to the threat of extinction which faces us must eventually win out.

My bet is that it will be neither nationalist nor socialist this time, but rather racist in the true sense and in favour of the economic independence of the family unit. Meanwhile, apparent disharmony on the Right provides the necessary smokescreen under which we can advance to the attack.



Talking Numbers

How many votes kept Hitler from beating Hindenburg in Germany's 1932 presidential election? Six million, writes William Shirer.

#

Jewish newspapers happily report that 6 American companies have agreed to pay a total of \$277,500 in penalties for cooperating in one way or another with the Arab boycott of Israel.

Three black companies are now in the \$100 million bracket: Motown Industries, H.J. Russell Construction Inc., Johnson Publishing (*Ebony* and *Jet*.)

#

A University of Massachusetts statewide poll showed 49% of respondents preferred nuclear war to Communist rule. Two-thirds of this bellicose group favored war even if it meant the death of every American.

The dust jacket of *Genocide*, a recently published book by Leo Kuper (Yale University Press), states, "Genocide and political massacres in the twentieth century have already resulted in the annihilation of 800,000 Armenians, 20 million Soviets, 6 million Jews, 3 million Bangladeshis, and 100,000 Hutu."

#

The population of Chicago is now 53.6% minority (not counting the Chicago Metro Area's 253,000 Jews).

Danny Sumi, a nonwhite baby, weighed 13 ounces when he came into the world, a U.S. record for a live birth. After spending a small fortune keeping him alive, doctors say Danny is doing fairly well, though he still faces many important medical problems and is susceptible to all sorts of viruses.

#

Eric Joseph (Joey) Eaves, the black basketball star who plays for Yeshiva University, says his father, a rabbi, is sorry that his athletic son won't be a rabbi, because none of his ten brothers and sisters are. Eaves explains, "Both my great-grandfathers were Jewish, my grandfather were [sic] Jewish and my mother and father are Jewish." Yeshiva plays such colleges as Bard, Vassar and Northeastern Bible. Its record in 1982 was 6 wins, 13 losses.

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26 foreign students have been indicted by a federal grand jury for falsely claiming they were U.S. citizens or resident aliens in order to obtain government educational grants or loans. Total amount of the loans was \$77,509. Most of the students came from Mexico, Peru, Nigeria and Iran.

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U.S. News & World Report predicts that 2 million Mexicans will "sneak into" the U.S. in 1983 -- more than any year in history.

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A federal judge has awarded \$1.85 million to relatives and survivors of Mark Clark and Fred Hampton, two Black Panthers killed in a police raid on their Chicago apartment in December 1969.

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Artec, Inc., New England's largest distributor of pornographic video cassettes, received a \$600,000 bank loan from the state-owned Vermont Industrial Development Authority. Artec is located in the hometown of Vermont's Governor Richard Snelling.

#

American Express has paid approximately \$550 million for the non-U.S. operations of the Swiss-based Trade Development Bank Holding Company, owned and controlled by Edmond J. Safra, a Levantine Jew. As a result of the transaction, arranged by conglomerator Peter Cohen, Safra becomes the largest shareholder of American Express.

#

The forcible rape rate of Dubuque, Iowa, is 3.2 per 100,000 population, compared to 41.7 nationwide. The murder rate is zero (11 nationwide). Dubuque's black population (11.7% nationwide) is 0.3%; Hispanic (6.4% nationwide) is 0.5%. The city has 30 Jewish families.

The *Los Angeles Times* (April 19, 1983) reported that "in the fall of 1944, Allied forces reached Majdanek and found the remains of 1.7 million Jews." *The Jewish Almanac* (Bantam, N.Y., 1980) says the body count at Majdanek was "125,000." Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews* has "tens of thousands"; *The War Against the Jews* by Davidowicz (Bantam, 1976), "1,380,000."

#

All Albanians eligible to vote -- 1,627,968 -- did so in last year's National Assembly elections. Only one person is reported to have voted against the list of candidates headed by Enver Hoxha, the nation's eccentric Marxist strongman.

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In 1981 the IRS had 76,575 employees, the FBI 19,306, the U.S. Customs Service 13,228, the INS 10,886.

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Israel spends 31.5% of its per capita income on the military, Syria 28.2%, the Soviet Union 15.5%, China 9.4%, U.S. 4.8%, Japan 1%, Costa Rica 0%.

#

John Lennon's estate, reportedly worth \$235 million, earns royalties of \$200,000 a day from his recordings. The average American doctor makes \$57,698 a year, the average lawyer \$40,000. Americans have the shortest work week in the world -- 35.6 hours. Egyptians work longest -- 56 hours (*The Book of Incomes*, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1981).

#

The Census Bureau reports that the nation's poorest city is Newark. Atlanta is second, New Orleans third.

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Nonwhite Philadelphians born in 1945 have committed 15 times more violent crimes than whites born in the same year. The nonwhite offense rate of those born in 1945 was 7 times that of whites.

#

In the recent California election Jane Fonda gave husband Tom Hayden \$591,334 to buy his way into the California state legislature. Jewish entertainment moguls Norman Lear (\$95,400), Lew Wasserman (\$30,500), Ted Ashley (\$17,000), Steven Ross (\$15,000), Bruce Corwin (\$14,942), Jerry Weintraub (\$60,200), Jerome Moss (\$14,000), and David Geffen (\$11,500) gave their money to Bradley, Jerry Brown, Hayden or other Democratic candidates, as well as to backers of nuclear freeze and gun control propositions. The only Californian who contributed a sizable amount (\$50,000) to Republican Deukmejian was Kirk Kerkorian, a fellow Armenian.

White children outweigh black children at birth by an average of 9 ounces (7 lb., 8 oz. vs. 6 lb., 15 oz.).

#

The Federal Office of Personnel Management checks the background of more than 200,000 federal job applicants each year. Chief screener is Peter Garcia.

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An NBC special, *Bataan, the Forgotten Hell* (Dec. 5, 1982), stated that 1% of World War II American POWs died in captivity in Europe, compared to 57% of the POWs in the Pacific theater. Remember this number the next time you see a Holocaust documentary.

#

Oppenheimer and Co. raised \$5 million for Owen J. Lipstein's *American Health Magazine*, which has reached a circulation of 450,000 after only 6 issues.

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Mayor Ed Koch has whined that "not a single synagogue" could be found among the many religious institutions now providing beds for New York City's homeless.

#

The Jewish National Fund in Israel will plant a forest in memory of the "200,000 Jewish soldiers in the Red Army who fell in battle against the Nazis in World War II." The Fund estimates that half a million Jews served in the Russian armed forces between 1941 and 1945.

#

The Jewish population of the Greater New York area has decreased from 1,988,000 in 1970 to 1,734,000 in 1982. But the number of Jews in Manhattan, where two-room apartments now rent for \$1,100 a month, grew from 171,000 in 1979 to 297,320 in 1982 (Source: *1983 American Jewish Yearbook*.)

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Praful Patel, a prominent Asian community leader, has informed Britons, "There are at least 200 Asian millionaires in Britain with huge homes and lavish lifestyles."

#

The Reagan administration has proposed a \$9.2 billion foreign aid program for fiscal 1984 -- \$400 million more than for fiscal 1983. Israel would get \$2,485,000,000, Egypt \$2,075,000,000, Jordan \$135,000,000, Turkey \$930,000,000, Pakistan \$525,000,000, El Salvador \$205,000,000, Honduras \$80,000,000, Lebanon \$15,000,000.

#

The crime rate of Sephardic families in Israel is six times that of Ashkenazi families.

Talking Numbers

A national poll of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations found that Americans favor the creation of a Palestinian state by a margin of 2 to 1. One-third of the respondents wanted military aid to Israel to be cut back or eliminated. But 30% favored sending troops to protect the Zionist state against an Arab attack. 80% said they were opposed to sending U.S. troops to El Salvador.

#

In Dallas 10 of the 15 largest construction firms hire illegals. Former Labor Secretary Ray Marshall has said that the present unemployment rate could be reduced by at least 2 percentage points if American workers did not have to compete with illegal immigrants.

#

6,943 recently took California's new proficiency test for prospective teachers. Of the 1,186 minority members tested, 71% failed. The failure rate of the 5,757 whites was 31.2%.

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Nearly 14,000 plants and factories have closed down in the U.S. since 1975, at least 10% of them in the job-intensive steel, rubber and textile industries. By the year 2,000, robots will replace 3 million American workers, and 40% of all new jobs will be related in one way or another to high-tech firms. U.S. corporations now spend \$30 billion a year training employees in new skills. By 1990 the nation will need 450,000 bionic-medicine specialists and genetic engineering technicians. (Source: *America's Future*, May 1983.)

#

Chicago, Cleveland and St. Louis (in that order) are the least integrated of America's largest cities: Oakland (California), Gary (Indiana) and Detroit (Michigan) are the most.

#

Fascist atrocities have the habit of being very well publicized. Who can forget Guernica and Lidice? But who knows anything about Paracuellos and Torrejón, where Spanish Stalinists dragged 2,000 Franco sympathizers out of jail and murdered them in cold blood in November 1936? Since a large percentage of the victims were army officers, the mass execution was a preview of another underpublicized Stalinist massacre, Katyn. (*Times Literary Supplement*, May 13, 1983, p. 483.)

#

Israel's 1982 balance of payment deficit was \$4.72 billion. Its outstanding foreign debt is now \$28 billion. On a per capita basis, these figures are appalling, even in a world gone debt mad.

Dr. Egon Mayer, a Brooklyn sociologist, guesses that 100,000 living Americans have converted to Judaism, a number that helps compensate for the decline of the Jewish population caused by a low birthrate. For every male converted, Dr. Mayer says there are 10 female converts. New Jews usually "define their Judaism in religious rather than communal ethnic terms." Mayer is worried that mixed marriages "could lead to a rupture between religion and ethnicity which have hitherto been very closely intertwined in American Jewish life."

#

Switzerland had 729 conscientious objectors in 1982, 593 in 1981, 70 in 1963. The COs go to jail, but the sentences are rarely longer than 10 months. Swiss males must do 17 weeks of military training at the age of 20. After that they must serve for one year in the armed forces, and follow this up for the rest of their lives with periods of reserve training. At any given time, 400,000 Swiss are under arms, though Switzerland has not fought in a European war for 468 years. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

The latest Gallup Youth Survey indicates that two out of three high-school students have cheated on at least one exam.

#

Those who question the arithmetic of our Census head-counters smile broadly when presented with this feat of numerology -- namely, that in three states (Michigan, California and Texas) the Amerindian population more than doubled from 1970 to 1980. Michigan Indians now number 39,702, (up 135% in ten years), Texas, 39,374 (up 119%), California 198,095 (up 117%). Oh, these stats!

#

Maryland banks have decided to allocate \$22 million for loans to minority business. The state will guarantee 80% of the 10-year loans, which have interest rates as low as 4%.

#

It costs an average American family \$226,000 to raise a first-born son to age 22, \$247,000 for a first-born daughter, economist Lawrence Olson writes in his book *Costs of Children*.



This ad recently appeared in the fulsome German magazine *Quick* -- a journal with extensive liberal credentials. The gentleman depicted is supposed to be a typical member of today's prestigious American meritocracy, as perceived by Europeans. No doubt thousands of Yankee lovers will be persuaded to buy the roll-your-own cigarette papers he is peddling. They will surely wish to identify with the salesman's patent sincerity and good breeding -- and will certainly be impressed with his "half-price" money-saving pitch. More astute Germans may comprehend that the huckster's headdress, borrowed from the Statue of Liberty, is a subtle tribute to the memory of Emma Lazarus. Clearly, the Nordics in the Marlboro ads have now been demoted to a lower social category and replaced with physiognomies more truly representative of America's ruling caste.

German subscriber



FRANK WILLIS, the black hero of the *Washington Post* and the night watchman who discovered the Watergate break-in, shoplifted a fountain pen in South Carolina in 1979, for which he paid a \$108.25 fine and was put on probation. Last September he tried to get out the door of an Augusta, Georgia, discount store with a pair of sneakers stuck in a knapsack. For this he was sentenced to jail for one year. He spent two weeks there before two black mayors got him out on a \$3,000 appeal bond. To keep him out of jail, Alex Haley, the Roots man, has offered to write Willis's biography.

☆ ☆ ☆

"El Torito," boxing's little bull, otherwise known as **TONY AYALA**, is behind bars following his April conviction of raping a pretty blonde school teacher at knifepoint. The mestizo punk was charged with attempted rape in 1978 but plea-bargained his way to ten years' probation and a fine. This time Ayala got 50 years in the slammer.

☆ ☆ ☆

America's latest welfare queen, **DOROTHY WOODS** of Los Angeles, a mother of 12 children of Negroid designation (she claimed 49), owns six cars of Caucasoid make (a Rolls, a Mercedes, a Cadillac Seville, etc.). Mama Woods recently pleaded guilty to bilking the taxpayers of \$377,500 in welfare payments. Attorney Dudley Grey admits she is worth about \$1.6 million.

☆ ☆ ☆

"I've got Mexican customs, Indian customs, different kinds of customs." That is what alleged witch **JANE MATA** told a Wichita court recently during its probe of **McVANE SERVE'S** murder. Serve made the mistake of trying to get Mata back from her second "husband," **MARIE (PETE) ALCA-RAZ**. Alcaraz, who was thought to be a man by many, including one of her wives(!), stabbed male chauvinist Serve 24 times and then slashed his throat for good measure. The unladylike conduct brought her five to 20 years for "voluntary manslaughter."

☆ ☆ ☆

REINA STEIN is a Nevada businesswoman who is proud of her Orthodox Jewish upbringing, her membership in Hadassah and her \$250,000 annual income. Under the name of Gina Wilson, she is also America's leading madam, her bordello operation gathering her more publicity than that formerly accorded to Jewess Xaviera Hollander, the former #1 madam, who now writes an excremental column for *Penthouse*. Gina is planning to build a \$25-million house of ill repute with 200 rooms, each with a hot tub, a sauna and a girl.

ARIEL SHARON, having been "punished" for his manifold crimes by being removed from his post as Minister of Defense and shifted to another cabinet post, has recently been making a triumphant tour of the U.S. The Jewish community has welcomed him with open arms and showered him with dollars to take back to the Promised Land so Israel can buy more weapons to kill more Arabs. Not a single picket line protested the appearance of the man who bore the ultimate responsibility for the Shatila and Sabra massacres. (In Canada, however, he was pestered by a few demonstrators.) Meanwhile, the State Department again refused a visa to Ian Paisley, the Ulster minister, who had been invited to lecture at Bob Jones University. Unfortunately for Paisley, he's not a warmongering Israeli politician, just a Northern European Protestant.

☆ ☆ ☆

No paper ever gave as much concentrated publicity to the Holocaust and to Holocaust atrocity tales as did the **WASHINGTON POST** in its gargantuan reportage of the Holocaust Convention (April 10-14, 1983). So many words were printed that after it was all over the *Post* collected them into a 64-page book and huckstered it mail order for \$5.95 postpaid. The ad for the book was accompanied by that old discredited photo of the little Jewish boy with hands upraised in the Warsaw ghetto. Although presumably being led off to the gas chambers, he was really arrested for stealing. According to the *London Jewish Chronicle*, the little boy is now an affluent businessman in Britain. But what is that happy dénouement to the *Post*, which wallows in Holocaust horrors and is quite willing to use fake photos as well as print wildly exaggerated survivor tales to cozy up to Jewish racism?

☆ ☆ ☆

A revolting-looking Chicano named **DANIEL AREVALO** began beating three-year-old Michael Manning on the day before Thanksgiving last year. For three weeks the attacks on girlfriend **ELIZABETH MANNING's** blond child continued. On December 17, Arevalo pounded away with a heavy belt and buckle for three hours. Michael died after this last session. Mom then helped Arevalo stuff the body in a heating vent and pretended nothing was amiss.

☆ ☆ ☆

Ponderable Quote

Finally Oppenheimer was able to quiet the howling [largely Jewish] crowd and he began to speak, hardly in low key. It was too early to determine what the results of the bombing might have been, but he was sure that the Japanese didn't like it. More cheering. He was proud, and he showed it, of what we had accomplished. Even more cheering. And his only regret was that we hadn't developed the bomb in time to have used it against the Germans. This practically raised the roof . . .

My wife and I became more socially acceptable [after my work on the neutron bomb] than we ever dreamed was possible. Among other invitations, we received a dinner invitation from my friend Milt, a Beverly Hills millionaire . . . and a member in good standing of the Beverly Hills Jewish community (i.e., liberal Democrats with a tremendous concern for the well-being of Israel, and inclined to be opposed to nuclear bombs and power stations). . . .

The questioning started and it was far from friendly, naturally. At one point came the inevitable question: Would it be good for Israel? "It sure would," I exclaimed. And I proceeded to explain how Israel could conduct a really credible defense against hostile neighbors. With that, I noticed a change in the attitude of some of the guests.

Samuel T. Cohen,
The Truth About the Neutron Bomb



Britain. Stuart Young has been appointed chairman of the BBC. On August 1, he will take over from George Howard, owner of the magnificent "Brideshead Revisited" spread. Young is appeals treasurer of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, a governor of Tel Aviv University, and a member of the British Overseas Trade Group for Israel. Since the Israeli invasion of Lebanon the BBC has been treating the Palestinians rather fairly, so fairly that the policy planning commission of the Institute of Jewish Affairs, which is associated with the World Jewish Congress, held two meetings late last year to see if something could be done to get the BBC back on the pro-Israel track. Both meetings were chaired by Young.

France. On April 26, a Paris court of appeals affirmed the verdict that had found Professor Robert Faurisson guilty of inciting racial hatred and ordered him to pay 14,000 francs to the plaintiff (various Jewish organizations), court costs and the expense of publishing the verdict in three publications (*Le Monde*, *Le Matin* and *Historia*). Altogether Faurisson stands to lose about 100,000 francs (approximately \$13,000).

Nevertheless, the supporters of Faurisson say he has won a victory of sorts. The amount he must pay will not bankrupt him, especially since he has the backing of several wealthy European believers in free speech, and the publicity surrounding his case has opened the eyes of tens of thousands of intelligent Frenchmen in France and overseas to various discrepancies in the Holocaust story line. Radio Canada, for example, carried an interview with Faurisson on April 29. A fairly objective report of the Faurisson affair appeared in the French magazine *Rivarol* (Feb. 25, 1983). A month later the same journal in an article on the death of a French historian, J. Benoist-Méchin, stated that he had shared Faurisson's skepticism in regard to death camp gassings. Also, a video cassette of Faurisson discussing "The Problems of the Gas Chambers" (in French) has been selling well at 500 francs a copy. It may be ordered from La Vielle Taupe, B.P. 9805, 7522 Paris Cedex 05, France.

More important, the appeals court refused to enter into the facts of the Holocaust and only condemned Faurisson for going beyond a reasonable discussion of the evidence and straying into the realm of polemics, particularly his widely publicized statement, "The alleged massacres that took place in the gas chambers and the alleged genocide are one and the same lie." The court actually recommended that Faurisson take his case to the "experts" and "historians." This is now happening. *Le Quotidien de Paris* reported on April 25 that one historian, André Brissaud, admitted that the mem-

oirs of Auschwitz boss Rudolf Höss, a prime source of the Holocaust story, were "probably dictated by Soviet officials" and that Höss's "details" about the gas chambers were "manifestly excessive."

Sweden. A report from an *Instaurationist* who recently visited the darkening land of his forefathers. Fifteen miles southwest of Stockholm lies the large town of Södertälje, which now has a population that is nearly half Turkish (or, more precisely, Christian Assyrian from Turkey). Some of the young Turks wear T-shirts with the slogan "Vi skall över Södertälje" ("We shall take over Södertälje"). Local Swedes have taken to calling the immigrants *svartskallar* or "black-skulls." A nervous calm still prevails, but below the placid Swedish surface blood is beginning to boil.

If one strikes out from Stockholm in a northwestward direction, more un-Nordic sights, sounds and smells are encountered. A friend and I rode the *Tunnelbana* (subway) to Rinkeby-Tensta during the evening rush hour. It did not take long to learn why Swedes have nicknamed it the "Orient Express." The vast majority of the passengers were Turks, Arabs, Hindus, Chinese and other Third Worldlings -- all of them products of just 20 years of insane immigration policies.

As we emerged from the subway to street level, the air reverberated with the paleolithic beat of hard rock. To our left, in front of a convenience store, a group of dusky youths pranced and jerked around the blaring radio. Spray-painted graffiti decorated the walls of the buildings, and wind-blown trash tumbled along the littered streets. I could have been in the South Bronx or Anacostia, D.C.

It is an admitted fact here that these newly arrived immigrants control the drug traffic and commit most of the violent crimes in Stockholm. "Street wisdom" decrees that if one gets into a threatening situation with blackskulls, the wisest course is to berate them loudly in English. It seems the invaders have more respect for Americans, whom they venerate as extraterrestrial beings from a far-off "Promised Land." While this strategy may work, it must be galling for a Swede to pretend to be a foreigner in his own country.

During my stay in the capital, I was introduced to a leader of a relatively new organization dedicated to the preservation of the Swedish people and Swedish culture. This handsome, personable young man showed us slides from a recent demonstration at Uppsala, an old university town and one-time pagan religious center about 40 miles north of Stockholm. A mixed-race leftist mob had recently greeted the handful of white survivalists there with the same un-



Swedish street scene

Swedish kind of hysterical hatred which is increasingly seen in the U.S.

Following the slide show, there was a light smorgasbord, over which we discussed the racial plight of the Swedish people. I learned that about 1.2 million of the 8 million people in Sweden are now either post-war immigrants or the children of such immigrants. Roughly half of these, perhaps 600,000 in all, are clearly unassimilable in racial terms. The problem is that this 7.5% element of the population is mixing its genes with the young Swedes, and the offspring are no less unassimilable.

One Stockholm Swede told me that in his apartment house about 30% of the adults are non-Swedish (mostly Greek in this case). So are 50% of the children aged five to 15, and at least 70% of the children under five. This relationship between age and race was, he added, typical of many housing projects in other Swedish cities. Nationally, nearly 30% of all so-called "Swedish" babies are now really the babies of recent immigrants.

Other manifestations of Nordic decline are readily found. The late Rastafarian reggae singer, Bob Marley, came to Stockholm in June 1980, and 30,000 young people attended his concert. He sang a song called "Zimbabwe":

Africa you are my soul,
Blacks are going to take control.

Many of those in the audience raised their fists and joined in the chorus. When Marley died, youths at several schools demanded that classes be given leave to commemorate their idol.

One of Sweden's most popular music groups is the pepper-and-salt outfit, "Free-style," whose members sometimes kiss and fondle each other onstage. No less popular is the singing duo, "Svenne and Lotta," which has recently produced four little half-

castes (off stage, thankfully). The black American vocalist Harry Belafonte recently had a big tour here. He repeatedly attacked President Reagan and swaggered about with a retinue of radical South African blacks.

The Swedish immigration laws have been tightened up slightly because of the recession, but two critical groups have scarcely been affected -- the so-called "refugees," who are only fleeing the failure inherent in their own genes, and the interracially adopted children. The latter permeate the country, and no sight is more galling. These children, from Calcutta, Mexico City and god-knows-where, will grow up with no identity except a warped Swedish one. The adopted black children of white American parents are often introduced to other blacks and instructed in black ways. But how can a Mexican child in Stockholm ever understand himself? Since "Mommy" is a stunning blonde with milk-white skin, he will want girlfriends and a wife just like mommy. In every Swedish city, I saw Swedish parents, often the handsomest ones, with smudge-faced brown children tagging along. At a Göteborg folk festival, a couple in traditional dress carried their South Asian toddler. At a lovely church service in Lund, a Swedish woman had two Indochinese girls in tow. Even in the tiniest rural villages, I could not escape this sight.

Sweden must be the premier example of how modernity brings technological progress and social regress. In the two generations since my own family departed, the society has been transformed from poor, rural, sectarian and isolated to affluent, urban, secular and internationally oriented. With the change have come crime, drugs, barnyard sex and a deep sense of alienation. Still, it is easy to exaggerate Swedish problems. By present American standards this is a society that works -- and works well. The demography of the newborns may be frightening, but they are not yet running Sweden. The population as a whole is still 85% Swedish, 90% North European and 95% more-or-less white. The Parliament remains virtually 100% Nordic in race. This makes for a consensus in basic values that Americans can only wistfully remember. To this day, in the heart of Stockholm, frail elderly people go where they please at any hour of the day and night.

Like more and more Americans, I returned home from Europe with the realization that my country is no longer Western in any traditional sense. Instaurationists may talk about America "becoming" another Brazil, but after three months in Scandinavia -- believe me -- America's cities are already far down that road. The good manners and gracious living which I repeatedly encountered in European cities are fading fast from most of urban America.

Yet the Swedes must reckon with America, if only because of our sheer size and the cultural, economic and military might which goes with it. Sweden's white survival-

ists bluntly stated that they were counting on Americans like myself to tame the anti-white octopus whose cultural tentacles are tightening around their throats. They convinced me that the larger Western destiny is in American hands to a degree which citizens of smaller nations can only envy.

A right-thinking Sweden, should it arise, could be blockaded and boycotted and put out of commission in no time. A right-thinking America, on the other hand, would give Sweden and other small nations a new lease on life.

Israel. Remember the attempted assassination last year of Shlomo Argov, Israeli ambassador to Britain? Begin said it was the work of the PLO and used it as a pretext to launch his invasion of Lebanon. Although Menahem said he didn't covet one square inch of Lebanese territory, his troops are still there in force.

The attempted killing, it turns out, was not the work of the PLO. Three of the would-be assassins were caught and one of them had the names of some top PLO officials on his hit list.

The British court declared Nauoff Rosen, a so-called Iraqi businessman, to be the leader of the gang and sentenced him to 35 years in gaol. His two aides, both from the West Bank, got 30 years each, but there is no proof they were PLO members.

One explanation for the attack on Argov is that the Iraqi government wanted to trigger an Israeli invasion of Lebanon to reduce pressure on Iraq in its war against Iran. It's a farfetched theory, which could only be confirmed by a serious inquiry. But who would dare make or pursue such an inquiry that might contradict Begin's version of history?

Actually, according to Israeli radio (June 4), Begin had told Al Haig, when he was secretary of state, all about the invasion three months before it started. Haig was said to be "understanding," so "understanding" that the refusal of some people in the Reagan administration to give Begin a blank check was one of the reasons for Haig's resignation.

Australia. In 1955, 90% of the population of Australia was of British origin. Since then, 3 million immigrants have arrived and now comprise 20% of the subcontinent's inhabitants. Half of these are English speakers, mostly from Britain, the U.S. and New Zealand. Nearly 1.5 million come from Slavic and Mediterranean Europe -- Greece, Italy, Poland and Yugoslavia. Among the non-English speakers are 70,000 Indochinese and a drizzle of blacks. Because of rising unemployment (close to 10%), because 40,000 illegal aliens hold on to jobs that could and should be filled by out-of-work Australians, immigration quotas are being cut back, particularly in the categories of preferred workers, permanent residents, relations and refugees. More important, the

influx of Asians is coming under special scrutiny. The old white Australia policy is dead, of course, but at least the continent will be growing darker more slowly in the immediate future.

Bob Hawke, the new prime minister, whose Labor party outvoted Malcolm Fraser's Liberal-National coalition in the recent elections, is hardly an improvement. A dedicated Zionist, far-leftist and lawyer, he managed to beat the half-Jewish Fraser with the help of Rupert Murdoch, the international press baron who, according to the late Golda Meir, has a Jewish mother (as quoted in *Spotlight*). Hawke, by the way, has been dubbed "one of our best boys" by no less an authority than another prime minister, Menahem Begin of Israel.

Hawke, the London *Sunday Times* reported, "drove himself to the edge of a breakdown in seeking abortively to persuade the Kremlin to allow Soviet Jews to emigrate."

* * *

Hate is bustin' out all over in Australia these days, as it is in most Western nations. Practically all the hate, of course, is directed against Germans. Every Holocaust documentary, every "death camp" photo, every survivor atrocity tale beats the tom-toms of psychological warfare against the people who "succumbed" to Nazism whether each individual German was a Nazi or not.

John Bennett, president of the Australian Civil Liberties Union (the rare ACLU that's interested in preserving free speech for everyone, not just for minorityites), thinks the time has come to put a stop to this ceaseless racial agitation. German racism at its most intense, measured by the amount of broadcast time, film production and newspaper stories, never approached the size and scope of anti-German racism, which has become one of the West's biggest industries.

As part of the campaign to dampen the waves of hate propaganda, the German Anti-Defamation League has been formed (Box 790F, GPO Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia). Time will tell if it can muffle anti-Germanism as thoroughly as B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League has stifled anti-Semitism. The chances are remote. Following the tactics of the ADL, the GDL would have to make it hazardous to one's pocketbook -- if not to one's health -- to say a word against Germans.

China. Last December, in northern Shansi Province, all 38 members of a birth-control team were battered to death by peasants wielding shovels and hoes. The riot came after two local women died during forced abortions to prevent them from having a second or third child.

Forced abortions and sterilizations are becoming more common in China as the government presses its campaign to restrict urban couples to one child and rural couples to two. Last year's census revealed a



Chinese population of 1,031,882,511, or nearly a quarter of mankind (the figure includes Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao). Nearly 25 million babies are being born in China each year, but the government believes this number must soon be cut back to 10.4 million if the nation's ambitious social and development plans are to be realized. The goal is to prevent the Chinese population from topping 1.2 billion by the year 2000.

The main impediment to Chinese population control is the society's traditional preference for males, which communism has not altered. Many Chinese couples are breaking the law and having a second, third or even fourth child in an attempt to produce a boy. Many others are casually killing their girl babies so they will have another legal chance for a boy. The punishment for those caught is typically a few years in prison. Culprits are regarded with sympathy.



Revisionist Conference

It's on! The Fifth International Revisionist Conference will convene in the Los Angeles area September 3-5 (Labor Day weekend). What better and more climactic way to end the summer holidays! Harken to the roster of distinguished speakers -- unique, interesting types you don't often get to meet on the street or on TV, off-the-beaten-track people who really have something to say:

- **David Irving**, the most anti-liberal and therefore the most truthful living British historian.
- **Dr. Robert Faurisson** -- the French "Arthur Butz," the most skeptical of Holocaust skeptics.
- **Dr. Wilhelm Stäglich**, author of *The Auschwitz Myth*, who has been on the receiving end of a German-Jewish censorship blitz.
- **Dr. William Lindsey**, forensic chemist, expert on the properties of Zyklon-B gas and the atrocity tales surrounding it.
- **Dr. James J. Martin**, dean of modern revisionism.

The conference promises to be an intellectual feast. For information, write the Institute for Historical Review, P.O. Box 1306, Torrance, California 90505.

The Question Mark Grows

Arthur Butz's *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century* is now in its sixth U.S. printing. This latest edition, available in hard or softcover and published by Noontide Press (Box 1248, Torrance, CA 90505), contains two major addresses the author delivered at the 1979 and 1982 Revisionist Conferences.

When Butz's book first came out in 1976 in Britain and 1977 in the U.S., he was warned by the doomsaying crowd, which included a few of his friends, that he would not live long enough to read any reviews. The warning had a double edge. Either he would be assassinated for his pains or the conspirators of silence would see to it that

his book remained a non-book.

The pessimists were wrong. He is still in the best of health and there is not a Holocaust true believer anywhere who hasn't heard that some people somewhere deny the very existence of the Western world's newest article of faith -- that Nazi war criminals deliberately gassed six million Jewish men, women and children in hellholes called death camps.

Butz was not the first to question the Holocaust. There was that earlier Gallic skeptic, Paul Rassinier. But it was Butz who opened Pandora's Box in the English-speaking world.

As yet, no "respectable" U.S. historian will debate the Holocaust with Butz and no "respectable" bookstore will stock his book. This, of course, only makes Butz's arguments more interesting and perhaps more truthful. What is everyone afraid of? If Butz is a liar, a public debate would be the most effective way to expose him. If he isn't a liar? Then perhaps muzzling him and his book might be the best tactic, although a desperate one because in the long run the boomerang effect might increase the sale of the book and publicize his heresy more widely. The public has always had a peculiar fascination for banned books.

Many people in high places -- among them the country's most ardent defenders of the First Amendment -- would like to burn *The Hoax*, along with its author. As we slouch further into barbarism, perhaps one or both of their wishes may come true. But burning books is not answering books, and burning authors is not the same as burning their ideas. In fact, how do you burn ideas? The ADL has a lot of work cut out for it before it can come up with a good answer to that one. How about some kind of brain scanner that reveals the wave patterns of dangerous thoughts before they have a chance to be turned into speech or put in writing? An inventor of such a device would become a millionaire overnight and probably be appointed Simon Wiesenthal's lifetime aide-de-camp.

Meanwhile, Butz's book remains a printed menace, a ticking intellectual time bomb

Another growing practice is sex tests of fetuses and the abortion of healthy female ones. So prevalent has female infanticide and abortion become that a recent survey of an undisclosed number of communes showed that three of every five babies were boys.

Despite all this murder, the Chinese population growth rate edged up to 1.45% in 1981, the second straight year it has risen. This has made Peking all the more determined to push its campaign -- no matter how many birth-control workers get bashed.

in a century whose recent history has been shaped by a credo that Butz has labeled a collection of damnable falsehoods.

Until such time as establishment historians have the courage to come to grips with this comprehensive denial of what Jews are now calling "the central event of the human experience," the question mark that hovers over Butz's thesis grows ever larger, and the larger it grows, the larger will grow the book's circulation.

Signals Through the Twilight

No such animal as a non-liberal, anti-liberal or illiberal dramatist exists any more. If he did, his plays would not be produced, which to a playwright is a form of living death.

To correct this deplorable state of affairs, the Drama Circle has been formed in Minnesota. No funds are as yet available for play production, but putting Majority activist playwrights, directors, actors and actresses in touch with each other may be an important first step.

Right now the group is publishing a quarterly newsletter (subscription \$5 per year), whose contents are described as "signals through the twilight." Among the Drama Circle's articles of faith are a rejection of Antonin Artaud's "Theater of Cruelty," a hearty acceptance of the idea that "a divine order is behind all great art," and a reaffirmation of the vital importance of folklore in drama.

The Drama Circle's promotional literature is full of high-sounding words and more than a little truth:

The present art world continues to move away from the classical conservative perspective. Contemporary artists are producing "works" that are either arcane egocentric monstrosities or impotent socialistic proselytizations.

The arts evolve along with the abilities and insights that artists possess regarding the healthy advancement of the individual, the family and the nation. The art form is based on the sociobiological ethos. Classical art is not restrained by static aesthetic principles, but classical art is permeated with a spiritual direction.

The Drama Circle's address is Post Office Box 70174, St. Paul, Minnesota 55107.