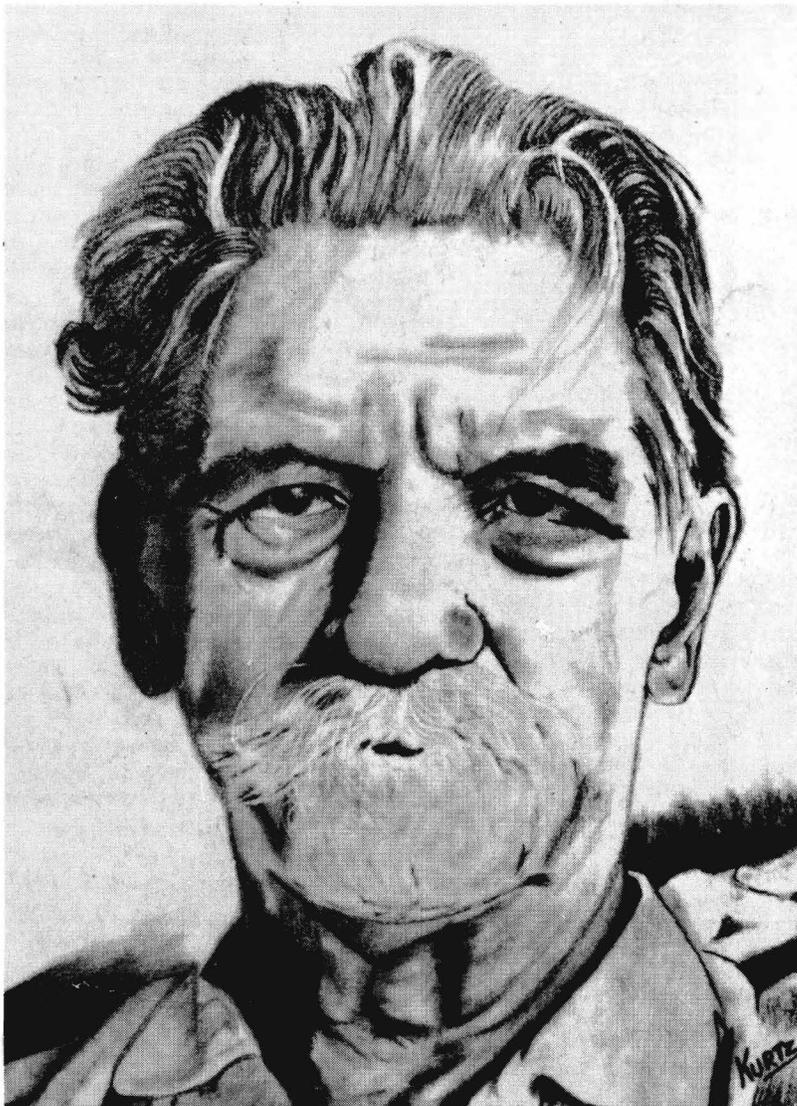


*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

Instauration®

VOL. 1, NO. 6

MAY 1976



Albert Schweitzer

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS OF HISTORY

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

**The Vietnam Sump Pit
Was Il Duce a Clown?
Post-Hitlerian Genetics**

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

□ I would like to make a somewhat belated comment on "Economics and Race," which appeared in the first issue of your publication. Although the article in general is quite praiseworthy, I must take issue with the author who seems to call for a controlled and even totalitarian economy and government. If there is in fact a genetic basis to culture, and to economy as a manifestation of that culture, then it can be said that the controls (hell, the dictatorship) for which the author calls are not a legitimate expression of our people's ethos. I offer the early Germanic concepts of kingship by consent and of severe limitations on royal powers noted by Julius Caesar and by Tacitus, traits which were found in an even more intense form in pre-Christian Scandinavia. Remember the boast of Rollo's Danes to the emissary of the Franks that they had no masters, were of equal authority, and that they would "never submit to anyone at all, nor even cleave to any servitude, nor accept favors from anyone." Remember the landed men who left Norway to colonize Iceland rather than submit to the government of Harold Finehair. In that country they proceeded to establish a government in which men enjoyed more liberty than at most times in history. Hundreds of years later and thousands of miles away men of the same breed founded a frontier society in North America which was culturally almost identical, and based on "rugged individualism," courage and a hatred of taxes and regulations. I consider the authoritarian state, which Nietzsche denounced as that "cold monster," to be basically alien to Northern European culture. Was it any accident that the state, complete with taxes and all-powerful kings, appeared in the North only after the people had forced upon them the alien religion of Christianity, which so broke down the kingship structure native to our people? When National Socialism came to Germany it enforced a governmental and economic system which had its roots in the Mediterranean rather than the North Sea.

Many of the various folkish movements so influential in Germany before the Nazi assumption of power were actually closer to the historically true traditions of our people. The rather freakish situation which brought success to National Socialism should not be seen as verifying the legitimacy of the totalitarian state as the valid Northern European government or economy. Those who would impose on us the all-powerful state do us no favor. Rather, they jeopardize all that our ancestors fought and died to protect. Slavery is slavery, whether it is labeled communism or fascism.

090

□ Unless, in addition to waving facts, figures, members and the flag, you learn to wave a logical (Hegelian) Cross at Dracula and his cohorts (rather than no Cross or an emotional Cross, as does the Reverend Billy Graham), your cause will come to nothing. T. S. Eliot also waved the Cross, quietly when he moved to London. Ezra Pound failed to wave the Cross at his foes and so collapsed. Nixon had better start waving a logical and sincere Cross at his enemies else they will grind him mercilessly into hopeless, lonely dust.

219

□ I enjoyed the copy of *Instauration* which you sent me and when I finished reading it I left it in the local barber shop, where both barbers have expressed interest in the race field and where I am sure many others will read it.

351

□ The supreme type of intelligent man needed by the Majority to embarrass its foes would be a philosophical epic poet fit to stand beside Lucretius, Dante and Goethe, or even beside Alexander Pope. Homer, Virgil and Milton are great poets, but not philosophical. Could Beatnik Poet, Allen Ginsberg, be compared with any of these literary giants? Yet Allen Ginsberg has been called the Jewish Walt Whitman. That doesn't add any honor to Whitman's shaky reputation as America's most famous poet. However, Whitman deserves such a disciple because he, like Emerson, his "Godfather," rejected his Christian heritage, and then, with

impressively lyrical (at times), poetic prose, called out with a "barbaric yawp" for loving comrades to wander, arm in arm, down the "open road" toward a democratic utopia made up of honest, bluff and lusty men, free of Europe's heritage. Was he predicting the coming of "Hippie Heavens?" Will the 20th century produce a great, moralizing philosophical epic poet? The late Harvard philosopher, George Santayana thought so. In his book, *Three Philosophical Poets* (1910), he wrote: "It is time some genius should appear to reconstitute the shattered picture of the world. . . . But this supreme poet is in limbo still."

319

□ Why not include an employment section in *Instauration*. This would be a great help to Majority members such as myself. And were I an employer, I would certainly want to hire Majority members of our viewpoint.

989

□ My only real objection to the first few issues of *Instauration* has been to their virulence. We are in the unique position of having an ideology so inherently threatening to the power structure, so intrinsically objectionable and repulsive to the vast majority of people, that we do not have to do much more than simply state our case to bring down the wrath of God upon us. We do not have to go out of our way to attract attention, and indeed it is to our advantage to present our arguments as dispassionately as possible. Otherwise we leave our enemies a very convenient out: they can claim that we are fringe-ists, that we are cranks, that we are not to be taken seriously. No liberal likes Jensen, but neither can any liberal simply dismiss him as a crank. I am alive to the standard retort—first outlined, I believe, in *Mein Kampf*—that you cannot exercise any mass influence unless you appeal to peoples' emotions. My rejoinder would be that *Instauration* will never become and should not become a mass organ; our appeal is and ought to be to the influential intelligent people who ultimately make public opinion. We ought to support what we say with facts, we ought to let the facts do most of the talking, but we ought also clothe the facts in prose that is at least interesting, although there are few of us who could hope to match some of the editor's stylistic concinnities.

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□ I enjoyed your itemized account of Milton Shapp's presidential credentials, but of course you know that the article only scratched the surface of political corruption in this state. To date, sixty bureaucrats have been indicted on various charges, and it is part of the excitement of being a Pennsylvanian to wonder who'll be next. Shapp is a bland, ferret-eyed little man, a self-styled political independent who owes his power to the machinations of the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia Democratic organizations. No one here takes his candidacy very seriously; even the local cadres have refused to endorse his campaign. Most people simply assume that Uncle Miltie wants to take enough committed delegates to the convention for a stab at the vice-presidential nomination.

191

□ On the last page of *Instauration*, February issue I read that "all anonymous contributors to this periodical bear good, honest Northern European names." I take this to be in part a diplomatic statement since obviously you couldn't possibly reject knowledge that would be of definite advantage to your cause merely because it came from a person who lacked a Northern European name.

119

□ The Einstein article in the last issue was interesting. Relativity never did make much sense to me. I remember reading Bertrand Russell's "ABC's of Relativity" at the age of eighteen and being more confused than ever. I didn't understand what a confidence game was then, and I thought something was wrong with me. Perhaps there was. But later in life I just memorized a batch of formulas to pass the P.H.D. qualifying exams; the subject never did make much sense. The only text which I have found which does make some sense is Taylor and Wheeler's *Spacetime Physics*. But even in this text, under "Invariance of the Interval" they refer to the "impossible but true feature of nature." How can anything be impossible and yet true?

917

□ As illogical as Einstein's theory is, he must be given credit for the equation $E = mc^2$, which appears to be correct, i.e., is confirmed in nuclear reactions, at least qualitatively. My feeling is that this equation, or a similar one, will drop out of a correct theory once it is developed. Let us recall that the old Bohr-Sommerfeld rules produced good results in some cases before Schrodinger, Heisenberg and Dirac developed Quantum Mechanics as we now know it.

862

□ As regards Einstein's theory please look twice before attacking it. I don't know a lot about physics myself, but some of my best friends, who have a better understanding of physics than I do and who certainly are no more philosemitic than I am myself, seem to hold that the theory of relativity is not easily assailed. There is a certain element of speculation in the "general" theory, but the so-

called "special" theory of relativity would seem to be quite well substantiated. The most one can say . . . is that the special theory was "in the air" at the time when Einstein formulated it in 1905, and in this sense was not solely his achievement.

A German Subscriber

□ The third issue of *Instauration* is the best so far. But the piece on Einstein wasn't too hot. Relativity is a useful theory. In fact the relativistic correction is needed to analyze the tracking data of our interplanetary probes.

208

□ I feel the choice of "The Hellcats" for *Instauration's* third cover story was mistaken. It wastes precious space on a target which the *New York Times* perceives as equally radical. The third issue was not quite up to the first two, which will hopefully rouse some of us from our apathy, and get some better ideas coming in.

200

□ My mother's contribution to historical analysis; "The white man took the country away from the Indians and gave it to the Negroes."

209

□ I want you to know how much I enjoy *Instauration*. It, and *The Dispossessed Majority*, have provided me with an intellectual ally, perhaps even a tribe and eventually a country. On your reply to the "activist," *Stirrings*, Vol. 2, No. 2, I agree that deeds at this time cannot work, but for everyone we educate, the media and the schools propagandize thousands, hundreds of thousands. As Whittaker Chambers said, "I feel like I've joined the losing side." Please convince me otherwise.

633

□ We need a constitutional amendment changing the present method of fixing federal salaries. The theory that politicians can be trusted to set their own salaries has proven suicidal for the country. The founders may be excused for this lapse; after all they did put in the Second Amendment. But they could hardly foresee the development of a new breed of politician after the 1932 election—a breed with the fertility of rabbits, the appetites of hogs and the defensive mechanism of skunks.

332

□ The article on "blue blood" in New England reminds me that many years ago three or four friends and I entered the cocktail lounge of the most expensive hotel in Plymouth. I was the only member of the party who wore a white shirt, and that was so conspicuous in the gloom of the cave that it attracted moths and an inebriated female, apparently in her thirties, who began to clutch and paw the white shirt, evidently believing that it had been sent by the gods to help keep her upright on her way to a place where she and I could

be comfortably horizontal. Had she been prettier, I might have been impressed by the mysterious ways in which God works his wonders, but as it was, I extricated myself from the clutch as best I could and asked the barman why they didn't throw the booze-filled bar-fly out. The obstacle, I learned, was that she owned the hotel and was the descendant of one of the first Pilgrim Fathers to put his foot on the famous Rock. That, perhaps, proves something about heredity. I do not share the general reverence for the stalwart Men of God who made such a nuisance of themselves in Holland that they had to carry their fanaticism to a stern and rock-bound coast.

718

□ The editor of *Instauration* is obviously still an outsider to the academic and scientific worlds. He still holds an iota of credulousness in the notion that professors and scientists are "disinterested seekers of truth." Mostly they are interested seekers of sinecures. They will serve anyone who has the money to pay them. Today is no exception.

446

□ I am twenty-one years old and am serving in the army in Germany. Here the Majority's predicament is all too plainly seen, more so than in the civilian world. The army has thrown me and many other Majority members into contact with people from all over the U.S., as well as the world. Had I been told previously of what is going on in the armed forces, I would have scarcely believed it. But living and working with many different peoples in a system that caters to those who do the most to bring it down, I have been saddened and disgusted by my so-called fellow soldier. I had previously believed that all people were basically the same, and that human nature was basically good. But how different it turns out.

091

□ The old cities are full of crime. It is a form of industry . . . and it pays. If abolished how would criminal lawyers make a living?

568

□ The fundamentalists are on our side, but they need some instruction. At all events, if they must believe in Hebrew myths, those in the Old Testament do less damage than those of Marx, Freud and Boas.

469

□ Nowhere in the free world is the power of the news media so fundamental and so influential as in the U.S. At times this power is greater than that of the President and the Congress combined. . . . While it is obvious that economic and political influence in the U.S. is subservient to public opinion, it is also quite axiomatic that behind the public opinion are the privately owned channels of communication. Public opinion is a reassessment of facts and opinions derived by the citizen from the media.

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ORGANICISTS AND SYSTEMATISTS

A quick scan of modern philosophers of history from Danilevsky to Schweitzer.

If we make an exception for Will Durant, the Simon and Schuster chronicler, the best-selling historians of the twentieth century are organicists—giants of insight like Spengler and Toynbee, whose polymathic sweep of the past projects deeply into the future. Their works seem to resonate with a diastolic, systolic beat that implies civilizations live and die in much the same fashion as the men who participate in them. Other philosophers of history, some not so well known, take an inorganic view. Like the organicists they believe we are in a dangerous era of decay or transition, but they systematize rather than biologize.

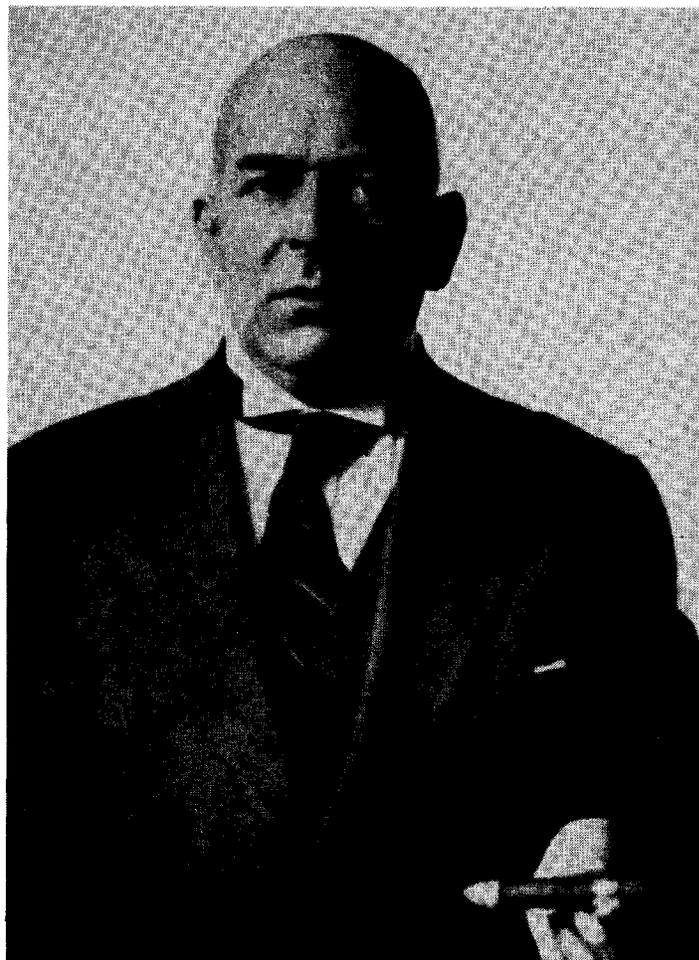
Since few individuals have the time and intellectual resources to plow through the souped-up, often prolix and footnote-ballasted volumes of contemporary philosophers of history, Pitirim Sorokin has given us the meat of their principal works in a great, though greatly neglected book *Modern Historical and Social Philosophies*. Sorokin, a young *apparatchik* in the early Bolshevik government, turned from Red to White and fled to the U.S. in the early 1920s, where his unmatched erudition and his zest for analysis on the grand scale quickly made him one of the world's foremost social scientists. He founded the sociology department at Harvard in 1930 and was the author of a ream of modern sociological classics. He died in 1968 at the age of 79.

Danilevsky

Sorokin initiates his encyclopedic study with a chapter on Nikolai Danilevsky (1822-1885), whose theories of history more properly belong to the twentieth than the nineteenth century. Sounding like a first draft of Spengler's *Decline of the West*, Danilevsky's magnum opus, *Russia and Europe*, was published in 1871. Although it was not translated into German until 1920, when Spengler had already written the first edition of his book, there had been an abbreviated French translation in 1890.

Danilevsky was a Pan-Slav who felt there was an unbridgeable historical and cultural gulf between Russia and the rest of Europe. To validate his case, he undertook a panoramic analysis of world history, in the course of which he discovered twelve separate categories of civilizations. Some of these he called positive, others transmissible. All of them had a full life span, with the exception of the Mexican and Peruvian, which were extinguished by the Spaniards before their time had run out. Certain peoples, like the Huns, Mongols and Turks, were not civilized, properly speaking, but were better described as the "negative agencies" of history. Danilevsky recognized race as a factor in both the forming of civilization and in the various processes of colonization, grafting and fertilization by which civilizations are diffused. He went into great detail about the blossoming periods of his twelve civilizations, a comparatively short phase which exhausts their creative powers and never repeats. In its efflorescence each civilization produces one and one only characteristic value—the beauty of the Greeks, the religion of the Semites, the law of Rome, the science of the West.

Nikolai Danilevsky directly anticipates Spengler when he says not only the arts but the sciences bear the characteristic stamp of the civilization that produces them. He elucidates the English character as a mix of the warlike anarchy posited by Hobbes, the unregulated competition of Adam Smith and the Darwinian fight for survival. In the matter of historic cycles he states Europe is in a steep decline, while the Slavic civilizations are on the way up. He designates the European or Germano-Roman civilization a double civilization that specializes in both the political and scientific field, while predicting that the emerging Russian-Slavic imperium will be a triple or quadruple civilization—creative in religion, science, politics and economics, with the accent on the last. Danilevsky, moreover, foresaw a European attack on Russia, which his admirers could claim was borne out in the 1941 assault of the Wehrmacht and its many non-German volunteer divisions. All in all, if we eliminate the Marxist verbiage, there is a remarkable similarity between Danilevsky's views and Russia's present-day domestic and foreign policy.



Oswald Spengler (1880-1939)

Continued on page 14

WHY NOT ENGELSISM?

That there existed an aspid agitator named Karl Marx should not surprise us. In Friedrich Engels, however, we are faced with a more disturbing figure. Danger is always greatest when it comes from within.

W. O. Henderson in his introduction to Engels' *Selected Writings* says: "Marx and Engels collaborated so closely in their writings on economics that it is sometimes difficult to assess what each of them contributed to the final result." If this is so, why has Marx received the lion's share of the publicity and deification? Why hasn't Marxism been called Engelsism?

The difficulty of separating Marx and Engels is twofold: (1) From the former's early writings, which Engels called "unfortunate," we know that their literary style is similar; (2) Engels was self-effacing to an abnormal degree and perhaps wanted to attach a name other than his own to a doctrine he foresaw as eventually triumphant but temporarily dangerous to his business and social life.

The first volume of *Das Kapital* was not so much edited by Engels as rewritten from Marx's notes. And if Volumes II and III, which Engels organized from the ground up, are any indication of Marx's actual writing style and mentality, they show a person who was far from a genius. The vocabulary and sentence structure of the original German edition is incredibly primitive with English words thrown in not for their meaning but because both Marx and Engels seem to have lost the grasp of their native German. For a so-called scholarly work, there is a surfeit of profanity.

The basic exposition of what is now known as Marxism first appeared in an article by Engels entitled *Socialism: Scientific and Utopian*, which antedates Marx's conversion to communism by several years.

The huge *Sämtliche Werke* of Marx and Engels is short on theory but long on journalism and letters (including notes from Engels inviting friends to tea). But looking at Marx's own *Werke*, we see that "Marxism" is more condensed than we realized. Five volumes is not a large production for a lifetime, and it turns out many of Marx's presumably solo lucubrations have also been partly ghostwritten by Engels.

How many ideas in Marxism originated with Marx or even Engels? G. Mayer, a sympathetic biographer of the latter, says:

Kropotkin could not tolerate what he regarded as unpardonable hypocrisy. The feeling was intensified by the discovery that parts of the *Communist Manifesto* had been lifted almost word for word from a work by Considerant.



Friedrich Engels

Communist apologists do not venture to say Marxism was original but assert evasively that it was a Great Synthesis. What are we to understand by the word synthesis? Does it suggest that both Marx and Engels stole ideas, often almost verbatim, not from one writer but from several. Mayer continues:

It must have been a welcome stroke of good luck for Marx when in 1851 the *New York Tribune* . . . offered him the post of regular correspondent. But Marx had not sufficient command of English . . . and was therefore forced to depend on Engels to write, or at least translate his articles. For years, indeed, countless articles which were sent under his name were actually written by his friend. . . . When his first articles were due, Marx was deep in his economic studies and asked Engels if he would write a series for him on the German revolution. Accordingly, between August 1851 and October 1852 Engels wrote a group of articles, *Germany, Revolution and Counter-Revolution*, which were issued in book form after his death by Kautsky, with Marx's name on the title page.

When it came to promoting communism, Engels again led the way. We read that Marx was often sick and had to stay at home while his partner fought out the political battles in Paris, London and elsewhere. Engels also saw to the publication of the *Communist Manifesto*.

Marxist arguments are easily refutable by any competent economist or historian. It is rather the mystique which challenges us, and it is fair to say that without Engels there would have been no mystique. There is obviously nothing new or inspiring about the centuries-old minority hatred for the West, Westerners and all their works.

Of Marx's political friends—Ferdinand Lassalle, Moses Hess, Eduard Bernstein, Heinrich Heine, to mention a few—Engels was one of the very few non-Jews. Engels is interesting to us then, not just because he is one of the Communist Founding Fathers, but because of his outsider status. It is precisely because of his non-

Continued on page 18



WAS BENITO MUSSOLINI A CLOWN?

In his wafer-thin volume of essays *Ventilations* the editor of this journal called Mussolini a clown. It was an observation calculated to trigger some lively responses. One reader accused me of having no understanding of the European political situation following World War I. He said I was blind to the dangers of Bolshevism and to the necessity of mounting an effective defense, both internal and external, against the unholy alliance of dynamic Marxism and degenerate Western liberalism.

I think I am relatively familiar with the problems facing the European, and especially the Italian, politician in the post-World War I era. At the risk of being fatuous, however, I will repeat my charge: Mussolini was a clown. Now let me explain.

First, a clown is not necessarily stupid. Some clowns are very intelligent. In Mussolini's case, perhaps too intelligent. Second, I am not criticizing the Duce for his domestic politics. After all, he was the person most responsible for activating the political and social philosophy known as fascism, an ideology we have certainly not heard the end of.

What I am criticizing Mussolini for is his style, and here I cannot help myself. The psychology of the Northern European, whether in the Old or the New World, is genetically attuned against the strutting, pompous, beplumed, jaw-thrusting, sawdust Caesar that may not have been the real Mussolini, but was at least the public Mussolini. It was the same strutting, marching, heiling aspect of Hitler that turned off so many Nordics in Germany and elsewhere.

Nordics are introverts. The Nordic always takes the table in the emptiest corner of the restaurant. He is infatuated with warmth, warm peoples, warm lands, warm nations, precisely because he and his ancestors were raised among cold countries and cold peoples. Naturally he loves Italy, loves it so much it has through the ages

A Counterinterview By An Admirer

Mussolini is one of the outstanding figures of the twentieth century. This estimate is based primarily on his having originated the only modern political system that has been able to beat the Communists at their own game. If his system had not been struck down from the rear by the capitalist democracies, it would have stamped communism out internationally. Every Italian has a little "ham" in him and for an Italian leader to effectively suppress communism and protect what is, in many ways, the very epicenter of Western Civilization in both its beginnings and its renaissance, it was necessary for Mussolini, a Latin and therefore keenly sensitive to machismo's effects on his people, to strut about in jack boots and thrust out his jaw. But take a look at Italy without him!

It is true that our own ethnic type cannot go for the visible symbolism of mummery that Benito Mussolini used. However, the physical mummery visible at conventions, American Legion get-togethers and Shriners' parades, added to the mental mummery displayed by Majority liberals, seems to me to be far worse.

Mussolini once remarked, "Better a nation of lambs led by a lion than a nation of lions led by a lamb." A systematized campaign against Il Duce and his corporate state was very adroitly conducted in the United States in the 1930s. No such extensive campaign was ever instituted against the *raison d'être* of Fascism—Communism.

Much was published in the United States to belittle Marshal Badoglio's brilliant conquest of Ethiopia. The military facts of the struggle were never available to the American public. Moral judgments on world affairs are always subjective, morality being in the soul of the beholder. People proud of the history of Texas, or of the British Empire, were prompt to condemn Italy's conquest of Ethiopia.

When compared to Taylor's and Westmoreland's performances in South Vietnam, Badoglio's campaign in Ethiopia was faultless. Prince Mulugeta moved against him with upwards of 100,000 troops. Many battles exceeded in size and fury anything in the war in Vietnam. In Ethiopia, Badoglio had 70,000 men. In South Vietnam, the U.S. had at one time approximately 500,000 troops, plus the South Vietnamese army of over 1,000,000.

become a Nordic physical and psychological graveyard. Yet while rejoicing in the sun and the song and the *dolce far niente*, he feels vaguely uncomfortable. The landscape is too open, the streets are too noisy, the cafés too crowded, the air too bright. He is, in fact, afraid of the "art and life," which Mussolini said, "shine and vibrate in the infinite sky of Italy." Northerners may have a Faustian soul, but they like cloud-shortened skies. They come from low visibility plains and bleak, fogged-in mountains and woodlands. Along with Goethe, they are infatuated with "das Land wo die Zitronen blühen," but they prefer the taste of apples and peaches.

One thing Nordics cannot cotton to is the Latin's pomp and glitter—in clothes, in houses, in churches, in street processions. It is interesting to watch, interesting as theater, but they can never really take part in it. The aversion to "show" was one of the main reasons for the Reformation, as well as for Puritan drabness. The Roman Catholic church was becoming Mediterranean again. It was going back to its origins. The dour northerner wanted no part of golden virgins carried through the streets on the shoulders of the faithful, while the Pope, loaded down by brocade, lace, triple crown and other regalia, could hardly hold himself erect in his palanquin.

It was all a mummer's parade, a delight to watch and snap photos of. And Il Duce was the chief mummer, the chief clown. The impresario of a great show, but nothing the Northern European could ever take seriously.

Also, there was something ambivalent about Mussolini's personal history that could never really capture anyone's complete fancy—unless, that is, he was a Latin. The Duce was not a purist like the man above the Brenner Pass, who studied him, imitated him and eventually mastered him.

Mussolini started out as a fire-breathing socialist school teacher. He played the violin, wrote a novel, never smoked, drank or gambled, was crazy about flying and cared absolutely nothing for money. Describing himself in his autobiography as a "restless being," he went at the age of twenty to Switzerland where he studied under Pareto, the ineffably wise sociologist who with Sorel and Nietzsche was to exert a more powerful influence on Mussolini than Marx. When he returned to Italy, he rose so fast in the Socialist party's revolutionary wing—he was editor of the party's newspaper *Avanti* at 29—that some pundits were predicting he might be the Italian Lenin. By that time he was sporting a Russian-Communist Jewess, Angelica Balabanoff, as his mistress and he had acquired a loyal, hard-working, lowborn woman as his common law wife. His two eldest children, Bruno and Edda, were born out of wedlock.

Ironically, when Italy occupied Tripolitania in 1911, Mussolini was one of the leading anti-imperialists. He was vehemently neutral at the outbreak of World War I, in spite of Italy's membership in the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria-Hungary. In 1915, having left the Socialists, he helped push his country into war on the side of the Entente. He himself was wounded in a duel as a result of his

In the field of ethnic relations one of the most entertaining features has been the negative attitude of, say, a New England Congregationalist or a Philadelphia Quaker to a Southern Italian. This same attitude is shared by North Italians who, when they found that Southern Italians were settling on the East Coast, moved to California.

Humor is frequently based on a consideration of human foibles, foible originally meaning the weakest part of the sword blade. The greatest of Nordic foibles is hypocrisy, a common trait from Finland's coast to Oregon's. In Italy, hypocrisy follows a racial pattern from the North, where it is common and where the bloodlines of the Ostrogoths and Lombards are still visible, in a descending line to the South, where among the Mediterraneans of Apulia and Sicily it trickles out and is virtually nonexistent. This is not meant to imply that Southern Italians are consciously and morally opposed to hypocrisy. They simply have no talent for it and when they attempt it, they have difficulty keeping a straight face. Neapolitan battalions, at the moment they passed Il Duce's podium on review, were known to become somewhat wobbly and get out of step—from contagious laughter. The sight of Benito was too much. They understood him. In contrast the Allies actually declared war on him.

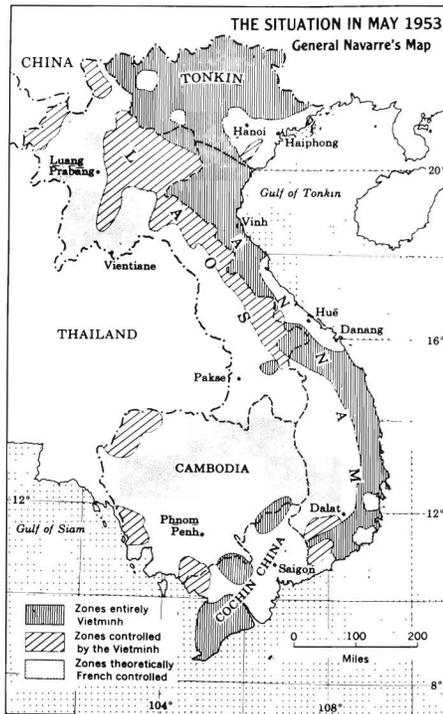
This incapacity for hypocrisy is one of the reasons Americans of Southern Italian descent "take the Fifth" so often during a Senate inquiry. By contrast a Wasp corporate executive, his wallet bulging with bribes and deposit slips from secret Swiss bank accounts, can sit there, stare the senators squarely in the eye with a ruddy, clean-cut look, harrumph throatily, consult seriously with his lawyers at his elbows, deliver square-jawed, straight-from-the-shoulder statements of "fact," and emit an aura of outraged persecuted honesty.

Cervantes lived in Italy for many years. He was named "El Glorioso Manco de Lepanto," the glorious cripple of Lepanto, for he had lost an arm in that memorable battle while serving under the Venetian flag. He said he had never met in all that time an honest Italian, a statement that apparently included the Pope. But he learned much from the Italians, as could the average Majority member, whose racial doublethink has finally painted him into a corner. He could learn, for example, how to keep a vital metropolitan industrial area white in spite of the Supreme Court. Certainly he does not seem to know how to do it on his own. He could acquire this information without admitting Southern Italians into the Majority, which he has nothing to worry about on this score, for the paisans are in no hurry to join up. When in the middle of World War II, the American armed forces had to go to an Italian-American gangster to get Italian ports cleared of sabotage, as actually happened in the case of Lucky Luciano, this group certainly is worthy of study. Who went to Luciano? Designated representatives of the U.S. Navy with the approval of the President!

interventionist politicking and again when a hand grenade exploded in a training camp after he had been called up for military service. When the war ended he was a fervent supporter of Gabriele d'Annunzio's dashing attack on Fiume.

We must credit Mussolini for abandoning Marxism and working out an effective anti-communist strategy composed of one part Roman archaism, one part Italian nationalism and irredentism, one part syndicalism and one part capitalism. Theorists have talked and written a great deal about syndicalism and the corporate state. Il Duce made these words flesh.

Continued on page 17



THE VIETNAM SUMP PIT

Such misinterpretation, ignorance, distortion, deceit, misunderstanding, conspiracy and inaccuracy have been associated with the late Vietnamese conflict that a brief, orderly, accurate, truthful and plainly worded explanation should be drawn up for anyone who wants to understand how approximately 50,000 young American lives and \$150 billion in treasure could be so criminally wasted by U.S. politicians. It is difficult to accept the loss of so many young men for the sake of victory. It is impossible to acquiesce in such a loss, when all it brought was defeat and national humiliation.

Vietnam, so fateful a word in twentieth century American history, first became a matter of grave concern to Washington in 1940-41, when Japanese armed forces landed in the coastal areas of what was then called Tonkin, Annam and Cochin-China, the wealthiest parts of the colonial complex known as French Indochina. They came with the reluctant consent of Vichy France. The U.S. reaction was swift and threatening. It included freezing Japanese assets and imposing an oil, steel and scrap iron embargo. Since Japan considered this an act of war—which it was—Pearl Harbor was just a matter of time.

In 1945 after the destruction of Japan as a military power, Communists began their campaign to seize the continent of Asia. This was timed with the grabbing of about half of non-Communist Europe by the Russians, a process permitted by the Roosevelt-Truman administration even though in the 1945-48 period the U.S. enjoyed a monopoly of atomic bombs, had the world's only strategic air force and was in an excellent position to stop Soviet expansion.

It is difficult to explain why U.S. politicians would permit the occupation by Communist military forces of eastern Germany, half of Austria, part of Finland, all of Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia in Europe, as well as the world's most populous nation in Asia, and the strategic island of Cuba in the Western Hemisphere, and then proceed to fight to retain in the "Free World" a small

VIETNAM WAS A CASUS BELLI WAY BACK IN 1941

(Philadelphia *Inquirer*, front page, Dec. 5, 1941)

JAPANESE TROOPS DEFENDING INDOCHINA FROM CHINESE, TOKYO 'EXPLAINS' TO ROOSEVELT
Forces in Colony Within Pact Limit, Envoy Insists

Washington, Dec. 5—Japan has informed the United States that recent movements of Japanese troops in French Indochina were "precautionary" measures caused by concentrations of Chinese across the northern frontier of Indochina, and do not exceed the numbers permitted under the agreement between Japan and the Vichy government. The Japanese reply to President Roosevelt's recent request for an explanation of Japanese troop movements in Indochina was made public tonight by the White House, without comment. However, it was not taken as any evidence that tension between Japan and the United States was lessening.

(Philadelphia *Inquirer*, front page, Dec. 7, 1941)

F.D.R. SENDING NOTE TO HIROHITO: JAPAN RUSHES ARMY TO INDOCHINA

Tokyo Hits Windup of Peace Talk
President's Personal Message Follows Report of Heavy Troop Movement
Two Convoys Seen in Gulf of Siam

Washington, Dec. 6—President Roosevelt tonight addressed a personal message to Emperor Hirohito for maintenance of peace in the Pacific, which the United States maintains is now threatened by Japanese military movements in Indochina and the Gulf of Siam. The State Department announced the message was being sent to Hirohito but would not disclose its contents. Authoritative quarters, however, described it as an appeal to the Emperor over the heads of the Tokyo Cabinet to prevent a general Far Eastern explosion. . . . The department said it also had reports indicating that two large and heavily escorted Japanese convoys were seen this morning steaming westward past Point de Cameau in Indochina toward the Gulf of Siam. . . .

rump section of a former French imperial preserve in Southeast Asia. The inconsistency and stupidity of such an act, compounded by the geopolitical aspects of Vietnam, all so favorable to the Communists, would be obvious to a twelve-year-old. However, we must gravely record that in 1953 the National Security Council of the Eisenhower administration decided, as did the Roosevelt administration in 1941, that the loss of Indochina to an enemy power would be critical to the security of the U.S. The loss of half of Western civilization? By implication, not critical. The loss of China? By implication, not serious. The loss of South Vietnam? Serious, critical. This line of reasoning provides an accurate measure of the IQ of those who have been occupying important positions in and around the White House. It is foolish to joke about the various American intelligence-gathering agencies. The most precise information of enemy plans forwarded to Washington would be consistently useless when delivered to such decision makers.

In 1954 while the Geneva talks on Vietnam were still in progress, the American policy makers, after refusing to assist the beleaguered French at Dienbienphu (Lyndon Johnson was a key figure in the refusal) with an air strike from Okinawa, made their first important moves against Communist strategists planning the conquest of Southeast Asia: (1) the organization of a U.S. task team to pour contaminant in the engines of Hanoi buses so that they would be inoperative when the Communists took over the city; (2) hiring Vietnamese astrologers to compile almanacs containing evil omens for the Communists and good vibes for the new government of Premier Diem. With these brilliant moves, the United States was put into the legal position of conducting a clandestine war without the formal approval of Congress, an action contrary to anybody's interpretation of the Constitution.

If a national vote had been taken among the Vietnamese people in 1945 when the Japanese had been driven from Indochina, no Communist government would have been elected. However, in the decade between 1945 and 1955 the Communists, employing a variety of disguises, names and acronyms, all dutifully parroted by the U.S. publicity media, made it impossible to get a voting majority against them in North Vietnam. Terror as an arm of conquest, backed by the material power of both the Soviet Union and Red China, spread across the face of Indochina, as it had over all conquered non-Communist countries from Albania to Korea. Ho Chi Minh and followers are estimated by responsible observers to have killed, in one way or another, over 500,000 people to achieve socialist solidarity. This same program is currently at work in Laos and Cambodia, both freshly conquered by the Communists and upon which a mysterious news blackout has descended in the American publicity media.

In the decade 1955-65, as millions of potential victims of Communism were fleeing into the Republic of South Vietnam, the iron-disciplined, organized cadres designed for infiltration among the South Vietnamese, trained by Russian and Chinese Communist specialists, were perfected. "Boring-from-within" groups successfully penetrated existing South Vietnamese institutions, military forces, political bodies, and religious sects. The infiltration

Open War Assumed

... *Hochi* [an important Tokyo newspaper] said Russia is throwing its lot with the United States, having interpreted the statement of Secretary of State Cordell Hull on the Japanese negotiations as presaging open war against Japan and America, and an increase of military forces in the Far East irrespective of European defeats of the democratic powers. The imminent arrival of Maxim Litvinoff, new Soviet Ambassador to the United States, in Washington was said to increase the prospect of Russia's participation in moves against Japan.

The above news stories were published on the eve of the "surprise" attack on Pearl Harbor, while the *Inquirer* reporters were unaware of what was going on.

What *had* been going on?

The previous year, when the Japanese military forces had first entered Indochina, the United States decided to make the move a *casus belli*. One reason was that President Roosevelt had despaired of trying to get Nazi Germany to commit an overt act of war against the United States, in response to covert U.S. naval attacks on German submarines in the Atlantic, some of them very close to the shores of Europe. Even after Roosevelt froze Axis assets in the U.S., Germany did nothing. Consequently some experts in the State Department came to believe that the best chance of entering the war against Germany, as they phrased it, was "by the Pacific back door." If Japan, a member of the Anti-Comintern Pact with Germany and Italy, could be enticed into an attack against an American possession, the rest would be easy.

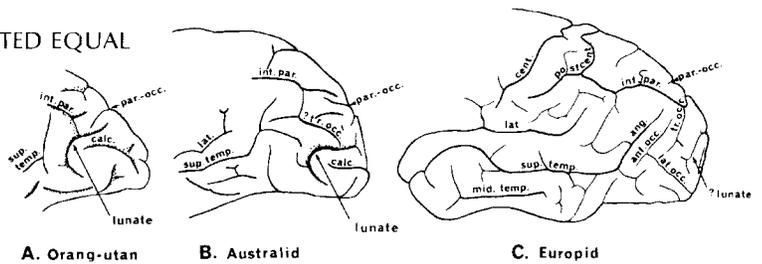
Admiral Richardson, CINCPAC, was suspicious of orders from the administration to park the entire U.S. battleship force in the crowded waters of Kaneohe Bay at Oahu. Since the battleships had no bases in the Western Pacific, he pointed out, they could not strike at Japan, which meant they could not fulfill the mission that the Roosevelt administration had stated they were to carry out—namely to deter the Japanese. Therefore, reasoned Richardson, all the ships docked in Oahu could do was act as bait for a Japanese air strike. Admiral Richardson was relieved and another admiral, Husband E. Kimmel, who was skipped over fifty-seven senior officers for the CINCPAC post, was appointed. It was Husband who was cosmically mugged at Pearl Harbor.

Nevertheless the United States really went to war with Japan over the specific issue of the Japanese invasion of Indochina. If the Japanese had gone overland from their bases in China into what is now called Laos and Cambodia, it is probable that Secretary of State Hull would not have been able to threaten the Japanese with war. The State Department traditionally has been very sensitive to the occupation of coastal areas by potentially hostile forces with strong military power, but not to land wars deep inside remote countries. There was much gnashing of teeth in the late 1940s because the U.S. had not furnished enough military support to Chiang Kai-shek to allow him to hang onto a coastal enclave in mainland China. Note the present U.S. tenacity for holding Formosa.

Even so, the Roosevelt administration would not have been able to persuade Congress to declare war on Japan because the Japanese army had taken over parts of what is now Vietnam. What Roosevelt was able to do was to dupe the Japanese military, who controlled Japan, into believing that Congress *would* declare war. Japanese military men were astonishingly ignorant of the American political system. The Japanese naval command was considerably less ignorant, but it was subordinate to the army.

The Roosevelt administration decided on war against Japan, contingent upon the Japanese rising to the bait. But Roosevelt did not have the power to declare war at will. It was something on the order of: "I've decided to kill that burglar, but first I must get him inside my house so I can do it morally and legally." It is said that Roosevelt had a "rubber-stamp congress." Not quite. *Not where a first-class war was concerned.*

ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL



The posterior parts of the cerebral hemisphere of an orang-utan (A), an Australid (B), and a Europid (C)

GENETICS IN THE POST-HITLERIAN ERA

Instauration's resident geneticist reveals a few trade secrets.

There are a number of sanctions, inhibitions and taboos, not to mention laws, surrounding the word r-a-c-e today. I think it safe to say that the uneducated still retain an uneasy grasp of it, but college graduates are hopelessly confused, and indeed try not to think of it all except as something forbidden and unclean. They may not have looked into the matter very closely, any more than nice Victorian children of mediocre intelligence looked *closely* into the matter of sex, but they all have a positive recollection of having read that there is no biological difference between the races, even though the contradictions of such a statement may startle them momentarily.

I was doing graduate work in genetics in the post-Hitler period when race became an obscenity and the biological realities surrounding the subject were suppressed. With minorities in ultimate control of the printed word, it was well known, and easily verified, that either informed or uninformed discussions of race were subjected to the most detailed scrutiny. In view of what the media asserted the Germans had done, it was hard for any decent person to object to Jews being sensitive on the subject of race. As some psychologists have pointed out, ninety percent of human cerebral activity is spent in self-justification and the recasting of events to make ourselves look good. Consequently, it was only human if the Jews were to worry the subject of race around to a point where it not only cast discredit on the Nazis, but disarmed anti-Semites generally. Probably the most telling arguments in defense of the Jewish minority were conceived and written by Majority scholars, who joined in the enthusiasm, along with Majority playwrights, Majority actors and Majority politicians and judges. It would have been a miracle if Jews had not taken advantage of this situation, and there is no denying that for awhile it was heaven to be an American Jew. Armed with this new and surprisingly efficient propaganda weapon, they broke the grip of the Wasps on American business, became the champions of the blacks and reopened the unsettled issues of the American Civil War.

Here they struck a mother lode in the Abolitionist literature. Modern race relations, in one of those strange yet almost inevitable repetitions of history, have become

almost a rerun of Uncle Tom's Cabin, with the result that in the 50s and early 60s Negroes were depicted as a kind of disadvantaged white man with a generous dose of brunet vigor. It was ironic, of course, to punish the Anglo-Saxons for what the Germans had done. Many Jews recognized the ingratitude. But when girls of the Old American stock flocked to marry blackamoors and Eisenhower sent troops to Little Rock, a new racism appeared, naked and unbridled. The Jews and Negroes, it was now held, curiously without any criticism, are superior—the one mentally, the other physically—while the Anglo-Saxon is definitely inferior and degenerate. The Jews publicly appropriated Western culture as their virtual invention, and the Negroes appropriated the Olympics.

THE TACTICS OF DISSOCIATION

At first, there was considerable soul-searching among biologists as to how to dissociate their science from the racial theories of the Nazis. The suppression of truth, so recently wrested from the theologians, was not lightly to be imposed by the scientists upon themselves. Not that intemperate and irresponsible Young Turks were lacking, as witness the publications of *Man's Most Dangerous Myth*, *The Fallacy of Race* by a British Jew who had taken the name of Ashley Montagu. Montagu was a well-known pest and small-time academic operator, and not many American biologists were willing to follow his lead. Even a Russian-born geneticist like Theodosius Dobzhansky, who used "Anglo-Saxon" only as a swear word, was aware of those Siberian concentration camps which held some eighty fellow geneticists whose disinterested adherence to scientific evidence had offended the Marxist perverters of Darwinian evolution. In Dobzhansky's case hatred for the Anglo-Saxon was the motivation and the German defeat was the opportunity. He was willing and able to pick the concept of race apart until it made little sense, no sense and nonsense. Finally we were presented with the spectacle of a leading geneticist seeming to deny the reality of heredity, though he drew back from an out-and-out denial of racial differences.

Continued on page 18

The Cultural Catacombs

MUSICAL SIDETRACKER

In discussing the music of the West, a line can almost be drawn at the beginning of the 20th century. It was at that time that "modern" philosophies and ideologies assumed hegemony over the artistic scene. That serious music would change course and fall largely under the sway of Jewish pens and Jewish batons was predictable. The Jews were the only minority group with the monetary capability and cultural éclat to pull off such a feat.

Charles Rosen's recent biography of Arnold Schoenberg provides solid support for this assertion. Although the composer and his students were only a part of the general upheaval taking place in the art world, Rosen writes that the theories of the Second Viennese School, to which Schoenberg belonged, were a step forward in the development of music. The author feels that overcoming the extremely hostile atmosphere that greeted Schoenberg's later pieces was a salutary and positive step in the direction of artistic freedom. That not one composition with the lasting quality of a minor work by Beethoven or Mozart has been produced in the last fifty years is somehow overlooked, as is the fact that the public could not care less about the music now being written. To check this, compare the attendance figures of a concert of pre-20th century music and one that features modern music.

The reason for the stagnation of contemporary music is not hard to explain. Music, as well as the other arts, depends on a delicate balance of the abstract and the emotional. Melodic sounds and harmonies evoke feelings of pleasure in the listener, while the structure and form of the composition make it intellectually appealing. Similarly, in a painting, the sight of the picture is pleasant and familiar, while the form and technique fulfill the abstract requirements.

But the revolution of Schoenberg and his disciples Berg and Webern (all three Austrian Jews) eliminated the emotional aspect of music. The twelve notes in the musical scale were arranged in a particular order that had to be repeated with mathematical precision, although with changing rhythms. Through the next several decades, this music became even more controlled, until we ended up with mathematicians and computer programmers taking on the job of composing.

The reaction or lack of reaction to computerized and mathematical music moved music makers to the opposite extreme. Now the composer is encouraged to take

Arnold Schonberg



the most absurd liberties, to the point where compositions may vary at every performance. Since it is all impulse and has no logic, the resulting music dies aborning.

Finally, there is the lack of tonality in modern music. Tonality is what most people probably know as the particular key in which the piece is written. It is the ultimate requirement to a successful composition. It makes the music both enjoyable and understandable, and gives it an inner schematic. Tonality was largely abandoned by Schoenberg and has only rarely been revived. Without it, the ear simply cannot comprehend a musical composition.

The only hopeful sign in the contemporary music world is that composers have now carried the mathematical games on the one hand and the emotional anarchy on the other to their furthest limits and have nowhere to go but to return to the middle. But this, needless to say, does not offer any guarantee of true progress in the music world.

Mr. Rosen to the contrary, the effect of the revolution in music by Schoenberg and his followers was not progress, but the sidetracking of musical evolution. To reawaken the development of Western music, perhaps the highest expression of artistic creativity, we will first have to go back to where we left off, and then start afresh.

Reverting To Type

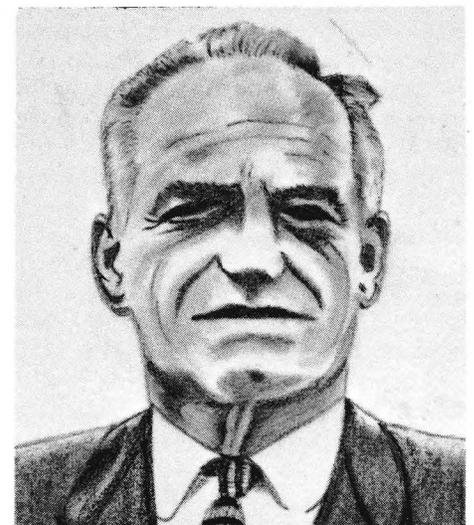
People often wondered, particularly in the heat of the 1964 presidential race, whether it was fair to call Barry Morris Goldwater a Jew. In those days he himself never talked much about the subject. The

author of *The Dispossessed Majority* was chastised by more than one reader for even bringing up the matter, since grandfather Michael Goldwasser had married a non-Jew and father Baron Goldwater had done the same. Add this to his Arizona upbringing and even his enemies could be forgiven for believing that Barry had permanently crossed the great racial divide.

The question bobbed up again last January during a 60-minute interview on NBC's *Tomorrow* program with Sally Quinn of the Washington Post. Without too much prodding, the Senator suddenly burst out with the admission that he was "half-Jewish" and proud of it. (If his biographers are correct, however, he is only one-quarter Jewish, unless in modern liberal genealogy the offspring of a Jewish father and a non-Jewish mother adds up to one full Jew.) Goldwater asserted the only reason he was raised as an Episcopalian was the absence of "Jewish churches." He then rambled on to say the press had been fair about Watergate, and threw in a word or two of praise for Katharine Graham, who was to Nixon what Clytemnestra was to Agamemnon.

In recent months Goldwater has been surprising the headline writers with his cozying up to Rockefeller, his bitter political rival at the noisy and forensic 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco. During Nixon's China foray, he surprised them further when he urged the Squire of San Clemente, his fallen leader, to remain permanently with his octogenarian host in the Forbidden City.

Though it may sound like hindsight, we have not been at all surprised at Goldwater's behavior, including his zealous support of Israel. Race may not be everything, as Disraeli once wrote in one of his soupy novels, but it cuts a lot of mustard in 1976 America. And when it comes to Jewish racism, we're talking about some deep dark gut feelings that need more than one blonde mother and one blonde grandmother to eradicate.

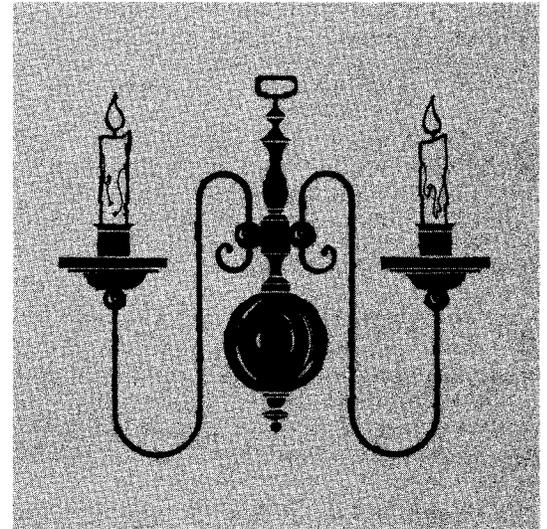


Barry Goldwater



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

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



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a federal banking system, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. After World War I begins, the Old Man arranges to put the U.S. in the conflict on the side of Britain in return for a 50% interest in Middle Eastern oil. Twenty years later his oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long and negotiations are opened with the New Deal administration to get rid of him. Harry, a White House aide, is in charge of the Machiavelian derring-do, while Dex, the Stalinist, lends his strong left hand.

PART ONE, ACT III

Scene 5: Harry's library a few months later. Harry is talking to the Executive, who bears a strong resemblance to one of the young men in the retinue of the Old Man, when the latter some twenty years ago had ordered his personal oil embargo against Britain.

EXECUTIVE. (*studying a tall drink*) I had thought of discussing our problem with someone in the administration because we felt you might be a little worried about the political ambitions of our friend, Senator Long. But we were somewhat reluctant to open the subject. It has certain . . . certain ramifications. We weren't even quite sure of the authenticity of the invitation when it first reached us. It was rather round about. But the very round-aboutness convinced us that it was genuine. Evidently it was.

HARRY. Yes. I thought indirection was wise. I didn't want you to think we might be hatching an antitrust case.

E. That was kind of you. We were more impressed by the fact that the invitation left no traceable record.

H. (*just a trifle irritated*) Well, tell me what is the difficulty between you and Senator Long?

E. It's purely a Louisiana matter, though he seems to consider it a very important part of his national political program. As I'm sure no one knows better than you, the base of his power is the country parishes, where he promises farmers lots of cheap fertilizer. He wants to have his

political friends set up as distributors, wholesale and retail, all through the South. And he wants us to put up a huge ammonia plant in Louisiana to give him the cheap nitrogen he needs. He thinks with that he could compete in the country districts against the free lime and phosphate Roosevelt passes out through the Department of Agriculture. He makes no bones about it to us. It's part of his program of "every man a king." We think it might have very serious political consequences, but after all that's not our business. You can judge that much better than we.

H. Well, why don't you build him his ammonia plant? Would you lose much on it?

E. No, it would be very profitable. But that's where the . . . ramifications come in.

H. I don't quite see your problem. For your own reasons you don't want to build an ammonia plant in Louisiana. So you just don't build it. You wouldn't be afraid that would open you to antitrust action, are you? If . . .

E. (*interrupting*) No. it's not that. I obviously wouldn't be worried about any antitrust action if what we did hurt Long's political future. One problem is we have lots of oil reserves all through Louisiana. We're not exploiting them very much at the moment and Long is threatening us with all kinds of legislation.

H. You don't think the federal courts could protect you?

E. You are the expert on that. Could they?

H. At the moment I doubt it. The compromise on the President's court-packing project ended its veto, so to speak, on our public programs, but it's not yet our Court. Not by a long shot.

E. I was afraid of that.

H. Well, I guess you'll just have to go ahead and build the ammonia plant even though neither of us likes helping Long's political future.

E. It isn't opposition to Long that keeps us from building the plant. We're businessmen. We can live with one demagogue as well as with another.

H. Well?

E. We just can't build that plant. That's all there is to it.

The Game and The Candle

H. Why, why?

E. For one thing we don't have any patent rights to build or operate an ammonia plant.

H. Then that by itself should persuade Long to leave you alone.

E. It's not that easy. You see, Long must have some underground connection with Hitler. (*brushing aside Harry's almost instinctive objection*) He knows that we have a contract with I. G. Farben under which we are their licensees on many chemicals, including ammonia. The only possible place he could have learned this was from the German government. Our whole deal with I. G. Farben was one of the most closely guarded secrets in the business world.

H. Since you are the licensee, I have yet to understand why you don't go ahead and build the plant. (*as his guest hesitates*) Still more involvements?

E. Yes. There's a catch to our agreement, which wasn't made by lawyers in the usual way. Of course there are written papers, doctored up afterwards, but actually the deal was made personally by the Old Man himself with some Lord who represented the British govern . . .

H. British? I thought your deal was with the German . . .

E. The Old Man wanted German patent rights. He couldn't get in on those that were to be seized here. So he agreed with the British to take rights out of postwar Germany on an even-stein basis, subject unhappily to any prior rights existing between the Germans and the British at the time the Old Man made his deal. One of the reserved rights—which, of course, the Old Man knew nothing about at the time—was a British exclusive on ammonia everywhere in North America. And the damn British went and sold all their North American rights to—you guess—du Pont.

H. And?

E. And we've asked du Pont to release I. G. Farben so they can license us, just in Louisiana, and du Pont laughs at us.

H. You've explained the Long aspect to them?

E. Why should they care? So far as that goes they take the same position we do. One demagogue is like another.

H. When you're in politics, one multimillionaire is like another. (*laughs*) We're even. Now to get back to Long.

E. Well, we can't risk losing our Louisiana reserves. And we can't afford to air the whole story about the Old Man's deal. Some people would start screaming that he had pushed the U.S. into the war to make a financial killing. We wouldn't like that and I don't think you would either. Not with Hitler in power.

H. It would do wonders for pro-German

propaganda, wouldn't it? (*after a pause*) So it looks as though you're going to lose those reserves?

E. Unless something happens.

H. What could happen?

E. Things happen. Accidents.

H. True. There are crazy people in the world. Assassins. All sorts of deranged people.

E. Long has expert guards. No deranged person is going to get within pistol shot of Long.

H. But you still feel accidents could happen?

E. An accident could always happen. But the trouble with accidents is that they often don't seem like accidents and there are all kinds of troublesome investigations that waste a lot of people's time and fret a lot of nerves, particularly if the liberal papers keep harping on the matter. But the worst thing about accidents is that they sometimes coincide with the change of ownership of large pieces of property or large sums of money. If the money transaction is reported to the Internal Revenue, as the law requires, and an accident occurs—well, it looks bad for perfectly innocent people who were really motivated only by considerations of long-term public welfare.

H. (*thoughtfully*) I'm sure that everybody in Washington would understand that if an accident happened to Senator Long the public interest would not be served by trying to pretend that it was not an accident. After all, the liberal press doesn't care much for Long and there's no young district attorney out to make his political fame by trying to convict some poor fellow of a murder he probably didn't commit. Nothing like that at all. And after all, Long is a senator, which would certainly give the Federal Government a paramount position in making sure that if any accident happened to him it was accidental. As for the money that might be associated with an accident, I should imagine the Internal Revenue would be much too busy on the trail of Long's finances to worry much about those of anyone mixed up with an accident, if there were an accident.

E. That's fine except for one thing. How are Long's guards going to know that?

H. (*surprised*) Long's guards?

E. Of course. How else can an accident come close enough to the senator unless some of his guards are aware that they will not be falsely accused—even of negligence if nothing else—or harassed about their income tax returns? (*Neither says anything for a moment. In the silence the Executive reaches into his pocket for a dollar bill which he slowly tears in half.*) This has the air of the old-fashioned penny-dreadful but it's still a wonderfully simple device for identification. If there were any

way this half could reach one of Long's guards in such a way that he knew that it came from . . . friends of the administration . . . if that could be done, the ball would start rolling. (*He holds the half out to Harry, who slowly and reluctantly pockets it.*)

Scene 6: *Some weeks later in New Orleans. In a dim corner of a dingy room Sam, standing, talks to the Masked Stranger, who is sitting at a battered table.*

SAM. Who are you?

MASKED STRANGER. What difference does it make except I happen to have the other half of your dollar bill. Do you want to hear what I have to say?

S. That's what I came for.

M.S. What's the minimum number of guards with Senator Long when he goes out in public?

S. Four, plus myself.

M.S. Are the four always the same?

S. No, not always.

M.S. Are there ever four men with you that you appointed yourself, or that you know very well, or that you know would be willing to make a large amount of money?

S. How large is a large amount?

M.S. We'll come to that later. Just consider as large whatever you think they would think of as large.

S. Yes, there are four such. Probably more.

M.S. Very well, as you know from the torn dollar bill, there are very powerful people involved in this. Powerful enough to protect any one who does what he is supposed to do and then behaves properly in the future. Powerful enough to prevent any questions about the money that may change hands. It will all be, shall we say, tax-exempt. You understand that?

S. I guess so.

M.S. We want something to happen to Senator Long. How much?

S. A million dollars.

M.S. A sizeable sum.

S. It sure is. I got it from the Senator. That's what he said it would cost someone to get him killed.

M.S. Well, the last thing I would want to do is make a liar out of the Senator, but he must have been thinking of income before taxes. This will be nontaxable. Three hundred thousand ought to be right. Fifty thousand for each guard. One hundred thousand for you.

S. I'll decide how to cut up the money.

M.S. Not at all. You might make a hog of yourself and soreheads out of the four. Soreheads can be squealers. Fifty thousand for each. And don't have any notions you can outsmart us. (*He takes out some checks and starts writing.*) Each man

Continued next page

The Game and The Candle

will get his own check and each man will have to endorse it with the name already on each check. Just be sure each man gets one. Don't try any nonsense because I will know just who cashes these checks. So I'll be able to see who gets the money. (*handing him the five checks*) Now these are very odd checks. You'll notice that they appear to be certified. If you or anyone else tries to cash these checks before Long is killed the bank will stop them for forged certification and forged signature. There will be hell to pay for the men who try to cash them. But if those checks are presented between one month and two months after Long's death they will be paid without question. Don't try to cash them either sooner or later.

S. How do I know you won't claim they're forged afterwards?

M.S. And have an investigation? Before Long is killed, you can't involve anybody but yourselves. Afterwards a stopped check would embarrass you, I admit, but it would ruin us. Don't worry. It won't be stopped.

S. It better not be.

M.S. Now, how are you going to arrange the job?

S. Well, I guess one of us will accidentally drop his gun or . . .

M.S. A likely story. You're all professional gunhandlers? I better tell you just how you do it. Then everything will work perfectly without a hitch. When the Senator's home in Louisiana, I've noticed that all sorts of people, state office holders, everybody and his brother that wants a favor is always trying to get a word with him, particularly up at the State Capitol.

S. So what?

M.S. Now I've noticed you guards don't let crowds hem him in. But you do let one or two persons through to talk to him, if he knows them.

S. That's right.

M.S. Now lots of times one man he knows will come up to ask him something when he's walking in the corridors or coming down the steps and there may not be any one else except you guards within two or three hundred feet.

S. Right again.

M.S. (*handing him a revolver*) Now here's an old gun that comes from a Louisiana pawn shop. It can't be traced. The moment some man comes up to Long when you have the right guards with you

and when no one is too close, you yourself shoot Long with that pistol. The other guards will instantly shoot the man, whoever he is, and you slip this fired gun into his hand as soon as he's down. You, of course, will be wearing a glove.

S. (*dubious*) Well . . . maybe . . .

M.S. It's perfectly simple. Just be sure no one is looking from a position where they can see your gun when you fire. If they see your back, it won't matter. And leaning over the presumed assassin is the most natural thing in the world for a guard. You want to grab the weapon before he can shoot again.

S. But the other person? The guy we gun down. He's supposed to have killed Long. What's his motive?

M.S. That will never be discovered. Obviously he must have had a motive or he wouldn't have shot the Senator. Being from Louisiana, clearly there must have been some underhand trick Long once played on him, or on someone close to him. It will be an unsolvable mystery. The poor man will just have to take his secret to the grave.

(*To be continued*)

Organicists *Continued from page 4*

Spengler

Oswald Spengler, an unknown high school teacher, began his famous work *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* in 1911, the first version of which was not published until July 1918, a rather appropriate time for a pessimistic German to introduce the classic work, at least from the Western perspective, of historical pessimism. There are striking similarities to Danilevsky, though Spengler with his Copernican world view gives no priority or favoritism to the Western and Classical cultures. In contrast to Danilevsky's twelve civilizations, Spengler lists eight. Russia, which has already undergone a pseudomorphosis, offers the possibility of the ninth. Spengler agrees with Danilevsky that the word Europe should be stricken from history books. The separation of Western and Eastern Europe is nowhere so great as it is in religion. The West has or had faith in a father god, in contrast to the fraternal god of the Russians, who when given the chance call Christ brother.

Many readers of Spengler will probably agree that he is as much of a poet as a historian. The image of Faustian man, the hero at odds with himself and god, drifting in limitless space is not an easy one to forget. Equally poetic are Spengler's prime symbols—the stone of Egypt, the nude

statue of the Apollonian or Greek culture, the cavern of Arabian culture—as well as his Nietzschean attacks on money and democracy which undermine themselves and are “eaten up from within.” Yet Spengler's unwillingness to tackle the race issue, his surgical dissociation of the ancient Greeks from the medieval and modern civilizations of the West, in spite of the common ethnic denominator, does not add much pride, depth or mystique to the history of his own people.

Another of Spengler's great poetic symbols is the dying Western megalopolis where in Sorokin's words, “The lord of the world, the Nordic man, is becoming the slave of the machine.” Technology and equalitarianism are the symptoms as well as the causes of our approaching rigor mortis, which will become official as Westerners prepare to sell their souls to a Caesar. There will remain some freedoms, but the media will condemn any idea to death simply by not reporting it. As Sorokin explains Spengler's meaning, “In lieu of the state and faggot, there is the great silence.”

Toynbee

There is no need to review the basic propositions of Spengler's philosophy of

history. It would take a hundred pages and most literate minds are already familiar with the main outlines. So we will pass on to Toynbee, who might be described as Spengler's “Christian” pupil. Born in 1889, Toynbee certainly had as good or better grounding in the classics than Spengler, but he was deficient in mathematics and science. He published the first six volumes of his *Study of History* in 1934-39 and the remaining volumes, plus a long postscript entitled *Reconsiderations*, after World War II.

Toynbee's twenty-one civilizations, not one a product of the Negro race, have become standard historical fare, along with his theories of challenge and response, rout and rally, withdrawal and return, apparentation and affiliation, schism and palingenesis. His aversion for Israel and what he called “fossilized” Jewish culture made him very unpopular in Hollywood and Harvard. The demise of civilization is accounted for by the decline of the power of the creative minority, which is transferred into a merely dominant minority that the majority is no longer willing to imitate. The death stages, which begin in a universal state, follow a set pattern. Although Toynbee's whole study is based on the cyclic nature of history, he gets an eschatological glow from religion and he seems to believe that the Hegelian end of history is Christianity.

Organicists

Schubart

Proceeding from Toynbee, whose works have been popularized in a one-volume condensation that has sold in the hundreds of thousands, we reach the little-known German scholar, Walter Schubart, who does not agree with Spengler that "Cultures are organisms, and world history is their collective biography." Schubart's system is based on four "aeonic prototypes" of culture and personality which transcend the boundaries of race and nation: the harmonious, the heroic, the aesthetic and the messianic. At present we are in an intermediary apocalyptic period. Geography, not race, creates the differences in man, as well as the "landscape atmosphere" and "landscape spiral" which separates one group from another. Those who assume the lead during the different aeons comprise the group most congenial to the spirit of the aeon. "The Nordic Promethean culture is dying, its place to be taken by a Slavic one. Russia's mission consists of retrieving [mankind's] soul for humanity. Because of its opposition to the surfeit of goods which is driving the West to indecision, Russia is the only country which can . . . free Europe."

Continuing in this vein, Schubart sometimes writes like a John the Baptist beating the bushes for a Russian savior. Occasionally his works read as if they were co-authored by Dostoyevsky and Solzhenitsyn. He explicates the East-West conflict by saying Europeans only want to improve their work, while Russians desire to spiritualize it from top to bottom. The former's soul is permeated by primeval fear and anguish, the latter's by confidence and trust. "Only the Russian All-Man as the bearer of a new solidarity can free humanity from the superman's individualism as well as from the subman's collectivism of the mass."

Berdyayev

The second Russian on Sorokin's list is another systematist, Nikolai Berdyayev, a Marxist turned mystic, who died in France in 1948. Berdyayev differs from most of the others in his definition of culture, which is not the realization of a new way of life or a new existence, but the realization of new values. All cultural achievements, he writes, are in the final analysis symbolic rather than realistic. Forecasting a less rosier future for Russia than Schubart, he asserts: "The traditions of culture have always been weak in Russia. We have built a rather ugly civilization. Barbarian forces have always been strong with us. Even our will towards a religious transfiguration of life has been infected by a sort of sickly day-dreaming."

Berdyayev, like Spengler, relies on a direct intuitive grasp of history to bring it to life and to make it understandable. He rejects all theories of progress. Although the body of the culture may die, its soul survives in its perennial values. He considers the present age as a transitional one, the end of the Humanist period and the beginning of a new "Middle Ages." The monks and knights disciplined and religified men in medieval times, he declares, and they are needed again if European civilization is to endure.

Northrup

F.S.C. Northrup, a Ph.D. from Harvard, became the commander of a tank corps in World War I, after which he was appointed professor of law and history at Yale. His most important work is *The Meeting of East and West*, in which he strives to demonstrate that the basic differences in culture, particularly differences between Oriental and Occidental cultures, are based on their differing concepts of science. As for America itself, "The soul of the U.S. is variable Anglo-American, but its diverse culture rests largely on the thought of John Locke." At the bottom of it all are the mathematics and physics of Galileo and Newton.

Northrup illustrates his main thesis with an investigation of the culture of Mexico. In one square mile of Mexico City he finds five distinct cultures: Aztec, Spanish colonial, French nineteenth century, Anglo-American economic, and contemporary Mexican—all "harmonious yet competitively diverse." In a brilliant *tour de force* of cultural detective work, he then shows how the interaction of these cultures produces the glorious frescoes of Orozco. As for the United States, he pronounces it to be chiefly a Lockean-Protestant-Individualistic-Businessman-Atomistic-Operational cultural system. (He wrote this in 1946.) He finds traces of all these cultural ingredients in Grant Wood's noted painting, "The Daughters of the Revolution."

Kroeber

Alfred Kroeber, though one of the great modern anthropologists, is not generally considered to be a major historian. His principal work *Configurations and Cultural Growth* (1944) is more likely to be found in the anthropology than in the history section of libraries. Nevertheless, it contains a wealth of informed speculation about the nature of history. Kroeber makes a meticulous study of the world's geniuses and uses it to date the productive and nonproductive eras in each civilization's lifetime. He discovers what he calls a "skew curve" in most of them—three cen-

turies of rising development, followed by eight of decline and extinction. Unlike Spengler and Toynbee, Kroeber finds two or more blossoming periods in the great cultures and states that the presence or absence of religion is not of crucial importance to cultural growth. In history he thinks there is "nothing cyclical, regularly repetitive or necessary." When the "high value" patterns of Goethe's writing, Beethoven's music, Kant's philosophy dissolve, we have "jagged rhythm and dissonance in music, free verse, plotless novels, cubism, abstractionism and surrealism in sculpture and painting." But until science and industrial production shrink, it would be rash to predict the impending demise of the West.

Schweitzer

Albert Schweitzer received a great deal of publicity in his day for his medical work in darkest Africa. His studies of religion and music are well known, but not his views and ideas about history. We are aware of his "reverence for life." We are not aware that he declared, "Moral control over man's dispositions is much more important than the control of nature." To Schweitzer ethics was the key to civilized progress and he shared Toynbee's feeling that the rise and fall of a culture was to some degree attuned to the rise and fall of its ethical values. With morality as a measuring stick, it is not difficult for Schweitzer to agree to the Spenglerian timetable of Western decline and fall. In fact he seems even more pessimistic than Spengler when he declares, "the earth no longer has a reserve as it had once, gifted people as yet unused, who can relieve us and take our place in some distant future as leaders of spiritual life. . . ." One thing can be said for Schweitzer and his mystical and almost Buddhist antipathy to science and pragmatism. He practiced what he postulated.

Sorokin

Although his book puts most of the emphasis on other historians and philosophers of history, Sorokin occasionally devotes some space to his own ideas. He believes that the development and decay of civilization follows a prescribed pattern, but not an organic one, although race and genetics have some influence on the form and content of civilizations. According to Sorokin, all societies swing back and forth between an ideational and a sensate stage. The former is anti-intellectual, authoritarian, religious; the latter empirical and based on the natural sciences. Although he cannot entirely escape from the charge himself, Sorokin lashes out at both the organicists and systematists for basing so much of their arguments on invented cultural entities which in the strictest sense have never really existed and which are indefensible hypergeneralizations.

Continued next page

It is easy to criticize and even to disparage, as many liberal and minority scholars have done, the great modern philosophers of history. All of them are guilty of squeezing facts and events too tightly into their schematic mold. Also, in spite of their great intelligence, none of them could possibly possess the Olympian knowledge necessary to induce anything more than provisional theories out of the paucity of historical evidence. So much of man's past is unknown, unfathomable or just plain falsified.

Missing in nearly every one of these historians is the genetic factor or at least the proper emphasis on the genetic factor. Some admit a biological rhythm to historic cycles, but little or no attention is given to the relation of the biological type to the cultural type.

All these eminent scholars to the contrary, it may be that the life spans of the various white civilizations are in reality one stage of a civilization or culture that is still in its babyhood. The life span of the Northern European peoples may be tens or hun-

dreds of thousands of years and the present-day Western civilization may simply be another flurry of our youthful immaturity rather than our senility. The downfall of India, Persia, Greece and Rome may be nothing more than childhood diseases, the taking to bed for a week or two to shake off the fever, while the body and the spirit gather strength for greater growth. Indeed, the real goal of Western history may be the striving of our race to transform itself into a species.

Spengler and others in their disregard for race may have seen a series of circles where there was only a wave form. Not a horizontal wave form but an ascending one—full of downswings and upswings but always and relentlessly ascending.

Vietnam *Continued from page 9*

was artful, insidious, persistent and intelligent. Its overall purpose was simple: to have the Republic of South Vietnam crack like an egg after the American military withdrawal, at which time armored and infantry divisions hidden carefully in reserve both in Red China and North Vietnam would seal the country's fate. Till then a few hundred or a few thousand guerrillas would be released each month for mass terrorist activity in the South. These were enough to keep several hundred thousand troops chasing them for years, a principle Lawrence had demonstrated in Arabia a half-century before. The mere threat of the appearance of such guerrilla bands would have the same psychological effect on the South Vietnamese as a much smaller group, the Manson Family, later had on Los Angeles.

To understand the sad story of Vietnam we must first realize the difficulty a democratic society faces in winning a victory over a Communist state. The record shows a dreary, monotonous succession of defeats. The only victories scored over Communist governments have either been by Fascists or by military counterrevolutions. The American performance in Indochina and Cuba demonstrates clearly that U.S. democracy is no exception to the rule. When capitalist democracies combine with Communist anti-capitalist powers against Fascist or military governments, the democracies destroy the only truly effective anti-Communist forces on earth.

A second principle to comprehend is the Nietzschean will-to-power, which has never been successfully computerized and which is inherent in the Communist party. Communist leadership is drawn entirely from indoctrinated fanatics with a consuming itch for bossdom and a consuming hatred for Western civilization. By contrast, democratic policy makers usually

consist of persons who decry such hang-ups as immoral, since their own have to do with the acquisition of stock portfolios, estates, ranches, and opulent retirement incomes. Democracies per se stultify strong leadership, discipline and organization. It is a system which sets a premium on not rocking the boat. An ideal democratic leader would be a cross between Calvin Coolidge and Rutherford B. Hayes. Theodore Roosevelt who became president by accident would not be. Even if an intelligent, dominant leader emerges by chance in a democratic frame of reference, the system, unless he has Communist or liberal protection, shortly ejects him.

In South Vietnam, U.S. decision makers, who apparently read little and study less, displayed no intelligence and no acumen in their original estimate of the situation. It was apparent that unless the United States, a priori, was ready and willing to hit Red China with hundreds of nuclear warheads, there should be no conventional military intervention to rescue South Vietnam from Communist guerrillas. Why? Because guerrilla warfare in a country with an open border to allied nations can be conducted ad infinitum. American politicians had either forgotten or drawn incorrect conclusions from the U.S. guerrilla experience in Greece in 1947-49. The most important stretch of the open border on the Greek north had been effectively closed by Tito to block Russian expansion, a move that ultimately throttled the Greek Stalinist operatives. Otherwise military action under General Van Fleet would have been useless. There was no Tito, however, in or about South Vietnam to do us the same favor.

The path was therefore cleared for a test of willpower between the Communists and five successive American administrations headed by Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Ford. The U.S. was faced with an enemy bailiwick barred to invasion but open to bombing. Bombing? The Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1954 had already warned that North Vietnam was "devoid of

decisive military objectives." This meant that if a hundred times the number of bombs dropped during World War II was unloaded on Communist North Vietnam the results would still be ineffective. The guerrilla war would continue indefinitely because its inviolate source of supply, and much of its logistical manpower, would be over the open border.

So it came to pass that into this monumental, well-thought-out Vietnam booby trap stepped the Democratic and Republican politicians of Washington. By 1973, in somewhat the manner of the old film classic *Lost Patrol*, where a British cavalry unit in the Mesopotamian desert was sniped into practical annihilation through the stupidity of the sergeant who didn't know enough to charge instantly upon the sound of gunfire, our politicians had lost Vietnam without fighting one major battle, something for which none of them was ever punished. In one of Nixon's last speeches on Vietnam, he stated his belief that with the withdrawal of U.S. forces the military strength of "democratic" South Vietnam would be able to repel the Communist invaders. He said this publicly on a television broadcast and with a straight face. The "democratic" army of South Vietnam collapsed immediately after some twenty carefully husbanded Communist armored and infantry divisions, with almost no air power, were set in motion.

Although a salvo of tactical A-bombs would have destroyed this force, it was not forthcoming. Precisely at the point where and at the moment when massed Communist troops were at long last exposed for aerial annihilation, our politicians removed U.S. air power from combat. Many years before, Mendès-France had succeeded in withdrawing French military power from North Vietnam when France was in military control. Kissinger followed suit by arranging an American withdrawal from South Vietnam while the U.S. was in military control. For this he received the Nobel peace prize, an award that his Communist equivalent had the decency to reject.

Mussolini founded the Fascist party by inserting an ad in his independent newspaper *Il Popolo d'Italia*. Fifty-four persons showed up and joined. After the March on Rome in 1922, which put the Duce in power, even professional democrats like Churchill were hailing him as one of the most brilliant politicians of his age. But the brilliance was soon dimmed by lightning flashes on the thither side of the Alps.

Hindsight and the successful career of Francisco Franco tell us that once Germany had rearmed, Mussolini had no choice but to follow a difficult, meandering path through the woods of neutrality. If he turned against Germany, as he did for a moment in 1934, when Hitler was threatening an early *Anschluss* with Austria, the Wehrmacht would have mowed him down in quick order. If he fought beside Hitler and Germany won, he would end up as a chief among German satellites—a sorry example of the teacher becoming a slave of his pupil. If he fought beside Hitler and the latter lost, his goose would be cooked, as it was cooked.

As a Movietone dictator and world figure in the 1930s, Mussolini chose to flex Italy's flabby muscles and polish his Caesarian image by conquering the Negus of Ethiopia, by intervening in the Spanish Civil War and by seizing the dirt-poor and totally insignificant land of Albania. A year after World War II had begun, he launched an attack on the cheap against France after Hitler's legions had done all the work. When his grandstand invasion of Greece stalled, Hitler had to come to the rescue. From then on it was a toboggan ride to disaster. In North Africa Italian troops surrendered almost as soon as they saw the jeeps of American soldiers, many of whom had never heard a gun fired in anger. In 1943 the Badoglio government deposed Mussolini and sent him to an Apennine crag from which he was rescued by German paratroopers in one of the few bravura actions of the war. His headship of the rump Italian government in the north, during which he acquiesced in the execution of his son-in-law, Count Ciano, was a sad affair that was held together by German bayonets. His end at the hands of Italian partisans was preordained and his people's love of spectacle was gratified by hanging his battered body and that of his last and most attractive mistress, Clara Petacci, upside down in a Milan square.

Yes, Mussolini was a courageous, energetic, creative lion of a man, but he was also a clown. If he had been the Fuehrer of Germany instead of the Duce of Italy, the world might now be a different place. His great handicap was the Italian people, who were in no mood and no position to be imperialists, except for laughs.

It is a fearful task to resuscitate an empire

that has been dead for 1,500 years and base your efforts on the work of a race that is not the same as that of the empire builders. It was, of course, not the first time in Italian history that a theatrical attempt to revive Rome was undertaken. Rienzi tried it in 1347, declaring himself the "tribune of the Roman people." He "refounded" Rome amid a series of elaborate and fantastic ceremonies that outshone the ceremonious show biz of Mussolini. His empire lasted less than a year. He was not hung upside down—just murdered as he was escaping from a burning building in disguise.

Unlike Hitler's, Mussolini's bones have finally been collected and buried in a vault, where his followers come with flowers. On occasion some old enemies come with bombs. The Communists, who might have taken Italy fifty years ago, were it not for him, are certain not to leave his remains in peace, if their new bid for power succeeds.

Strange to say, Mussolini believed in a Christian heaven and often described himself as "deeply Catholic." He also said: "I

am deeply Italian. I believe in the function of Latinity." But he never seemed to be able to distinguish between Latinity and the unrevivable Roman imperium, two irreconcilable concepts whose only link was geography.

"I detest those who live like parasites, sucking away at the edges of social struggle," said Mussolini, and he was right. "After a thousand years we, awakened, were again giving tangible proof of our moral and spiritual valor. We were living again in a warlike tradition." Mussolini also said this, and he was wrong.

"My objective is simple," he wrote, "I want to make Italy great, respected and feared." Here he was the most tragic of tragic failures.

A Clown? Certainly many will disagree. But doesn't a clown often bring a tear to the eye and a thought to the brain faster than the most deadly serious and most cannily successful of men? Isn't a clown a living exaggeration of all human traits and isn't exaggeration often the most effective way of ramming a lesson, especially a history lesson, home?

Perhaps the twentieth century Pagliacci did not live in vain.



Clara Petacci—faithful unto death

In 1946 in *Heredity, Race and Society* (co-authored with L. C. Dunn), Dobzhansky went so far as to announce:

Considered biologically, the idea of Negro-white segregation as propounded by partisans of this measure in the United States is a plan to prevent the flow of genes between these races by social means. . . . But the long time trend is clearly toward race fusion. We have already seen that, contrary to the opinion vociferously expressed by some sincere but misguided people, such a trend is not biologically dangerous. Mixing of closely related races may even lead to increased vigor. As for the most distantly separated races, there is no basis in fact to think that either biological stimulation or determination follows crossing.

In an earlier work, *Genetics and the Origin of Species* (Columbia University Press, 1937), he had written:

Races and species usually differ from each other in many genes and chromosomal alternations. Interbreeding of races and species results in a breakdown of these systems. . . . Some of these combinations are the harmonious genotypic systems adapted to the different ecological niches in the environment. But the interbreeding could be just as efficient in breaking down the harmonious gene combinations as it was in forming them. Unlimited interbreeding would result in submergence of the existing genetic systems in a mass of recombinations. Among the recombinations some may be as harmonious, or in fact better, than the existing gene patterns, and thus by hybridization the species may "discover" new evolutionary possibilities. But the chance of discovery is pitted against the fact that a majority, and probably a vast majority, of the few genic patterns are discordant, unfit for any available environment, and represent a total loss to the species. If life is to endure, the gene combinations whose adaptive value has been vouchsafed by natural selection must be protected from disintegration. Without isolation the ravages of natural selection would be too great. . . . The end result may be extinction.

Dobzhansky pointedly left this passage intact in his revision of 1951 (pp. 179-80). He had apparently had second thoughts about his scientific apostasy in 1946. Had Earl Warren read it, would there have been a Little Rock? Somewhat later Dobzhansky, like Pontius Pilate, washed his hands of the matter by saying, "A race that allows itself to be hybridized cannot have been worth saving."

It was to a Myrmidon of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City that an acceptable "way out" was found for Western biology to resolve its conflict, keep its scientific skirts clean and join the war against racism. The inspiration was supplied in *The Meaning of Evolution* by George Gaylord Simpson. The new line went like this: "Some four thousand years ago one species invented extrabiological heredity and became Man." Western biologists were electrified by this release from their presumably indissoluble vows to truth and objectivity, and practically became indistinguishable from the medieval theologians of the Sorbonne or the modern theologians of Yeshiva University. Man is unique among all species, not because of his genes but because experience can be transmitted across any gap in time of heredity by means of books. It was no effort at all for Dobzhansky's colleagues to make the leap to the assertion that cultural influence so far outweighs genetic influence as to render the latter meaningless for this one exceptional species. It was then a clear duty to loose their crusading zeal on those who would dare to perceive any correlation between culture and race.

Meanwhile, the Dobzhansky school and the latter-day Boasites filled every academic chair in America, and took control of almost every tax-free foundation interested in subsidizing the pursuit of knowledge in the Life Sciences. They stamped out what they called "heresy" and brooked no opposition. Happily, no one was sent to a concentration camp. Happily, no books were burned.

It was a magnificently smooth operation. It may not have dealt a mortal blow to Western science, but it put a crimp in anthropology for decades.

The first sign of an intelligent *biological* counterattack came in late 1974 with the publication of John Baker's *Race* (Oxford University Press). Baker not only admits there are racial differences. He dwells on them, particularly on the mental differences that puts the average black in an entirely different intellectual category from whites. As might have been expected, Baker's book was studiously ignored by the media, except for a burst of vitriol in the *Washington Post* by a former Israeli commando named Amitai Etzioni, who somehow traded his submachine gun for a professorship in the sociology department of Columbia University.

Baker, although he has impeccable credentials and is a biologist of international repute, is now banned from most of the anthropological journals, but his epochal work is appearing in the largest libraries and has a surprising popularity among intelligent readers who have heard about it through the anti-liberal underground. It is doubtful it can be hidden from the general public indefinitely.

Jewishness that he was given a prominent place among the early Reds, just as, many years later, Carl Jung was a prize catch for the solidly Jewish psychoanalytic crowd in Vienna. Engels by his mere presence symbolized a communism which was to be more than just another form of Jewish nationalism. Like Christianity before it, Marxism was destined to be a universal and 'human' religion, and as such desperately needed a few non-Jewish proselytizers.

On the subject of Jews, Marx was obscure. Christianity, he said, is the Judaism of the modern world; and such must be abolished. (He apparently took this idea opposition to Bauer, Marx advocated unconditional freedom and equality for racial conditional freedom and equality for racial Jews, while adding that Christianity was unworthy to grant them such freedom.

For his part Engels, who was friendly with many Jews, was permitted an occasional anti-Semitic outburst. Consider this letter to Marx:

One might feel sorry for the fellow [Lassalle] because of his great talents. . . . We always had to keep a devilish sharp eye on him. He is a real Jew from the Slav frontier and he has always been ready to exploit party affairs for his private ends. Moreover, it is disgusting to see how he is always trying to push his way into the world of the upper classes. He is a greasy Jew disguised under brilliance and flashy jewels.

How Marx, even though he wrote a few anti-Semitic tirades himself, must have blanched and squirmed. Again from Engels:

I begin to understand French anti-Semites when I see how the Polish Jews with German names everywhere worm themselves in, take liberties and everywhere push forward until they dominate public opinion in [Paris].

Engel's own background—he was the son and heir of a rich cotton manufacturer—was that of an ultrabourgeois sophisticate. His biographers love to dwell on his love of hunting, his horses, his fine clothes and his elegant manners. They usually stress the conservative background of his parents and how, although he never married, he supported the numerous relations of his common-law wife.

The life of Engels is living proof that some of the most intelligent members of a dominant race are often the greatest enemies of their race. The Marxes could never have broken into the Sanctuaries of Western culture by themselves. They always need an Engels to sharpen their swords, to guide their pens and to ride at the head of the Fifth Column.

Somewhere in the Northwest: Most of us have heard about redlining, a practice allegedly adopted by lending institutions which do not wish to finance homes in deteriorating urban neighborhoods. Last week a supporter wrote us of his attendance at a depositors' meeting of his Savings and Loan Association called by minority types who have made redlining a national issue: "As the people filed into the room" he writes, "I noted a clergyman with long hair and a couple of characters with black curly beards. After the minutes were read, the president in a prepared statement put the whole onus on the federal government, which insists that banks follow certain loan guidelines to safeguard depositors' money. He then went into the problem of minority hiring policies. By the time he had finished he had fairly well covered the bases. Without much to talk about, the minority members confined themselves to expostulating on the "humanistic aspect" of bank loans. At this point I decided to speak up for the silent majority (which during the meeting had kept even more mum than usual). To stop redlining, I suggested that the people who are so concerned about it should pool their money and set up their own loan agency. I explained that the government's Housing and Urban Development program costs the taxpayer an average of \$9,300 to rehabilitate houses abandoned by the poor. A Jewish gentleman then said he wouldn't mind taking a cut of 0.5% interest on his savings if the money would be used to finance loans for disadvantaged homeowners. I told him he should draw out all his money and loan it directly to those in need. I received a round of applause, but little else. A redheaded woman then grabbed the microphone and started a pro-minority harangue. I made a motion to limit her time and eventually managed to have her ordered off the floor. This was my first experience with Majority apathy in defending itself against the rabble. Most of the dynamics were supplied by the minorities. But I've tasted blood and I can't wait to have another go at them.

Birmingham, Alabama: In January Howard Allen ran an ad for *The Dispossessed Majority* in the *Birmingham News*. A professor of psychology from a nearby university wrote a letter, which was printed, congratulating the paper for having the courage to print the ad. Thereupon twelve other readers wrote to the professor congratulating him on his letter. The latter wrote back and a small group of concerned

Majority members was born. We have more friends than we think "out there." The problem is getting them together. The professor's method might work in other areas.

Pensacola, Florida: We wrote in a previous issue about the troubles in Escambia High School, where the football team had to change its name from the Rebels to the Raiders in deference to black racial sensitivities. When a vote was taken on the matter two months ago a majority of students showed their desire to return to the original name. But the motion was defeated because a two-third's majority had not been obtained. The ensuing rioting resulted in four whites being shot and twenty-six students injured, mostly whites. A member of the Florida legislature, R. W. Peaden, came to the school in the midst of the rioting and tried to put a stop to it. He assured the white students, "There wouldn't be three elected officials in the whole state of Florida if we had run under the same rules that you all did yesterday . . . Let me tell you that we will be at the [upcoming school board] meeting and we will force them to give you a fair election." A few days later Peaden went out to a restaurant for dinner. When he returned to his home, it was engulfed in flames. Everything, including his furniture and personal possessions, went up in smoke. Investigators said the fire was deliberately set.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: In March the editor of this journal was asked to participate in a radio program aired over KDKA Pittsburgh. It was to be a long-distance telephone interview on the subject of his book *The Dispossessed Majority*. The editor agreed, with trepidations, in the hope that the publicity would benefit his book, which has been languishing under an almost total media ban since publication.

The phone rang as scheduled at 8:20 on Saturday, March 13. The emcee was on the line and the questioning began. Within a few moments the emcee's voice rose a few score decibels as he wasted no time getting into the Jewish problem. Another moment and there came the inevitable "How do your ideas differ from Hitler's theory of the master race?"

The professional public speaker would not have risen to the bait. But ye editor was no professional. He felt insulted and his voice rose fifty decibels. The rest of the program was pure noise.

The lesson to be learned is that, paraphrasing Shakespeare, some people are born public speakers, some acquire the talent and others have it thrust upon them. In the case of the editor, none of the three categories applied. Even though the task was thrust upon him, it was rejected as quickly and automatically as blood group A rejects a shot of O.

In the future the editor begs his friends to keep him away from the microphone or the rostrum. To do otherwise will embarrass them more than himself.

Moreover, the editor has long maintained that race is too personal a subject to be argued before a racially mixed audience. As the telephone interview rapidly turned into a debate, the editor found himself hoisted, if a pun is allowed, by his own canard.

Augusta, Georgia: There is a follow-up to the remarks in January's *Instauration* about Joseph Cumming's disparaging remarks concerning "Dixie." Cumming, the *Newsweek* flack, came over from Athens as guest speaker at the January meeting of Augusta Sigma Delta Chi. He was given a copy of *Instauration* to see his reaction about being reprimanded, in print, for his pro-minority sympathies. His outrage was barely concealed at first. "This is a bunch of bull—," he said. Recovering, he then remarked, "Oh, how I love being attacked." He also commented something to the effect that the writer "appears to be anti-Semitic." Apparently *Instauration* "shook" Cumming!

Next Month in *Instauration*

The Hocus-Pocus of Louis Pauwels

The rightwing French literary occultist feeds on the New Left's hatred for science.

Marx Liked Ike

Louis, not Karl, liked Eisenhower so much he spearheaded the General's presidential boom long before it boomed.

The Mediocracy

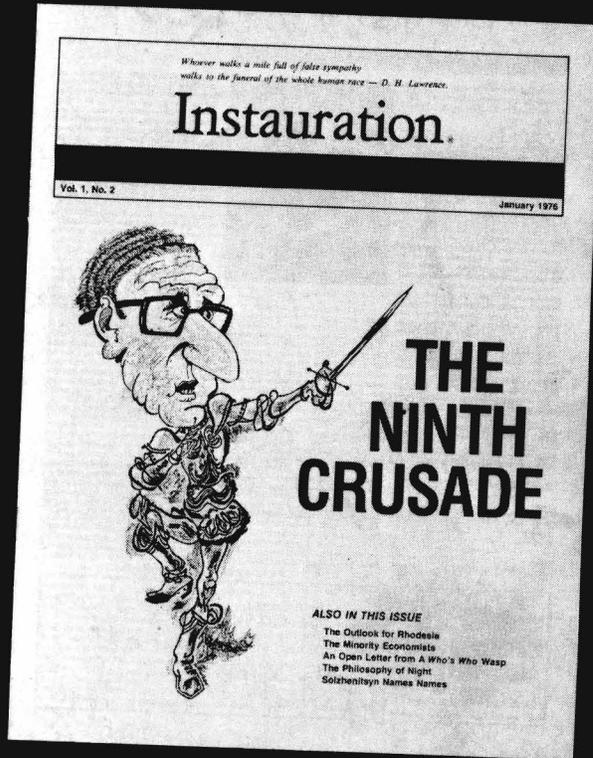
Meyer power, Newhouse power and poll power.

Demythologizing Dizzy

A brilliant contemporary saw chaff where we are told there is nought but wheat.

Philosopher Giovanni Gentile

Murdered by Leftist bigots in 1944.



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