

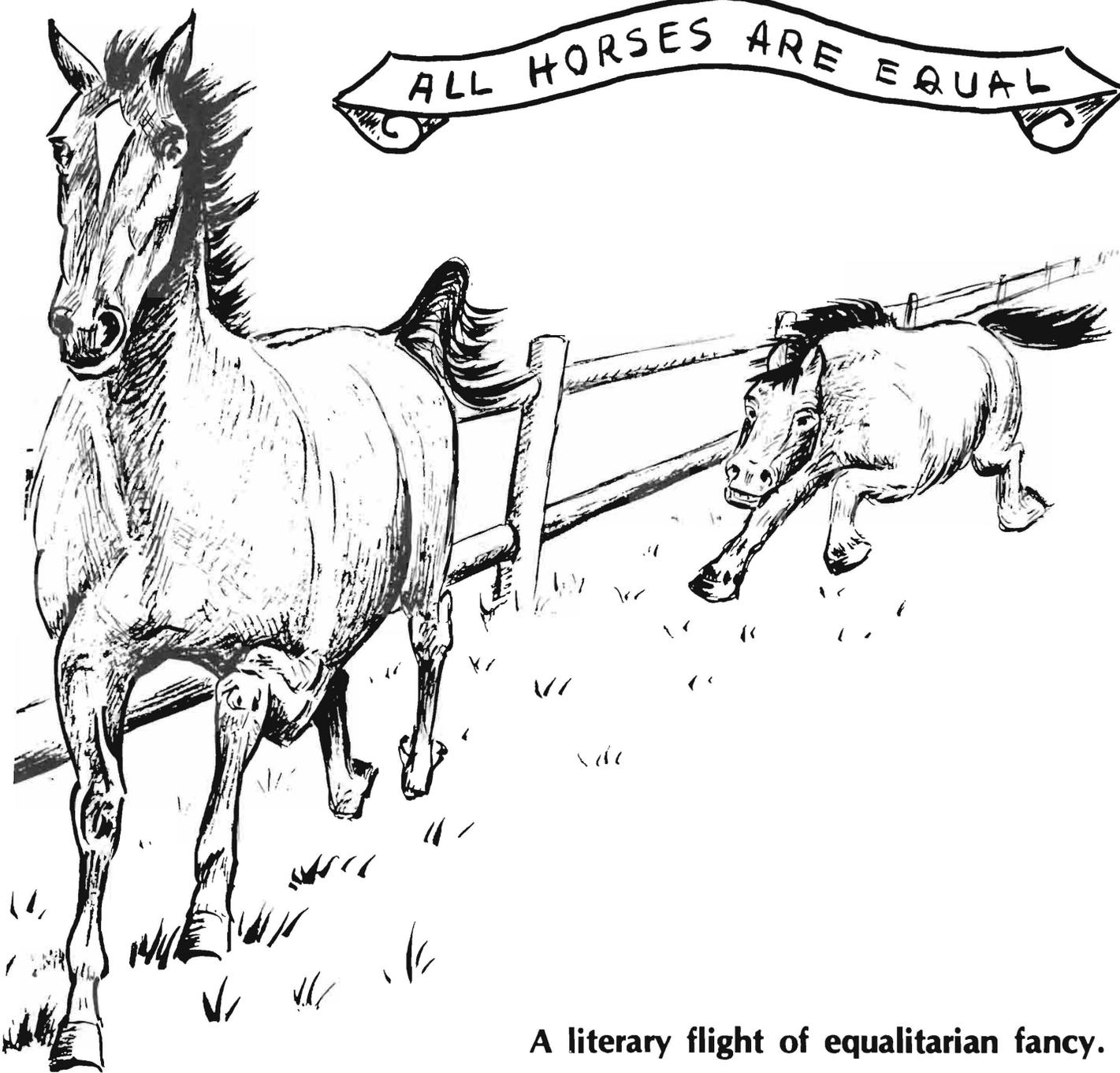
*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

Instauration[®]

VOL. 2 NO. 5

APRIL 1977

ALL HORSES ARE EQUAL



A literary flight of equalitarian fancy.

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

My husband and I want to tell you how much we enjoyed the feature article of your December edition. And how very true it is, more the pity. All we have to do is go out into Main Street — not by night, mind you — and see all these parasites strutting about as if they owned the world (which they practically do). They don't work, are luxuriously dressed, drive expensive new cars and buy out the food markets with their food stamps. And all this on our tax dollars. However, there is one thing I want to add. If we whites will not put up a fight against this state of affairs, then I suppose we deserve to be in this predicament.

070

I'm considering several possibilities when I get my M.A., but a lot depends on the still unresolved question of how important is my devotion to the Majority cause, and how important the security and love of a stable, middle-class life. Is the conflict between personal and political life only an illusion, or does it really exist?

674

I think that all this talk about synthesizing Hegelian dialectics with the biological world view is bound to lead nowhere. Hegel is precisely where we went off course. What sense does it make to say that one edge of the table is the *dialektische Widerspruch* of the opposite edge of the same table? The two edges are, at least for any person whose mind is not warped by Hegelian dialectics, the two sides of one and the same thing, and there is no logical "contradiction" between them whatsoever. Constructing "contradictions" such as these may lend itself admirably for building up propagandistic strawmen (the historical process: capitalism, exploitation, socialism), but I can't see it as an approach to truth. Basically, dialectics is merely a narrowing of our field of vision to thinking in opposites of black and white, to the exclusion of all the grey tones that go to make this world. Dialectics should be left where it belongs — to the world of prescientific scholasticism. If we add Hegel to the biological world view, it will be to the latter's detriment. Let's continue the rational emancipation of our race that started with Francis Bacon and proceed with our political emancipation.

888

Relativity seems to be following the evolutionary path trod by most highly speculative theories, eventually reaching a state of manifest absurdity before its final demise. Currently the relativists (in the sense of Einstein) are holding all the face cards and, because of this, I believe that anything other than a very cautious criticism of these ideas can only serve to further isolate us from the general community of Majority intellectuals. In my opinion a more productive approach is to study Einstein the man as an example of minority racism in action. Einstein is a fascinating example of Jewish traits — an overachiever, a closet racist and a borderline psychopath. His enthronement as the central figure of high intellect is also a good example of minority collective efforts. There are many lessons in human relations that can be learned from such a study.

300

Renegade of the year? Retire the title! Jimmy Carter already has it sewn up for all time.

100

Regretfully, I will not be able to renew my subscription to *Instauration* due to lack of funds. I have enjoyed reading your magazine for the past year, but did find it a bit pro-Zionist. In spite of that it is still the best magazine of its type I have seen on the market. Good luck in your endeavor.

950

Don't care to renew subscription. Agree with a lot of your philosophy, but it is too biased for my taste.

550

The article 2084 in the December issue of *Instauration* was smashing! I'm going to cut it out, xerox it and mail it around a bit.

221

Instauration is really shaping up into a fine journal. Your pieces on Western culture heroes — Jung and José Antonio — are most valuable. In the future you should have articles on: Charles B. Davenport, A. Hrdlicka, Arthur Keith, Grafton Smith, Eugen Fischer and Egon von Eickstedt.

394

Among all the great philosophers, to my knowledge, there has never been a black person. How about having your staff conduct some research and print an article on this? I would predict interesting reading!

211

Not too sure my blood pressure can stand your mag, but sounds interesting. Enclosed is my subscription.

899

Has decay, legislated mediocrity and dilapidation gone far enough to justify rebuilding? I feel we have to end government by crisis with bureaucrats-at-law making themselves heroes by saving us from emergencies they create as political entrepreneurs.

441

Your article "Conservative Twaddle" reveals the ingenious coverup and cant that will send us to a premature grave. In time of stress and need, physical fitness, not saintliness, is our salvation. As for Billy Graham, "hell and damnation" for the hordes bending an ear to such a charlatan.

038

Success, good health to a fierce, versatile editor. There has to be two of you; father and son.

983

I have read *The Dispossessed Majority* and I am amazed. It's really startling to read about all the facts that I never would have heard of if it weren't for your book. I'm fifteen years old now and in all my life it is the only truthful publication that I have ever read.

600

I wish you well with your project and hope that you instill or at least awaken the racial instinct so heavily suppressed within the whole European race. I hope you succeed before it is too late.

New Zealand subscriber

I very much liked the bit about Bruno Bauer. There is some real meat in this article, and being a German, I must confess to my shame I just didn't know anything about him until I came across your article.

Bavarian subscriber

Was delighted to see you hit upon Gustave Le Bon as one of our intellectual founding fathers. First read *The Crowd* when I was a prisoner of war, and felt it was a revelation.

German subscriber

I especially like your intention of putting biology above theology. I learned to do that the first day I went to work as a Sheriff's patrolman.

900

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□ Your naming of a Majority Renegade of the Year is an excellent idea. The minority interests would get nowhere without the collaboration of the upper-middle-class white degenerates.

210

□ If the white soldiers I talk to here are any indicator, a tremendous backlash is building, aimed almost exclusively at Negroes. The best thing the government can do for us is to continue busing and quotas and press for open housing (i.e., building government slums in the suburbs). These things only add fuel to the fire. My only fear is that they will moderate and let things die down.

Army officer overseas

□ As the New Year begins, I see many new developments and openings for a Majority effort. Let me state here that I agree with your premise that it will take many years for our brand of thought to take over the nation's diseased body politic. However, I see a joint effort of continued education and effective and selective political action as being the real long-term solution. On the political scene a Reagan-Wallace coalition seems more possible than ever, with or without the help of the Alabama governor. There is simply too much of a liberal atmosphere surrounding Carter and his cabinet appointees to suit hardcore Wallace supporters.

190

□ Can a short, fat, dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned German-American girl find happiness reading your journal? I shall miss it, especially the letters from your readers, and if my loss becomes too keenly felt, I'll resubscribe, even if you prefer only the tall, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon types.

611

□ In regard to your *Inklings'* article on Hamilton Fish's fishy new book, I might refresh your reader's memory with a statement made by Fish when he was defeated for reelection to Congress in 1944, after saying that a majority of Jews always voted for Roosevelt, words which Thomas Dewey characterized as "Un-American." Said Fish: "Since when is un-American to tell the truth, or to mention the word 'Jew' anymore than the words 'Christian,' 'Irish,' 'Italian,' 'Pole,' or 'Negro.' If it is, then free speech, the essence of Americanism, ceases to exist." Too bad Fish's courage failed him twenty-eight years later.

329

□ Some tourists have all the luck. While the Fimbul winter was causing Zionists to shiver in their hundred-dollar-a-day rooms in Miami Beach (they even had to make their beds because their Cuban maids were out on strike), Robert and Michael Meripol were enjoying a free trip to a much balmy Cuba. Castro had invited them to visit a school named after their distinguished parents, electrocuted atom spies, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

466

□ I liked your book *The Dispossessed Majority* and I bought about fifty copies to distribute to most of the libraries in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and except where they had been stolen or lost, all but one of the copies had been removed from circulation by librarians.

641

□ Your piece on the decline and fall of Princeton hit the spot. But did you know that upon the death of Mao, a memorial service for the oriental despot was held in Princeton's Third World Center. Preliminary to the service adulatory ads appeared in the *Daily Princetonian*: "Chairman Mao . . . Live like him . . . Dare to struggle . . . Dare to win." During the celebration seven speakers extolled Mao's contribution to Marxism-Leninism.

085

□ I have found *Instauration* to contain certain ideas and philosophies absent from other publications. I might note one objection. I think your approach to the Jewish question is inappropriate. The probability is quite high that the Jews are one of the most gifted genetic strains. They are anything but stupid. They have developed for themselves that strong sense of racial-genetic pride that those of us in the vanguard of the Majority wish we had. The United Nations General Assembly took the right approach in defining the Jewish movement as the highest form of racism. Many of my Jewish friends, while protesting the declaration wildly, privately and frankly admitted it was 100% accurate. Let us recognize their right to a culture which is an articulation of their genetic predispositions. For thousands of years the Jewish people have actively resisted all attempts at genetic assimilation. Let us call for competition not elimination. Any implied call for hatred of the Jews is not the correct approach to anything; it is only an indication of our intense jealousy. It may well be that the race that for thousands of years has proclaimed itself to be the chosen race can teach us a thing or two about racism. Competition between the Northern Europeans and the Jews may one day result in two superaces with incompatible philosophies destroying each other in some unprecedented holocaust. Hitler's attempt to eliminate one of the combatants in the 1940s may then appear to be the greatest attempt at humanitarianism the world has ever known. But then again competition may result in a highly developed civilization wherein many diverse philosophies exist at one time on this planet.

331

□ The article on José Antonio Primo de Rivera was excellent. The author is easily the best informed of any I have ever read on this brilliant, idealistic young Spanish patriot. If he had not been shot by the Reds, there is no telling what he might have accomplished as Spain's Caudillo, for he certainly would have assumed the role of head of the government had he lived. I personally do not agree with the article's author that Franco "betrayed" the goals and ideals of José Antonio. On the contrary, without being an ideologue or theoretician, Franco incorporated José Antonio's goals into the constitution of the new Spanish state. I believe that when an objective history is written Franco will emerge as one of the greatest men of the twentieth century. His ascendancy in history will not diminish one iota the special position that José Antonio will occupy in the hearts of men who esteem love of country, Christian charity, loftiness of mind and soul, and personal courage of the highest degree.

191

□ Good news! The movie *Birth of a Nation* is required viewing for freshmen students in cinematography at the University of Southern California.

907

□ A recent Safety Valvist wrote: "More and more I'm coming to feel that only an all-out assault on Christianity can destroy what has become, unfortunately, an emotional and intellectual pillar of Jewish power." That is a conclusion to which I have been forced over the years — a grim conclusion, since it makes the task of recovering our country vastly more difficult, but one that, on the basis of many years of observation and experience, I now regard as inescapable.

618

□ A thought engendered by your piece on José Antonio and the Falange. Since the defeat and partition of Prussia-Germany, Spain became the chief spiritual carrier of the Western culture. It can be said with truth that Spain is now the soul of Europe. In the Spanish Civil War, Marxists and Jews from all over the world, including thousands from America, volunteered to fight in Spain. On the other hand, in the midst of a depression there were numerous young Coughlinites, Klansmen, Silver Shirts, etc., roaming the streets. Yet an authority such as Hugh Thomas is able to record that only one American volunteered for the Nationalist side. That is a disgrace. If war should come to Spain again the victor this time will likely be either Moscow or the Money Power. Still, the fight must be made, and this time I am hopeful there will be an American contingent to fight on the side of the West. At the very least, the survivors of the next Spanish war can put their experience to good use in the American Civil War of the 1990s.

920

□ Was the recent "touching scene" in the Senate of Barry Goldwater warmly embracing a wan Hubert Humphrey, a compassionate welcome to a fellow solon that had undergone a severe physical trial or a studied racially motivated gesture of respect and affection for a deserving politician who had received the privilege of settling a \$150,000 debt for \$6,000 from a prominent multimillionaire Zionist, one Meshulam Riklis?

864

□ I believe if you'd publish all the installments of "The Game and the Candle" in a separate booklet, it would sell very well. It's a tremendous story.

329

□ Patriotism has been foully murdered, and with it has been destroyed the public appetite for and interest in the deeds of men of America's marvelous yesterday.

875

□ I haven't written at any length to remark favorably upon *Instauration*, but I enjoy it — every word of every issue. You're doing a fine job, but it's rather like swimming up Niagara Falls, isn't it?

578

□ When we met years ago, I was a Constitutional Conservative, dedicated to a government of laws. Now I find myself with strange bedfellows — the radicals and the Illuminists. While I shudder at the prospect of a new and bloody American Revolution, I would applaud it wildly if it became excessive enough to cleanse the Augean stables.

666

THE U. S. RACIAL PICTURE

We have been holding forth at great length on race in this magazine. Perhaps at too great a length. And all the holders forth have been Majority members. Lest the subject get too stuffy, it's time to open the window and let in some air. The writer of the following article is a self-proclaimed "outsider," an Italian-American who admits to little more than formal and legal ties to the U. S. and no ties at all to the Majority. From this neutral vantage point he is able to provide us with an Olympian view of the racial situation, a view which can only broaden and deepen our own vision of the matter.

I find *Instauration* interesting because it lets us into the world of above-average Anglo-Saxons as they speak their minds, more or less freely, about the "timebomb problem" known as the race issue.

From my personal experience with New York City and Newark, along with what I've read about the conditions in Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, St. Louis and Atlanta, I would say that at least a dozen cities are in serious trouble and may soon reach the point of no return. This means, I suppose, that they will eventually collapse into bankruptcy, riots and brigandage. Then military rule will be necessary.

In recent decades the federal government has so mismanaged things that some large cities have actually become decaying non-Western communities. They look more and more like various rundown urban areas in Africa, Latin America and the Middle East.

As an Italian-American, I speak as an outsider, though a friendly one, about your Nordic rehabilitation or repossession movement. It's impossible for me to feel like a Nordic, as it is impossible for me to feel like a Jew, Puerto Rican, Negro, Irishman or Pole.

I "feel" Italian. I don't think of myself as an American, but simply as an Italian citizen of the U. S. What's more, I have never been able to regard any of my fellow citizens as "Americans." To me, Jews are Jews, blacks are blacks, Irishmen are Irishmen, Swedes are Swedes, Wasps are Englishmen and Indians are merely Indians. I can't classify any of them as "Americans." What I concede is that they are fellow citizens.

If someone refers to himself as an American, I am likely to ask facetiously, "What kind of an American are you, sir?" But imagine my asking a Japanese in Japan, "What kind of Japanese are you?" Or take Ireland as another example. Can Englishmen, Jews, Germans or Frenchmen, though born in Ireland, call themselves Irishmen?

The point I'm making is obvious. In the U. S. no one, not even an Indian, can identify himself racially as an American, for that title can be claimed by every racial or ethnic group that lives in either North or South America. The sad truth is that in the U. S. each race is an "outsider" in relation to all other races.

To feel "at home" with blacks, you must be black. To feel "at home" with Italians, you must be Italian. And to feel "at home" with the Irish, you must have the map of Ireland on your face and a name like Kelly, Riley or O'Brien to back it up. Need I go on with this racial litany?

This nation is not a racial melting pot. It is rather a racial crossroads where various races come near one another to learn that they must go their separate ways, either voluntarily or by necessity.



Saul Alinsky

Integration, as the late Jewish social worker Saul Alinsky put it, is that period of time, long or short, in a neighborhood when the first black family moves in and the last white family moves out.

We can add to this observation a similar one about every other race. For example, when Jews move into a Gentile neighborhood the Gentiles move out. When the Irish move into a Wasp neighborhood, the Wasps move out. When Italians move into an Irish neighborhood, the Irish move out. When Puerto Ricans move into an Italian neighborhood, the Italians move out.

The various races play a game of hide and seek, flee and follow. This game will go on and on because the chaotic racial situation calls into play the Darwinian so-called "law of natural (racial) selection." Operating on both the instinctive and rational level, this law causes men to realize that their physical, mental and social status can be "demoted" if they mingle with certain races, or raised if they mingle with certain others.

When one racial or ethnic group chases passionately after a different racial group, which persistently flees, the message is clear, at least to those who flee. Of course, those who follow are either unwilling or unable to admit that the "flee and follow" routine marks one group as being superior and independent and the other group as being inferior and dependent.

No racial group can have dignity and respect if it perpetually seeks integration with another race.

The IS and the OUGHT

If poor old Pontius Pilate could reassemble his ashes, revisit the earth and once again ask the unanswerable, his historic quiz would fall on deafer ears than before. It is not the fact of the matter that counts these days, (has it ever counted?), but the morality of the matter. It is not "What Is," but "What Is To Be Done?" That's the \$128,000 question.

Let us take a not uncommon case. That of a very ill professor of biology. If he grinds all his pills into dust, smashes his medicine cabinet and turns to a two-bit swami, a \$100-an-hour shrink, or a ten thousand dollar automated alpha wave computer monitoring system, he may get a friendly write-up in the *Washington Post* for "expanding his consciousness." But let him try to investigate the inherited nature of his disease, let him seek to "biologize" his problem and his laboratory may be bombed, his lectures broken up and his life threatened.

As is becoming more apparent every day, there are accepted and distinct ways of treating a man who researches racial differences in intelligence and a man who believes in osteopathy, astrology, ESP and the mental life of plants. In the present-day academic community it is easier to pass a resolution condemning Shockley than psychokinesis.



Raymond B. Cattell

To search out, analyze and restructure the moral basis of all the fabrications and perversities of this off-its-rocker age, to examine a little more closely and clearly the ethics of the day (which often seem to be promoting unethical rather than ethical conduct) has been a life-long project of two very eminent and uncensorable academicians — Raymond B. Cattell, a British-born empirical psychologist, and the late Jacques Monod, a geneticist whose mother was an American and whose father was a Parisian painter of Huguenot descent.

A pioneer in the study of human abilities, personality and group dynamics through the use of rigorous experimental and statistical (as opposed to intuitive) techniques, Dr. Cattell in his masterful opus *A New Morality from Science: Beyondism* attempts to build a new moral system upon the findings of modern biology, with particular emphasis on behavior genetics and evolution. Surveying the various moralities now in vogue, he notes that they derive from one of two sources: (1) a revealed religion or tradition; (2) rationalism. The Decalogue is an example of the former, the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights an example of the latter. For all their faults, traditional moral systems possess the appealing property of working. Cattell notes, as does Edward Wilson in his *Sociobiology*, that behavior patterns are just as subject to natural selection as physical features — perhaps even more so. Consequently, while appearing somewhat silly in their claim to divine inspiration, societies following such otherworldly guidance can at least be credited with having survived.

Rational ethical systems do not represent behavior patterns that work, but rather behavior patterns that someone thinks should work. While created by some of the world's most brilliant minds (Locke, Aristotle, Plato, Voltaire, among others), such systems have not been tested in the evolutionary crucible. As Cattell observes, rationalism has proved more capable of destruction than of construction. While the wise man may take some comfort that in twentieth century America few of his less intellectual fellow citizens shake and quake in fear of spending eternity in a fiery hell as punishment for their sins, the fact remains that he himself is more susceptible than ever to an equally painful, if less enduring, intellectual mugging by his agnostic brothers.

Since rational systems are usually built upon assumptions about human nature and society, viz., all men are inherently good, rationalists are likely to believe that education and good intentions can abolish war, poverty and injustice. Cattell notes that because of such assumptions rationalist morality rests on "subjective, a priori premises surreptitiously imported from the religions they seek to outmode" (p. 63). A further complication is that when reason dictates the content of morality, people have difficulty in agreeing on what kind of behavior is moral or immoral. Rather than subject their moral system to the test of natural selection, rationalists rely on man-made selection in the form of world wars, genocide and totalitarian thought control.

THE MANY REINCARNATIONS

**Soviet big brother . . . C.I.A. pensioner . . . Birch Society darling . . .
His Imperial Highness, Czarevich Aleksei . . . funny farm candidate . . .**

A lone man's struggle to remain afloat for a little while in the welter of the shoreless sea of life often seems to us pathetic, for ours is the sentimental race. That is why we normally extend even to scoundrels, if they are amiable and not malicious, a charity that we refuse to the pretentious individuals who profess a wisdom that entitles them to be leaders whom we must devotedly follow.

A recent episode, involving an immigrant for whom many may feel a certain compassion, would be too trivial to mention, were it not a datum of great significance in a psychological study of the contemporary American "right wing," a motley saraband of anxious, confused, and frightened men and women who, in groups that range from a few dozen to thirty thousand, follow a hundred self-appointed messiahs, each of whom is bawling out his claims to be the unique savior of our benighted nation.

In January 1961 there arrived in the United States a Pole who had apparently been an officer of high rank in the Secret Police of the Bolshevik province of Poland, and who had defected after having served for some time as a double-agent for an American espionage agency, presumably the C.I.A. He bore the name and title of Colonel Michael Goleniewski and established his identity with an evidently genuine certificate that recorded his birth in Poland, to parents who bore the slightly different name of Goleniowski, on August 16, 1922. The date, at least, was supported by his features and physique, which made it obvious that he was a healthy man of Slavic ancestry about forty years old.



"His Imperial Highness, Czarevich Aleksei"

The defector was certainly well informed about the networks of spies and saboteurs that the Bolsheviks maintain in all civilized countries they have not yet annexed. Very reliable American sources aver that all the verifiable information given by Goleniewski was found to be strictly accurate, and he is credited with having caused the flight or suicide or arrest and conviction of at least fifteen Soviet agents who were ensconced in strategic positions in the intelligence services of England, Sweden,

and Germany, notably George Blake, Kim Philby, Colonel Wennerstrom, and Kolon Molody (alias Gordon Lonsdale). That he was solely or principally responsible for the exposure of those traitors is universally admitted.

According to two American civilians who were able to meet Goleniewski while he was hidden in an apartment in New York City under an assumed name, his knowledge of Bolshevik operations was even more extensive, and he, on his arrival in this country, had been dismayed and terrified to find among the high officials of the C.I.A. several men whom he knew to have equal or higher rank in the Soviet K.G.B. This was entirely plausible and even probable, for reasons that could not be set forth here without a very long exposition of the organization and operation of modern intelligence agencies in general and of our monstrous C.I.A. in particular, in which what amounted to a civil war began the day it was organized.

For three years the presence of the defector in this country was kept secret, and the few persons who knew him at that time agree that he was subjected to a kind of persecution by the C.I.A. The income promised him was never paid. Money for his support was doled out so grudgingly that he and his newly acquired American wife were often left penniless, desperate and without needed medical care. He was even deprived of the revolver given him to defend himself from Soviet agents who might carry out the death sentence that had been imposed after his defection. He also required protection, his friends believed, from an arm of the C.I.A., which intended to murder him inconspicuously to protect the Soviet agents whom he had recognized. If such were the facts, Goleniewski's life was saved by two men who ripped open the curtain of official secrecy.

Mr. Guy Richards, one of the ranking editors of the now defunct *New York Journal-American*, devoted a long series of ably written feature articles to Goleniewski, recounting the defector's great services to the United States and the Western world, and intimating that he had much more to tell, if given adequate protection and allowed to do so. The *Journal-American* at that period had a circulation of the more than 600,000; some of the articles were picked up by other Hearst papers; and the substance of the story was reported, more or less extensively, by a number of independent newspapers. Mr. Frank Capell, who operates a kind of private intelligence service for American "conservatives" and is highly esteemed for the scope and accuracy of his information, espoused Goleniewski's cause in his *Herald of Freedom*, a newsletter small in bulk and circulation but read by Americans of prestige and influence, including members of both houses of the Congress. This publicity on two levels won for Goleniewski not only the strong sympathies of many Americans of patriotic inclinations, but forced his

OF COL. MICHAEL GOLENIEWSKI

appearance before a Congressional committee, where he gave testimony, some of it published in the *Congressional Record*, while parts of it that are reputed to be "dynamite" were consigned to yet unreleased "executive" files. Goleniewski, furthermore, was paid the high tribute of formal praise and a vote of thanks by the House (Eighty-Eighth Congress, H. R. 5507). He had been made a public figure who could not be suicided or otherwise murdered by technicians of the C.I.A. without precipitating a public scandal and possible inquiry into that ambiguous agency's multiplex operations. If his life had been in danger, it was effectively saved by Messrs. Richards and Capell.

So far, so good. And in those halcyon days, patriots waited anxiously for the detonation of the dynamite that would blast the alien agents from their positions of control in the intelligence and paramilitary agency that is financed by American taxpayers. It is said, however, that surreptitious persecution by the C.I.A. was soon resumed, and that Goleniewski was covertly threatened with eviction from his apartment, together with his wife and little daughter, and given hints that he was likely to be run over by a heavy truck when crossing a street. If true, that may explain a great deal.

Soon Goleniewski — the defector himself, according to men who knew him personally and insist they could not be deceived by even the most clever substitute — began to tell his friends a story that Van Wyck Mason or Helen MacInnes would never have dared to imagine for one of their sensational novels of espionage and international intrigue. He disclosed to Messrs. Richards and Capell his tremendous secret: he was the son of Nicholas II, the last Czar of Russia; and therefore himself the legitimate monarch of all the Russias and heir to the vast personal fortune of the Romanoffs.

Now everyone knows that after the Bolsheviks captured Russia by progressive application of the usual technique of humanitarianism and terrorism in 1917-1918, the Czar, the Czarina, their four daughters, and their one son were imprisoned at Ekaterinburg, where they were subjected to various hardships and humiliations, until the White Russian Army under Admiral Kolchak advanced to rescue them. They, and the four faithful retainers who had remained with them, were brutally murdered on the night of July 16, 1918, the corpses vilely abused and hurriedly cremated, and the remains thrown into an abandoned mine. Their killers, having no stomach for a real fight, decamped across the steppes. A few days later Ekaterinburg was occupied by the army of Admiral Kolchak, who conducted a prompt and thorough investigation of the massacre. The incontrovertible findings are clearly stated by Robert Wilton, special correspondent of the *London Times*, in *The Last Days of the Romanovs* (London, 1920; recently reprinted by photo-offset in this country). Persons who desire even more details may go to the report of the magistrate who interrogated the eyewitnesses: Nicholas Sokolov, *Enquete judiciaire sur l'assassinat de la famille impériale* (Paris, 1924).

Now everyone knows that when a person of high rank or other distinction dies and the body is not publicly displayed, as surely as the flowers come in the springtide, there will be a crop of impersonators. Several issues of *Instauration* would be needed merely to list the impersonations that have left some mark on history since one of the Magi impersonated the murdered brother of Cambyses and ruled the Persian Empire for a time. In the decade that followed the death of Nero, who was as much beloved by Orientals as he was hated by Romans, three successive impersonators were able to attract large followings in the Eastern provinces, and one of them, heralded by Jewish prophecies, almost precipitated another civil war. The list is endless.

PAGE 19 DOUBLE EAGLE

of Conservative leaders and editors, with regard to Double Eagle's strategical exposures of Illuminatis' key-actors. One of such exposures was identification by Double Eagle in its issue of June '76, of the Stalin son Jacob, with the Senator Thomas Dodd. Many of respected anti-Communist researchers, who collect from Americans millions of dollars for anti-Communist research every one year, handled the exposure of Dodd-Stalin with a contempt prior to proper investigations.

DOUBLE EAGLE

VOL. II, NO: 9 - SEPT. 1976.

TO THE DEPT:

Reproduction of a photograph of the son of Soviet dictator Stalin, Jacob, in an uniform of the Red Army, 1941.



Sen. Thomas J. Dodd

Photo drawing and copy from Sept. 1976 issue of Double Eagle purporting to prove that Stalin's son, Jacob, was the late Senator Thomas Dodd.

The art has naturally been practiced in Russia, and one of the most spectacular successes in impersonation was achieved by the imposter who, replacing a murdered Czarevich, ruled all Russia for about a year as Demetrius I. There was even a wild story, believed by many, that Alexander I had faked his own death to avoid assassination, and had gone to Siberia to live out the rest of his life in rustic content and tranquillity as a moderately prosperous farmer. And, needless to say, after the murders at Ekaterinburg, Romanoffs boasting of miraculous escapes popped up in an almost steady succession. For some reason, perhaps because her name means "resurrected," the Grand Duchess Anastasia has been most in the limelight, and at least six Anastasias have attracted considerable notice in recent years — in fact one of them found new sponsors in two journalists who have just published a potboiler entitled *The File on the Tsar*. (They argue that only Anastasia, now a resident

Continued On Page 21

A literary flight of equalitarian fancy

OF HORSES AND MEN

EQUINE EQUALITY

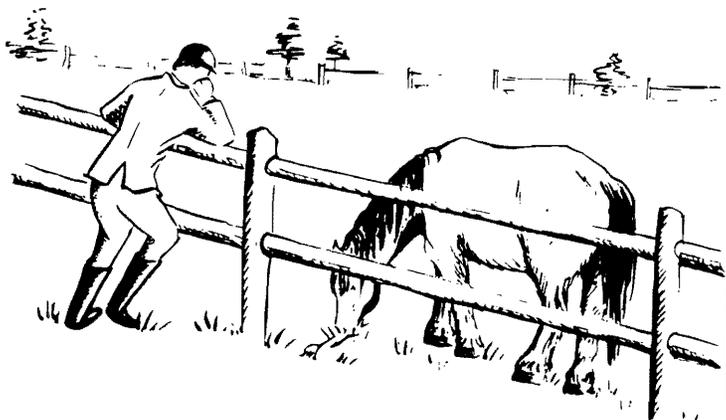
A new wind blew through the stables when Harold Horatio Higgins took over from old uncle Thaddeus, who kept only the position of Honorary Racing Adviser. Actually it was pretty big-hearted of Horatio to keep him at all, even though he had built up the Higgins racing stables, considering that uncle Thad was doddering into senility; always babbling about the good old times — by which he meant the Nixon administration. This shows that aside from being an Old Fool, he might have been also a Reactionary and a Bigot.

No one could say that of Horatio. Harvard graduate, lifetime ADA member, he always saw his letters published in full in the New York Times, without a comma missing. The Times printers kept his name set in type, so that it could be speedily affixed to protests against any atrocity perpetrated anywhere in the world, so long as it was not done in the name of Progress. In that case, Horatio would look upon it as a painful but salutary surgical procedure, requiring no anesthetic.

GUILT

Looking with pardonable pride at the vast paddocks and stables of the Higgins ranch, and at the medals and prizes won in a thousand races, Horatio felt a twinge of guilt. All this glory belonged to a privileged caste, and — what is worse — a ruling breed, the blooded horses with pedigrees going back to uncle Thad's youth. As he thought of the plain, ordinary, common farm horses barred from achievement by Prejudice, Horatio's heart bled profusely.

"God must have loved the common horses," he observed. "He made so many of them."



"He must have loved cockroaches even more" — growled uncle Thad. Horatio decided to abolish and utterly eradicate the Discrimination against ordinary farm horses, so rampant in racing circles in the barbaric past of which uncle Thaddeus was a melancholy remnant. "Environment's the Thing!" — he cried, "If young colts, of whatever origin, get proper training from their earliest days, they will be every bit as good as your pampered, snobbish thoroughbreds or Arabs." In any case, Horatio felt that raising Arabian horses smacked of anti-Semitism.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Favoring some breeds over others is nothing but thinly veiled Racism, than which nothing could be more depraved, argued the Liberal Sportsman. "It is an insult to the essential equinity of all horses," he said, holding the lesser racetrack performance of some to be merely the result of the servitude of their ancestors at the plough.

To study the problem further, Horatio founded the Institute for Equine Equality, enlisting the help of his Harvard classmates in a research program financed by a three hundred million dollar grant from the Ford Foundation.

FEELING INTO FACT

The scientific research at the Institute was guided by the Sherlock Holmes dictum: "When the impossible is eliminated, the improbable is the answer."

The notion that there could be a genetic, hereditary difference of capabilities between different breeds is clearly impossible, and any toying with such ideas would amount to Racism. No wonder that the Institute came up with some not very probable answers, but at any rate they eliminated the impossible.

Published in fifty-eight volumes, the preliminary report of the research group fully confirmed what Horatio had known all along deep in his heart. And that was exactly what it was intended to do. What all people Sensitive to the feelings of the Deprived had known to be the truth now became established Scientific Fact.

The traditional, antiquated division of horses into various breeds was demonstrated to be the root of the evil.

INTEGRATION AT LAST

The time had come for action. Horatio was determined to wipe out the errors of the past, by raising a new kind of all-American horse, gloriously unconcerned with blood lines and all that racist nonsense. "I will run an Integrated

stable," — said Horatio, "where every horse will look toward the future, not back into the abysmal dark ages of Segregation."

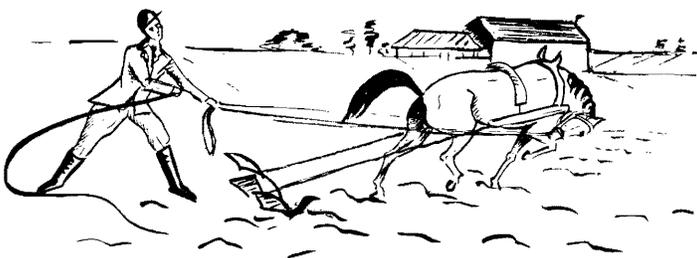
All breeds mingled happily thereafter on the paddocks of the Higgins estate, sharing the same stalls and the same fodder. Horatio was particularly proud of his integrated Palomino-Shetland pony community, a Demonstration Project financed with Federal assistance (the third Kennedy administration was sympathetic to his endeavors).

A solemn ceremony of burning all stud books and pedigrees symbolized the break with Prejudice and the beginning of a new era of Progressive horse breeding, inspired by the latest findings of Behavioral Science. After a while there was new equine Dignity on the farm, no longer did stallions of ancient descent lord it over their brothers of humbler ancestry, no longer was a string of race victories deemed worthy of family pride. Some thoroughbreds were severely kicked by the other horses — a very understandable expression of well-founded resentment over previous privilege, which Horatio encouraged as conferring Dignity on the kicker and much needed humility on the kickee.

EQUALITY IS NOT ENOUGH

Of course it was necessary to accelerate somewhat the wholesome evolution toward the total brotherhood of the equine race, by granting compensatory advantages to those previously Deprived. Members of the former aristocracy were put to the plough to raise oats for the benefit of all.

Psychologists discovered that deep-seated feelings of inferiority were the real cause of what might appear to the uninitiated to be an actual difference of capability. "And what if they've got something to feel inferior about?" — muttered uncle Thaddeus, relegated by them to a straw litter behind the stalls, where he subsisted on turnips and rough grain unfit for horse consumption.



THE TRUE FAITH

Three times a day, at dawn, noon and sundown, the entire staff of the Higgins ranch went on their knees, facing East. As Horatio intoned in a high pitched chant, like a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer: "Educatiooooo" — they answered in chorus: "Integrated for ever and ever" — and then went through the remaining ninety-seven responses of the Liberal Litany.

There was incessant talk on the ranch about Education, the key to Equine Progress and Equality, but no one ever bothered to mention what was to be taught and how. Only petty minds would quibble over such details.

In the old, evil days the more promising yearlings used to be put through their paces at the morning canters, when

some spies from the competition would sneak behind hedges to note the form of future champions. All this was rather mercenary and degrading, besides smacking of Discrimination against slower horses. Horatio decided to abandon such reactionary practices. His first step was to invite the counsel of those best qualified — the yearlings about to enter training. "What could be less Democratic than to place the Education of horses in the hands of two-legged creatures who never even jumped a fence, except on the back of their betters?"

COMMUNITY CONTROL

Under Community Control the morning canters were replaced by the Daily Stampede, open to all horses regardless of breed, condition or color. As the herd of hundreds of horses surged pell-mell across the fields, some of the trainers were thrown off and trampled under the hooves — a risk well worth taking for the sake of Academic Freedom, according to Horatio.

The Committee on Curriculum, led by some frisky young colts, introduced a new course, to replace the antiquated and boring practice of jumping over a bar that gets higher at every round. The new credit course in Rolling-in-the-Hay was found to offer not only Relevance, but also Meaningful Self-Expression. Enrollment at the Equine Academy soared and Horatio expressed himself greatly heartened by this evidence of the growing enthusiasm of our youth for Higher Education. Expenses tripled, because of the high cost of educational aids required for seminars in Rolling-in-the-Hay, but Horatio declared that he would rather go broke than deny an Equal Opportunity to anyone aspiring to a full Development of his Abilities. Besides, there was still money left in Higgins coffers from prizes won in past races, though regrettably by caste-conscious horses of the old breed.

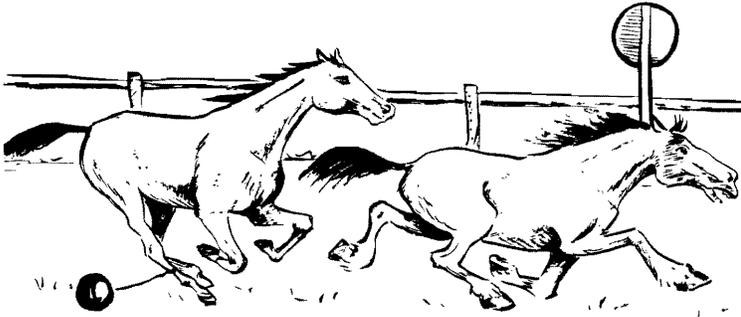
PROGRESSIVE HISTORY

A staff of Harvard historians assembled by Horatio was hard at work compiling new record books, in which the achievements of dray horses ranked equal to those of Derby winners. It is true that they were slightly handicapped by the total absence of recorded data, since in the unenlightened past no one bothered to write down the valorous deeds of farm horses, perhaps because their masters of that day mostly could not write. This minor snag hardly discouraged the industrious writers, hired for their powers of imagination as much as their expertise in horse lore. Every book of New History they produced was assured of a sale of at least a million copies, because their purchase by all libraries and schools was made compulsory.

SOCIAL JUSTICE IN ACTION

When Horatio entered some of his new breed in races, they did very well. It was necessary, of course — only during the transition period — to make the other horses competing against them carry a few hundred pounds of extra weight to compensate for the injustices of the past. The race stewards, mostly Horatio's fellow alumni, saw how unfair it would have been to deprive the common horses of the sweet smell of victory, which they had been so long denied. It was also sometimes found advisable, on grounds of social justice, to give pep pills to

the Higgins horses and tranquilizers to their rivals. Some militants of Progress suggested hamstringing the thoroughbreds — “That really amounts to giving them all an equal chance,” — they said “and isn’t that what Democracy is all about?”



LET US LOOK AT THE RECORD

The racing public, seeing the all-American Higgins horses at the finish line — but unaware of the creative social engineering behind the scenes — became fully converted to the Progressive theory of horse-breeding. “How could we have been blinded by Prejudice for so long!” — they cried, and placed their bets on the Higgins colors. Incidentally, Horatio had changed the old family racing color of true blue to a rather deep shade of pink.

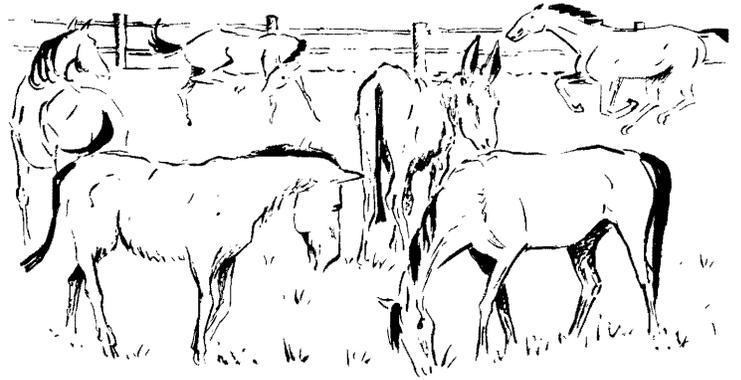
Of course some pedants, poring over old record books which escaped the bonfire, noted that the time for the mile seemed to have grown by a minute or two. A little adroit adjustment of chronometers and of track measurements dealt with that attempt by Bigotry to raise its ugly head again.

ASININE ACHIEVEMENT

Elated by success, Horatio and his friends looked for new fields to conquer. “What about Equinus Asinus?” — one of them asked. “As the name implies, he also is an Equine Being, worthy to share in Equine Equality.”

When uncle Thaddeus, in his carping, senile manner, said something about the lack of fertility of mules, he was shouted down. “There is nothing sacred about procreation per se. Racial integration is our sublime aim toward which every endeavor should be directed, regardless of cost or consequences.”

Donkeys joined the happy community at the Higgins ranch and a few mules appeared at the starting gates. “What will it serve us if horses prosper and multiply at the cost of Racism and Prejudice against their asinine brothers?” — cried Horatio. “Better to see the end of the equine race than tolerate Discrimination and Bias!”



UNITED NATIONS TO THE RESCUE

While such encouraging progress was being made on the domestic scene, the international situation was growing steadily worse, as usual. At any rate it did until the United Nations justified at last the childish trust placed in it by generations going all the way back to uncle Thad’s youth.

The world organization had grown by then to a membership of 237 fully sovereign nations and its offices occupied most of the east side of Manhattan. Americans were admitted to the exterritorial United Nations enclave only with valid visas, obtained after passing a six-hour examination in Progressive Liberalism. As an added precaution, however, they had to wear on their backs large yellow patches with the letters Y. I. (Yankee Imperialist), to protect the innocent U.N. officials against possible contamination by inadvertent bodily contact.

It was the delegate from Ireland, Captain Patrick Muldooney, M.F.H., who happened to be the President of the Assembly at the time, that was responsible for the epoch-making plan. He was immediately awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and his equestrian statue was erected at the United Nations Plaza in New York City, which extended from the East River to Times Square (the offices of the New York Times were included in the enclave and its staff enjoyed full exterritorial privileges). As with all great ideas, everybody said: “Why haven’t we thought of it before?”

THE RACE FOR PEACE

“All the trouble stems from the super-duper powers jockeying for the front position,” said the Irish delegate, “and threatening to blow us sky-high in trying to jump one ahead of the other. Why not settle the whole matter in a horse race?” Loud hurrahs greeted this speech, and the Assembly, by the first unanimous decision in its history, resolved to assume the stewardship of the “Race for Peace”. Simple ground rules were laid down: the loser to disband all its armed forces, hand over to the winner all its

armaments, and send the men over to the winner as a labor force, to be augmented — if required — by voluntary civilian workers. The loser to pay to the winner a tribute of a hundred billion dollars a year for fifty years. The winner to assume the loser's conduct of foreign affairs. There were a few other provisions, but no one bothered about the small print, since the deal seemed eminently equitable and fair to all. Both super-duper powers promptly signed the compact of wager, cheered by the rest of the world. The Pope invoked Divine blessing for this first true step toward Peace on Earth, and gave his benediction to both sides.

A SURE BET

The Dow Jones went up 387 points on the announcement of the news, breaking for the first time the magic 3000 barrier. Wall Street was discounting in advance that hundred billion a year tribute, which might go some way to reducing the payments gap. There was, of course, not the slightest doubt in anyone's mind about the outcome of the race. National confidence in our racing men, the most Progressive in the world, was solid as a rock.



THE PAY-OFF

"This country has never lost a horse race yet!" — declared the famous sportsman, Mr. Harold Horatio Higgins.

"Starting half way down the stretch in the big ones helped some," quivered uncle Thad from his litter of straw, which he shared with some asses.

The place and date were set: Epsom Downs, England, on July 4th. Our entry was the finest product of the Higgins farms, an all-American horse of entirely unknown origin. The other side, still wallowing in Bigotry and Prejudice, entered an old-fashioned racehorse, such as has not been seen in this country for years.

The story breaks off here. Unfortunately it could not be completed, because of shortage of paper in the Siberian salt mines, where the author is currently employed (voluntarily, of course). It seems that there was in the small print of the compact something about victory going to the fastest horse.

POSTSCRIPT

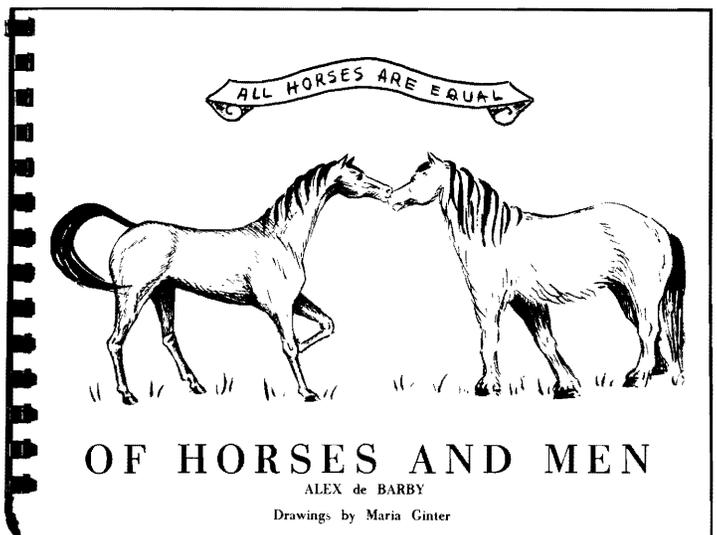
Every cloud has a silver lining — thought Horatio, reflecting on his horse-breeding career. It was true that the race did not turn out quite as expected, but then liberals of Horatio's stripe never looked upon victory for one's own side as desirable, rather the opposite. On the other hand, Horatio was happy to see the high ideals of absolute racial equality — which he placed ahead of anything else — realized at last by the New People.

All the horses, regardless of breed, color or origin, were taken to Integrated slaughterhouses and impartially butchered, without any Bias or Discrimination. While vaguely deploring that event, Horatio found comfort in the fact that no Prejudice was shown, and he praised the New People for their Progressive outlook, free at last of Racism and Bigotry.

Besides, with meat rationed to three ounces per week per person — as a result of the hundred billion a year tribute going to the winners — horse steak was selling briskly even at the going price of \$10 a pound.

Despite his deceptive appearance of befuddled benevolence, Horatio seldom lost money through the practice of the lofty principles he preached to others.

Of Horses and Men has been spiral bound in a twenty-page, 8¼" x 11" booklet, on quality paper with additional illustrations, and may be obtained for \$3 plus 25c postage by writing Howard Allen, Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.



Mother America

Last January, after Miss Lillian had recovered from a holiday flare-up of arthritis which sent her to the hospital, she returned to her home in Plains and received a distinguished visitor. Was it the Shah of Iran, Governor Milton Shapp, Barbra Streisand, Martin Luther King, Sr., Hua Kuo-feng, Senora Salvador Allende, John W. Dean III or Linda Lovelace? Not quite. The visitor was Mr. Wrestling II.

The forty-minute audience accorded Two, as he is affectionately known in the grunt and groan trade, disclosed that Miss Lillian, who is converging on eighty, fancies bulging muscles. Way back in 1951 she developed a rapt interest in professional wrestling and regularly attended wrestling matches for many years. According to Georgia promoter Fred Ward, even unto this day she reserves every Saturday afternoon for the TV mat shows. In the complimentary opinion of Two, who calls her a "real fan," she has a profound knowledge of the "sport's" history. This may seem a little out of character to those who have been led to believe that the highly simpatico (to the media) Miss Lillian is a sort of Mother America, a Florence Nightingale of the Peace Corps and in her eleemosynary strivings for India's proliferating, pestilence-prone paupers and pariahs a female Albert Schweitzer.



Miss Lillian's Hero

Two wore his customary mask during his visit and Miss Lillian twitted him about his concealed good looks. She allowed she knew he was handsome because she had seen an opponent almost tear off his mask during one of Two's bloodiest bouts. Carefully adhering to the ideological favoritism that often makes it appear as if wrestling scenarios are written by the composers of the nightly TV news, Miss Lillian currently prefers Two to all his rivals because of his dedication to "truth,

justice and the American way." Unsurprisingly, Miss Lillian despises Abdullah the Butcher, who is billed as the "Wild Man from the Sudan," and reeks of Arabism and the ethnic stigma attached thereto. But her most venomous excoriations are saved for the Anderson brothers, whose membership in the Majority makes them hateful per se, but who stir up their genetically based villainy by ventilating from time to time prepared white supremacist remarks and Butzian one-liners.

Adrenalin History

Alex Haley's bestseller *Roots*, which purports to trace the lineage of the author back to the African bush, has been given the publicity splurge of all publicity splurges, including twelve nighttime hours on Leonard Goldenson's ABC television network and pages upon pages of coverage in the "national impact" media. As one might surmise, it has served as the prime conversational piece at cocktail bashes from here to Bangladesh.

The most immediate effect of this couthless, confabulatory chorale of anti-Caucasian contumely has been an uptick in Negro violence, a violence which is already accounting for perhaps 200 white deaths a month and which, if the present rate continues, may amount to as many as 500 white deaths a month in the year 2000 (*Instauration*, Sept. 1975). A hint of what is in store for us was underlined by one ardent *Roots* rooter, a black psychiatrist's son, who said by the time *Roots* had reached the Middle Passage sequences, he "wanted to knife any white he met" (*Washington Post*, Jan. 28, 1977, p. B 11). As racial incidents flared up in schools in Harrisburg, Pa. and Hot Springs, Ark., black students at Detroit's Ford High School yelling "Roots, Roots" properly celebrated the occasion by severely beating four whites.

There was some poetic justice, however, in the *Roots* epic, which often seemed to focus more on the book's success than on the book's content. Doubleday, the publisher, and the minority and Majority booksellers who touted the book so lavishly, were encountering difficulties in the sales department. In Washington, D. C., blacks picked up armloads of the \$12.50 book from retail counters and walked out the door. In New York the display window of the Doubleday Book Store on Fifth Avenue was broken and all copies of *Roots* removed. Those few shoplifters who were apprehended announced they were getting even for "white exploitation."

There is no use fighting a communications system which has long ago been lost to the Majority. But we might mention that the greatest of the

many great historical "liberties" in *Roots* was the portrayal of life in an eighteenth century African village as a heady mix of the Garden of Eden, Shangri-la and Arcadia. Understandably no sorcerers, witch doctors or cannibal chiefs were featured in this Golden Jungle Age. Watching it, we were reminded of the American Du Chaillu, who received a formal visit from the king of the Apingi in the 1850s, during which the latter handed him a bound slave with the words, "Kill him for your evening meal; he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry." We were also reminded of Samuel Baker, the English explorer, to whom a powerful African chief complained in the 1860s that the English were the cause of the stagnation of the slave trade. After his extensive experience in Africa, Baker wrote: "... the institution of slavery ... is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and has not been taught to the African by the white man. [It] has ever been the particularity of African tribes. ..." For these and other reports as to what Africa was really like in the good old days, see John Baker's *Race* (pp. 364-400) and Carleton Putnam's *Race and Reason* (pp. 77, 80) and *Race and Reality* (p. 169).

There were other moments in *Roots*, both the written and the TV versions, which deserve a passing footnote or two. The author or the producer might have salted the fiction with enough facts to point out that Negro slaves brought to America were first rounded up by Negro chieftains, not whites ... that for many Negroes slavery in America represented a higher standard of living and a freer way of life than their sickle-cell existence among the tsetse flies ... that, most unfortunately, not one American Negro out of 10,000, if given the choice and a free first class ticket on a jumbo jet, would return to Africa ... that many of the black actors in *Roots* were not Negroes at all, but mulattoes, that is, they were from one-quarter to three-quarters white (the average American Negro is 30% white), so a considerable number of their ancestors were slavers, not slaves. Mulattoes, by the way, are generally recognized as a separate breed in heavily populated black areas, such as Haiti and the Windward and Leeward Islands. But as the term tends to dilute and divide the powerful antiwhite bloc in America, the media carefully ignore it.

Interestingly, at the very moment *Roots* was making such an electronic splash in the U.S., American blacks in Lagos, Nigeria, who were more actively in search of their ancestral moorings, were attending the second World Black African Festival of Arts and Culture. The Washington, D. C., delegation was installed in an apartment building without electricity and with practically no transportation to and from the festival. Members of this delegation said they were shocked to see so many Nigerians sleeping in the streets. They were even more

shocked by the "incredible bureaucracy" which made their lives so miserable that at one point the whole group threatened to quit and take the next plane to Dulles. Although the entrance of American blacks at the festival produced more applause than accorded to any other delegation, it was accompanied by a certain amount of disorder in which, as the news reports obliquely stated, "bodies crashed down from high balconies." One black journalist delayed sending stories back home until, as she explained, she had time to "restore her perspective."

Before Doubleday cashed in on *Roots*, another American publisher, Random House, released a book by Ivan Van Sertima, a London anthropologist, entitled *They Came Before Columbus*, which flatly contradicts millionaire Haley by claiming that the first blacks to arrive in America did not come as slaves, but as gods. These pioneers, according to Sertima, introduced the native Indians to the ziggurat or stepped pyramid, surgical procedures, certain animals and plants (including tobacco), embalming, and a long string of other goodies. One king of Mali, Aburakari II, sailed west from Africa with a fleet of 200 vessels in A.D. 1210 and landed on the Mexican coast a year later.

On the basis of all these racial high hopes, we estimate that by the next century Columbus will have been reduced to the status of a New Immigration steerage passenger, and European history will be treated as a relatively unimportant barbaric offshoot of the more glorious history of the African super race.

One wonders exactly what purpose all this daily rattling of historic ghosts in the Majority closet serves, unless it is to feed the fires of minority racism, which are already at white heat and which can only lead in the end to a bloody dénouement that may actually revive slavery.

And while minority aggressive drives are being revved up by racist movies, books and TV shows, we find that white fears of aggression are being deliberately fueled by Madison Avenue. According to James D. Royalty, director of the Langley Media Center of the University of Maryland, "Throughout the entire advertising industry, black males are subliminally matched against the form of the sweet all-American blonde to stimulate white fears of black aggression. . . ."

Massive doses of hate on one side, massive doses of fear on the other. Racism, racism everywhere, but hardly a word of truth. Perhaps we can be forgiven for being bearish on America, and for wondering about the future of what was once known as domestic tranquility.

Envy is certainly a powerful stimulus to action, but among Negroes it never seems to lead anywhere. A great people boasts of its victories, not of its defeats. A great people concentrates on what it does, not on what others do. Envy may seem to be the cause of the Negro's growing hatred

for whites. But it also explains the growing hatred they have for themselves. Only self-hatred and self-contempt can produce the infantile upside-down, adrenalin history that is currently preempting our channels or, should we say, our sewers of communication.

Integration pours on the self-hatred because it demonstrates to Negroes almost every waking moment of their lives that they can't begin to keep abreast of a dynamic Western technological society. The more integration, the more dramatic and irrefutable the lesson that the fastest runners on earth are the slowest learners on earth. Total segregation, the total physical, political, economic and cultural separation of Negroes, has to be the solution. Men are not envious of what they don't see and of what they don't know.

Isn't there one Majority politician in America decent enough and sensible enough to come out openly for the only solution that will allow American Negroes to be themselves, to free themselves and to stop pulling someone else's house down over their own heads?

Play That Funky Music, White Boy!

In the race for Majority Renegade of the Year, perhaps separate categories in various fields of endeavor would be more appropriate. Music, which exerts a powerful influence on the minds of the Majority young, should not be ignored.

In the past two years the phenomenon known as "disco music" has achieved national prominence. Disco is merely a variety of soul music which, except for a few hit records by a few Uncle Tom or Aunt Jemima singing groups, has long been the sole possession of blacks. What has occurred then, to promote such a boost in popularity of this foreign "art form" among youthful Majority members?

The answer to this question lies in the efforts of a British vocal group, the Bee Gees (Brothers Gibb), our nomination for the musical Majority Renegades of the Year.

The Bee Gees first became notorious in the mid-60s, when they were the tail-end of what was then referred to as the "British Invasion." Some of their golden hits were "New York Mining Disaster, 1941," "I Started a Joke," "Massachusetts" and "Lonely Days." These haunting ballads were the trademark of the group and their sound might have been classified as the mood music of rock and roll.

After some years of popularity, the Brothers Gibb fell by the wayside in the rugged competition of the popular music scene. But they were not to be counted out. Lo and behold, a new phoenix of Bee Gee sound arose, from the ashes of the early 70s. In 1975 the Bee Gees were back

with a number one record "Jive Talkin'," soon to be followed by "Nights on Broadway" and "Fanny Be Careful." Their latest "You Should Be Dancing," is a continuation of the changed sound of the Brothers, a mixture of the blackest soul music with white lyrics, in other words, "disco music." This "sound" was soon played by many white and mixed rock bands like K. C. and the Sunshine Band, the Average White Band, Wild Cherry, et al, and had come to dominate the air waves. Soul music had left the ghetto and invaded suburbia.

Along with soul came the night-life "disco scene," with a form of dancing that could best be described as standing intercourse, often exhibited by black-white couples. Not only did terpsichorean miscegenation become acceptable, it was almost a prerequisite if one wanted to be known as "hip." The mixing almost always involved white females with black males. The random white male who had the audacity to escort a black girl to a discotheque was lucky to escape the premises unscathed.

The Bee Gees have made the disco scene acceptable and largely respectable. As one of the founding groups of Anglo-Saxon rock, they decided the profits and the limelight were worth more than honest music, and when the ballads would come no more, they cashed in on windfall profits from a borrowed form of syncopated negritude. The Who, perhaps the last group remaining today of the "British Invasion," have refused to do this, and concentrate on their diehard core of fans who have followed and supported the Who Sound. They must now rely on endless tours to supplement their handsome royalties of yesteryear.

It must be said, however, that some authentically Nordic bands are having a modicum of success in today's pop music scene. Abba, from Sweden, and the Bay City Rollers from Scotland are two examples. But even Abba's best music remains unheard on radio, while their mediocre music, such as "Fernando" obtains the number one spot, which shows how good they really are. As regards the Bay City Rollers, their style is more of the hardcore rock and roll, British style, that their predecessors of the first British Invasion made popular. However, if it was not for the mania of the young girls who wait hours in line at their concerts (reminiscent of Beatle mania in the mid-60s), they would never receive as much airtime as they do.

So the situation grows more galling each time the radio is turned on and we are commanded like any other degenerate disco-goer to "shake our booty." ("Shake Your Booty" was the #1 hit of 76.) Even more galling is the exhortation from a flash-in-the-pan white group, which makes sounds like tribal screechers with bones through their noses, that we "Play That Funky Music, White Boy!" It's one more call to cultural obliteration.

Profiles in Ungallantry

We have already mentioned in *Instauration* (August 1976) how John F. Kennedy "left the scene of action without firing at the enemy" in his first encounter with the Japanese and how "in a second encounter . . . [Kennedy's] PT-109 was insufficiently alert and as a result it was rammed." The above was taken from *The Search for JFK* by Clay Blair, Jr., a friend of the late president and onetime editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Now we find another presidential "war hero" has an even weaker claim to the title. On June 10, 1942, Navy Lieutenant Commander Lyndon B. Johnson climbed aboard a Martin B-26 Marauder and took part on a bombing run to New Guinea. But before it reached its target the plane developed engine trouble and had to return to its Australian base. On its way back, according to a tall tale which Johnson kept repeating till the end of his life, the plane was repeatedly strafed by eight Japanese Zeroes. Strangely, no one aboard was killed or even wounded.

Always ready to grease his political skids in Washington, General Douglas MacArthur promptly awarded Johnson the

Silver Star, America's third highest decoration for valor, for "a gallant action . . . [that] enabled him to obtain and return with valuable information." No member of the bomber's crew received a medal for what to them was a routine flight.

Johnson wore his richly undeserved decoration during his days as a segregationist congressman from Texas, as the liberal majority leader of the Senate and as the desegregationist president who presided over a lost war in Asia and Negro uprisings in many of America's largest cities.

There is probably nothing more ungallant than accepting a medal for a gallant act dreamed up by the recipient. Johnson only took part in one brief aborted mission in a war in which millions of ordinary GIs who received no citations for bravery at all had to face death or mutilation every hour of the day and night for months at a time.

Any man who lies about his prowess in war or allows such lies to be circulated is a man whose only citation, military or otherwise, should be universal contempt. Instead such men become our presidents.

Now It's Out

The following is an excerpt from a letter by Paul Novick, editor of the *Jewish Morning Freiheit*, which recently appeared in *The Nation* (Jan. 8, 1977).

[A]most all of the Polish Jews who fought in the war in Spain had to leave Poland during the upsurge of anti-Semitism there in 1968-69. Now they live in Israel, France and other countries and the Polish Government has deprived them of the pension which they, as Spanish veterans, are supposed to receive according to Polish law. When will the Polish Government resume its pension payments to these Polish Jewish veterans of the Spanish Civil War who deserve and badly need these pensions now?

In addition, a large number of all the International Brigaders in Spain were Jews, between 15 and 20 per cent of the total, or about 6,000 to 7,000 men. Perhaps as many as half of the men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade were Jews. Should there not have been some recognition of this fact?

Our answer to Mr. Novick's question is a resounding YES!

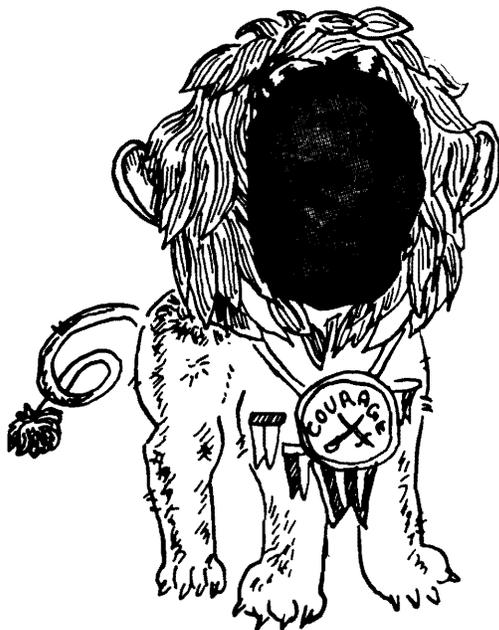
R Jews and Capitalism

Talcott Parsons, a mighty panjandrum of modern American sociology, has avowed that Max Weber's *The Sociology of Religion*, translated from part of a

massive tome entitled *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft*, "is the most crucial contribution of our century to the comparative and evolutionary understanding of relations between religion and society, and even of society and culture generally." After reading the following paragraphs from pages 248-251 of Weber's book, any *Instaurationist* in good standing would be hard put to disagree.

What were the *distinctive* economic achievements of Judaism in the Middle Ages and in modern times? We can easily list: moneylending, from pawnbroking to the financing of great states; certain types of commodity business, particularly retailing, peddling, and produce trade of a distinctively rural type; certain branches of wholesale business; and brokerage, above all the brokerage of stocks. To this list of Jewish economic achievements should be added: money-changing; money-forwarding or check-cashing, which normally accompanies money-changing; the financing of state agencies, wars and the establishment of colonial enterprises; tax-farming, naturally excluding the collection of prohibited taxes such as those directed to the Romans; banking; credit; and the floating of bond issues. But of all these businesses only a few, though very important ones, display the legal and economic forms characteristic of modern occidental capitalism in contrast to the forms characteristic of commerce in ancient times, the Middle Ages, and the earlier period in Eastern Asia. The distinctively modern legal forms include stock corporations and business organizations, but these are not of specifically Jewish provenience. The Jews may have introduced these forms into the Occident, but the forms themselves have a common oriental (probably Babylonian) origin, and their influence on the Occident was mediated through Hellenistic and Byzantine sources. In any event they were common to both the Jews and the Arabs. . . .

Above all, one element particularly characteristic of modern capitalism was strikingly — and perhaps completely — missing from the extensive list of Jewish economic activities. This was the organization of industrial production (*gewerbliche Arbeit*) or manufacturing in domestic industry and in the factory system. How does one explain the fact that no pious Jew succeeded in establishing an industry employing pious Jewish workers of the ghetto (as so many pious Puritan entrepreneurs had done with devout Christian workers and artisans) at times when numerous proletarians were present in the ghettos, princely patents and privileges for the establishment of any sort of industry were available for a financial remuneration, and areas of industrial activity uncontrolled by guild monopoly were open? Again, how does one explain the fact that no modern and distinctively industrial bourgeoisie of any



"War hero" Johnson

significance emerged among the Jews to employ the Jewish workers available for home industry, despite the presence of numerous inpecunious artisan groups at almost the threshold of the modern period?

All over the world, for several millennia, the characteristic forms of the capitalist employment of wealth have been state-provisioning, the financing of states, tax-farming, the financing of military colonies, the establishment of great plantations, trade, and moneylending. One finds these again and again. One finds Jews involved in just these activities, found at all times and places but especially characteristic of antiquity, as well as involved in those specifically modern legal and organizational forms of economic activity which were evolved by the Middle Ages and not by the Jews. On the other hand, the Jews were relatively or altogether absent from the new and distinctive forms of modern capitalism, the rational organization of labor, especially production in an industrial enterprise of the factory type. The Jews evinced the ancient and medieval business temper which had been and remained typical of all primitive traders, whether small businessmen or large scale moneylenders, in antiquity, the Far East, India, the Mediterranean littoral area, and the Occident of the Middle Ages: the will and the wit to employ mercilessly every chance of profit, "for the sake of profit to ride through Hell even if it sings the sails." But this temper is far from distinctive of modern capitalism, as distinguished from the capitalism of other eras. Precisely the reverse is true. Hence, neither that which is new in the modern economic system nor that which is distinctive of the modern economic temper is specifically Jewish in origin.

The ultimate theoretical reasons for this fact, that the distinctive elements of modern capitalism originated and developed quite apart from the Jews, are to be found in the peculiar character of the Jews as a pariah people and in the idiosyncrasy of their religion. Their pariah status presented purely external difficulties impeding their participation in the organization of industrial labor. The legally and factually precarious position of the Jews hardly permitted continuous, systematic, and rationalized industrial enterprise with fixed capital, but only trade and above all dealing in money. Also of fundamental importance was the subjective ethical situation of the Jews. As a pariah people, they retained the double standard of morals which is characteristic of primordial economic practice in all communities: what is prohibited in relation to one's brothers is permitted in relation to strangers. . . .

That this should have remained the Jewish economic ethic was a foregone conclusion, for even in antiquity the Jews almost always regarded strangers as enemies. All the well-known admonitions of the rabbis enjoining honor and faithfulness toward Gentiles could not change the impression that the religious law prohibited taking usury from fellow Jews but permitted it in transactions with non-Jews. Nor could the rabbinical counsels enjoining honesty and reliability in dealing with Gentiles alter the fact . . . that a lesser degree of legality was required by the law in dealing with a stranger, i.e., an enemy, than in dealing with another Jew, in such a matter as taking advantage of an error made by the other party.

Hush Money

The Rockefeller Foundation recently gave \$493,000 to the American Jewish Committee's Institute on Pluralism and Group Identity. The Ford Foundation recently gave \$854,696 in four separate grants to the American Jewish Committee's National Project on Ethnic America.

Since the Rockefeller Foundation grant was for the purpose of studying "everyday problems of working class citizens," and since Jewish representation in the working class is conspicuously low, some leaders of genuine working class groups let loose a cry of protest. As the Most Reverend Basil H. Losten, auxiliary bishop of Philadelphia for Ukrainians, complained, "Here we've got an Anglo-Saxon foundation that gives money to the Jews to study ethnic Catholics in America."

We look upon these huge grants, which are by no means the first to be given to affluent Jewish organizations by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, as a form of hush money. Nelson Rockefeller, it may be remembered, was elected governor of New York for several terms and has always been given rather respectable treatment by the New York media.

Also, there has been a noticeable lack of agitation on the part of Jews against these two big foundations, which are repositories of the nation's largest caches of non-Jewish wealth. Certainly if the foundations had ignored Jewish requests for help and if they had supported rightwing instead of leftwing causes, the media and the politicians would have been howling for their dissolution.

The foundation heads are not deaf and dumb. They want to stay in business — and they know what they must do to stay in business.

Clerical Error

Our present immigration laws, which favor nonwhites over whites, limit the influx of future American citizens to 290,000 annually.

Nevertheless, official government figures show that in 1976 386,194 legal immigrants (not to mention millions of illegals) poured into a country which already has 7,430,000 unemployed. The overage, due largely to congressional deals and Department of Justice exemptions, is just one more instance of government functionaries and legislators taking the lead in breaking the very same laws they enact and are sworn to uphold.

In Britain there is no fixed limit on immigration, which since World War II has consisted overwhelmingly of blacks and Asiatics. In recent years both Conservative and Labour governments have assured Britons that immigration had been reduced to a minimum. In fact, the Home Office announced that total

immigration for 1973 had amounted to a paltry 17,000.

Later, however, it was revealed that because of a clerical error the actual figure was 86,000. For 1974, after a similar error had been found, the revised immigration figure turned out to be 89,000. A total of 175,000 largely nonwhite immigrants in an economically chaotic state like Britain, in a period of two years, is not likely to dispel the chaos. In the first three-quarters of 1975, the number (this time with no clerical errors) was 75,000.

In the light of the British experience, what are Majority members in America to think of the "official" immigration figures handed out every year by the Immigration and Naturalization Service? How do we know that clerical errors, similar to those made in Britain — and with the same motivations — have not occurred in the U. S. and that we, too, will eventually be told the true immigration count has been five to six times higher than stated?

Jimmy's Sacrificial Lamb

Abraham held a knife above Isaac at the behest of a tempting Jehovah. Agamemnon assumed the same ugly pose over his daughter Iphigenia. He wanted to appease an angry Artemis and get his becalmed fleet on the move again to Troy. Though at the last moment the knives did not fall, the best word to describe the fathers who partook in these gruesome, near fatal charades is filicidal. As for the actions of the gods, any honest characterization of them would exceed the bounds of permissible blasphemy.

Today's Iphigenia is Amy, whose father is sending her to a Washington, D. C., public school at the behest of a much more powerful divinity, the great god Affirmative Action. Will Amy have the same last-minute luck as old Abe's son and the Greek's daughter? Or will this sacrifice, which already in its first stages must be doing vast psychological damage, be pursued to the point of irreversibility?

Richmond's Fate

Last March, as the result of a court-ordered antiwhite gerrymander, more blacks than whites were elected to the Richmond City Council, even though fifty-five percent of the city's population is white. Next step? The exodus of business, white administrators and home owners and various other evidences of civilization. Next step? Another crime-sodden welfare sink like New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, St. Louis and points south and west.

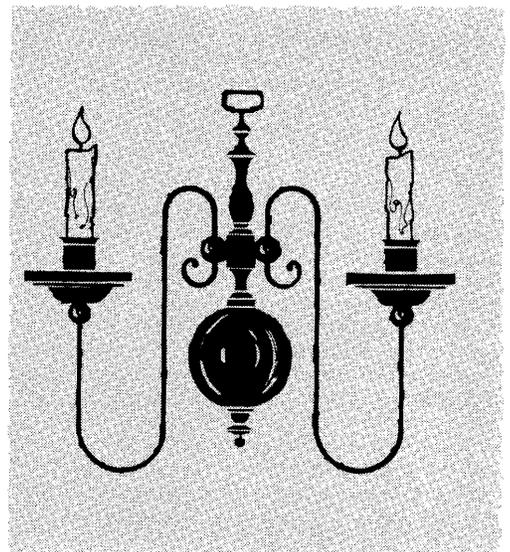
Richmond fell to General Grant's army on April 2, 1865, and there was great rejoicing in the North and great consternation in the Confederacy.

The country hardly noticed the second fall of Richmond.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

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



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador.

PART TWO, ACT II

Scene 5: *The Soviet Embassy after the party has ended. Gromyko is present with his wife, Anya.*

ANYA. At last they are gone.

GROMYKO. Are you very tired?

A. No. *(A liveried waiter with a tray comes in, puts the tray down and discards his livery. He turns out to be Stepanov.)*

STEPANOV. Ah, Andrei, you are to be complimented. Your behavior was an honor to the Soviet Fatherland. You displayed no terror of high American society and you did not unduly ogle the beautiful American women. Did you notice how strikingly good-looking the rich American women are, Anya Ivanovna?

A. No, I did not notice.

S. Andrei Feodorovitch, I think, noticed.

A. He is too scared to look. You might report him for inattention to duty.

S. That would not be inattention to duty. If he can seduce the wife or daughter of some great capitalist lord, perhaps he can worm out of her secrets of inestimable value to the Soviet Fatherland.

A. I do not think the beautiful American women would take him to bed with them. They do not look to me like the bed-going kind.

S. No?

A. Does all the hair doing and painting and whatever they do allow them to be better in bed? You have been here many years Boris Alexandrovitch. They make love always in the dark, no? So what difference does all the cosmetics make? If I were a man, I would study the curve of their hips, not the shading of their eyebrows. Winking plays a small role in love making.

G. They take more pains than the women of Moscow. There must be some reason and the reason can only concern men.

S. You have no idea, Anya, how important what they call make-up is to these rich capitalist women. Do you know that each woman has maybe ten or fifteen colored girls who do nothing but take care of them and their house and their good looks?

G. It is so that they exploit the Negro people?

A. I have seen these blacks in the streets from our car. There are so many of them! It was certainly cruel of the imperialist Americans to conquer them and seize this country away from them. But the truth is, Boris, they are not so pretty to look at.

G. That is because they have been the victims of capitalist imperialist exploitation.

S. You find them unappealing, Anya Ivanovna? Does that mean you find them exploitable?

A. Not at all. I did not say they should be exploited. I said they were not appealing.

S. You would not like to go to bed with one of them and maybe have a nice little black baby just to tease Andrei Feodorovitch?

A. No. I would not like that. I would like to leave that pleasure to the beautiful American women.

S. *(laughing)* We sit here joking, while over there we are losing China. *(turning brusquely to Gromyko)* What did he say? *(Gromyko points at Anya to indicate he does not wish to talk in front of her.)* What! A high Soviet official has a wife whom he dare not trust with state secrets!

G. It is not that. I simply prefer that she should not know something I know. It might someday be safer for her.

S. You imply that the Soviet Government might do injury to some one merely because they *knew* something, not because they had committed some antisocial act?

G. Knowing certain things is itself an antisocial act.

S. I see you are stupidly stubborn. Very well. Anya Ivanovna, you had better leave your distinguished husband alone with his tormentor.

A. You do not torment him, Boris Alexandrovitch. It is just that he is ambitious and an ambitious man must be careful dealing with military captains.

S. You are so right. As they so truly say, true rank is truly hidden. *(She leaves.)* So. What did he say? Will he arrange things as we wish?

G. You are very nervous about it.

S. (*angrily*) Stupid, overstuffed clown! Everything, everything is at stake, decades of work, centuries of hope. And you answer that I am nervous. What did he say!

G. He insists that we kill Oumansky for him

S. (*immensely relieved, throwing his arms around Gromyko in an affectionate embrace*) Oh, my good Andrei, my faithful little Ambassador, that means he will do it. We do not have to worry. (*cooling off*) At least not so much. We know now he will try. What we do not yet know is how far he will succeed with this new naive president of theirs. (*even cooler*) And even if we get everything, will it be enough to help. Did he object? Offer countersuggestions?

G. He said nothing except that we must kill Constantine Solovitch and he would be glad to supply a big American bomber to fly his body back to Moscow. He said we must kill him in Mexico. He said he'd send a plane because he would not believe any story that came out of Moscow.

S. Do you agree with him about the reliability of our press?

G. Of course not. The People's News Service would never tell anything but the truth unless a lie would serve better for the welfare of the Soviet Fatherland, in which case all should believe the lie.

S. (*more or less to himself*) The bomber. That is the Chicago touch. Apparently nothing is too good for the funerals of murdered men.

G. You have no objections to his proposal?

S. To killing Oumansky? None at all. He is one of those men who knows that he is just a little smarter than the consensus of his comrades. Unfortunately in his case that knowledge is correct, which makes him useless after a time. To tell you the truth I have been saving him for some useful purpose like this.

G. You expected such a . . .

S. Nothing so precise. It is like trumps at cards, my dear Andrei. You have a few trumps, you do not know precisely where and when you will find it expedient to play them, so you keep them in reserve and bide your time.

G. How will you arrange it?

S. That is not your concern. But when you read in the American papers about the tragic death of our old friend and colleague, Constantine Oumansky, go at once to see the General or, should I say, Colonel. Don't tell him you have come for the bomber. Let the Colonel mention it first.

Scene 6: *Dex's living room a few days later. Dex, Phil and Leon are present.*

PHIL. That's simply asinine.

LEON. I don't regard it that way. You assume the responsibility is mine. I don't consider it asinine to try to determine just wherein lies my responsibility.

DEX. They think it's your responsibility.

L. Dex, a year ago we specifically discussed right in this room, if I remember correctly, the question of China and we all agreed it would be pointless and possibly undesirable to discuss the matter with Truman.

D. I agree. But that still doesn't change their minds. Boris himself. . .

L. I am not going to get into personalities. If you want me to do something constructive, I will try my best. But so far we have found nothing worth trying. There is your problem, as I see it. Can we approach it on some reasonable basis, without personalities and recriminations about the past?

P. We have tried but you. . .

L. If you mean by trying that you insist I attempt to get from the President what the General has failed to get from him, then I refuse. It's absurd. As a matter of fact, the proposition itself is absurd. I'm surprised the General was willing to raise it with the President. How could he expect Truman to snub, insult and go against the wishes of the Chinese government by ordering the Japanese to abandon their arms without formal occupation of the territory by regular Chinese troops? Would you like to suggest that the German armies should have done that while they were still in the Ukraine, or even in Poland and Hungary? You see how impossible the proposition is.

P. But Truman accepted it in regard to the Japanese troops in Java and Sumatra.

L. That was a very special case. The evils of colonialism were involved. But China is quite different. It is not a problem of natives and alien white imperialists, but natives against natives.

P. It would have been a great help in getting rid of the corrupt Chiang regime.

L. Undoubtedly. But that of itself does not make it a practical political move for Truman.

P. So you won't raise the matter again?

L. How could I? It would be foolish. Besides, he's already refused a man in whose military judgment he has far greater confidence than he has in mine. (*after a pause*) But if we can explore this problem calmly, we might find a helpful approach.

D. What have you in mind?

L. I have nothing in mind because I haven't yet seen the problem cleared of personalities and emotionalism. I take it the attempt is to try to rescue the Chinese Communists. Where are they?

P. Northwest of Peking.

L. How far? And how far from the sea? Two hundred miles?

P. Maybe a little more.

L. With all the railroads between them and the sea held by the Japanese.

P. Right.

L. While Chiang and his corrupt forces are way to the south and west?

P. Precisely.

L. What is the best port, if you were going to ship supplies to the Communists?

P. Tientsin.

L. If I understand the final decision, it is that the Japanese are to surrender either to Chiang's troops or to American troops?

P. Correct.

L. There would, therefore, be nothing in violation of any agreement or understanding if just to help along the surrender the U. S. government ordered troops into Tientsin to accept the Japanese surrender in that area? Perhaps the troops guarding all the rail and road lines running west of Tientsin into Communist territory might all be included in that?

P. It would be legal enough, and I don't suppose Chiang would object too much because he has no troops in the area yet. But what would be the point? Truman would never consent to send arms to the Communists, or even let the Russians do it if they had any to spare from what they captured in Manchuria.

L. I wasn't thinking of asking Truman to send arms through. I was thinking of the great humanitarian needs that would be taken care of by the United Nations.

D. (*puzzled*) The United Nations?

L. Especially that branch of the United Nations in which I have some good personal friends — UNRRA, an organization set up to alleviate human misery without regard to politics, race or creed. My friends there are usually willing to take advice, without inquiring too deeply into the reason why they are given the advice.

D. What on earth are you talking about?

L. My dear Dex, if U. S. troops held Tientsin and the railroads running west from it, don't you suppose Truman would instantly authorize these troops to permit the passage of humanitarian material shipped to the interior of China by UNRRA?

D. Of course.

L. Of course. So our only problem is to arrange the proper contents of the humanitarian packages that reach Tientsin. There is a great deal of war material all over the Western Pacific. Depots of it on islands, in the Philippines. Everywhere. Lots of it belong to the navy, of course, but army stuff like machine guns, light artillery, weapons carriers, all sorts of useful items, are just lying around out there. We simply ask the General to declare certain material surplus and turn it over to UNRRA. Food, clothing and medicine will also be included to justify the humanitarian nature of the effort. It might even be a good idea to use army transports, if possible, to move the stuff to Tientsin. I would just as soon not involve Jim Forrestal in this. Though after all, come to think of it, it might not be such a bad idea to involve Jim in a very special role. Why not have Tientsin and that area surrender to the Marines? The prestige would please Jim and the UNRRA label on the package will, I am sure, protect them from his prying eye. He is a firm opponent of the Soviet government, but so far he lacks the depths of suspicion that would make him a dangerous enemy.

Continued On Next Page

The Game and The Candle

P. (*dubiously*) It might work though it's fearfully complicated. But there's one big worry. Some of those American weapons are sure to be captured by Chiang's troops. When that happens, how do we explain to Chiang how the Chinese Communists got them?

L. We tell him he must have some corrupt generals who sold them to the Communists.

P. But where did Chiang's generals get them?

L. Haven't we given Chiang any arms?

P. Not the kind of modern stuff that's lying around the Western Pacific.

L. Well, we signed an agreement with him to give him arms, didn't we?

P. We did.

L. Let the intention stand for the deed. Obviously if we said we were going to, we must have. So if anyone finds American arms in the hands of the Chinese Communists it will be unanswerable proof that Chiang's army is corrupt and untrustworthy.

Scene 7: A dining room in the home of James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, a few days later. Three men are finishing their dinner with port: Forrestal, Harry, and the Earl of Halifax, British Ambassador to the U. S., who bears a faint family resemblance to the English lord who visited the Old Man during the First World War.

FORRESTAL. Your point isn't valid, Harry. There are economic reasons or, to put it more accurately, economic facts why England can't have socialism. Russia and the U. S., yes. But not England.

EARL OF HALIFAX. We seem to have moved a pretty penny in that direction, Jim. And the next election? Just between us I personally have the gravest doubts of Winnie's chances.

F. I don't say you can't have a socialist government. The point I'm trying to get Harry to concede is that only a country with a self-contained economy, that can grow and manufacture everything it needs, can afford the luxury of socialism.

HARRY. To get out of the exploitation of one man by another, why do you call that a luxury? It seems to me a basic human right.

F. (*waving his hand at the furniture, silverware, etc.*) I suppose you could say we're exploiting the people who made all these things because we're getting the good out of using them, whereas all they did was to get paid off with money they've almost certainly had to spend by now. So we have the advantage and they have nothing. But that happens under any kind of system. The only real difference between capitalism and socialism is whether a board of government bureaucrats or the market decides whether there should be more or fewer capital

goods, more or fewer consumer goods, and more or less idleness.

E. H. You make the market sound so comfortably impersonal. But for a fact, Jim, the market itself is a collection of boards. The Wall Street chaps, the bank chaps and all that sort of thing. And those who compose your boards are only people too, like your accursed bureaucrats. And you're a bureaucrat yourself. I would insist the Secretary of the Navy is a bureaucrat.

F. The market may be just bureaucrats, too, if you like, but at least it's not one homogeneous mass like a government bureaucracy.

H. Now you know very well, Jim, the government is full of groups and factions pulling and hauling this way and that.

F. Yes, but they're pulling and hauling inside the government to get the power to do the single thing that's going to be done. The General and I argue and wrangle to get the President to do this or do that. I don't just go off and run a private war in the Pacific in competition to his private war in Europe. I admit you couldn't have that kind of competition in the operations of a government, but I do think you should have it in economic affairs.

H. You've gotten way off the point of socialism as a luxury. From your own comparison socialism actually sounds more efficient. If you and the General each fought your private war, wouldn't it be far more wasteful of our national resources than the present bureaucratically organized conflict?

E. H. Now, Harry, that's unpermitted cruelty to our host. He simply can't say that, if he'd been left alone with his naval playthings, he would have won the war a lot quicker and in a lot more satisfactory fashion than the General managed to do. He thinks it, but decency and proper loyalty to his chief forbid his saying it, even to us who are so nearly his partners in crime.

F. It's not exactly like that. It's true I've always felt that the wise long-range policy was to re-establish the old Anglo-American control of the seas, not just aim at the total destruction of the German government. But that's an old story now.

H. It would never have worked, Jim.

E. H. Out of the question. It would have been as bad, now, as having Monty meet Zhukov in Warsaw or your chap Patton finding himself accepting the surrender of the German armies in Hungary.

H. The Russians made it quite clear they didn't want anything like that.

F. Of course, if all were sweetness and light and the world were made of sugar and spice, the Russians wouldn't have objected. But they're too realistic for that. I wish we were, too.

E. H. You are a man of exemplary courage to wish to emulate the Russians. Are we not rather supposed to admire the virtue of their long-range social goals but gently deplore their crude, aggressive directness? I hasten to add, of course, that they are not to blame for this unfortunate

tendency. It results from the untold deprivations they so long suffered under the inhuman oppression of the Czar.

F. You can joke as much as you please, but actually the Russian way of operating isn't too different from mine. Look how they insist we refrain from bombing the parts of Germany they want to occupy even when it means delaying the final victory.

H. That's only because they need the production from those areas to take the place of the enormous damage the Germans have done in Russia.

F. I'm not disputing the validity of their reasons. I'm only pointing out that they judge the purposes of the war with an eye to their own interests. They're to get and keep the industrial East and we're to dismantle the stub of the West and start it raising sheep or something. We seem to think of war just as something to win and of Germany only as a proper field for the exercise of our God-given right to judge and punish sin and wickedness. To hell with our interests!

H. It's not so important to us. We're so rich and strong we don't have to worry.

F. Thanks, of course, to many generations of our devotion to the virtuous efficiency of socialism?

H. To me, that has no bearing, Jim. To me it isn't primarily an economic system. I'm not even sure that I know or care much about the economic aspects of socialism. To me, it's a sense of human rights and human dignity and above all the sense of a solid community. I mean almost a friendly community. The poverty that capitalism produces is bad enough, but what is much worse is the whole set of false and horrible values that comes from that poverty. I remember in the first job I ever had with the Christodora House on New York's East Side there was an example of that that struck me so hard at the time that I've never gotten over it.

E. H. Tell us about it.

H. I don't believe you know the case, but I guess Jim would as a New Yorker. Remember the Rosenthal-Becker affair?

F. Vaguely. Something to do with a gambler.

H. Rosenthal had been blackmailing a police captain named Becker. Becker hired four gunmen to shoot him.

F. Now I remember. Gyp the Blood, Leftie Louie. Who were the others?

H. Dago Frank and Whitey Lewis. I had a boys' club that year. Thirty-five kids about fourteen to sixteen. The day those four were electrocuted the boy who was president of the club stood up without a word to me about what he was going to do and moved that the membership stand in silence for two minutes in honor of those four gunmen. Every kid rose and stood absolutely silent for two minutes. I still keep wondering what kind of a society makes thirty-five normal teenage boys admire four murderous gunmen.

E. H. Did you ask for an explanation?

H. Their answer was that the gunmen

"were double-crossed." There was absolutely no question about the gunmen's guilt. They shot Rosenthal. They admitted it themselves and the boys admitted it. The boys' reaction was not the instinct of sympathizing with fellow human beings who find themselves in dire straits. It was just something welling up out of misery and exploitation that made those boys identify themselves with the gunmen. It's that sort of streak in society that socialism is going to change.

F. I might go some way with you on that, Harry, if it weren't for one thing. Conceivably you might get a fair and just and nonexploiting system going in one country. I don't see how you could extend that to the whole world.

H. You don't think that as the world gets more democratic that such a trend would spread?

F. No, I don't. The more democratic the world gets the more messy it seems to get. Take this war. I don't want it to end so there'll be more democracy or more socialism. I want it to end in a way that will be most advantageous to us. That seems to me the first problem we ought to be busying ourselves with. If we can't get that solved, it seems to me we won't solve anything. Then we will become the exploited and if exploitation is inherently wicked, why wouldn't that be just as wicked as the present exploitation that's supposed to be going on all over? I must say though, that exploitation of the world looks mostly like installing bathrooms and highways for people who never knew what they were for. I know it's supposed to be immoral but it still seems to me our own national interests are our own primary concern.

E. H. That's not immoral, Jim. Merely dreadfully old-fashioned. The good old United Nations is going to make such problems obsolescent.

H. Actually I think the UN will make a big difference.

F. What will it do if Russia, England and we disagree?

H. Well, that, of course, is what we must avoid.

E. H. You think that possible?

H. I don't think all three powers can always agree, no.

F. But you think two of them can always agree and that will deter the third?

H. Well, there are problems in that direction too.

E. H. He is too polite, Jim, to say that he thinks agreements can always be found between Russia and the U. S. and that we English will therefore have no choice but to go along without strenuous objection.

F. (*laughing*) Harry, maybe I said more than I meant to when I said socialism was possible in the U. S. and Russia. Is that your sort of subconscious organization of the postwar world, the two great socialist land powers dominating the remnants of the once great British Empire?

H. I am reminded of the old truism that Secretaries of the Navy never went to sea. Two Jims must have got in your blood. You think in terms of vast strategic consequences like a Mahan or a Clausewitz.

F. Actually, I wish I could do more such thinking. Somebody around here has to. When the Russians do it, everybody says what a fine man old Joe is. He comes right out and asks for the real estate and ports he wants. If any one talks about the strategic requirements of the U. S., why he's an imperialist war monger.

H. In a way he is, Jim. The situations aren't comparable. Socialism inherently cannot be aggressive. Its strategy is inevitably defensive even if in certain tactical situations it assumes a local offensive.

E. H. Is that why in your view a Russian-American entente will dominate the United Nations because both countries being inherently defensive in outlook. . .

F. Not to say socialistic, at least as time goes on.

E. H. (*continuing his sentence*) both countries will make the UN function as the guarantor of world peace.

H. Seriously, I do feel that something like that is possible. It's what we've fought this war to achieve.

F. Harry, let me ask you just one thing. Supposing events develop in such a way to convince you that Russian intentions are

not defensive, that however you twist and turn and try to interpret things you become convinced that the Soviet government is not just tactically but strategically offensive. What then?

H. Then I would be convinced that socialism was dead in Russia.

F. But Harry, since Roosevelt's death, no living man is in a better position to judge that than you. You're just back from arguing with Stalin himself. With your long dealings with the Russians in war, and now in victory, if anybody on earth should be able to answer that question it should be you. Did Stalin act to you as though he were a nonaggressive devotee of world socialism or as a man who intends to conquer the world and is building a practical engine to do it with?

H. Jim, I'm convinced that socialism is inherently and unavoidably nonaggressive. It is sweeping the world and we can't possibly afford to oppose it just because it's on the march towards success. But it's not violent. It's not inherently aggressive, in a military sense, and it wins because it's *convincing*.

F. Not because the leading nation of world socialism is a great military power?

H. I sometimes wonder about that connection, but on balance I don't think it's too important a factor.

F. That means, then, that you're convinced that socialism isn't dead in Russia, or anyway not dead yet. But if you became convinced that it was dead in Russia, would that change your view of international events?

H. Yes. I should try to see if there were any way to revive socialism in Russia.

F. And if events convinced you there was no way?

H. Then maybe I would agree with you, Jim, that the Soviet Empire is a deadly menace to the existence of the U. S. (*looking at Halifax*) and of England (*looking down into his empty wine glass*) and I guess of all the civilized people of the West.

F. Of the world, Harry, of the world. Don't forget the Chinese.

(*To Be Continued*)

Racial Picture *Continued From Page 4*

However, though this nation does not yet have a distinct host race, *The Dispossessed Majority* is correct in claiming that a host type is emerging, with the Wasps and their basically Anglican heritage forming the nucleus and other Nordic and Alpine types tending to gravitate to that nucleus as their links to the Old World become more tenuous with the passing years.

Furthermore, the multiplying blight of municipal decay indicates that if the emerging host race can't manage this nation properly, then it will be mismanaged to death by misplaced, misguided minority groups that are clearly unassimilable for one reason or another. It

is a fact of political life that when the "foreign quarter" of a nation becomes too large, too demanding and too powerful, the nation becomes politically unstable and ready for collapse.

Pertinent to what is happening in America is the statement made by W. E. Hocking that there are times when a descent into hell is necessary for a lost soul (or a lost race) before it can understand its own defective condition and begin to redeem itself by repossessing lost virtues and lost wisdom.

Like Dante the members of the American Majority have lost their way to Eden. They are trapped in a dark wood of racial chaos, and they will have to enter

the hell and purgatory of racial anarchy and damnation before they can understand what mistakes and evils they have committed and what new way of life they must seek.

Blacks and Puerto Ricans are also descending into a pit of racial damnation, as their crime and drug-ridden ghettos demonstrate. The lesson they must learn is not to seek racial integration as a solution for their troubles, but racial independence. If they need help, as they certainly do, the help must aim, not at letting them climb on the rescuer's back, but at becoming self-reliant as quickly as possible

As for plans by which compatible races may be made independent of one another in a geographic sense, we should first consider what is happening as they shift positions by force of circumstance and instinct.

Most Italian-Americans, for example, as I know by long experience, prefer to live among their own kind. Yet they dream vaguely of someday becoming real Americans by a strange evolutionary process that bypasses social intermingling and intermarriage with other races. In spite of this dream a certain amount of interracial mixing takes place all the time.

As for the "Mafiosi," I can't speak for them because I never met any. But I suspect that within another hundred years or so education and embarrassment will cause them to disappear gradually into more respectable vocations.

Do the Irish dream of becoming real Americans? At present I get the impression that they want to be Irish forever, if becoming a real American means taking on an Anglo-Saxon type of character. Then, of course, there is that fragmented Protestant religion serving as a barrier of broken glass for pious Irish knees and feet. However, when the young Irish intellectuals reject the divinity of Christ, they tend, like the sceptical young Italian intellectuals, to deify Karl Marx.

Recently I have been watching crowds of Polish-Americans in church. From staring at the backs of their heads, I have learned that at least 50% of their young people have blond hair. But their names remain distinctly Polish and their religion remains firmly Roman Catholic. Do they dream of becoming real Americans? Well, I would say that a young, blond, blue-eyed American-born Pole, above average in height, is as real an American in appearance as anyone could possibly be.

The Jews, I notice, have their own neighborhoods, chosen by themselves and avoided by the Gentiles. But the Jews need servants for the maintenance of household chores. Since white Gentiles tend to shy away from menial work for Jews, blacks and Puerto Ricans out of necessity must do it, but not without smoldering resentment. The dark Gentiles do not like being dominated by Jews any more than do the light Gentiles. When the day of reckoning comes, there will be a wailing and a gnashing of teeth.

It is obvious that the race problem is too big and too complex for the government to handle. Civil rights laws may serve as temporary pacifying panaceas, but in the long run the races will find and are finding

their separate places by use of the moving van. The whites can run and hide from the blacks, and they are doing it.

The right to preserve the racial identity and culture of one's own racial group is no small thing to be sneered at with the charge of "racism." It is a natural instinct which grows stronger in any racial or ethnic group threatened with invasion by any distinctly different group.

Honest judgment of what is happening in regard to the racial problems of America must come, not by declaring what observers feel ought to happen in a moral sense, but rather by describing factually what is actually happening.

When a city that was almost totally white in population gradually becomes predominantly black, talk of the need for racial integration in that city becomes outrageous nonsense.

What can Majority members do about the enormous racial problem of their nation? Well they can talk about it in journals such as *Instauration* and wait for the cities to collapse so that the dark people can learn that they cannot handle the cities that the white people built and deserted. Then perhaps they may be ready for separation and independence on a rational basis.

One well-known but generally ignored aspect of the Negro problem in America is the claim made by some Darwinian psychologists that blacks have a desire, consciously or unconsciously (mostly the latter), to become white, preferably an Anglo-Saxon blond, blue-eyed type of white. This desire, which is said to be instinctive, is confronted by an equally instinctive desire, which exists in all whites, especially in the blond, blue-eyed types, to want to remain white.

The blacks, it is said, react to their racial rejection by whites with a "sour grapes" attitude. They vilify the whites as being devilish racists who must be fought and reformed so that they will eventually accept blacks in their midst and even love them enough to want to marry them.

The black man's sour grapes attitude is reflected in the familiar "We Shall Overcome." What is to be overcome, it seems, is the white man's hatred of the black skin.

Thus, for blacks the ideal of racial integration is seen to be merely a preliminary stage in a long journey to intermarriage. How else but by intermarriage can the blacks become white?

Unfortunately, such miscegenation produces brown rather than white

offspring. "But no matter," says the instinct of the black man, "a brown skin is better than a black skin, for it is a step toward whiteness."

The black man's evaluation of a brown skin as being superior to a black skin is proved, say the psychologists, by the fact that mulatto types are called "high yellows." Many mulattoes have become Muslims, as if to demonstrate that they are brown Arabians rather than black Africans. Pertinent to the mulatto situation is the rhyme occasionally recited by black comedians on television: "If you're black, step back, if you're brown, stick aroun', if you're white, all right!"

Some of the psychologists who dabble with the theory of the black man's instinct for whiteness have dared to ask some difficult questions for America.

Do blacks, they ask, have a moral right to try by integration to darken whites against their will? And, on the other hand, do blacks also have the moral right to try to preserve their blackness by keeping themselves apart from whites whenever they so desire?

Most Darwinian psychologists shrug off questions dealing with moral rights of any kind. They merely point out that the law of natural selection will have its way in due time, regardless of the wishful thinking of the one-world, classless, egalitarian ideologues who now dominate the news media and the political and educational systems.

Regardless of the slow but inexorable functioning of the so-called law of natural selection, when the racial showdown comes, the racial group or groups whose leaders have control of the best military force — the one that wins — will control the nation and make its laws.

During the riots in Petrograd (1917-18), the Czar's troops mutinied rather than shoot down the rioters. Too many of them were women clamoring for bread and fuel.

The Bolshevik chieftains, some of whom were referred to by the Czar as our "alien Russians," were able to reorganize the mutinous soldiers and other "strays" from the front lines into a disciplined, efficient people's army. They even forced Czarist officers to come out of hiding (by withholding food from their families) and help lead, along with General Leon Trotsky, the Red army to victory over the forces of the Allies and the Czarists.

Instauration might do well to study the condition, quality and ideology of America's military establishment, for in that establishment lies either victory or defeat for the dispossessed Majority.



The Is and the Ought *Continued From Page 5*

Cattell concludes his argument by proposing that moral systems be evaluated by their survival value. In so doing he advocates removing the bathwater of Revealed Truth without simultaneously ejecting the baby of a viable society. But for natural selection to stimulate human evolution and not human extinction, it must operate on diversity, both cultural and genetic. Cattell therefore pleads for "the right and duty of every society to pursue its own culturo-genetic experiment."

Jacques Monod



The British philosopher Antony Flew in *Evolutionary Ethics* attacked all moral systems such as Cattell's on the grounds that they commit the naturalistic fallacy of determining what ought to be by basing it upon what is or has been. It is to this point that Jacques Monod's brilliant *Chance and Necessity* speaks most forcefully. Winner of the 1965 Nobel prize in Physiology and Medicine for his study of the mechanism of gene replication, Monod argues that life, including human life, has arisen solely through the chance action of mutation and the necessity of natural selection. Such a view, he contends, is the

only one that can be defined as objectively consistent. By this he means that statements about anything are meaningful only to the degree that they are testable. Denying "that 'true' knowledge can be got at by interpreting phenomena in terms of final causes — that is to say 'purpose,'" he insists, "it is obviously impossible to imagine an experiment which could prove the *nonexistence* anywhere in nature of a purpose, of a pursued end" (p. 21).

Western society owes both its power and its wealth to its adherence to the postulate of objectivity, which has put men on the moon, split the atom and cured a myriad of diseases. But unfortunately, Monod tells us, objectivity has won men's minds, but not their hearts. The profounder message of the principle of objectivity, its insistent demand for a revision of fundamental ethical premises, remains unseen or ignored. He notes that the liberal societies of the West have built their moral systems upon "a disgusting farrago of Judeo-Christian religiosity, scientific progressivism, belief in the 'natural' rights of man and utilitarian pragmatism. The Marxist societies still profess the materialist and dialectic religion of history; on the face of it a more solid moral framework than the liberal societies boast, but perhaps more vulnerable by virtue of the very rigidity that has made its strength up until now. . . ." After surveying the dangers threatening modern society —

overpopulation, destruction of the natural environment and depletion of natural resources, thermonuclear war and genetic deterioration through survival of the unfittest, Monod asserts that it is the divorce between objective scientific knowledge and contemporary ethical systems that "afflicts and rends the conscience of anyone provided with some element of culture, a little intelligence and spurred by moral questioning" (p. 171). He concludes that this schism constitutes the greatest danger to our continued evolution.

How does Monod specifically respond to Flew's criticism of deriving an "ought" from an "is?" Accepting the postulate of objectivity as the condition of true knowledge itself "constitutes an ethical choice and not a judgment arrived at from knowledge, since according to the postulate's own terms, there cannot be any 'true' knowledge prior to this arbitral choice" (p. 176).

Knowledge, then, and morality itself arises from an initial choice. The "ought" of traditional and rationalist ethical systems all claim to be based upon either immanent or transcendent truths which force themselves upon man. But as the ethic of knowledge is chosen by man, Flew's argument dissolves into emptiness. Hoisting high the banner of objectivity, man becomes free to build his own ethical system and societies become free to pursue their own culturo-genetic experiment.

Goleniewski *Continued From Page 7*

of Charlottesville, Virginia, had escaped alive.) It would be tedious to list all the Romanoffs that have bloomed in the springs since 1918, but many will remember Prince Michael Romanoff, a self-starting Brooklyn Jew named Harry Gerguson, who tablehopped in Manhattan bars in the 1930s, amusing and bemusing the customers with feats of amateur legerdemain for "anything you care to give," before moving out to Beverly Hills, where he operated a high-priced, no-star restaurant for the celluloid haute monde.

When another miraculously preserved Romanoff materializes these days, the normal reaction is a weary smile, but I suppose that if one were sitting opposite a man who calmly announces that he is His Imperial Highness, Czar of all the Russias, August Ataman of the Cossacks, etc., one would simply gulp. Goleniewski's friends not only gulped: they swallowed.

The tale told by the new Romanoff has been edited and revised so often that I must be excused from attempting to enumerate and date the various recensions, but the bare essentials of all the early versions may be summarized as follows:

The Imperial Family was not murdered at Ekaterinburg — far from it. King George of Britain and Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany cooperated to rescue their kinsmen, and their secret services, by use of lavish bribery, effected the escape of Nicholas II, the empress, and their five children, who were taken eastward across Siberia to Vladivostok, where they embarked (*incogniti*, of course) on a steamer that brought them to the United States. Crossing the continent by train, they caught a liner that took them back to Europe. (Later edition: They escaped southward through White Russian territory to Odessa on the Black Sea, where a British battleship was waiting for them.) Once safely ashore in some unspecified country in western Europe, the Czar, determined to remain in hiding and escape recognition, led his flock to Poland, a country which had been part of his dominions and where portraits of him and his family had been seen daily by every Pole who was not blind. In that country, which was in a state of virtual anarchy and menaced by a massive invasion of Bolsheviki from Russia, the Czar and his family tranquilly settled down as a family

of modest Polish landowners, having accomplished the intellectual feat of instantly learning Polish, a language that differs greatly from Russian. The effort may have made Nicholas somewhat absent-minded, for he forgot all about the next egg of \$400,000,000 in gold that he had secretly stored in Swiss banks for use in the event of an emergency abdication. In Poland, preserving their happy pseudonymity, they lived in rustic content. The Czar and Czarina died eventually, and the head of the family became their only son, the Czarevich Aleksei, who, determined to smash the international conspiracy that had dethroned his father, became a Soviet agent under the plebeian name of Michael Goleniewski, rose to the rank of Major General in the N.K.V.D./K.G.B., and, having amassed data sufficient to amputate the Bolshevik octopus's international tentacles, defected to the "Free World," leaving his sisters in comfortable residence in Poland under their assumed names. The last detail was quickly amended.

The epiphany of His Imperial Highness appears to have taken place in the dingy

Goleniewski

office of Robert Speller & Son, a luckless and down-at-the-heels publishing firm that was reputed to make ends meet only by issuing the *East Europe Magazine*, a periodical subsidized by the C.I.A. Hoping to hit the jackpot with a "bestseller," Speller & Son had just published the autobiography of the Grand Duchess Anastasia — not the Grand Duchess in Charlottesville, but the Grand Duchess in Chicago. Someone arranged a meeting between Goleniewski and that Anastasia, and, to judge by a new preface that Speller & Son promptly added to their book, a working agreement was soon reached. The Grand Duchess Anastasia (I am still referring to the Chicago line of Romanoffs) confessed that in her autobiography she had lied atrociously about the massacre of the Imperial Family, from which she alone escaped. In return, the Czarevich recognized his long-lost and beloved sister, and remembered a suitable story to account for her separation from the rest of the family on the way to their happy abode in Poland. The loving brother then folded his devoted sister in his arms, and we must suppose that the eyes of Speller & Son grew moist as they beheld that joyous reunion, for the company promptly averred that it had conclusively "verified" the august identity of both Romanoffs, and delicately intimated that if some lover of historical truth would put up the money, Speller & Son would gladly publish an autobiography of His Imperial Highness to match a revised version of the autobiography of Her Highness, the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

The story, thus completed with an anagnorisis worthy of Menander, is indeed pretty and touching, but what, we may ask, made it seem cogent to veteran journalists and experienced investigators? The only explanation I can offer is the vision of that \$400,000,000 in glittering gold, plus interest compounded annually since 1917, waiting in the vaults of Swiss banks — a fortune that His Imperial Highness had sworn to devote to the utter annihilation of the International Communist Conspiracy, beginning, naturally, with condign rewards to the sagacious anti-Communists who recognized him when he at last revealed himself. Take pencil and paper. The 20,000,000 ounces of gold deposited in 1917 are now worth, at the average price last year, about three billion contemporary dollars. Now compute the accumulated earnings of those 20,000,000 ounces, assuming the low rate of 4% annually, and remembering that those earnings were also in gold, year after year since 1917. When you have calculated that total, do you not feel a warm glow in your consciousness, if not in your conscience? If you were an embattled anti-Communist, would not your mind's eye be dazzled by the golden corona illuminating the Romanoff cause?

All this is speculation, of course. What is certain is that Goleniewski's friends became True Believers, and, what is more, rushed into print with the *Glad Tidings*, even after they had been specifically warned by some of their acquaintances that (1) the story was so fantastic that, if published, it would destroy the credibility of the defector's evidently accurate disclosures about Soviet agents and their hirelings in the Western world; and (2) the imposture was so crude that it must eventually cover with ridicule everyone taken in by it.

The editor of the *New-York Journal-American*, a hard-boiled journalist in the Hearst tradition, devoted himself to research to lend verisimilitude to Goleniewski's claims, and produced a series of three widely sold books to prove that His Imperial Highness was indeed the son of Nicholas II. Mr. Frank Capell beat the drums for the newly discovered Czar in his publication and two books. And lesser figures joined the caravan headed for the vaults in Switzerland, notably a former member of the British Parliament, Peter Bessell, who suddenly remembered that he knew that in the secret files of the White House were documents concerning the escape of the Imperial Family and corroborating the identity of His Imperial Highness.

It is sad to relate that all these champions eventually failed to please their august patron. Guy Richards and the *Journal-American* were rewarded with a communication from Goleniewski's attorney, a learned legal light who accused them of an offense that he twice spelled as "liable" and for which he demanded \$10,000,000 instant in compensation for damage to his imperial client's reputation. The faith of Frank Capell earned him an advertisement in the *New York Times*, in which "Aleksi Nikolaevich Romanoff, The Heir to the All-Russian Imperial Throne, Tsarevich and Grand Duke of Russia, Head of the Russian Imperial House, etc., and August Ataman etc.," assured the world that

I have neither supplied FRANK A. CAPELL with any information nor were he or other persons authorized to make any reference in said book to my person, my activities, my support of the national security of USA, etc. He misrepresented in his book my person and my activities through distortion of facts and left the impression that I am the source in certain cases, re: the affiliation of various high US officials to questionable circles.

To unmask and denounce the conspiracy of the scoundrels and liars who first befriended him in the United States and publicized his pretensions to czardom, His Imperial Highness founded in 1974 a monthly periodical, *Double Eagle*, written in a language that has many points of similarity to English. It is available from His Imperial Highness, etc. (Box 281, Murray Hill Station, New York

City) at \$24 per annum. Believe me, it's worth it. From its pages you will learn the saga of the Romanoffs.

The latest version of that saga at the time of writing, which I hope will still be correct when this issue of *Instauration* goes to press, calls for very important revisions in the tale that I summarized above, *imprimis*:

1. Although Kaiser Wilhelm II did have something to do with the escape of the Imperial Family from Ekaterinburg, the real prime mover in their rescue was Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, best known under his alias as Nikolai Lenin, the first Bolshevik ruler of Russia, whose tender heart could not bear the thought of shedding the sacred blood of the Romanoffs, and whose sagacious mind devised the hoax of a purported murder at Ekaterinburg as effective propaganda for communism.

2. The villains who contrived the revolution were not the Jews: they were those awful International Bankers, led by those damned Rockefellers, who are the fount of all evil in the world.

3. It was those nasty British, who under the dominion of the International Bankers, work ceaselessly to establish the "Pagan British Empire" planned by Sir Francis Bacon, who devised the hoax at Ekaterinburg and manufactured the evidence that the Imperial Family had been murdered by Mongolian troops under the command of two bloodthirsty Jews. On the contrary — very much on the contrary — are the true facts, viz., that the real agents in saving the Imperial Family were two sweet Jews, whose noble hearts were filled with Love of All Mankind, etc., as is normal in God's Own People.

4. That shimmering \$400,000,000 wasn't safe in Swiss banks after all; it was in various places, especially Great Britain, where it was embezzled by the International Bankers, etc. One consequence is that His Imperial Highness is the true and lawful owner of Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City, to say nothing of other banks and property now in the illegal possession of the Rockefellers.

5. The dolorous plight of the world today is caused by a struggle between the True God of the Jews and Christians on the one hand, and on the other, Satan, who inspired Weishaupt to found the "occult Illuminatis' [sic] order," and inspired his other limb, Sir Francis Bacon (son of Elizabeth I), to concoct "Rosicrucianism (religion and healing)" and "Freemasonry (politics and science)," thus eventually "defying God's decision" by "creating the nuclear bomb" to bring about the establishment of the "Pagan British Empire."

Those are the salient points. I resist the temptation to include others, for I must hasten to inform you of the truly world-shaking and mind-dazzling discoveries that His Imperial Highness's profound

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knowledge of international conspiracy and cosmic wickedness has enabled him to make, notably:

(a) The celebrated Heydrich der Henker wasn't really assassinated at Lidice in Czechoslovakia by a team of experts hurriedly flown in from Britain to save Admiral Canaris, Chief of German Military Intelligence, from exposure as a traitor. On the contrary, that assassination was a hoax staged by Hitler and Winston Churchill to permit the transfer of Heydrich to the United States, where he became Guy Richards, chief of the vast Nazi S.S. apparatus in this country and editor of the *New-York Journal-American*, charged with the primary duty of slandering His Imperial Highness to impede His return to the throne of His ancestors.

(b) Nikolai Yezhov, infamous chief of the Soviet Secret Police (then called G.P.O.), was not liquidated by Dzhugashvili, alias Stalin, in 1938. That was merely a hoax, staged by Stalin in collaboration with Hitler and Churchill, to permit the Jewish Yezhov to go to England and be elected to the Parliament under the name of Peter Bessell, and later to come to the United States and share with Heydrich, alias Guy Richards, command of the vast Nazi apparatus that is subjugating this country for the Rockefellers. To be sure, if Bessell is Yezhov, he is now remarkably spry for a man of eighty-three, but that is probably because he has had to keep himself fit to prevent H.I.H. Aleksei II from being recognized as the lawful monarch of All the Russias, to the dismay of the Communists and the Rockefellers.

(c) That wicked man, Adolf Hitler, weren't German or Austrian. As his handwriting shows, he was an Englishman, none other than the man who was famous in 1888 as Jack the Ripper, and, what is more, he was probably the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of King Edward VII. This is proved by a photograph of Queen Elizabeth II, whose features show shock and horror, according to His Imperial Highness, at the mere mention of the dastardly Duke of Clarence. Now if this identification is correct, Hitler was eighty-one at the time of his (faked?) death in Berlin, but, as his Imperial Highness explains, his wickedness enabled him to retain his vim and vigor to an advanced age, so that he could advance Sir Francis Bacon's scheme for a "Pagan British Empire."

(d) Stalin's son, Jacob, wasn't liquidated after his father's death. That was just a hoax, staged by the Nazi S.S. to permit the scoundrel to emigrate to Connecticut and be elected to the United States Senate under the assumed name of Thomas J. Dodd, and to join the plot against His Imperial Highness.

(e) If you think that Jesse James was just an American bandit, that shows how ignorant you are. He was a high officer of "the Rosicrucians' Order under the Death's

Head," an early version of the German S.S. Having been taught "second sight" and how to "go 'out of Body' separating his astral body from his physical body" by a "gifted" Negress owned by his parents, he joined the "British Secret Intelligence Service" and advanced Francis Bacon's "Divine Plan for a Pagan British Empire" by becoming one of the richest men in the world, and living "seventy-three incredible lives" under as many different names, for which lack of space forces me to refer you to His Imperial Highness. I need not add that the assassination of Jesse James in 1882 was just another hoax staged by the International Bankers. Whether Jesse is still flourishing, the Czar coyly sayeth not. Come to think of it, he may be Nelson Rockefeller.

I regret that I must deprive you of other revelations to set your thinking straight. I have given you enough to test your qualifications as a Christian Patriot.

After he exposed the diabolical machinations of Heydrich (alias Guy Richards) and some of the many other Nazis who came to the United States after distinguishing themselves under Stalin and Hitler (who were buddies), His Imperial Highness sent around to "anti-Communist" leaders a dossier filled with documents that prove his identity and answer any objections that could reasonably be raised.

For example, there is that birth certificate which is dated August 16, 1922, while the son of Nicholas II was born on August 12, 1904. How does it happen that His Imperial Highness looks like a man in his early fifties, not like a man of seventy-two? That's easy: being the Czarevich, he suffers from haemophilia, and that keeps a man looking young. Furthermore, the name 'Goleniowski' on the certificate is really a kind of conundrum that hints at his real identity: GO stands for *golen*, meaning 'leg,' to show that he is a little lame; LENI stands for Lenin, who cooperated in establishing the Imperial Family safely in Poland; OW stands for Volga, the river that flows through Russia; and SKI stands for Marshal Pilsudski, who had the birth certificate forged to provide young Romanoff with a fictitious identity. That explains everything — except why the Polish dictator thought he could protect an eighteen-year-old boy by providing him with a certificate to show that he had just been born.

There is in the dossier no document of greater probative force than the conundrum: if that doesn't convince you, no other weirdly wonderful bit of evidence will, so I shall not go through the dossier item by item. You may be a Doubting Thomas, but Christian Patriots must have Faith in their Messiahs.

The most impressive verification of His Highness's claims comes from Robert Welch, whose staff of high-pressure salesmen keeps the active membership of his Birch Society at about thirty thousand,

despite the rapid turnover. Welch, to be sure, stops a little short of guaranteeing the claims himself, saying only that the weight of the evidence is on that side, so you must turn to the pages of his house organ, *American Opinion*. In the issue dated March, 1976, the lead article, entitled "The Tsar's Best Agent," was written by Alan Stang, a five-foot Jewish novelist whom some employees in Belmont regard as one of Welch's supervisors. In that article, Stang, as advertised on the cover, "reviews detailed proofs" that "the most important anti-Communist agent ever to reach the West" is, in truth, the noble and august son of Nicholas II, who, remember, was rescued from captivity and peril by two high-minded Jews. Hard must be your heart if it is untouched by Stang's persuasive arguments. You will certainly be convinced — unless you look with an observing eye at the two photographs that Stang indiscreetly printed with his article. One of these shows the young Czarevich at the age of twelve or over; the other shows Goleniewski. From these photographs it is obvious that if Goleniewski is indeed the Czarevich, he at some time had his ears amputated and replaced with new models. Sceptics may think that unlikely, but such are not to be found in the Birch Society — not for long, anyway.

If I am correctly informed, all good Birchers, in deference to the infallible wisdom of their Savior and his beloved disciples, have faith in His Imperial Highness, and many estimable ladies with social pretensions eagerly await the day when they will exhibit in their very own drawing rooms a real live Czar of All the Russias, August Ataman of the Cossacks, etc.

The Faith has doubtless been strengthened since March, 1976. In December, 1976, *Double Eagle* contained an article on Rasputin, "Neither Devil Nor Saint," cribbed with many modifications from the unmentioned book of the same title published by Mme. Elizabeth Judas ten years ago. From the article the reader will learn that Rasputin was a piously humble old fellow who worked miracles "using Christian healing through prayers to God," and who proved that the laws of biology can always be overruled by Jesus, who, when alerted by Rasputin, rescued the imperial author "at least by [sic] 10 various occasions from death." Although the august stylist forgot to say so, he was probably counteracting with his personal authority the awful things that were said about Rasputin in that infidel journal *Instauration* (November, 1976).

More important, perhaps, is the issue of *Double Eagle* (September, 1976) in which His Imperial Highness delivered a scathing attack on Professor Arthur Butz, whose eminently scholarly and judicious book, *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, was noticed in *Instauration*. The August

Chicago: Sometimes the walls of censorship get so massive that their weight alone opens up cracks in the foundations. This is the only adequate way to describe what has happened to Arthur Butz and the most controversial book of recent times — *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*.

One of the basic tricks of media censorship, which is a kind of housebroken and indoctrinated affair rather than edicts emanating from an elderly conclave in a murky tabernacle, is never to breathe a word about any piece of writing that is realistically, intelligently and coherently critical of any of the favored minorities. The silence must perforce be even more deafening when a writer goes out of his way to attack a principal article of faith of the liberal-minority coalition, such as the infallibility of Einstein, the perfection of Israel or the newest addition to canonical literature, the Book of the Holocaust.

Since Arthur Butz was brave enough to zero in on the last-named, it could have been expected nothing would have been said about his book in the media until the Second Coming. After all, the *New York Times* never emitted a whisper about earlier works on the same subject by Professor Rassinier, a French scholar.

There were, however, a few important differences. Butz's book is a more thorough demolition of the Six Million Myth, much more comprehensive, much more credible, and it didn't have to be translated from the French. Butz also happens to be a hard scientist, an Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering at Northwestern, and as such he is likely to be more respectful of facts than an historian like Rassinier. And though the time is far from ripe for a work such as *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, it is riper than when Rassinier, a socialist and ex-inmate of Buchenwald, first took pen in hand and wrote his

iconoclastic studies two decades ago. In the 1950s the Jewish question was the no no of all no no's. Today it is still far from a yes yes, but darker and louder murmurs are being heard in the halls of the Kremlin and the UN, the memoirs of Vichy anti-Semites are published in France and a few objective comments about Jewry, if written by Jews, are occasionally allowed to seep through discussions of domestic politics and of the Arab-Israeli feud. But the Butz book, as far as we know, is the first time a work violently critical of vital Jewish interests has appeared in the front sections of American metropolitan newspapers.

After an Israeli paper (incidentally the Israeli press talks much more openly about Jews than the American press) carried a squib about the book, someone sent it to a faculty member of Northwestern, who then passed it on to a student reporter. Before anyone could say ipso facto the story was out. It is hard to indoctrinate all student reporters with all the subtle restraints imposed on the professionals. After the scandal had "erupted" at Northwestern, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, a Field newspaper and one of the less minority-ridden of the large metropolitan journals, couldn't resist the bait, particularly since the Chicago media had been having a kind of circulation war in their attempts to deport some alleged local Nazis. The sensationalized stories hit the newsstands with a bang that forced a near total and instantaneous mobilization of the hound dogs of the B'nai B'rith. All stops were unstopped. When all the howls and screams and imprecations were duly noted and registered, they added up to one word — heresy.

Full-page ads were taken in the student newspaper by the Northwestern faculty to quickly and firmly dissociate themselves from the abhorrent Nazi in their midst who was disgracing their once fine university,

and who had offered, they added, "a contemptible insult to the dead and wounded." Anguished clarifications overflowed from the Anti-Defamation League's battery of multiliths, most of them directed at the Northwestern administration for not taking a stronger stand against the book. Newton Minow, a Jewish organization man, an old Kennedy political fixer, a former FCC chairman and a Northwestern trustee, demonstrated what he thought of academic freedom by calling for the tenured Butz's immediate ouster and by voicing some invidious comparisons to another Butz. But the most tearful protest came from Abbot Rosen, executive director of the Chicago Anti-Defamation League. "We've known about it for some time," complained Rosen, "but we didn't want to give it any publicity and help the sale."

We don't know how all this will turn out. Yale University recently pressured an instructor to resign for writing anti-Semitic editorials thirty-four years ago in German-occupied Russia. As of this writing, the hate against Butz, a lonely bachelor, is reaching the fission point. Although the publicity is totally negative, there is a queer media law that states that total negativity always contains a positive component.

The book, published in England, is not available in any large bookstore, in Chicago or elsewhere. Obviously, almost no one among the host of instant critics has read it. But this is the age-old habit of blue noses, whether in medieval Spain or in present-day Chicago. Our fearless, independent academicians have learned long ago that it's much safer to condemn a book than to read it. In fact the president of Northwestern University, Richard Strotz, set an alltime low in intellectual curiosity by promising that he would not read the book, and he urged the faculty to do the same.

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Ataman of the Cossacks was well ahead of the pack, for the hysterical screaming about the book in the media did not begin until late this January. The Jews can appeal to the new Czar, who, having resided in Poland from 1919 to 1961 and, as a Major General in the K.G.B., having directed the investigation of the nasty Nazi's "war crimes," knows from his own personal observation that six million Jews were killed in gas chambers before they left for the United States and elsewhere. The only thing that remains in doubt is whether Professor Butz is Alfred Rosenberg or Dr. Goebbels. His Imperial Highness seems as yet uncertain, so you will have to subscribe to *Double Eagle* to learn who the wicked Butz really is. Of course, he may prove to be Charles

Darwin, another infidel, who, like Bacon, "defied God's decision."

It must be understood that I write with no animus against poor Goleniewski. I believe that the defector was shabbily, perhaps shamefully, treated by the C.I.A. I know how poverty and anxiety exasperate the minds and souls of men. I am truly sorry that this man did not have the skill of Henri Richemont or Karl Naundorff, who were certainly the best two of the thirty-eight replicas of Louis XVII that sprang up in the early Nineteenth Century. I wish that he had done his home work as well as the famous Tichborne Claimant, who, although only a small shopkeeper, even convinced Lady Tichborne that he was her son. I do hope that some kind soul will revive Mike Romanoff's old restaurant and install in it another Czarevich, to whom it will give

security and an opportunity to exercise the unquenchable showmanship that seems to come naturally to all non-Romanoff Romanoffs.

I commiserate most sincerely with Messrs. Richards and Capell, who so hopefully years ago made the bed in which they must now lie. The printed word endures, alas!

I enfold in silence the names of several prominent Americans who, rashly trusting Welch's *American Opinion*, put into print "authentic" revelations that they must now sadly regret.

I have written this article reluctantly, for I always feel charity for the erring and sympathy for the unfortunate. It is only when I see pretentious fakirs and shysters in the patriotic business trying to capitalize on human credulity that my heart grows hard and obdurate.