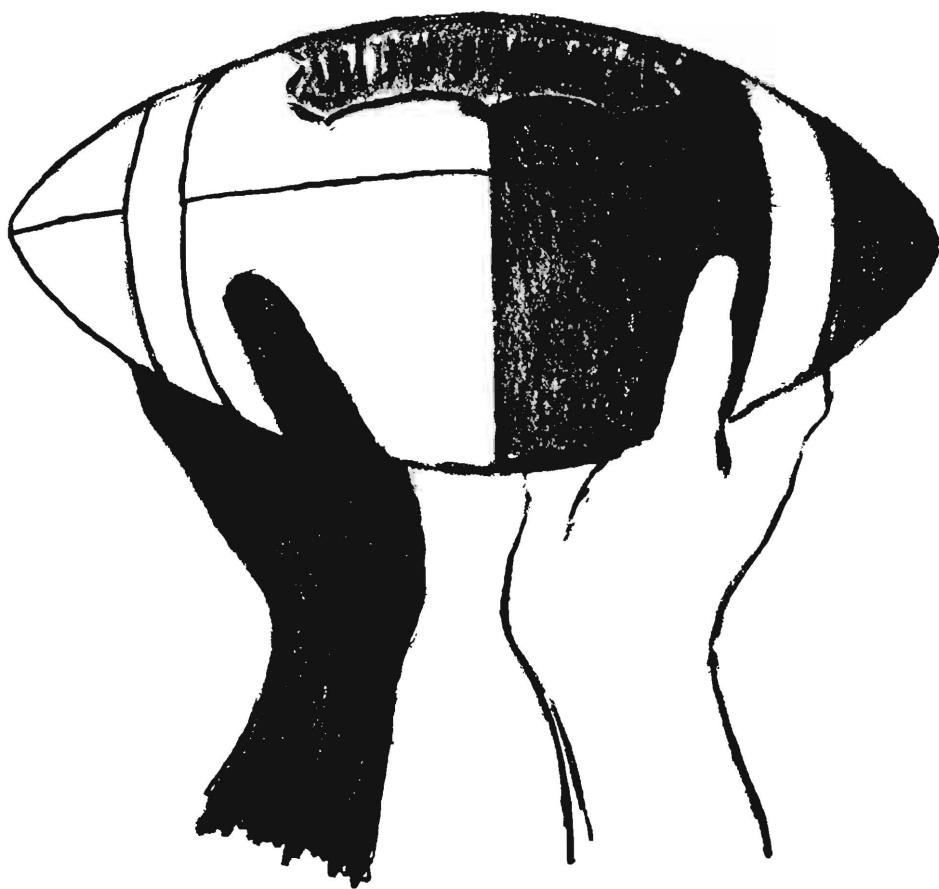


*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

Instauration[®]

VOL. 3 NO. 2

JANUARY 1978



RACE and ATHLETICS

The Safety Valve

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

As you say, Bill Buckley is getting worse. Feast your eyes on this choice paragraph taken from his column "On the Right," (*National Review*, Aug. 5, 1977). "The employer who surveys the application forms of a half-dozen candidates for an opening and quietly gives the advantage to the black candidate is, in my opinion, doing the right thing."

287

I am distributing copies of *Instauration's* piece on Israel. The writer did a good job, except that I think he understated some of the figures. I keep seeing \$25 billion as Germany's reparations and indemnities to the Israelis, much of it in the form of heavy construction projects.

333

Do you class Hubert Humphrey and John K. Galbraith as Nordics?

531

Have you ever considered producing an *Instauration* radio series? Having spent the better part of a Sunday listening to the mind-bending outpourings of religious quacks and medicine men, it struck me that this is another area where the Majority is losing by default. The Billy Grahams and Ted Armstrongs have swayed millions through this important medium. Is not our message more worthy than theirs?

021

The Majority Rule bumper stickers are a fine idea, but I still like the idea of printing millions of small sitckers to deface big pro-minority posters.

111

"The Sex Muddle" is first-class stuff. What so impresses me is the intellectual quality of the French Right (e.g. Benoit-Mechin's excellent *Histoire de l'armée allemande*, of which only six volumes have been published as yet).

509

The "Ideological Whirligig" was written by a rather silly lady. No doubt its appearance was in accordance with your policy of holding up a mirror to the dumb side of the Majority. This is probably a good idea—within reason. But I think it should be confined to the "Safety Valve." The trouble is that I partly agree with the lady. I am torn between my admiration for the America Firsters and the Isolationists on the one hand and the pro-British people on the other. It is arguable that, although Britain is so rotten with liberalism, defeat by Germany would have taken Britain out of the equation as a prime factor. The rise of the National Front shows what is now possible. But the good lady goes on to make the same mistake she accuses Lindbergh of making, namely, putting the interests of another country above those of an Anglo-Saxon one (in this case, Majority America!). In fact, she prefers the interests of two other countries, Russia and Germany. Now, this is not quite what *Instauration* is arguing for. All it is saying is that it is possible to deal with the Russians. I don't like remarks like "For our British-Northern European civilization the time is already yesterday." On the contrary, that civilization will last as long as the Anglos remain unmixed. The *Dispossessed Majority* is a proof of it. Pushing for a union of Russia and Germany is a nonstarter, and would in any case be inimical to our interests. Nor do I approve of the lady's anti-Franco, anti-Mussolini line.

British subscriber

I am leaving my Miami home of almost nineteen years because of the intolerable situation brought by the Latin takeover.

331

I object to the recent item in "Stirrings" about Rhodesia. I have made it plain to my eldest son that if he wants to fight there I am not going to stand in his way. Hopeless fights make good training grounds. The people who declared independence in Rhodesia were mostly people who had been forced out of Kenya and Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). If we fight every step of the way, we have some hope of turning the tide. Anyway, what prevents us from fighting everywhere at once, wherever our people are? Can you really pretend that we have

anything better to offer in the way of active participation?

British subscriber

Instauration has done more for me than you could ever realize. It is more than just a political journal, it is the future.

266

Whatever is happening to us is happening solely because we permit it to happen, regardless of the reasons why we permit it—brainwashing, indoctrination, fair play, religious tolerance, whatever. The fact is we do permit it and hence we deserve the consequences. A people deserve whatever they permit. If we can get Majority members to accept such a slogan, and get that slogan out in front of them to see while they are being raped, murdered, dispossessed, etc., perhaps they would awaken and act.

902

"The Minority War on Science" (*Instauration*, Sept. 1977) was a masterful presentation of the subject and well-nigh perfection in non-fiction composition. I state in all sincerity you have no literary peer in objective sociohistorical analysis or scholarly style in America—or possibly the world! May I cite the only significant imperfection I reacted to—that you erroneously dignified our academic enemies with the designation "scientists." There is a sharp distinction between academicians who are "philosophically oriented scientists" and those who are "politically oriented ideologues."

454

It seems to me that the pandering to the minority blocs by the Georgia Mafia is a sign of race panic, i.e., the payment of blackmail in return for "good behavior." But what they may not realize is that the appeasement road—the blackmail road—gets rougher and rougher all the time until one either has to surrender everything or fight.

542

If a racial civil war came to pass, could the present structure of the Republic stand firm, or would it shatter into autonomous regions and ultimately into separate states?

111

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CONTENTS

Race and Athletics.....	5
Survival Squad.....	6
Were America's Greatest Writers Racists?.....	7
The German Scene.....	8
A Tale of Two Detectives.....	9
A Perisopic View of George Marshall.....	10
Corrupting the Heritage.....	11
Cultural Catacombs.....	12
Inklings.....	14
The Game and the Candle.....	16

□ A plethora of obituaries recently, including show biz luminaries Groucho Marx, Elvis Presley and Zero Mostel, star of *Fiddler on the Roof*. Another not so well memorialized so far as I know: Lawrence Dennis on August 20, 1977, who would have been 84 on Christmas Day. Dennis's part in smashing the Roosevelt administration's 1944 sedition trial, in which he was a defendant, should never be forgotten. It is most unlikely anything like it will ever take place in this country. (A future FDR may go in for secret summary assassination rather than risk such a humiliation.) Dennis's book *The Dynamics of War and Revolution* (1940) is one of the greatest pieces of political thinking in this country since John Calhoun laid down his pen and the book Dennis wrote with Maximilian St. George *A Trial on Trial* (1946) dissecting the stupid sedition case being built up by Stalinist O. John Rogge deserves reprinting if anything ever did.

801

□ I am an ex-Baptist and I suppose that most people would now classify me as an atheist. Perhaps I am, for I certainly reject all images of grandpappy in the sky, or of the everlasting celestial sugar tit. My attitude, of course, gets me in a good deal of trouble and often backs me into a corner of loneliness. Everywhere I turn, I run into individuals who have that fish hook of Hebrew and Oriental mysticism permanently embedded in their brains. I suppose the most agonizing moments I have ever known were the result of trying to reconcile Christianity (as it is propagated) and reason. In the end I did reject—and do reject for all time—the alien Levantine spirit. And I have felt cleaner and freer ever since.

402

□ Word of *Instauration* is moving briskly on the ol' grapevine now and I won't be surprised if your Kentucky readership takes a rather dramatic jump soon.

405

□ One thing that really upsets me is I can write a letter to any newspaper, a letter that is entirely factual, and it will not be printed. These bought-and-sold mediocrats rave on about freedom of speech in this country, but the truth is that if you don't agree with them, you don't get heard. And that is just as surely censorship as any "ban" in Mother Russia. You won't believe the number of people in this country who still chant "We're free." Mindless robots, the lot of 'em. Or maybe I'm the fool for wanting to know the frightening truth. Maybe ignorance is bliss.

360

□ I'm certainly glad your magazine is \$6.00 for students. My family is very poor, I guess that goes hand in hand with being honest.

888

□ The Marshall business is very complex with all kinds of little unconnected streamers flying in the wind on all sides.

500

□ Regarding Zip 276 who was so upset about anyone investigating the legal profession because there were "a lot of the best Majority members" in it, the best Majority members don't have anything to worry about, if they are indeed "the best." It's only the renegades and the minority shyster lawyers we're after. Don't confuse loyalty to race with loyalty to profession. Unfortunately, the legal profession is not Majority-dominated and even a lot of the Majority members are renegades at worst or "go aloners" at best.

289

□ "The Minority War on Science" was superb. But if I were giving it to an unconverted friend, I would tell him: "This account is biased. The media account is biased. The truth lies somewhere in between. You try to figure out where." Personally, I would place the truth about 90% with the *Instauration* account, but I would not tell my friend this as it might damage my initial credibility. If I could get him to accept a fifty-fifty judgment, I would have made a great breakthrough. Then there would be all the time in the world to pull him over to ninety-ten. But if I praised the article to the heavens at the beginning, I would make him so suspicious I would upset the future opportunities for persuasion.

200

□ It is somewhat disconcerting to be reading about Hungarian chicken farms and suddenly come across the observation that Heinrich Himmler was "himself a chicken farmer." Had the subject been German chicken farms, this would have been less a bolt from the blue. It's an open invitation for our opportunists to link us with Nazism. A much greater mistake, I feel, was running the piece on the anti-Semitic threats at Berkeley. I agree, "It was the old story. Incidents involving fraternity men out on a spree were blown up out of all proportion." But I always think first of potential converts. My instincts tell me that items like this hurt *Instauration*.

066

□ There is plenty of mileage to be gotten out of Spanuth and his investigation of Atlantis. He might have added that the appearance of the Northern European peoples, as depicted at Medinet Habu, was completely Nordic, even to fair hair, light eyes, etc. The Persians depicted in the Ajanta caves have the same characteristics, and we know from the tints added to ancient Greek statues that these same traits were to be found among the ancient Greeks. The leaf-shaped swords, which Spanuth does mention, are definitely Northern European. However, he errs in referring to the great catastrophes of the 13th century B.C. Certainly the whole period was characterized by earthquakes and tidal waves, but the great natural disasters which overwhelmed Thera and the Cretan civilization took place in the 15th century B.C., when the Minoans went under and a succession of Mycenaeans, Hittites and Dorians swept down upon the Near East. My point is that

these migrations took three centuries because, as with the Germanic migrations, each successive wave was opposed by the previous one. Incidentally, there are many legends about inhabited areas covered by the waves in the northern seas. Between the Scillies and the Cornish mainland lies the fabled land of Lyonesse, above whose sunken cities, it is said, sailors sometimes hear church bells.

British subscriber

□ When the Russians had won the battle of Moscow they marched tens of thousands of their prisoners through the city's streets under heavy guard. And they made them drag their flag through the dust behind them. Has any Western nation ever done anything like that? Communism today is East Baltic, not Jewish. Soviet Communism is now hand-tailored to suit the emotional needs of the Russian people. In order to understand the recent uprising in East Berlin, it must be realized that East Germans are carefully shielded from anything printed in West Germany. I'm not even permitted to send my cousin in East Germany a West German pigeon breeders' weekly. In short, the federation of Nordic nations must end where East Baltic genes begin to preponderate in eastern Europe.

German subscriber

□ *Instauration* has talked about a Columbia professor by the name of Franz Boas who was Jewish, but it has not discussed another Columbia professor who was non-Jewish by the name of John Dewey. I have finished his *Democracy and Education*, *Liberalism and Social Action* and *The School and Society*. And I would like to hear something about Keynes's *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, which was difficult but interesting reading. It does get dull reading about Jews in every issue of *Instauration*, when we could discuss Keynesian economics and Dewey's progressive education. I have seen a number of crackpots attack these two men, but do you have some egghead who could handle the job? Not that all of their ideas are bad.

941

□ There's no legal reason why Quebec could not withdraw from the Canadian federation. If it does, Labrador, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia would find themselves pretty isolated. They could form their own federation, and it is probable that they would. British Columbia and Alberta have long been unhappy at the way Eastern Canada taxes them and steals their natural resources. A Vancouver paper has already suggested a "regional federation if Quebec should destroy the artificial unity of the present Canadian provinces."

875

□ After your article on Colonel Goleniewski the Imperial Underground is on your trail and the only thing for you to do is to escape while there is still time. You can disguise yourself as a gargoyle on the eaves of Notre Dame.

618



□ A further comment on the outrageous malice demonstrated by the deliberate omission of Lindbergh's name or portrait on the stamp commemorating the 50th anniversary of the first solo plane flight across the Atlantic. Just a few short months ago the Post Office Dep't honored two minority members with full portraits, a large pictorial with the not-so-palatable phiz of Adolph S. Ochs and another alleging to depict the elusive and enigmatic Haym Salomon, who almost singlehandedly, according to the Jewish lobby, brought off the Revolution. Salomon, who arrived in America from Poland in 1772, is unlikely to have ever lent Washington's forces or the Continental Congress a cent, and if he had any financial dealings with the American revolutionaries, it is impossible to trace any prior to a few short weeks before the shooting stage of the war ended in October 1781. Though this shady operator was exposed as an insignificant bit player in the American Revolution nearly fifty years ago, the media bassoons still blat away about him being the "financier of the Revolution" and occasionally attempt proceedings which would divert millions of dollars to his descendants in payment for services never rendered.

866

□ The best article in *Instauratiōn* to date is, for my money, "The Minority War on Science." I only caution you against using the word "Indo-European" for cultures which came into existence long before the Indo-Europeans were officially on the scene. I don't doubt that people of European race constructed those cultures. I am just drawing your attention to a solecism. It is a small matter compared with the excellent ammunition contained in your scientific articles. You are a great synthesizer and that is what we need most. In this particular article you come near to theorizing about epistemology itself. But most of all I admire your truly masterful summing up of Edward Wilson's work.

882

□ The part concerning genetic screening in "The Minority War on Science" aroused my extreme resentment against Jewish obscurantism. One small slip. You refer to the XYY chromosome, which makes women cow-like, where you mean XYY.

901

□ I am so glad to learn that Patton, hero of Hemingway's *Across the River and into the Trees*, is an MGM general after all. I had hitherto accorded him more than his fair share of grudging admiration. However, I won't hear a word against MacArthur.

444

□ I want to pursue a musical career, but every person I've ever dealt with in this area has been Jewish, and needless to say, that grates on my nerves. I'm not making a sweeping generalization. I once was acquainted with a Jew who really wanted not to be Jewish and was not immersed in this

"Chosen People" charade. But everything around him was Jewish. He was amazed when I pointed it out to him. He had simply never noticed this all-pervading presence. But he could breathe, while I felt I was being smothered to death.

201

□ Mr. Torrijos, of whom not so long ago no invective was potent enough to depict his depravity, is now accorded the status of statesman and was recently given the Red Carpet treatment worthy of an Israeli dignitary. At the recent congressional hearings, Mr. Linowitz was quite piqued when the Panamanian thug was referred to by one of his interrogators as a dictator.

864

□ Keep up the good work. It's a high stakes war we're waging.

900

□ Thank you for the Mengelberg article. A long overdue recognition of a solid musician, a stoic victim of the 1945 debacle.

770

□ The new *Instauratiōn* is as usual solid and stimulating, especially the Noble and Vu de droite articles. I was, however, a little taken aback by the "Whirligig" writer's strange perspective on Lindbergh. Lindbergh was a Swedish-American only on his father's side, and descended on his mother's from rather distinguished old Anglo-American stock. If she had known that, perhaps the writer would not have found his "thinking processes" quite so racially alien to her own, so exotically Nordic.

640

□ Even though I live in a traditional Anglo-Saxon town in Western Michigan (which does not even see green paraphernalia on St. Patrick's Day!), things tend to get rather lonely. There is so much absurd tolerance. I cannot say that I have found one person whose total perspective is with us, even in the remnants of the American Independent Party.

490

□ Praise be for those brilliant scientists on our side; hope they stick to their guns.

038

□ It was not Germany that destroyed the colonial empires, it was the good old U.S.A., with some half-hearted Russian help. Hitler many times said he wanted to preserve the British Empire. The best thing that could have happened to the United Kingdom would have been to have the Nazis clean out that rat's nest in Whitehall. It may be even worse than our collection of Ivy League lawyers.

212

□ Yesterday I purchased a copy of *Sociobiology* and in the process had to fight off two black women who claimed they got to the

book before I did. After this incident the bookstore manager informed me that he is discontinuing carrying the book because it is too controversial. Since I started reading it, I have not been able to put it down.

941

□ In regard to "The Sex Muddle," love to be rewarding should encompass the spirit, ecstasy of mind as well as body, and you have a solid foundation gratifying in the extreme, or the well runs dry. . . . Woman has created quite a problem for man. Why didn't he keep her out of that which was his? Another reason for homosexuality?

New England lady

□ There are so many blond (real yellow hair, not mousey brown) Majority members around here (Stanford) that it can be no coincidence. Male and female, both. Most seem to be staring into the void, like some Hindu holy men.

943

□ The labor movement once stood for basic essentials—a fair wage for a fair day's work, elimination of sweat shops, protection of children from unscrupulous employers, etc. Unfortunately, we have now reached a stage where the labor hierarchy appears to exist not so much to protect the welfare of union workers, but to perpetuate itself. The rank and file of labor know very little about the inner workings of labor leadership, of how their dues are expended or the causes espoused. For example, big labor is on record as being opposed to capital punishment. I seriously doubt that most union members support their leaders in this irrational cause.

222

□ The most encouraging (not by any means the best) article in *Instauratiōn* (Oct. 1977) was the Prize Letter from the Southern lady. It is encouraging because the females of our race seem to have an innate tropism that makes them dote on the sentimentality they read into the Yiddish anthology of tall tales by which the minds of our race have been poisoned for one and a half millennia. A very few women have scholarly minds and there are some others who are rational, but especially among the prosperous and wealthy, uterine thinking so predominates that they cannot dispense with the hallucinatory verbiage about "God is Luff" and "We must luff our enemies" and the rest of the nonsense. If I tried to estimate the amount of money that I have seen muddle-headed females with big bank accounts bestow on the shamans, you would weep. That is why it is so encouraging to find a lady who knows and is not afraid to say the "Faith of our Fathers" is the Achilles' Heel of our nation.

618

An ex-football fan finds black racism is taking over professional and college sports

RACE AND ATHLETICS

The first college football game I followed closely was the 1967 Sugar Bowl contest between Alabama and Nebraska, which Alabama ran away with 34 to 7. Despite this decisive victory, as well as an undefeated and untied season, Alabama ranked third behind Notre Dame and Michigan State, teams which had had one tie each in regular season games, in the National Sports-writers' Poll. I can only offer three reasons for this scandalously unfair treatment: (1) the sportswriters' traditional favoritism for Notre Dame and to a lesser extent for Michigan State; (2) animus against the South in general and Alabama in particular (Governor George Wallace at that time being media enemy #1); (3) Notre Dame and Michigan State had Negro football "stars" playing for them, whereas the Alabama squad was snow-white.

Prior to the beginning of the 1967 football season, the Southeastern Conference (Alabama, Mississippi, Mississippi State, L.S.U., Auburn, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Vanderbilt, Kentucky) had a record of 5 wins to 1 loss against the Big 8 (Nebraska, Oklahoma, Missouri, Colorado, Kansas, Colorado State, Oklahoma State, Iowa State) in postseason bowl games. Since New Year's Day 1968 the story has been different. In the last nine years the Southeastern Conference won 2 and lost 9 to the Big 8. Southern football teams reached an all-time low in 1972 postseason competition when Auburn was beaten by Oklahoma 40 to 22 in the Sugar Bowl, and Alabama was demolished 38 to 6 by Nebraska in the Orange Bowl. Southern football fans could not be blamed for being disturbed by this sudden fall from glory.

The cause was not difficult to fathom. Since 1968 the coaches and schools of the Big 8 have been scouring Southern, as well as Northern and Western, high-school gridirons for black players. (Last year, for example, Oklahoma boasted an all-black backfield.) Black athletes have flocked to Big 8 colleges in increasing numbers because of low admission standards, because by playing for universities with top-rated teams they are more likely to be seen by the pro scouts, and because of the additional attraction of playing bowl games in Miami, New Orleans or Dallas. As for the Big 10 and the Pacific 8, until last year these colleges were under a contractual obligation to send their conference teams only to the Rose Bowl. So the better black—and white—athletes preferred to sign with potential Rose Bowl teams like Southern California, UCLA and Stanford in the Far West and Ohio State and Michigan in the Midwest. High-ranking football independents like Penn State and Notre Dame were also able to recruit their fair share of star runners and linemen for much the same reasons. but another equally important explanation for the preference of black athletes for non-Southern colleges was the congenial atmosphere. Blacks knew and still know that no matter how well they play, social and behavioral patterns in towns like Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and Oxford, Mississippi, would circumscribe their out-of-stadium activities. They also knew that in most areas of the South certain forms of black antisocial conduct would be quickly and ruthlessly suppressed. Consequently, they gravitated to places

Continued On Page 19



Yale-Princeton football game in the good old days.



1975 Orange Bowl.

Tips on keeping the race alive and breathing

SURVIVAL SQUADS

The Majority activist's life is not all Michelob and skittles. Year after year our opponents rack up one victory after another while their propaganda computers drown us in a sea of mendacious statistics.

If we are to win, the first order of business is to give a boost to our sinking morale. If we cannot "think" victory, then victory will surely escape us.

Attend any rightwing meeting. The sheer, shrill negativism will deafen you. Typically one wrinkled crone will begin by recounting some horror perpetrated by the "conspiracy." Then a doddering Airstream commander will try to top her with a still more atrocious atrocity. The disasters will pile up until the room becomes so thick with pessimism and demoralization that the only sensible thing to do is go home, pick out a favorite necktie and hang yourself in the closet. In the unlikely event you do stick out the meeting, you will inevitably hear someone whine, "Why won't people listen to us?" A white-bearded wiseacre in the last row will then sneer: "The American people are fools. They deserve what they're getting."

This is the bilious, defeatist, cramped mind-frame that rightists, conservatives, Birchites, Buckleyites and Lysenkoites carry about with them in their hopeless struggle (their word, not ours) with the liberal professoriat and minority mediocrats. What chance would a tennis star have who constantly spoke in awe of his opponent, who refused to train because "it's no use," and who constantly insulted and attacked his most loyal fans.

We must learn to adopt an upbeat outlook, exactly as a fighter does when he gets in shape for the big one. This is to say we must kick the gloom and doom habit and break our addiction to despair. Why do we say addiction? Because the word gets to the heart of the matter.

It is a built-in perversity of human nature that we get "high" from hearing tales of woe. When the woe wears off, we need another shot of dismalism—quick. It all adds up to an apocalyptic vision of certain failure. And if it is certain, how can we be blamed? If it is inevitable that America can't make it, who can be criticized for not doing something about it. How flattering is the thought that we are a small, besieged elite in a throng of oafs and underhanded schemers. It's manna to a shattered ego.

Doom, however, is not the only hard stuff that saps our resolve. Another is hate, not the normal human hate for those who are doing us in, but the hyperbolic 24-hour-a-day hate for all things great and small, the kind of hate that poisons the bowels and entrails—and soul. If we surrender ourselves to this form of moral and morale petrification, we have done 90% of our enemies' work for them.

Instead of lamenting the power we've lost, we should devise ways of regaining it. But we shouldn't put all our eggs in the basket of politics. To switch metaphors, this is the longest of all rows to hoe. It's an invitation to revive the frustration and disillusion that we should be shedding.

Two other action grids will yield more immediate benefits. These are culture and society, the former meaning our spiritual values and aspirations and the art that expresses them, the latter the social corral in which we have to operate.

As to culture, we should fortify ourselves with the epochal literature, drama, painting and other artistic achievements of our people. Too often we know less about our cultural riches than the art-robbing, art-perverting minority members. To dwell on the greatness of our past is to acquire a piece of its greatness.

Concurrently, we must point our minds towards a new horizon of creativity. Since World War II America has become a spiritual septic tank. We, the direct-line descendants of the race that produced the greatest art, have produced little of our own. When will we come to realize that one outstanding poet or painter is worth fifty congressmen?

The joys of high culture are not limited to those of us who are highly gifted. On a lower but still significant level, we need songs for our meetings, impassioned prose for our manifestoes and slambang designs for our posters. Even a well-written letter to the editor can be a work of art. And as we create, we will rediscover the therapeutic wonders of artistic endeavor.

Culture, however, is not a wildflower. It thrives best in the carefully fertilized soil of community. This is a lesson that must sink home. With all deference to the lone wolf and his formidable self-reliance, only at rare historical moments do wolves not travel in packs. The Majority does not retrieve its wounded. What a contrast with the liberal-minority coalition which even today is still trying to vindicate its worst criminals.

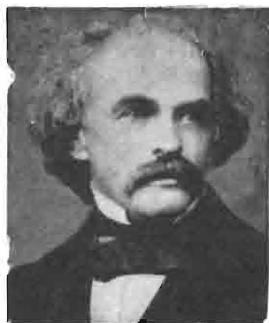
How do we create community? One way is to organize survival squads.

If a Majority member has a job to offer, he must give it to another Majority member. This would help counter the federal (and illegal) affirmative action programs which plug in nonwhites no matter how unqualified, when there are job openings. Survival squads will also provide oases of solidarity and fellowship as the persecution and oppression of the Majority increase.

Survival squads can be built around a special interest, such as recreation. Still heavily conditioned by the Protestant ethic, we have only a hazy notion of *joie de vivre*. Our groups, clubs, teams won't grow until we cease being sad sacks. Let's get back to the Merrie England ethic.

Continued On Page 22

Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman and Melville left the slavery issue to Harriet Beecher Stowe



Hawthorne

WERE AMERICA'S GREATEST WRITERS RACISTS?



Stowe

Few writers who concur in Ezra Pound's opinion that "artists are the antennae of the race" take seriously or literally Ezra's minor premise that the artist has a concomitant obligation to rebroadcast his received wisdom. For his pains over Radio Rome on Mussolini's behalf, Pound was imprisoned in an open cage, tried for treason and then declared insane. Released in 1958, he returned to Italy, lapsed into silence and died. Although regarded as one of the poetic pathfinders of the twentieth century, Pound the politico was an embarrassment to his friends and admirers, an outrageous and quixotic figure—the quintessential eccentric. Never before had a major American artist betrayed such a frenzied obsession with politics, and never before had an artist's politics entered so integrally into his art. When Pound was awarded the 1948 Bollingen Prize for his *Pisan Cantos* (which recount his experiences as a prisoner of his own country's army) critics and the public were indignant. Few had any informed objections to Pound on poetic grounds; rather, the issue was moral. How, they hollered, could a jury award such a distinction to a lunatic fascist? It was not so much that they scrupled at a political role for the artist. How could they since many of them plainly stated their own political preference for poets with liberal-democratic plumage? What they rejected was not politics, but Pound's politics. And so it went, and so it goes. Only a gifted few are capable of distinguishing between what an artist says and the artistry with which he says it. Milton, for instance, would probably be more highly thought of today if one could only forget his defense of regicide and simply appreciate the beauty of his words and craftsmanship. We seem willing to grant the artist oracular status only so long as his ideology ratifies our own.

This problem is raised again in the introduction to *Race and the American Romantics* (Schocken, 1971), an anthology of writings on slavery by ten of the most important American novelists, poets, and essayists of the nineteenth century. Editors Vincent Freimark and Bernard Rosenthal, while exhibiting that brand of academic smugness peculiar to scholarly iconoclasts, seem nevertheless genuinely pained by the revelations their book contains. Sounding for all the world as if

they were debunking Santa Claus in the presence of a teary-eyed Virginia, they swallow hard and report, "unpleasant as it will prove to those who prefer their Romantics on the side of the angels... at best, in a surprising number of cases no passionate antipathy against slavery existed among the American Romantics. At worst, they were racists."

Chief among the latter was Edgar Allan Poe, whose "views on slavery—on race in general—corresponded perfectly with those of the South's most articulate defenders of the institution, John C. Calhoun and Thomas E. Dew." Freimark and Rosenthal continue:

Stated briefly, the views of these men were that blacks were biologically inferior and, since all cultures were founded on the institution of slavery (i.e., "wage slavery" in the North or in Europe), the only question for a society to answer was what type of slavery it would have. Negro slavery was thus seen to be highly desirable, since it united political law with biological law. To this view, Poe was totally committed. His literary work reflects it.

A brief but illuminating discussion of *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* then follows, in which the cryptic conclusion of Poe's only novel is convincingly explicated by demonstrating its relationship to Poe's ideas on race.

One might expect Poe, a Southerner, to champion the institution of slavery, but it comes as a genuine surprise to read that Walt Whitman was not far behind him. More than anyone else, Whitman seems to editors Freimark and Rosenthal an especially despicable character. "Of all the American Romantics," they observe,

no writer has more totally been seen as the embodiment of an egalitarian democratic spirit. The man and his work have been viewed as one, the poet and the poem as part of an organic democratic whole. This view has done justice neither to history nor to Whitman's brilliant ability to divorce his private political visions from the poetic pose he maintained in his guise as the lyric spokesman for the transcendent bond of humanity.

To be sure, Whitman "opposed the extension of slavery"—but for reasons wholly different from those of the ordinary abolitionist. He believed slavery would

Continued On Page 22

The State is not the Fatherland

THE GERMAN SCENE

Hanns-Martin Schleyer, president of the West German employee's association, was kidnapped by a terrorist group known as the "Red Army Faction" (RAF) in late summer. A junior SS officer who after the war became one of Germany's top managers and the employers' chief labor negotiator, Schleyer was in his Mercedes when it was stopped by a van parked in the middle of a road outside Cologne. The next moment driver Marcisz and Schleyer's three bodyguards died in a hail of bullets. Following on the heels of RAF murders of Judge Drenkmann in West Berlin, West Germany's Supreme Court attorney general Buback and banker Juergen Ponto, the kidnapping of Schleyer rocked the foundations of the postwar West German Republic. Chancellor Schmidt ordered a news blackout to enable secret negotiations to be conducted with the mediator named by the terrorists, a Swiss attorney.

The gang's immediate aim was to hold Schleyer as a hostage to barter for the hardcore of the old RAF (otherwise known as the Baader Meinhof gang), a bunch of Marxist hoods euphemistically described as "anarchists" by West Germany's liberal media, who were held in the Stuttgart-Stammheim prison, an impenetrable, helicopter-patrolled concrete fortress. Here, Andreas Baader and Gudrun Ensslin were serving long prison sentences for bank robbery and murder. Except for a recent hunger strike (broken off when informed by their "anarchist" lawyers, who have free access to the prison, that something spectacular was in the air), Andreas and Gudrun actually never had it so good. Protestations of "isolation torture" and "guard brutality" notwithstanding, just prior to going on their hunger strike they were found enjoying a champagne breakfast in bed—need it be added, in the same bed.

Then came the hijacking of the Lufthansa plane, the German Entebbe, the discovery of Schleyer's body in France and the suicide of Baader, Ensslin and another terrorist, Jan-Carl Raspe.

Asked about the suicides, our German correspondent writes:

Admittedly it does seem strange that all three of them should choose to commit suicide on receiving the news that the hostages were freed. If two had pistols (Baader and Raspe), why did they use their guns to end their own lives instead of taking a couple of guards as hostages and trying to break out? It also seems strange that Baader should somehow have succeeded in the rather remarkable feat of shooting himself in the back of the neck!

If it was not suicide the logical alternative is that it was murder. Leaving Christian and liberal dogma aside for a moment, it is not too difficult to see that situations may arise when the state must kill. It would be childish

to pretend otherwise. But can anyone imagine that our Social Democrats in their mad do-goodism could possibly ever wake up to such an unpleasant reality? On the other hand, and thank heavens, Schmidt is not a typical Social Democrat (in the sense that Brandt is one). Schmidt is a realist.

At present we have no proof either way. Conceivably, it could have been suicide. A vast majority of the German public seems to be very firmly convinced that it was.

Later the Marxist gunslingers announced they would blow up three Lufthansa planes (while airborne) after November 15 "to avenge the murder of our three comrades in Stammheim prison by the fascist-capitalist Schmidt government." In this way Germans were informed that death would be the co-pilot when they board a German plane after that date. The war goes on.

The net result has been that Chancellor Schmidt has had a tremendous boost in popularity. And Ulrich Wegener's men of the GSG 9 special force who performed the daring rescue of the hostages from the jet in Somalia are now almost as popular as SS units used to be during World War II. As long as the media don't interfere, the people will always adore their "leathernecks."

If this, in a sense, is a positive development, there is also a negative aspect. The situation is complicated by the fact that the German terrorists (for whom "nuts" would be a fairly restrained epithet) have allied themselves with Arab terrorists (who have a real, not imagined grievance). Though it is not too well known, Ulrich Wegener took part as a "guest" in the Israeli Entebbe operation.

Incidentally, Somalians had to be bribed to let the GSG 9 go to work on their territory. Somalia (3,200,000 inhabitants) is now getting 400 million marks worth of credits. As a comparison, India (600,000,000 inhabitants) is getting a minimum of 360 million marks in German credits per annum.

As for GSG 9 (*Grenzschutzgruppe 9*), it is part of the *Bundesgrenzschutz*, a border police force originally created to guard the frontier with East Germany. The *Bundesgrenzschutz* is not equipped with heavy arms, but it is a much tougher fighting force than comparable *Bundeswehr* units, and is more in the tradition of the *Wehrmacht*. BGS men still wear the old-style German helmets (in contrast *Bundeswehr* soldiers must wear American-type helmets). The GSG 9 special force was formed out of the BGS some years ago when the terrorists committed their first murders. Bonn politicians had to have tough guys to guard them. Thus, if the BGS is an elite force, the GSG 9 is even more so. Ironically, even a knock-kneed liberal democracy such as West Germany cannot quite do without a military elite (after all the vows that there never would be such a thing again).

The GSG 9 can do little against the stepped-up terrorist war on German exports, especially in France and Italy. One of the organizers is the German Joerg Lang (like Ensslin, the progeny of a Christian minister in Hegel's Swabia). There are only a handful of German ter-

Continued On Page 23

Sherlock Holmes versus Dr. John Evelyn Thorndyke

A TALE OF TWO DETECTIVES

Everyone is quite familiar with Sherlock Holmes and his faithful friend and biographer, Dr. John H. Watson. To many of us they conjure up visions of Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce tracking down numerous villains, ranging from the diabolical Professor Moriarty to German spies with accents thicker than Henry Kissinger's. Holmes, some of us may remember, was the protagonist in several World War II propaganda movies in which he pursued Nazi secret agents, when in the rough chronology of the original stories he would have been about eighty-five and would have more logically been chasing the agents of the Kaiser.

Many people have tried their hands at writing Sherlock Holmes stories, including some outlined by Conan Doyle himself, but never completed. The most recent and probably the most publicized have been the tales of New York-born Nicholas Meyer, whose *Seven-per-cent-Solution* has been made into a movie. The plot has Sigmund Freud treating Holmes for his cocaine addiction and for his paranoid persecution of an innocent Professor Moriarty. In the process detective, doctor and psychiatrist stage a slapstick train chase of an anti-Semitic Austrian nobleman who is trying to pay off his gambling debts by selling his mistress to a Turkish official with an understaffed harem.

Much less known than Holmes is Dr. John Evelyn Thorndyke, another scientifically oriented detective who was created by R. Austin Freeman and appeared during Conan Doyle's declining years. Unlike Holmes, Thorndyke was decidedly uneccentric and something of an academic grind, being qualified both as a doctor and a lawyer. The Thorndyke stories are well researched and meticulously written. Whereas Holmes has fits of inspiration and is the darling of Lady Luck, Thorndyke is extremely methodical, lugging around a microscope and a portable chemical laboratory instead of a mere magnifying glass. By paying it so much literary lip service author Freeman probably advanced the technique of scientific detection as much, if not more, than Doyle.

Conan Doyle, a lapsed Catholic of Irish, French and Scotch extraction, had many of the objectionable traits of today's liberals and occasionally used Sherlock Holmes as a forum for his ideology. Once Holmes favored the idea of an Atlantic Union. In *The Naval Treaty* he tells us that education for the lower classes is going to make England a much better place to live. In *The Yellow Face* there is so much crass misinformation about miscegenation that even a minority anthropologist would have to smirk.

On the other hand, Conan Doyle seems to have given due weight to hereditary factors and never prostituted his stories to paint wheedling portraits of

Jews. In fact, Sherlock Holmes once outwitted a Jew peddler by jewing him out of a Stradivarius for only 55 shillings. In real life, however, Doyle went out of his way to defend a German Jew, who was convicted of murder, and he did his part in opening the doors to the flood of colored immigration which threatens to end England's long history by establishing the innocence of an Indian Parsee convicted of animal torture.

By contrast, Dr. Freeman—like Doyle he was a physician—was an activist in eugenics, being a frequent contributor to the *Eugenics Review*. His hero, Dr. Thorndyke, on at least one occasion gave a lecture on the persistence of ancient racial types in the modern world. Freeman was not sympathetic with most of the political refugees in Britain and this healthy prejudice often comes through in his writings. One novel *The Stoneware Monkey* is very much a satire on modern art.

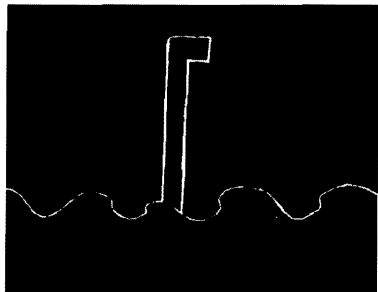


Conan Doyle

The period after World War I was one of social and cultural decay in the Western world, despite (or abetted by) technological progress and economic growth. R. Austin Freeman and some others diagnosed the problems and prescribed the cure, but it was too bitter a pill to swallow after such a great military victory for democracy. The nostalgia and charm of Doyle's gaslight era still clouds our thinking today. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson seem very much more real than the plastic world we live in. The White Man's Burden, updated by HEW and Andrew Young, is a wonderful experience in sanctimonious self-righteousness, far removed from the ugly realities of a thousand black ghettos, the tidal waves of illegal (and legal) immigrants and the atomic weapons of China, India and Israel. The conservative wants to go back to 1895 and the liberal still thinks he's there.

Continued On Page 24

More firsthand evidence of the General's drinking habits



A PERISCOPIC VIEW OF GEORGE MARSHALL

Anent the recent tiff in *Instauration* about the temperance of the late, relatively unlamented General George Catlett Marshall, I believe that as a former enlisted man I can make a small and unimportant contribution to all the sound and fury.

A short time after that bleak December 1941 day "that will live in infamy," I enlisted in the army. Too bad I didn't know then what I know now. I was assigned immediately (sans basic training) to duty as personal secretary/stenographer to Lt. Gen. Lesley J. McNair.

There was no Pentagon then. Franklin Roosevelt had only recently conceived and ordered the construction of that grotesque architectural monstrosity.

So, lacking an imperial Pentagon, Army GHQ was partly located at the War Department in the Munitions Building on the Mall between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, and partly at the Army War College. General Marshall was army chief of staff. After a quick organizational shuffle of the military services by Harry Hopkins, Lesley McNair found himself commanding general of the army ground forces. Harry then reached deeper into the political grab bag and came up with the late Henry Harley Arnold (nicknamed "Hap" because of his relentless grinning). "Hap" Arnold became an instant lieutenant general and head of the army air forces. Another blind grab brought up a civilian named Brian Summerville, who was made an instant lieutenant general in command of the newly formed services of supply.

I put all the foregoing in for perspective. Despite my tossing rocks at "instant generals," I was myself an instant "master sergeant," a lowly enlisted man, but a necessary perquisite for a general officer. There were four of us on rotating six-hour shifts so that at any hour the commanding general could have secretarial service. After all, there was a war on and commanding generals could be, if it was all that important, awakened during beddy bye.

Having now established my bona fides, I can say I had a ringside seat at history in the making. From my desk outside General McNair's office, I had close and sometimes intimate glimpses of the senior military movers and shakers who came and went. From a desk inside the general's office, where each of us four non-coms served our six-hour shift, I had intimate glimpses of the old West Point warhorse in action. I was there when he nearly died of a stroke upon being informed that his deputy chief of staff, Lt. Col. Mark Clark, had

been selected by Harry Hopkins to be an instant brigadier general, pole vaulting—so to speak—over a gaggle of senior officers. Gen. McNair got Gen. Marshall on the phone and told him coldly that he *could not* approve this political promotion, this . . . this . . . ignoring of military protocol and army regulations. An officer, McNair said, needed the experience of years in rank and service to justify a single grade promotion. To skip grades and jump over senior rankers was unconscionable. Need I mention how far he got with that line?

Now for more perspective. It came to pass that a beldame of Washington society named Evelyn MacLean did, on New Year's Eve of 1942, give a ball. She dwelt in splendor in an enormous estate called "Friendship" in the Washington banlieue. On this gala occasion, she made available through channels a limited number of invitations to lowborn enlisted men, equally divided among the army, the navy and the army air forces. I made an ass of myself conniving for one of those invitations, and I got one. I had the hots to see the wattles that sported the Hope diamond.

Everybody who was anybody was there, including Harry the Hop. Eleanor came disguised as a woman, escorted by her favorite little minority protégé Joseph P. Lash. Franklin was busy elsewhere that night (with Missy LeHand?), but he sent regrets via his naval aide Admiral Leahy. Henry Wallace came, and Frances Perkins, and Frank Knox and Henry Stimson and Harold Ickes and Bernie Baruch and Herbie Lehman and Henry Luce and the Ochs and the Sulzbergers. Gen. Marshall was there, too, gradually but inevitably melting into the waiting arms of his wife and aide-de-camp (a lieutenant colonel, I think) for support.

I was delighted to see—indeed, I was mesmerized by—Evelyn's Hope diamond, big as an English walnut and lighted from within by a thousand fires. It was blinding. It swung here and there on an unduly long chain; it swayed and glittered and bemused and whenever anyone talked with her, their eyes followed every motion of that hypnotic hunk of carbon.

This is supposed to be a vignette about the closet weakness of George Marshall, and I'll get back to that directly, but I just *must* pass along the picture that in memory I prize most highly of all the others that I acquired on that sparkling night. As Mrs. MacLean was surrounded by cocktail-slugging diamond peekers, into her immediate circle drifted the ambassadress from India. There descended on the crowd around the suddenly stupefied hostess a stunned silence. The sari-



RICHARD WAGNER

Interpretation, the element that gives a particular flavor to music, can be the difference between a good and a bad performance. When the interpretation is distorted for whatever reason, a wholesale alteration of the composition occurs. There are built-in constraints to distortion in instrumental music, where less discretion is left to the performer. Opera, on the other hand, with its theatrical trimmings offers the imaginative performer or director a much greater opportunity to let his artistic perceptions go beyond all reasonable bounds. Tradition has usually acted as a brake on the more iconoclastic operatic productions, restricting the interpretive differences to divergent acting styles. Until recently, for instance, no one had considered changing the historical settings of classical operas.

Now such scruples seem to have been all but forgotten as greater and greater liberties have been taken with the works of Northern European composers. The practice is becoming so common that it amounts to a subtle yet effective manner of cultural dispossession.

In his writings and music Wagner openly proclaimed his Northern European heritage. Almost as a sort of musical reflex, whenever a minority director or conductor produces one of Wagner's works, he invariably presents it in the wrong light.

The performance of an opera in the language of the nation where it is being presented is not necessarily bad per se. It makes the plot and arias more understandable to both the golden circle and the peanut gallery. But it has one great flaw. By changing the meaning of only a few words here and there, the

CORRUPTING THE HERITAGE

translator can superimpose his own ideas on those of the composer.

During the 1976 season at the New York City Opera, a new version of *Die Meistersinger* was performed in English. The translation was by John Gutman, who took it upon himself to find English words that closely resemble the original German as to number of consonants and vowels, but may be miles apart in meaning. To take one example, the original libretto contains the German word for "vain," for which Gutman substituted "crazy," obviously something quite different. Although Gutman may say he has done this to make the word more singable, it raises the question of whether music can be faithfully performed in a minority-dominated cultural milieu.

Another typical perversion occurred in the Paris Opera's recent performance of Wagner's *Das Rheingold*. Since he took over as director of the Paris Opera in 1973, Rolf Liebermann has won tremendous critical plaudits for his "imaginative" performances. By introducing radical changes into established works, he has come to represent the stereotype of the novelty-obsessed minority interpreter.

To produce *Das Rheingold* Liebermann chose the young avant-garde hyperleftist Peter Stein. To quote the review of *Das Rheingold* in *High Fidelity*:

Stein transformed the Rhine maidens into cackling prostitutes, the Nibelungs into squirming serfs, the giants into only slightly less lumpen working stiffs and the gods into representatives of the doomed European bourgeoisie, dressed in zany evening clothes that suggested a music hall sketch of about 1914. Valhalla was a red plush salon glimpsed through an opening in the wall of a sort of boiler factory and finally reached by a very realistic, although rainbow-shaped footbridge.

Most banal of all was the final reaction of the *High Fidelity* critic who, after admitting that the revisions seemed to be fighting the music, said, "the whole business was admirably, if rather perversely, faithful to the libretto."

Last year, our bicentennial year, the Eastman School of Music decided to reproduce the first American ballad opera, composed by an anonymous individual named Andrew Barton, Esq. Called "The Disappointment" and published in 1767, it was originally suppressed, the notes of an Eastman press

The Cultural Catacombs

High Culture

More than a dozen people, said police, watched impassively as a 34-year-old woman was stabbed to death in the subway station at Lincoln Center in New York City. Before she died she screamed, "Leave me alone, leave me alone." Everyone did, except her killer, whose motive was robbery and who was not apprehended. The victim had a master's degree from Columbia Teachers College.

* * *

Lucius Amerson, first black sheriff in Alabama since Reconstruction days and highly touted over the years by the TV networks, was indicted by a grand jury recently for illegally collecting \$756 from the county commission in a gasoline ripoff and for allowing a prisoner to escape from the county jail. The jury described the sheriff's accomplishments in office as "asinine, incompetent, ineffective, inefficient, degrading, and even dangerous."

* * *

The U.S. for twenty months financed the expenses, amounting to \$2.8 million, of a 202-member Israeli arms purchasing mission in New York. It is the only arms purchasing team ever financed this way by American funds.

* * *

The FBI has tenuously linked Karen DeCrow, former head of the National Organization for Women, with Ethel and Julius Rosenberg of atomic spy renown. Ms. DeCrow, who at the time was Karen Lipschultz, denied the charge.



Saved by Strakosch

Winston Churchill, on the verge of bankruptcy in 1938 with debts of about \$170,000, was rescued by Sir Henry Strakosch, a Jewish South African moneybags. Since this was a straight-out gift, we might speculate as to what quo Strakosch received for his quid. Might it have been a stiffening of Churchill's attitude toward Hitler, or did the gesture come before the reward?

* * *

Ronald Dworkin, an American Jewish law professor who now holds a prestigious teaching post at Oxford (*Time* cutely calls him the "Yank at Oxford"), recently opined: "A judge should act imaginatively when he feels that a minority is threatened with moral and social prejudice. . . . Why should intelligence be officially superior to any other virtue—color, rhythm or kindness, for example? . . . A qualified white has no inherent right to be admitted to a medical school ahead of a less qualified minority member."

* * *

President Carter approved the construction of a \$5.5 million Jewish synagogue at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, where the Jewish percentage of the cadets is infinitesimal.

* * *

Pat Caddell and Gerald Rafshoon, two cronies of Jimmy the Tooth, after putting together deals that have involved blue movies, have now been hired by a consortium of bank executives to sell the public on checkless banking.

* * *

"Then, there was a period in my life when I would think, 'Should I dress like a white person?' . . . I went through a phase where I didn't want to wear blue jeans because they were too white. It was a weird kind of reverse identity that can only happen to you when you are a teenager—when you completely take on the blackness and it becomes your personality." Daryl Hall, white rock star.

* * *

Various minority organizations have sought to prevent the sale of nineteen branches of the Bank of California to a Japanese bank on the grounds that none of the latter's branch managers are black, Spanish-surnamed, Chinese-American or female.

* * *

For the fiscal year ending May 31, 1976, CORE, the black racist organization, reported contributions of \$4 million. But less than 40¢ on the dollar trickled down to minority Joe Blows. One reason was the \$25,000-\$30,000 salaries for boss Ray Innis and his top aides. James Farmer, who founded CORE in 1941, says, "As far as I am concerned, CORE is dead." Not to law enforcement officials, however, who have been deluged of late with complaints about CORE's strongarm collection methods.

* * *

Eldridge Cleaver and wife Kathleen have filed a \$4.5 million damage suit against some former Nixon cabinet officers and FBI officials. Cleaver, a confessed rapist who jumped bail in 1968 on an attempted murder charge, has been living it up in style as a high-paid performer on the Born Again circuit. Cleaver's defense committee, which has so far been able to keep him out of jail after his return from exile in Third World countries, is headed by Bayard Rustin, chairman of Black Americans for a Secure Israel. Cleaver's first public appearance on his arrival in this country was to condemn his former Algerian, Cuban and Russian friends for equating Zionism with racism.

* * *

Black groups are worried about the new Begin government in Israel. They are afraid that an Orthodox Jewish premier will no longer recognize Sammy Davis, Jr., as an authentic Jew.

Lopsided Coverage

In the *New York Times* (August 14, 1977), prominently displayed on the front page under a big incendiary headline and dressed up with a wire photo of a brick-throwing youth, was a report from London that 68 persons were injured, including 35 policemen, and 148 persons were arrested in a "clash" between leftists and rightists. The truth was that a gang of Maoists, Trotskyites and minority racists had attacked a peaceful National Front demonstration. But this is the kind of truth that would have created sympathy for the National Front and therefore could not be told.

In the *New York Times* (August 30,

1977) there was some similar news from London, this time about a Negro riot during the annual West Indian shindig in Notting Hill. This time some 127 were hurt, including 30 bobbies, and an unknown number were arrested. This time there were black assaults on whites, with the usual accompanying knifings, muggings, attacks on women and robberies. Where did the *Times* put this story, which surely rated as much or more coverage than the previous right-left fracas? It interred it on an inside page without any dramatic photos.

To the *Times*, as to practically every other U.S. newspaper, a rightwing march, provided it is properly and appropriately mauled by leftwing thugs, is much more newsworthy than a mass attack of blacks against whites.

Not at all newsworthy to the *New York Times* was the London *Time's* A to Z expose' of Israel's torture of Arab freedom fighters. The story was hardly mentioned by America's most influential newspaper. In fact, the only U.S. newspaper that gave it any play at all was the *Boston Globe*.

The New Poetry

I am Black and proud of it, they yelled to anyone who would listen as they passed their way.

I am Afro-American, an African, a Negro, a Blackman!

I am better than that white honky with his flat behind and his pointy nose and his stringy, long hair.

I don't need an umbrella to hide from the sun,

Not me! I can stand in that sun and drink every ray without becoming a beet.

Because I am black and proud of it!

The above is the first stanza of a poem by Tina Miles as it appeared in a publication called the Third Century, which was distributed free to students, black and white, at the American High School, Dade County, Florida.

The Rediscovery of Truth

The truth is coming out shred by shred—the old truth that has always been known to the people at large, but somehow is described as new and sensational when it appears in social science papers and is later abstracted in the daily press.

Recently a team of University of Minnesota psychologists "discov-

ered" that children inherit a predisposition for the careers they follow in later life. All the parental influence in the world, the psychologists asserted, only rarely succeeds in changing the path the children select for themselves.

Environmentalists try to convince us that a musician father has a very good chance of making a musician out of his son. What the environmentalists don't tell us is that the musical father has himself inherited a predisposition for music and his son therefore is likely to inherit the same trait.

The University of Minnesota research "revealed" that adopted children were no more similar to their parents in regard to interests, pursuits and careers than could have been expected by pure chance. On the other hand, there were marked career and other similarities among children and parents in "biological" families. Since the adopted children had been with their surrogate parents since infancy, strong parental influence as to occupation or profession would have been expected after eighteen years. But no significant correlation was found.

New Legal Rackets

Suing policemen and police departments is becoming quite the thing in the seamier side of the legal profession. The lawyers who specialize in these cases, as listed in the publication *Juris Doctor* (April 1977), are Walter L. Gerash, Robert Howard, Anne Seidman, Werner von Rosenstiele, David Rudovsky and David Kairys. A leading protector and defender of the police against such barratry is Wayne W. Schmidt, head of the Americans for Effective Law Enforcement, Inc. The racial lineup of the lawyers follows the usual pattern.

Suits against police were made possible in 1961 when the Supreme Court opened up the Federal Courts to such litigation under the 1871 civil rights statute. In 1962, 1,741 suits were initiated. In 1976, some 14,000 were filed.

Damages of up to \$1 million have been awarded in accidental police shootings, with a large portion of the loot going to the lawyers.

Mr. von Rosenstiele explained his interest in the legal hounding of policemen by saying he left Germany more than thirty-five years ago because of Nazi brutality and therefore felt obliged "as a matter of conscience, to oppose similar abuses here."

* * *

Even more costly to taxpayers are

the legal ploys of Team Defense, Inc., a gaggle of liberal-minority lawyers who are determined that no black murderer will ever again be executed. With seemingly unlimited funds, massive chutzpah and a genetic disdain for criminal justice, Team Defense attorneys stoop to every legal technicality in the book to block the normal course of criminal justice. The prosecution in Georgia of Henry Willis, a twenty-two-year-old black high school dropout who killed a white policeman, was challenged every step of the way. Lanier county was forced to pay huge expenses for "expert witnesses," whose testimony was confined to trivialities, as the trial turned into a racial siege. Just the preliminary legal maneuvers of the Willis case (defense challenges eliminated six judges) have cost the county \$100,000, almost as much as its annual tax revenues. In June, after a year of pretrial maneuvers, a judge threw out the indictment because there weren't enough women on the grand jury.

Team Defense, encouraged by Anthony Amsterdam of the Stanford University law school, is obviously hoping to make trials of Negro murderers so expensive that the prosecution will have no choice but to let them go free. If Amsterdam and his legal cohorts have their way, we may expect capital punishment, if it exists at all in a few years, to become lily white.

A Very Strange Oriental Egghead

Stephane Groueff of *France Soir*, one of the few reporters to get close to Cambodia since the takeover, says the country is run by "one, two, three, perhaps as many as a half dozen sadistic madmen." He reports that a Catholic priest who lived there from 1965 to 1975 estimated a genocide toll of 800,000 in two years. A U.S. State Department official puts the number of liquidated Cambodians at 1.2 million. Among the intellectuals running this coolie paradise, which has reduced the Cambodian population by at least thirty percent, is Presidium head Khieu Samphan, educated in France, Prime Minister Pol Pot, Communist party secretary general Saloth Sar and Hanoi intellectual leng Sari, whose real name—fasten your seatbelts—is Nguyen Sao Levy.

No Theseus in Sight

The Minnesota Strip, bordering New York City's Times Square, is reserved for male and female prostitutes, many in their early teens, whose blonde hair and light eyes generally indicate a Midwest origin. Historically, these physical traits have always brought the highest prices on the sex market.

Some Minnesota officials have come to New York to attempt to rescue what one of them calls members of "our stock." So far they have not been too successful, mainly because Negro pimps have terrorized, beaten and drugged their white slaves, some of them runaway boys and girls taken bodily away from bus stations, into almost total submission.



Theseus killing the Minotaur

In olden times Athens used to send seven youths and seven maidens to King Minos of Crete each year to be offered up as sacrifices to the Minotaur, a monster with a bull's body and a human head. Things have not changed much. Each year, each month, each day, Majority fathers and mothers see their offspring disappearing into the labyrinths of Hollywood, our leading universities and more recently, the Minnesota Strip. Being over much quicker, the agony of the Athenian sacrificial victims was by no means as great. It did not linger on for years until the tortured captives finally succumbed to venereal disease, the hypodermic needle or the stompings of their pimps.

Theseus stopped the human tribute Athens sent to Crete by boldly entering the labyrinth and slaying the Minotaur. Where is our Theseus? Where is the man who will rescue our brothers and sisters, our sons and daughters from their Negro slave masters, their minority university professors and Hollywood producers?

He is nowhere in sight. It seems there is no limit to the humiliation that Majority members are willing to accept, even to the point of watching with no visible reaction the total physical and mental debasement of their own flesh and blood.

The Minority Bomb

The Race Bomb by Paul Ehrlich, author of *The Population Bomb*, and Shirley Feldman, a psychologist by profession and a tribalist by inclination, is the latest assault on majority scientists by minorityites, and a perfect example of the anti-Western, anti-scientific hysteria that was so thoroughly examined in the article, "The Minority War On Science" (*Instauration*, Sept. 1977).

Aimed primarily at the liberal-minority coalition sitting in the Catbird's Seat of the 20th Century (the master control room of SUPERMEDIA that processes, selects and distributes the information suitable for force-feeding the masses). *The Race Bomb* is purportedly the most up-to-date repudiation of all of those "pseudo-scientific and racist eugenics movements" that dare to claim that heredity accounts for a significant portion of human behavior.

All the liberal's scapegoatish "eugenicists-racists" are here—Carleton Coon, William Shockley, Edward O. Wilson, Francis Galton, Arthur Jensen et al. As for those majority scientists who don't exactly quack and waddle like the most obvious racist degenerates, they are, like H. J. Eysenck, "suffering from dangerous delusions," or, like Charles B. Davenport, supported by "rich Wasps anxious to maintain their dominance over an increasingly non-Wasp nation."

Not all "outspoken scientists" are "on the racist side," the authors delight in telling us. There are always "true radicals" who are willing to go against the "racism of their day"—stalwart souls like Boas and Wilder who were valiantly battling their "racist scientific colleagues" around the turn of the century, stemming the tide of "middle-

class white racism." Many other defenders of the minority view are also cited, among them, Burt Green, H. J. Muller, and that stolid Stalinist Leon Kamin—all having labored mightily to repudiate the "fascist vigilanism" of the pernicious "eugenicist-racist."

It's interesting but hardly surprising to note that in a book as obsessed with "racism" as *The Race Bomb*, we find no mention of the monumentally slanted minorityism of Nathaniel Weyl, Susan Sontag, Norman Mailer, Stefan T. Possony, Ernest van den Haag and C. P. Snow.

A walking, talking exhibit of the Jewish flair for headlines, Paul Ehrlich, like Carl Sagan, can always find an outlet for his minority pseudoscience on the feloniously overacted Johnny Carson Show. Talent Coordinators Paul Bloch and Barbara Shotel see to it that "The Tonight Show" is the top showcase for Jewish personalities (writers, singers, actors and stand-up comics) on TV. It will be an unseasonable day in Gehenna, however, before a majority scientist with a "radical" point of view—Arthur Butz, for instance—will be allowed to break the sound barrier of SUPERMEDIA.

There is another bomb book begging to be written—about the most important bomb of all—The Minority Bomb. Hopefully, some qualified Instaurationist will dedicate himself to this task posthaste.

Big Labor vs. Capital Punishment

In May 1967 twenty-five national organizations joined together to set up the National Committee to Abolish the Federal Death Penalty. Based in Washington, D. C., and chaired by Michael DiSalle, former Governor of Ohio, the committee has enjoyed considerable success. There has only been one execution since 1967. The exception was murderer, rapist and professional robber Gary Mark Gilmore, whose miserable life was ended by a firing squad on January 17, 1977.

Prominent among the list of the twenty-five organizations dedicated to the proposition that capital punishment must be ended are the Industrial Union Department, AFL-CIO; United Automobile Workers; and the Transport Workers Union of America.

This powerful consortium should give cause for anxiety among concerned citizens. It is difficult to believe that

most dues-paying members of these three huge labor organizations support their leaders on this issue, or that they are even aware that their representatives are lobbying hard to preserve the lives of those who have taken lives.

Americans are a house divided on the death penalty. Confronted by the vast judicial resources arrayed against the victims of a capital crime, we have the right to raise this all-important question: Who speaks for the unheard majority of America's fearful and bewildered citizens? Obviously, the leaders of the largest labor unions do not. They dance to the tune of the American Civil Liberties Union, long the bellweather of groups shielding the criminal brotherhood from justice.

We might further ask: Who speaks for the dead victim and for the often destitute survivor or survivors of the victim?

Perhaps the union members should reexamine the credentials of those who have for so long perpetuated themselves in office, and who have allied themselves with the following organizations, all of which are shackled to the proposition that the death penalty is no deterrent to crime:

1. American League to Abolish Capital Punishment
2. American Civil Liberties Union
3. NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc.
4. National Council on Crime and Delinquency
5. American Correctional Association
6. Americans for Democratic Action
7. American Veterans Committee
8. National Council of Catholic Women
9. Department of Christian Social Relations, Executive Council, Episcopal Church
10. Friends Committee on National Legislation
11. Union of American Hebrew Congregations
12. Board of Social Ministry, Lutheran Church in America
13. Board of Christian Social Concerns, The Methodist Church
14. Office of Church and Society, United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.
15. Unitarian Universalist Association
16. Department of Social Action, United Church of Christ
17. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom
18. National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the U.S.A.
19. Department of Christian Action and Community Action and Community Service, the United Christian Missionary Society
20. Industrial Union Dept., AFL-CIO
21. American Ethical Union
22. United Automobile Workers
23. Transport Workers Union of America

24. Synagogue Council of America
25. Citizens Against Legalized Murder, Inc.

South African Gas Chambers?

Blacks are beginning to rip many pages out of the racial book of Israel, the biggest page ripper so far being the *Zambia Daily Mail*. According to its editor, Elija Kavungo, "hundreds" of South African blacks are "being sent to the gas chambers." When a white South African reporter telephoned the Zambian newspaper to find out the location of the gas chambers, he was told "only the editor knows that" and unfortunately "he was on a study tour of America—meeting top level government contacts."

Is the second Hoax of the Twentieth Century abuilding? Arthur Butz better hop the next jet to Pretoria.

The Compromised Land

In Galilee, native land of the greatest advocate of human rights, Israelis seem to be running an Unequal Opportunity Agency. At the Ford and Dodge plants, non-Jews are hired only when and if Jews are not available, and when Jews become available, non-Jews are fired. If U.S. business firms reversed the process, either at home or abroad, they would become liable to severe penalties.

It also seems that the purpose of non-Jewish charities in Israel and the occupied areas is being deliberately perverted. The Frank Sinatra Center for International Understanding between Arabs, Jews and Americans has been taken over by Histadrut, the Zionist labor union, and the Cardinal Cushing Medical Center, established for the benefit of all races, has been requisitioned as an administration building by Histadrut's medical insurance program.

It is doubtful if the Boston Irish, who contributed so heavily to the Cushing Center, know that their hard-earned money is now being spent on the welfare of Israeli citizens who, per capita, receive more outside financial help than any other nationals in the world.

Blond Baby Market

White babies of Northern European origin are now going for up to \$20,000 each on the international adoption

market. It's such a flourishing business that baby brokers are actually soliciting blonde women to become pregnant with guaranteed payments in advance for all medical expenses. In New York there are "baby factories" with expectant mothers given room, board and cash in return for turning over their children at birth.

Most of the mothers come from small homes in the Midwest. A lesser number are imported from Austria and Germany. Racial purity is a key factor, since a money-back guarantee is demanded from the brokers, most of them lawyers, if the baby's skin is not pinkish white.

Congress is expected to try to stop this "free market" because so many hybrid babies and older children are awaiting adoption.

Speed the Day

Let's assume you're allergic to blackberries. Would you make it a point to eat more blackberries every time you broke out in a rash? Well, that's just about the best way to illustrate the latest political strategy of the Republican party. Chairman of the Republican National Committee Bill Brock has now gone on record with the recommendation that his party run black Republicans against white Democrats in the South.

We hope Brock means what he says. This will finally put the Republican party where it belongs, in the political graveyard. The Eastern Establishment and the Kosher-Goldwater-Reagan clique have sold out Majority Republicans long enough. Let them woo their blacks and their Hispanics and all the other unassimilable minorities they can scrounge. One certain effect will be to get Majority members thinking harder about a third party. Another will be to lessen the presently overwhelming influence of blacks in the Democratic party, particularly in the South.

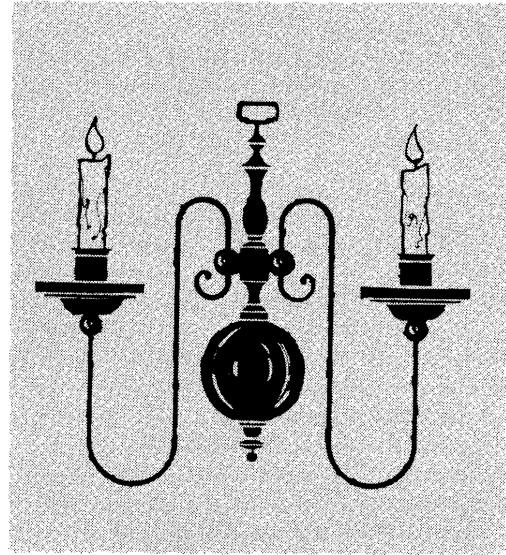
Sooner or later there is going to be a Majority political party in the U.S. or there won't be enough Majority members left to fill a voting booth. The dim possibility that one of the two traditional parties would eventually come around to defend the interests of America's largest population group has long had a dampening effect on the founding of a genuine Majority party.

Let Bill Brock's craven vote-begging at the expense of the Majority speed the birth of a new political alignment in America.



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. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins, Harry Dexter White and James Forrestal, as the "China problem" is handled by surreptitious aid to Mao. Then the outbreak of the Korean War provokes great anxiety among the Soviet agents and their American fellow travelers, who are barely able to turn it into a no-win situation.

PART THREE, ACT II

Scene 4: The Publisher's office in New York City, summer 1950. The Publisher is talking to Stepanov, who has just entered.

Publisher. I was wondering if the little shooting affair in Korea mightn't bring you to see me. Are you in hot water with Moscow?

Stepanov. Not hotter than is usual.

P. That I doubt. When a candidate cleared by Sidney Hillman makes war on the Soviet Empire somebody will have some explaining to do.

S. It is not war. It is, as Mr. Truman says, a police action.

P. I admit that Truman surprised me. So did your friend Gromyko. How is it he wasn't told to veto the war when the question came up before the UN?

S. And leave poor little Truman to fight it with no loyal and helpful assistance from UN members?

P. That is a point. A UN war and a U.S. fight. (*laughing*) It does give your friends a good excuse for resisting every effort to win, doesn't it?

S. So I have calculated. After all, the UN was designed to assist in the irresistible march to peace and world democracy, no?

P. I'm sure you didn't come here to tell me how much you like the UN. It must be what—three or four years since you last thought I was worth a visit?

S. Since the mixed advice about Harry Hopkins.

P. Mixed advice? I gave you good advice, very good advice.

S. You pointed out to me the danger Harry might become. But that was not needed. He died soon afterwards—of Hemochromatosis, they say—and so could no longer be dangerous. Your

other advice was less good. The big playwright. You have read his book on Hopkins? He leaves in so many things he can not understand. Does he suppose all his readers will be so stupid? Why should he tell about burning the "Normandie"? Does he think there were Nazi-controlled unions on the New York waterfront? Why does he remind people that Marshall always pressed for whatever Stalin wanted? Why does he discuss at such silly length so much of Marshall's quiet role in the attack on Pearl Harbor?

P. I'm sure he has no idea that any of those things led anywhere. The man is a devout liberal. He thinks well of Russia because it is a peace-loving, socialist, democratic state. How could any friends of Russia do anything so dastardly as to burn ships or set up a whole battle fleet for a sitting duck? But don't worry, Boris, no one is really suspicious.

S. I do not like it.

P. I hope you don't believe I planted him on you.

S. It is possible. I do not know you well. I have talked with you only twice. Once, as we know, about Harry Hopkins. Once, you remember, about your invention, that is not the word, your creature, your stooge—Willkie.

P. So.

S. I read your papers. I think sometime one way. Sometime another. Always, of course, they deplore Communism. They want to contain the wicked and ambitious Soviet Empire—except . . .

P. Except what?

S. It is hard to say. But when there are two ways for the US Government to oppose us, your papers are always for the one that we do not too much mind. Sometimes I think that is just because you are the stupid capitalist who does not understand that politics is for much more than money. But some-

times I know you do not publish a little paper for our own people but big papers for the many Americans. Them you cannot tell directly to surrender. Them you must scare to death one week and lull to sleep the next. Like you do. But I do not for certain know that this is what you mean to do—that it is not just because of stupidity. I cannot be sure.

P. (mocking) I might be a secret Soviet operator.

S. That is always possible. But if it is so I should know about it. You would come under my jurisdiction.

P. Why don't you ask Moscow?

S. If you are a Soviet agent and Moscow has not told me about you, then I should not ask. I am not meant clearly to know. And if you are not, I do not wish to draw their attention to a mystery I do not myself understand. One that is in my own department.

P. Very sound. So I guess you're stuck with a mystery.

S. There are many things I could do if I wanted to press a little more to find out. But I have not yet done so. I am not sure. I might hurt my own work.

P. You amuse me. What could you do?

S. Do you not know?

P. Of course, I could always die. I've noticed how lucky you are in the way people that bother you disappear so handily. Think what trouble you'd have had from Huey Long, if he had lived.

S. That was Roosevelt's luck, not ours.

P. You can't say you didn't cash in on it. And look at your luck now. If Forrestal hadn't jumped out the window, Truman would certainly have made him Secretary of Defense again instead of appointing Marshall. That wouldn't have promoted peace and the progress of world democracy now would it? But as we've been told long ago there's a tide in these things. People who stand in the way of the inevitable flow of history are bound to be unlucky.

S. It is not a question of luck. What is inevitable about the flow of history is that those opposed to it must die. How else shall the flow become inevitable?

P. The view of a practical man.

S. There would not now be any point in your dying. It would tell me nothing. You can think of nothing else that could be arranged? Something that left still a base for negotiation between us?

P. I have no intention of showing my hand. You tell me.

S. Well, you are a man, so I suppose there is some scandal in your life. Americans are publicly most sensitive about sex. If there is no sex scandal, then you are a fairy, or perhaps just impotent and quarrel with your wife because she feels rightly so neglected. We have friends with columns in the

many, many papers that if I ask will start such stories. Some may even be true, I do not know. But that would be nothing. That would be just to tease you and to tell our own friends that you are a man to destroy. That is a big and most important function of the column writer. How can I be sure that all my people know at once what to do and say? I cannot write to them all myself. I do not even know most of them. To write even to those I know would be too dangerous. So I must pay them, even though some of them are quite expensive. The more they are pious, the more they cost. But it does not too much matter. We get the money from your foreign aid program. Also there are people in the Treasury Department who could get your tax returns reopened if I ask them. You buy much paper. Perhaps there are young men in the antitrust office who could do some investigating. Your big advertisers? Maybe they too would have tax trouble and antitrust trouble. You think maybe I could not do these? Do you know how really your government works or are you just the stupid capitalist?

P. (Getting up and slowly walking to the window with its panoramic view of the city) Yes, Boris, I know you could do it. But don't forget I could strike back. If I wanted to expose your operations, don't you think I could?

S. Certainly, for awhile. But in the end I think we would tear you down and still keep most of our friends.

P. Suppose I got a law passed that the salaries paid pro-Soviet reporters, news analysts, book reviewers, people like that, were classified as political contributions, not tax deductible business expenses. That would be a particularly good joke, wouldn't it?

S. It would be the excellent joke, though perhaps we would not laugh too hard. But you cannot, I think, pass it. Through the House, maybe. But not the Senate. Even if you do, I do not worry. Your High Court quickly decides it is the violation of some amendment. Laws against the advance of peace and world democracy are not constitutional. (He pauses.) But this is not a fight I much wish to get into.

P. Boris, why be so touchy? Just assume that if I'm useful to you it makes good sense to take advantage of it.

S. But I need to know why you help. Without that how far can I trust you?

P. How does anybody know exactly why he does anything? Do you know your own motives?

S. I am moved by habit. To change would probably bring on a fatal illness.

P. (pondering carefully what he is say-

ing) Well, I'm not going to discuss my motives with you. If I did, what I said would be lies—to you and to myself too, I suppose. I'll just ask you to consider this. Would it have been possible for anyone starting out thirty years ago without any money in his pocket to become a millionaire publisher and a great political power by systematically and deliberately opposing the long-run ambitions of the Soviet Empire?

S. (shrugging) It might have been done. I do not think anyone ever tried. But it would not have been the best way to make money.

P. Only people with no business competence would try it.

S. Then your motive was not to hurt us, so you could become the big, big capitalist?

P. Could be.

S. I am at least partly convinced. Therefore, I will discuss more of my troubles with you.

P. Korea being the chief one.

S. (nodding) The problem of American surrender is what I cannot easily figure. To deal with it I have thought of a very new approach. I have ideas in which you will perhaps see holes. Or maybe there are no holes. I cannot be sure.

P. You mentioned an "American surrender" in passing, as if it were no problem at all. I assure you it will be a very large problem for American politicians.

S. I know. It is what I tell my people in Moscow when I caution them not to try to win. There was a stupid mix-up. I had arranged for the American troops to be taken from Korea. I even advised Moscow that when American troops were gone to have many riots by college boys in South Korea. Everyone knows college boys are leaders of public opinion. Their democratic wish must be respected and a merger with North Korea would have been well received by all rich Americans and college people here, too. But some stupid fool in Moscow could not wait the few months it would have taken. Now much fat is in the fire. And, of course, no one in Moscow is to blame, ever. I am to blame, of course.

P. And you have ideas how to get the U.S. to surrender and so get back in Moscow's good graces, is that it?

S. Moscow is still trying to win. Soon Chinese troops will be put in. This will be done because I have been able to get the guarantee that Chiang will be blockaded on Formosa and that no air raids will be made on China, none at all. And no land attacks. Thus we will keep the war from spreading. Only evil men wish to spread wars, is it not so?

P. Most decidedly.

S. However, Moscow will be most

Continued On Next Page

The Game and The Candle

disappointed, because the Communists will not win. The U.S. is too well armed. So your country must be handled in other ways.

P. I'm not reading you, my friend. If you're going to get beaten in Korea, how are you going to get the U.S. to surrender?

S. Do not be so stupid as Moscow. You do not get the U.S. to surrender by beating it. That is bad for votes. Very bad. But you can always surrender when you are not beaten. That is the only peaceful way to settle international difficulties. Only warmongers and fascists would object. They are evil men who expect to gain advantages over the peace-loving forces of the Soviet Government. I ignore them. But since the Democrats started the war it is not possible to ask them to surrender. I must have a Republican president to get the Americans to stop the war in Korea without winning it. Senator Taft, however, is not a man I can do business with.

P. No, I don't suppose you could. Particularly since he could not conceive of your existence. (after a pause) Apparently you want me to find you another Willkie—another man with a Communist mistress to be the Republican presidential candidate against Taft?

S. No. This time I have the man who will surrender in Korea first, but will do other things for us, too.

P. Who is this treasure?

S. General Eisenhower.

P. (surprised) But you've got him already. Truman isn't going to try for a third term. And Ike is certain to get Truman's nod for the Democratic nomination.

S. I cannot have him as a Democrat. That is what I have been trying to tell you. Also probably he cannot win as a Democrat. It is a long time yet to the election. The war in Korea will still be dragging on because Moscow is not strong enough to win and our friends in Washington are strong enough to keep the U.S. from winning. It will not be a good way to win an election. Killing American soldiers for no purpose.

P. No, it won't. I would expect it to elect Taft.

S. That, I repeat, I do not want. I want the Republicans to nominate Eisenhower.

P. That's asking quite a bit, don't you think? Taft has the whole Republican party machinery in his hands and Eisenhower's chief claim to fame is that he was one of Mrs. Roosevelt's generals and cooperated with Kay Summersby and General Zhukov.

S. His qualifications are as good as Willkie's.

P. Quite true, since neither had any. But there wasn't any strong organization man to oppose Willkie.

S. Yes, to beat Taft will be harder. Yet I have thought of many ways to do it. You tell me where they do not work.

P. Boris, it's absurd. Even if you could get Eisenhower the Republican nomination, it would mean such a fierce party fight that he'd lose the election.

S. I do not worry about the election. It will be in the bag, as Americans say. It does not take many votes to elect your president. There are always so many sure Democratic votes and so many sure Republican votes. Yes? Besides enough could be stolen a little here and there if we needed to. Always the local boys are glad to steal a little for the ticket if it is safe, and if it is in the big liberal cause it is quite safe, no? The big newspapers then do not get excited and the local boys feel there will be no great risk. So I do not worry about that. It is only the nomination that worries me.

P. I can't see why you want to take the obvious Democratic candidate and try to ram him down the throat of the Republicans. I can see well enough why you want to knock Taft out, but I can think of easier ways to do it. If you want a military hero of your own why not get behind Marshall? All the military hero stuff you can pass out about Eisenhower, you can pass out as much, if not more, about Marshall.

S. I do not doubt it. But I do not want Marshall.

P. I thought you had the greatest confidence in him.

S. Confidence? Oh, yes! But if he is in the position to cut my throat, I do not think I will like it. General Marshall is a man who understands what is going on in the world. He can be persuaded at times to do what we want, but he does it because he knows we want it, not because he thinks the American people would think well of it. He is not what you call the liberal. So for president he would not do at all. There would be the chance he will want to cut all our throats because he knows he must if he will keep his country and he knows how to cut throats, do not doubt that. And if he is president, he is able to cut throats easily without risking his own.

P. And Eisenhower?

S. Is there need to discuss him? He was satisfactory to Stalin to command in Europe. Should I think I was smarter and a better judge of men than Stalin?

P. All right, what's the plan?

S. First, you will scare all the news-

papers and the big radio chains. I have the idea for that. It is perfect. I am sure of it. I have many friends and they are thinking of an advertising tax. This you will tell in great confidence to your big friends. It is a tax like the income tax, the more revenue from advertising the more tax a paper must pay. Only Eisenhower's personal objection keeps my friends from trying to pass the law for it. Once such a bill is even introduced, it will be hard to stop it. What is a good objection to it? Are they not filthy rich, the big papers and radio chains? So if Eisenhower is not the Republican President, it is the sure thing, the advertising tax. This you will tell your big friends.

P. My God, they won't stand still for that. If they believed it possible, they'd blow their tops.

S. There is no need to blow their tops. Just nominate General Eisenhower. Now there is more, but here you must give the advice. It gets into the inside of business in ways that I do not know about. There are, I know, powerful groups among the big capitalists, but I do not know surely how they are organized. I do not make it my custom to believe what I read about them even in your so thorough and honest papers and magazines.

P. I wouldn't either. What's your scheme here?

S. We have friends in the Department of Justice, of course, a few very good ones. I think we should have indictments. Everyone can be indicted for antitrust, no? Then we will promise the big capitalists that if they nominate Eisenhower we will forget the indictments.

P. Will you forget them?

S. I do not know. It depends if in the future it will help or not help. It is a minor thing that does not matter now. What does matter now is that you must tell me which big capitalists we should indict, the capitalists that will leave Senator Taft and make the nomination of Eisenhower a certainty.

P. You've got to pick the right men, you're correct there. But you've also got to get them where it really hurts. Otherwise they won't care too much. Lots of them are used to indictments and consent decrees. It's been an old routine, don't forget that.

S. Go on. Which ones do my friends indict?

P. Well, let's analyze it this way. There are two main groups that have most of the say in the Republican party, the old Morgan crowd and the oil crowd. But the Morgan bankers are so weakened that the big Morgan companies, so call-

ed, are really more powerful, U.S. Steel, du Pont, General Motors, U.S. Rubber. Politically the railroad crowd isn't worth a damn.

S. Can we indict somebody there?

P. (*trying to think*) I don't offhand think of much you could do with Steel, but du Pont and General Motors have some joint stock ownership and there's a family investment trust that owns a good deal of both. If you can do as you say and get an indictment on that, I think you will have yourself a powerful Eisenhower booster—if you can convince them that Eisenhower will kill the indictment.

S. Of course. How else would they be for him? You say I do not need the railroads?

P. No, but you do need the oil people and they're a lot harder to snare. Of course there's a good deal of interlocking ownership, but so much of it's personal, not corporate, that you might have trouble getting an antitrust indictment.

S. In regard to oil I have a little idea that might help. You know in Texas they drill for oil way out in the sea, many miles?

P. Correct.

S. Texas, I am told, stretches twelve miles to sea. But it is not so anywhere

else. All other states go out only three miles. In those extra nine miles in Texas are many million dollars of oil wells. They are leased from Texas and pay royalties to Texas. If Texas did not own the nine miles, the big oil companies would have no right there. So I say, perhaps we could make a campaign, you and some of my friends in the press, that why should Texas be different from every other state. Those nine miles must have been somehow stolen from Washington. Texas must give them back, and the big oil companies must then come to Washington and ask for new leases. Maybe they don't get them. Maybe what will be called little oil companies, good friends of my friends in Washington will get the leases. That would scare the big oil companies, yes?

P. It would paralyze them, if they believed you. Actually, I didn't know Texas had a twelve-mile limit. There must be some good basis for it.

S. The reason is that Texas came to the U.S. as an independent country. Before that it belonged to the crown of Spain. So it claims all that the crown of Spain claimed. And Spain always claims twelve miles out into the sea.

P. I was afraid it would be something like that. Then it must be protected by

the treaty between the U.S. and Texas by which Texas joined the union.

S. That is the point. It is a treaty with a party that no longer exists. The treaty now means what Washington says it means. What then does Texas do? Go to Washington's Supreme Court? (*He smiles.*)

P. Damned if maybe you can't get away with it. But I'd give it a good whirl of publicity before I tried the Supreme Court, and I'd certainly stay out of as many of the lower courts as possible.

S. It is a good cause for the humanitarians. Think of the school lunches and nice school buildings the federal government could pay for with the royalties the wicked oil companies now give to the segregated state of Texas. I have friends who would write many columns about this. I might write some myself, but I am not a humanitarian.

P. Nor are they, really.

S. Ah, you are so wrong. They are all little Jesuses. Read any of their columns. Never has the world known such selfless servants of the democratic public good. Each will tell you so himself. You do not have to guess. It is right there before your eyes in print.

(*to be continued*)

Race and Athletics

Continued from page 5

where the white population was more color myopic.

The increasing habit of black players to shy away from Southern teams has wrought havoc in Southern football. At first the South was not inclined even to try to recruit blacks. I can still remember back in 1968 when blacks on the University of Alabama campus protested that Bear Bryant had not recruited any "brothers" for the Crimson Tide. A few years later Southern coaches were forced to launch massive recruiting campaigns to sign up blacks, not only to win games, but to save their jobs.

Mixed Blessing

Schools that have successfully recruited blacks have often found them to be a mixed blessing. On July 25, 1974, six black members of the "Fighting Irish" sexually assaulted a blonde high-school girl in a dormitory on Notre Dame's South Bend campus. Instead of going to jail, the blacks were suspended from the football team for one year. But even this slap on the wrist was considered too drastic by

other black team members, who decided to punish coach Ara Parseghian for not covering up for them. At an all-important game with the University of Southern California, they suddenly "went slow" in the second half. Notre Dame was humiliated 55 to 24. As *San Francisco Examiner* columnist Wells Twombly explained:

[T]here is growing evidence that the Irish didn't care how badly the Trojans defeated them. They let a 24-6 halftime lead turn into a 55-24 defeat. They weren't winning one for the Gipper, they were losing one for Art Best. They were giving their coach a lesson in humility. They were punishing Ara Parseghian for not playing one of their most popular colleagues. They didn't throw the game exactly. That much will never be proved. But they did relax. "The black players" said a source at Notre Dame, "have always felt uncomfortable at Notre Dame. They equate Catholicism with white people and the black kids we have been getting lately have all turned into instant militants."

As a result of the above fracas, Parseghian eventually decided to resign.

Another incident which drew nationwide attention during the 1976 season involved Memphis State University, where twenty-two black players boycotted team practice because one of them had a mother who had not received a series of money payments promised her by persons not even connected with the athletic department. Another coach resignation that made headline news was that of Frank Broyles of the University of Arkansas. Head coach for nineteen years, he quit after black team members demanded the appointment of black cheerleaders.

Before looking further at racial problems in professional football, I might interject that in 1957 the National Football League was 14% black; in 1971, 32%; today, 42%. All factors considered, including Negro population growth, the NFL will be half-black in a few years. How have the whites responded to the black influx? Most coaches, athletic departments and front offices usually succeed in keeping the lid on racial matters. But in 1967 there was an eruption of racial animosity among the St. Louis football

Race and Athletics

Cardinals the press could not ignore. Whites on the team insisted on eating in their own dining areas. Blacks and their wives were not invited to social events. Black players who dated white girls were harassed and ostracized.

Blacks, I should add, are not the only minority group heavily involved in professional sports. Until his recent falling out with NFL commissioner Pete Rozell, no NFL club owner has been more influential than the Los Angeles Rams' Carroll Rosenbloom. The late Philip Iselin, part owner and president of the New York Jets, helped found the American Football League, which as a result of its recruiting war with the old NFL, brought blacks into professional football in ever increasing numbers at ever inflated salaries. Al Davis runs the Oakland Raiders, 1977 Super Bowl champions, which is loaded with blacks. Art Model, NFL president from 1967-1970, owns the Cleveland Browns. All of these sports magnates are Jewish.

I could go into various incidents of criminality and other antisocial conduct involving famous black athletes who do not always leave their proclivity for violence on the playing field or the basketball court. The criminal dossier would include: former running back and movie star Jim Brown (resisting arrest and striking a police officer after a female companion "fell" out of his apartment window—a drop of twenty feet—but later declined to identify her assailant, thereby causing the original charge of assault with intent to murder to be dropped); Heisman Trophy winner Johnny Rogers (armed robbery); Kentucky all-American Elmore Stephens (murder); former Kentucky running back Sonny Collins (various brushes with the law); former Oakland Raider wide receiver Warren Wells (served one year in prison for parole violation and attempted rape); University of Tennessee basketball player Bernard King (accused of theft of color TV from athletic department); Atlanta Hawk basketball player Tom Payne (rape).

Most of the crimes committed by the above athletes were directed at whites. Equally harmful were the attacks on white folkways. When the University of Georgia band was forbidden to play *Dixie* at football games, the athletic department itself probably had something to do with the ban. In many Southern universities and colleges where the song was proscribed, coaches and football and basketball recruiters quietly acquiesced. At Georgia, when the *Dixie* issue was rais-

ed again in 1974, star running back Kevin McLee (nicknamed General Robert E. "Kevin" McLee by a Scalawag sportswriter) said his blackness would be offended if the song was played in his presence in the stadium. Vince Dooley refused to comment, but this could only be expected from a football coach who is not supposed to think about anything but football. The ban was subsequently reaffirmed by the college president. My own personal opinion is that the chief stumbling block to playing *Dixie* again at Georgia is not the band leader, who has always acted as a front in the matter, but athletic director Joel Eaves and sundry members of the alumni athletic board, which is composed of prominent lawyers and businessmen who are thrilled by the prestige that in a sports-crazy world comes with a winning football team.

Politics

Athletics, particularly when race and nationality are involved, has always been intimately intertwined with politics. To the man on the street black power is more readily demonstrated by the large number of blacks on football fields and basketball courts than by the sizable black contingent in the armed forces. Most Majority members don't run into soldiers and sailors that often. However, no one who follows football, basketball and baseball—some 75 million Americans are supposed to have watched the 1977 Super Bowl on TV—can fail to notice the greatly disproportionate number of black players.

Outstanding athletes in the most visible sports are naturally looked up to by young people. As the years go by, young whites may be forgiven if they believe that blacks as a group have superior physical strength and athletic ability. This lopsided judgment, reinforced by the taboo on any public statements critical of blacks, could easily have grave and enduring psychological consequences for white society as a whole.

In this connection we must not forget the influence that school integration has had on elementary-school and high-school athletics. This has been less noticed and commented upon than the effect of blacks upon academic programs. While a school's remedial reading classes will usually become filled with blacks, so will its athletic teams. As a result, many young whites may decide that striving for athletic prowess is fruitless because of

the blacks' near monopoly. The living proof that Negroes are the stronger and tougher race on the playing fields and in the gymnasiums may induce young whites, when they become adults, to offer less resistance to black racism in the political and economic fields.

Professional athletics has always been used as a racial homogenizing ploy by the media. The press never ceases in its attempt to turn sports into a microcosm of the big picture ("the game of life") with the express or implicit message that, if our multiracial society will just integrate and pull together, all our problems will vanish. On the seamier side, professional sports actually serve to promote racial miscegenation. How pleased reporters are to inform us that numerous black superstars have white wives and paramours in tow. Bill Russell, late of the Boston Celtics, recently married a white beauty queen. CBS movies recently featured "A Killing Affair," starring O.J. Simpson and Elizabeth Montgomery, a story centered around an adulterous relationship between a black cop and his white female sidekick. It was amply garnished with bedroom scenes.

Racial Differences

It has now become standard operating procedure in this country to avoid all talk of racial differences unless such differences tend to prove minority superiority. Although any discussion of the average white IQ being higher than the average Negro IQ is dismissed as racism, long articles have recently appeared in *Time*, *Sports Illustrated* and other publications going into sumptuous detail about various inherited physical traits that account for black dominance in sports. The principal anthropological findings seem to be that, compared to whites, Negroes have longer legs, shorter and more muscled thighs, less muscled calves, more muscled upper arms, a greater body to weight ratio, a smaller lung to body ratio, heavier bones, even larger adrenal glands. Last but not least Negroes are more double-jointed and limber (the two basic physical requirements for "hanging loose"). All these differences make it possible for blacks to run faster, jump higher and hit harder than whites—and it is this running, jumping and hitting ability that accounts for their superior performance in track and field, basketball, football and baseball. In basketball, for example, players who don't jump

well are described as suffering from "white guys' disease."

A Darwinian reason for black athletic prowess rests on the severe selection process undergone by blacks in the days of slavery, when only the strongest and healthiest survived the transoceanic voyage. Those who did survive went through further sifting on the plantations where white masters bred blacks for physical fitness. Moreover, since black slaves were so valuable, the fittest among them were given an extra survival advantage in the form of better nutrition and were often isolated from dangerous occupations. On slave ships white crewmen, some of whom were shanghaied in London and then abandoned in Jamaica or other New World ports, were often given worse rations than blacks. A Virginia planter, asked why he had Irish laborers dig his drainage ditches, said it was dangerous work and his slaves' lives were "too valuable to be risked at it." When boats were loaded with cotton from a high bluff on the Alabama river, slaves tossed down the heavy bales in a chute, while the Irish deckhands were kept below to handle the dangerously bouncing bales. "The niggers were worth too much to be risked here," the captain explained to a passing traveler. "If the Paddies are seriously injured or get it across the back, nobody loses anything."

A sociological reason for the black preponderance in athletics is that sports and the entertainment field offer the fastest and easiest way out of the ghettos, consequently black athletes are more highly motivated than whites. A more controversial explanation might be blacks prefer careers that involve a minimum of mental effort. Arthur Ashe, the only Negro in America's top tennis 100, points out that while his co-racials may be dominating football, baseball and basketball, they still represent less than 2% of the country's engineers. Another explanation for Negro dominance in sports may be that in many integrated schools white students are actually being crowded out of athletics, sometimes by the fear or threat of physical violence. White parents frequently refuse to let their children take part in organized after-school recreation if there are too many Negroes around. Many football games between local high schools have had to be cancelled in Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, St. Louis and Philadelphia. Sometimes the only way to stop violence has been to play in distant "neutral fields," or to hold games in

secret with no spectators present.

Solutions

What is to be done about black dominance in sports? Should there be affirmative action for whites in the granting of athletic scholarships and in the hiring practices of the professional teams? Much as this might seem to be desirable to right the racial balance, we can be sure that no such program will be enacted. For the foreseeable future, blacks are going to have it both ways in sports, as they have it in politics, jobs and education.

Meanwhile, Majority parents should do what they can to keep their children physically fit. It is all too obvious that a resurgent American Majority is going to have to be physically, as well as spiritually, tough. The following are some useful pointers:

- *Athletic competition should be ethnically closed.* Instauration has already made this point in discussing the Olympic games. But readers may be surprised to know that the Olympic principle of the ancient Greeks is still operative in some white athletic groups. In South Africa, the Afrikaners have their traditional sporting events in which, as a matter of mutual regard and good taste, English-speaking South Africans do not compete. Jews have their racially exclusive Maccabean Games every four years in Israel.

- *Majority children should be urged to participate in sports minority groups do not dominate.* Swimming, where their heavier bones turn Negroes into "sinkers," is one such. Golf and tennis should also be considered, though they probably would not appeal to too many Majority children from low-income, working-class families. Rugby and soccer, already enjoying something of a boom, are other possibilities.

- *White children should be encouraged to join in mass participation sports.* As evidenced by the large number of overweight and out-of-shape fans at football games, there is too much sedentary spectatorism in contemporary American sports. We should encourage Majority members, especially the young, to develop an interest in such athletic pursuits as hiking and mountain climbing, in which everyone can join and there is no place for observers. Such sports also tend to stimulate communal feelings and bring people closer to nature. Mass participation sports also deemphasize winning, that is, winning for petty selfish and unimportant reasons. By this I

don't mean competition must be eliminated. But the motive for competing must include more than egotism or alma materism. It must comprise a genuine desire for self-improvement. In short, we should not feel insignificant if we don't always win. Unfortunately, this is not the present "mind frame" of most Americans. Today our team, "Our Bulldogs," must always be the victor and the rival team must always get the short end. We are not even permitted to settle for a tie. Some say that this fixation on winning indicates a similar syndrome in the inevitable competition between nations and people. As the Korean and Vietnam wars eloquently proved, however, this is not the case. Americans may demand victories which are totally insignificant in the cosmic scheme of things, but they have recently been conditioned to accept compromise and even defeat in the international and interracial conflicts where coming out ahead really matters. It is only in these areas, to quote the late Vince Lombardi, that "winning isn't everything, it's the only thing."

- *For white children who desire to play black-dominated sports, special programs must be offered beyond the reach of public education.* White students in many areas of the country are still going to play football and basketball, even though it may mean competing with large numbers of more athletically gifted blacks. This is why the development of private schools in the South has been a godsend. In Mississippi, where the private school movement is much further advanced than elsewhere, athletic leagues and conferences make it possible for white students to get off the bench and take part in all the traditional sports. In the North, parochial school systems often provide the same outlet, despite the race-mixing sermonizing of the Catholic hierarchy. After all, there are not that many black Catholics. Also, blacks generally prefer to go to public schools where there is little discipline and no tuition. Where necessary, politically and socially attuned Majority members should support nonschool, leisure-time sports opportunities for their children. In my home town, church leagues compete against each other in basketball. Civic organizations can also help out, since most such groups are composed of Majority members who are at least subliminally aware of the race issue. Football is a stickier problem, because of the extra expenses of outfitting a football team.

While drinking in all the above ad-

Continued On Next Page

Race and Athletics

vice, however, the reader is cautioned not to forget that the young Majority member who excels in competitive sports should always be warned that if he wants to use his athletic skills to obtain a college scholarship and play college ball, that's fine. But it must be drilled into him that the main purpose of a scholarship is to provide for his education.

Postscript

One of the many unmentioned aspects of the minority penetration of American sports is that the blacks in Africa never invented or played any sport at all, as they never invented the plow or the wheel. The same lack of interest in sports was demonstrated by the ancient Jews. Yet today the black shadow over professional sports is long and spreading, and Jews dominate the business side of sports owing to their control of television.

It was the ancient Greeks who first went in for sports in a big way with the Olympic games, which began in 776

B.C. In those days rewards to the winners were not six-figure salaries in professional sports, but a branch of wild olive and an occasional ode, statue or painting. Professionalism came much later and reached its climax in the gladiatorial shows in Rome, which grew bloodier, more vicious and more popular as the once great empire went into its long eclipse.

The Olympic games were revived by the part-Nordic European descendants of the part-Nordic ancient Greeks in 1896 and have been held every four years since then except for interruptions during World Wars I and II. America's black athletes clenched and raised their black fists in the 1968 games in Mexico City, proving how the games were becoming politicized and perverted as the result of the participation of races which could never possibly adopt the Nordic attitude toward sports.

It is no surprise that, when sports enter the political arena and are used for economic gain, entertainment and sensationalism become the leitmotivs.

The gladiator shows are about to return (professional wrestling is a straw in the wind), and this time instead of the Christians being thrown to the lions the victims may very well be "white racists."

For Majority members the only solution is to resurrect the original Olympics, take the money, the TV and the media publicity out of sports, and restrict sports events to competition between members of the same race. Let the Jews continue to have their games in Israel. Let the blacks have theirs either here or in Africa. But also let Majority members have theirs. Today, unfortunately, anyone who proposes this will be howled down as a bigot by the very newsmen and editorial writers who approve and support all-Jewish games.

The athletic game is now heads they win, tails we lose. Blacks are developing their very own racial teams within our teams. Majority members, of course, are permitted no such dual loyalty.

Survival Squads

Continued from page 6

Thanks to the liberal world view, America today is a land of alienation and fission. To appease their reawakened joinerism, many of our best young men have signed up with cultic oddballs. Our truant blood must be transfused back into the veins of the home team. It's the only way to stop the racial hemorrhage.

Above all, we must put character above achievement, loyalty above brains, tolerance for "us" over tolerance for "them." In other words, we must stop doing each other in. No members of any group can ever think alike, least of all Majority members. So we must learn the art of ideological give and take. We cannot all be right all the time, and if we insist on 100% allegiance to our particular set of ideas, we will get nowhere. If A should

have a slightly different idea of foreign policy than B, or C is more interested in the free market than D, this does not mean that A, B, C, and D cannot work together and be good members of the same survival squad.

The only key qualification is race—race in the body and race in the mind. These two, of course, are inseparable. But never forget that while you can never change a person's genes, you can change his thinking or, to be more accurate, get it back on the right track.

We talk race, so let's act race. No one should be allowed in any Majority activist group unless he physically qualifies as a Majority member—no weakness, no compromise of any kind on this point. We may lose a couple of good people here and there because of this unflexible rule, but we will avoid

future betrayals which could set our work back years.

We may not all be Nordics. But our ideas and our ideals must be Nordic.

Survival squads at first. Little groups with inner cores and outer cores. First the defensive tens and hundreds, then the offensive thousands. We will never be ourselves again unless we can first discipline ourselves. Absolute loyalty, absolute faith, absolute dedication. These are the qualities of the higher life form we are on the edge of experiencing.

The survival squads will enfold us and our families. And our struggle will be so full of activity and sacrifice and courage and nobility that no matter when death comes we will already have lived a hundred lifetimes.

America's Writers

Continued from page 7

have a ruinous impact upon the white economy, since "white free labor could never successfully compete with black slave labor." Moreover, he seems to have been an adherent of a view of cultural development with which readers of this journal are likely to find themselves in sympathy. As Freimark and Rosenthal summarize his position,

White people did not want to live with "colored" people. It was, as Whitman argued, against the laws of nature for different races to live with each other. Not insisting that "colored" people were incapable of creating a viable society, Whitman nevertheless argued that if they were to do so, it must be someplace away from whites.

In describing Whitman as if he were an immoral poseur, Freimark and Rosenthal nowhere pause to remark the similarity of his views to those of two other presumed integrationists: Presidents Jefferson and Lincoln. The first did not believe that a multiracial society was possible or desirable. The latter, had he lived, might have carried

out his plans for the expatriation of the slaves he had so lately emancipated.

It was in support of the presidential ambitions of another man—Franklin Pierce—that Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the campaign biography that is one of his few works to deal explicitly with the question of slavery. His fiction ignores it. As Freimark and Rosenthal point out, "No major American writer of the period lived in an imaginative world quite as racially white as Hawthorne's. His famous 'power of blackness' never quite extended to the question of race. His novels contain no Negro characters and scarcely hint that the race exists." But his campaign biography of Pierce proves his awareness of and interest in the problem, even if the attitude he takes will strike many readers as remarkably close to Whitman's. "Hawthorne," his editors write,

held to the view that the South's problem was essentially its own, that the union of America was far more important than the rectifying of a questionable institution. In short, Hawthorne felt that meddling with the institution of slavery was unconstitutional, and it is difficult to

escape the judgement that this writer, so dedicated to the inviolability of the human heart as the highest value, subordinated compassion to the necessity of strict constitutional constructionism.

As always, Melville's position was more ambiguous, and those readers who see his treatment of the race problem in "Benito Cereno" as a clear-cut vindication of white civilization against the onslaught of a ferocious black barbarity have missed much of the irony and complexity of that story. Freimark and Rosenthal suggest that Melville's true position can be discerned in *Mardi*, his neglected allegory. "There," they report,

Melville presented the dilemma of the individual who sees the hypocrisy and inhumanity of a democratic society that maintains slavery but who, because of his commitment to social order, is ultimately prevented from acting on his moral assumptions. In the concept of justice defined in *Mardi*, one will find the political philosophy behind works so widely separated as "Benito Cereno" and *Billy Budd* or even the rationale for Melville's rejection of political rebellion found in his monumental poem *Clarel*.

To appreciate the thoughtfulness of Melville's attitude, one has only to contrast it with Thoreau's. Moving "from a position advocating private spiritual growth to one advocating public commitment," Thoreau was eventually prepared to endorse even the most violent means to achieve abolition. Hence his support of John Brown, whose tactics he defended as the quickest way to liberate the slaves. In this as in most things, he was more admirably straightforward than his mentor Emerson, who—in a formulation as silly as some of his verse—was able to convince himself that Brown's raid was an act of divine love. But neither of the twin Transcendentalists enters the polemical fray to any significant degree, and in their art they deal with the race question only tangentially. The fact remains that in nineteenth century America, the cause of abolition had no great artistic champion, and as Freimark and Rosenthal ruefully concede, "the writing of a great antislavery opus was left in the sentimental hands of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe."

German Scene

Continued from page 8

rorists, but it is estimated that there are some 50,000 violent leftists in Italy alone, and perhaps another 50,000 in France. Let just one Volkswagen or Mercedes be blown to smithereens in Italy and France every week, and what will happen to German exports? Eurocommunism and Eurosocialism don't have a chance anywhere in northwestern Europe, but they do in Latin Europe.

West German terrorism is an outcrop of the student rebellion of the late sixties that started on the Berkeley campus and at West Berlin's American-sponsored "Free University." The ideological fathers of the latter revolt were Herbert Marcuse, Max Horkheimer, Ossip K. Flechtheim, Theodor Wiesengrund-Adorno and Ernest Bloch. These gentlemen had to do no more than throw the torch of their innate hatred for anything or anybody of Northern European origin into the heap of intellectual tinder amassed in 150 years of German idealistic philosophy of the Hegel vintage.

The hatred of descendants of ghetto dwellers for what has been called the "ordeal of Western civility" may be

understandable. So, surely, is the feeling of alienation that has crept into the hearts of quite a few German cerebrotonics in an overcrowded country, as well as the social frustration of a handful of cranks and high-school dropouts in an achievement-happy society. When these latter types find sympathizers in the universities, in the legal profession and in the media, they arm themselves with automatics, add a dose of German thoroughness and run amuck in a societal system that has abolished the death penalty. The net result is what we see today.

Andreas Baader comes from a home of middle-class parents who brought him up in the German bourgeois tradition of "anti-materialistic" idealism and Hegelian stateworship. Consequently, when there is no state to worship and all that is left of the state is an economic machine, something has to give. Gudrun Ensslin is the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in Swabia (and very likely herself a distant blood relation of Hegel). Can anyone grow up in an environment further removed from inductive reasoning and the habit of analyzing causes and effects? No one ever told Ensslin, at one time a drug ad-

dict, that what is at stake is the survival of her own Nordic race. And if she had been told, her Christian guts probably would have revolted at the mere mention of something so unspeakable. The blame can be laid squarely at the doorstep of our own lofty philosophical traditions, if we discount the influence of racial vengeance superimposed on an obsession with abstract ideas of "justice" and "change."

Perhaps it is all just as well. At last the "German illness," as a British newspaper has called it, is out in the open and no amount of camouflage can conceal it. The West German state, fathered by the American liberal-minority coalition and founded on the blatant lie that it was representative of the will of the German nation, has now either to make a stand and refuse to be blackmailed by a handful of political maniacs or capitulate and make a deal—which inevitably means that a growing number of people will be made to realize what Rudolf Fernau, another former SS officer, in his recent bestseller *Halleluja: Die Geschichte der USA* has couched in the words: "The state is not the fatherland."

Two Detectives

Continued from page 9

Conan Doyle displayed many other typically contemporary traits. He actually believed he was making a serious literary contribution with historical novels like *The White Company*, dull writings that would never have merited any consideration if they had not been written by the author of *Sherlock Holmes*. Three of the four novel-length Holmes stories grind their way through long, boring historical narratives. *A Study in Scarlet* is an analog of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* for the benefit of the Mormons. In contrast *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, free of such tedious drivel, is probably the finest thing Doyle ever wrote. In some ways Doyle reminds us of Charlie Chaplin, a great comedian who was a self-appointed social critic. After Doyle's son died prematurely, his father spent much of the rest of his life in the pursuit of spiritualism.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a literary success because he captured the essence of an era, some of its realities and most of its self-images and self-delusions. Sherlock Holmes was the knight-errant of the metropolis. There was good and evil, and evil could be safely contained by the bumbling Inspector Lestrade. Doyle created symbols that appeal to the fantasies and ideals of many whites. Like most of our political policies and promises, Doyle's stories deal more with appearance than reality.

Freeman's stories were put together with care, and crises were solved by legwork rather than insight. Dr. Thorndyke is a bit too awesome for the average reader, whereas Holmes' intelligence and arrogance were balanced by his eccentric behavior, his charm and his childish enthusiasm.

From today's perspective we may view Conan Doyle as a magnificently

successful bleeding heart and Austin Freeman as another unappreciated talent who vainly tried to develop a more mature world view. Doyle was the creation of a civilization whose visions has been fulfilled and were ready to be shared with all men, whether they wanted them or not. He was smart, hardworking and idealistic. His art form was one of mass appeal rather than sophistication. Freeman could never match Doyle's popularity, though he was not by any means a literary or financial failure. Too preoccupied with realities, the Freemans of our people have not yet created the images that will inspire our instauration.

The Best Dr. Thorndyke Detective Stories (Dover, #0-486-20388-3, \$3.00) and The Stoneware Monkey and the Penrose Mystery (Dover, #0-486-22963-7, \$3.50) are obtainable from Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick St., NY NY 10014.

Periscopic View

Continued from page 10

swathed lady had a flawless blue white diamond the size of a marble stuck somehow in one of her nostrils. She was breathing a bit lopsidedly, to be sure, but every popping eye for yards around reflected the display that came from that dazzling nose. The lady kept nodding her head to make certain no one missed the spectacle. Evelyn gasped, bounced the Hope back and forth until she recovered, then stretched forth both hands (on every finger of each, including the thumb, was another gorgeous diamond) and made with the gracious hostess bit. It was altogether an upstaging that could have come right out of the pages of Thackeray.

I started this piece intending to say that once I saw George Marshall drunk. Perhaps I should change the thrust of my remark to say that on a few occasions I saw him sober. Let me say that among us lowdown enlisted men in the

upper ranks of the noncom hierarchy at the War College, few general officers were revered—or known—for their temperance, General Marshall least of all. He came to the War College often. He was affable, courteous, soft, a veritable marshmallow of a man meticulously uniformed. He was courtly, a perfect gentleman, a born Janus, and if I may say so from my periscopic view, a perfect model of a closet dipso. Whatever McNair may have said about Marshall publicly, or however he may have acted when in the company of the chief of staff, privately he had no respect at all for this putative general from the Virginia Military Institute.

I saw George Marshall perhaps twenty or thirty times all told, sometimes close up, sometimes at a distance. I even took dictation from him once, noting a slight whiff of Old Popskull. I saw him in his own office at the Munitions Building, and I saw him when he

came to the War College. I don't bend to the bottle myself. It upsets my equilibrium something dreadful. But it doesn't take a practiced eye to peg the alcoholic, just a good look at the inordinately scarlet cheek and the overly bright eye. George Marshall had both, and also had bags under his eyes big enough to give milk, and he had a red nose like Rudolph. Maybe he wasn't a closet dipso, but few who saw him often would deny that he looked like one. Men have a way, maybe it's simple instinct, of measuring other men. Enlisted soldiers are men, even as officers are men. The latter may be gentlemen and the former may be bottom-rung types, but every man weighs and measures every other man with whom he has contact either consciously or unconsciously.

I would bet my upper denture that George Marshall was a secret boozier.

Corrupting the Heritage

Continued from page 11

release said, because of its "dangerously caustic political satire." The reconstruction of the work by Jerald Graue, chairman of the Eastman Musicology Department, had twenty-two ballads, with the music arranged for a thirteen-piece instrumental ensemble by Samuel Adler, who also composed an overture.

The press release stated that "The

Disappointment" contains the "first black character to appear in the history of American drama... his status in the play is one of equality with the other characters, a phenomenon which would not recur on the American stage for nearly one and one-half centuries." This was an egregious whopper. What Graue had done was to change the character known as Raccoon, a

Pennsylvania Dutch tailor in the original, to a Jamaican black. Even the published version of "The Disappointment" points this out.

A distorted Majority culture is hard to differentiate from a minority culture. Perhaps this was the conscious or subconscious intention of the producers, directors and conductors who have participated in the artistic travesties recorded above.