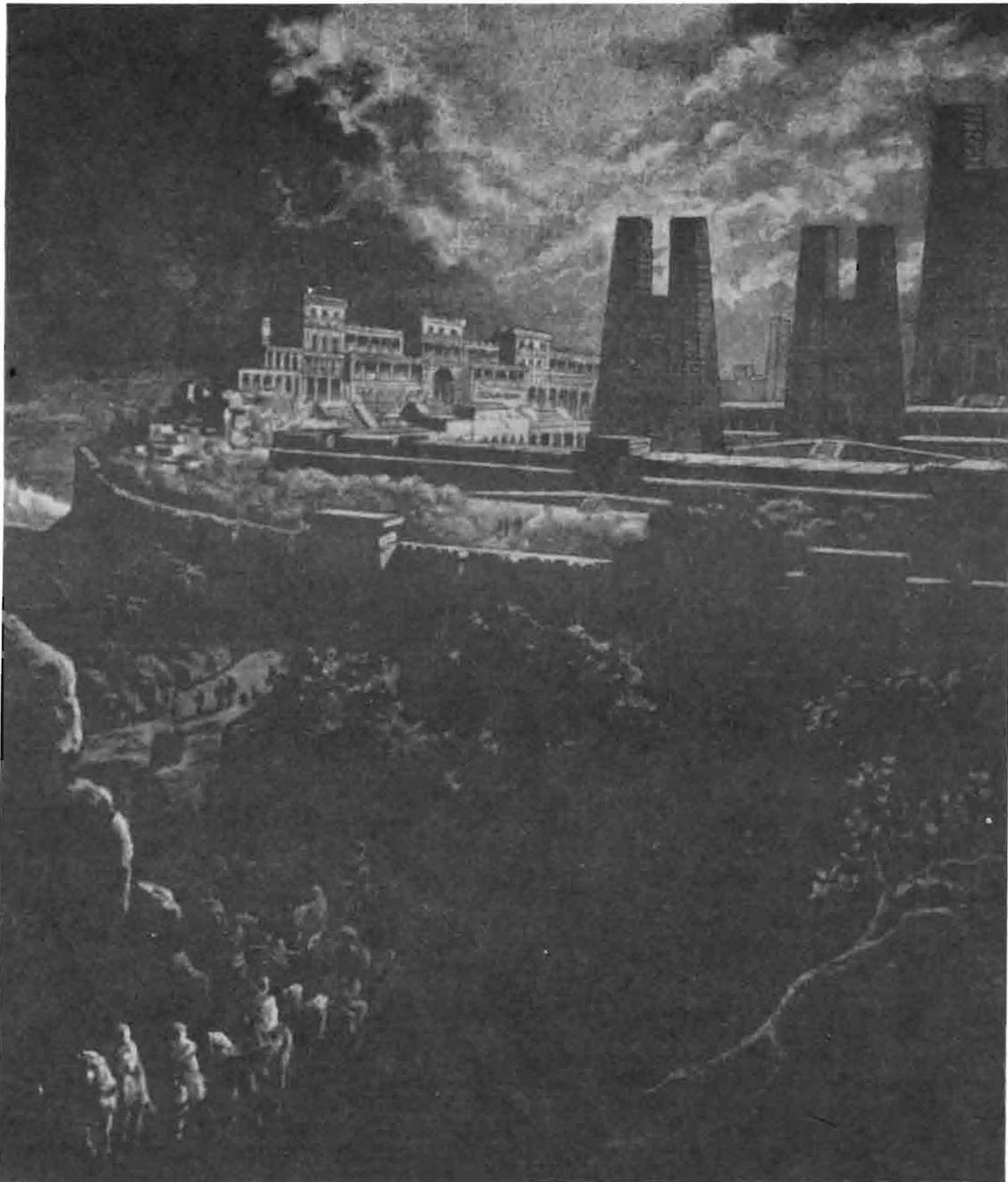


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration[®]

VOL. 4 NO. 2

JANUARY 1979



Reconstruction of the Temple of Jerusalem and the Palace of Solomon.

THE IMPENDING CRACK-UP OF ISRAEL

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

☐ For what it is worth, when your magazine comes I drop everything else and attempt to read it in one sitting.

011

☐ Al Einstein sold the A-bomb to Roosevelt. Oppenheimer built it. Teller fathered the H-bomb. Sakharov, married to a Jewess, was the father of the Russian H-bomb. And now California's own Sam Cohen has invented the neutron bomb. What a club!

924

☐ I have a large band that I have been devoting much time to. It is based on Miller-Dorsey music. Music in America, especially since the thirties, has always been substantially a minority haven. Our Anglo-Saxon bandleaders, such as Stan Kenton, never have got the publicity they deserve. This man, a great example of our dispossessed, has dedicated himself fully to the ideals of the Majority.

580

☐ Gould's attack on an obscure anthropologist dead for more than a century, (*Instauration*, Sept. 1978) seems to suggest strongly that he cannot find any modern writings on the same subject to attack. Modern knowledge does show that average cranial capacity is one of the many features in which certain races differ from others. It is also surprising that Gould should write in such contemptuous terms, quite different from those in which scientific controversies are usually conducted.

British subscriber

☐ I'm already looking forward expectantly to my next copy of *Instauration*. Most of the articles from previous issues I have already translated (verbally on tape) for a friend of mine. He has so little leisure time he has to listen to his mail, instead of reading it, while driving.

West German subscriber

☐ I was intrigued by "The Racial Basis of Tyranny" (*Instauration*, May 1978). If intended as propaganda, it was inspired; if theory, it left as many problems as it raised. Perhaps some minor points need footnoting. Flanders is predominantly Nordic as well as Catholic. Many racial authorities seem unwilling to concede Nordic status to Finland. More importantly, if democracy is our racially predetermined fate, then heaven help us. Not only have Nordics enjoyed greater racial fulfillment under abler social systems (Roman imperial, Germanic tribal, Celtic clan, Commonwealth familial), but modern democracy, a twentieth-century latecomer to our racial scene and one that coincides with our declining power, is surely the system least able to respond to threats, whether endogenous or exogenous. Of course, your author could be using the word as a sort of synonym for liberty or freedom. While it is true that we are the only race to have elevated these to ideals, it is also true that, except for brief moments of historical aberration, we have seldom enjoyed them. Surely Madison Grant would agree that our race has been truest to itself under such ruthless leaders as Ethelrith the Destroyer, Alfred the Great, William the Bastard, Coeur-de-Lion, Elizabeth I; and, abroad, Gaiseric the Vandal, Alaric the Goth, Olaf Trygvesson, Charles XII of Sweden, and so on. None of them brooked much opposition.

British subscriber

☐ In regard to Cholly, I have some respect for intellectuals, but I look with total suspicion on those who have stayed in their ivory towers so long that they have forgotten what time it is.

728

☐ Your readers might enjoy a recent tidbit from the gossip column from a Jewish weekly: "Would you believe...Ellen Cooperman doesn't answer to that name anymore. She felt it was sexist. So she is now Ellen Donna Cooperperson. A New York State supreme court judge granted the thirty-one-year-old feminist the right to change her name." 112

☐ The Declaration of Independence states, "Mankind [the colonists] are more disposed to suffer, while Evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the Forms to which they are accustomed." Today we see our people suffering evils until they have retreated to a point where further retreat is no longer possible. To the question, "How do Anglo-Saxons behave when they are cornered?" Bernard Shaw said, "They work themselves up into a frenzy of righteousness and massacre everyone in sight."

902

☐ It seems to me we have only three kinds of steady-state human societies to choose from—(1) the hunger-gatherer society of neolithic northern Europe; (2) the postcultural squalor of Bangladesh and Egypt; (3) a biogenetic, scientific society. All others—socialist, democratic, communist, capitalist are unstable transition states between these three. Only 1, 2 and 3 have the negative feedback to produce stability.

202

☐ Can you listen to a Mormon, Seventh Day Adventist, Southern Baptist, liberal, etc., and not want to lock up him (or her) in a straitjacket?

443

☐ "The Dissidents' Corner" (*Instauration*, Aug. 1978) was most humorous. The brachycephalic sympathizer makes some very good points concerning what seems to be the naivete of many Nordics. However, I must criticize him on one point. He indicates that we have probably reached the point of no return and that there is very little anyone can do to lessen the political follies of democratic liberalism. This is a very pathetic attitude considering this man is sitting in the middle of more than 128 million Majority members. Has he forgotten that 4,500,000 South African whites have managed to control their own destiny and remain the dominant force on a continent overwhelmingly peopled by Negroes? Your correspondent may be correct, but I had rather die on my feet than my knees.

320

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□ Dixie has indeed been Americanized and the old advantages are no longer to be found there. I was thinking of moving to Montana. Just the other day I had in my hands a *National Geographic* of relatively recent date with an article, which found such evidences of resistance to change in Montana as a sign bearing the words, "Do something about the population explosion—commit suicide!" But I suppose Montanans eschew Majority activism and focus their loyalty on whoever is already there—be they Indians, Mexicans or Canucks. With regard to the last-named, I don't think I am saying anything new when I point out that Quebec separatism, if it works, could have very significant consequences for those on this side of the border who believe in cultural self-determination through separatism. I wonder if any of the boys in Toronto have established contact with Majority separatists to find out if there is any sort of common ground?

105

□ You should establish some sort of liaison with the "Quebec libre-ists." From our point of view this is one of the most significant political developments in the world right now and it is taking place right on our doorstep.

035

□ "General Assistance Centers" are federally funded to "assist" school districts having trouble with desegregation by

(1) Holding "rap" sessions with the faculty of a school for the purposes of determining if a principal or superintendent is racist.

(2) Devising elaborate and expensive busing plans for tightly budgeted school systems to assure that each bus travels with a 50-50 black-white ratio, even though it has to back-track, make loops and generally increase mileage by fifty percent.

(3) Arguing against intelligence tests with special "consultants" brought in to brainwash the teachers.

These centers have been in existence for the past six years. They are funded by HEW and are tied into the Justice Department whose black lawyers provide leadership and regular contact.

021

□ Our objective shouldn't be to put minorities "in their place" in white societies, but to separate the two from each other so both can get on with their own problems in their own way. National resentment of favoring minorities is an obvious factor in the country's mood for tax reform. Every stratagem is being used to keep angry taxpayers from cutting back funds for giveaway programs—including threats to withdraw protection for vulnerable whites in crime-ridden, arson-prone neighborhoods.

337

□ I was really surprised to learn that 31% of those now enlisting in the army are black and that the black reenlistment rate is 1.7 times higher than the white. If one adds to this the enlistment figure for Chicanos and Puerto Ricans, who are defined as white, it appears clear that the army is close to having 50% minority members. Very few politicians are even obliquely addressing the problem.

246

□ Long before I ever heard of *Instauration* I received a Nielsen TV rating form to fill out and return. In a conscientious manner I made my entries every time I flipped my TV set knob. I was surprised to find I watched so little each week. In the space on the form for news, I inserted "except portions for blacks" and wrote in "20 minutes" for a half-hour newscast. Under comments I explained that I viewed no sports, no programs by, for or of blacks and then listed what I had liked best, which was mostly British. There isn't nearly as much basketball shown on TV as there used to be when there were far fewer clubs. We can only speculate that we are exerting some influence.

721

□ Following the Bakke decision I read an interesting article on his background and one paragraph cries out for investigation: "The letter (of application) was answered by Peter C. Storandt, who was then the manager of medical school admissions at Davis and is now an admissions officer at Yale University. Storandt sympathized with Bakke and tacitly encouraged him to challenge the minority preference program in court." Was Storandt's main interest in Bakke or in selecting the "right man" to challenge quotas in medical schools? Please have your G-2s look into this.

150

□ May the wind be always at your back.

428

□ I'm surprised that you've not commented on Lewis Powell's rationale for an end to racial quotas in the *Bakke* decision. Close analysis reveals that Powell (as spokesman for the Supreme Court) wasn't against preferential treatment for blacks at all. His only real concern was *obvious* preference. As Justices Marshall and Brennan pointed out (the first time they've ever been right about anything) the Harvard Plan that Powell raves about in *Bakke* won't change anything, but will simply discriminate against whites in a more deceitful and hypocritical fashion, whereas Marshall and Brennan like to stomp on whitey openly and honestly. Particularly obscene was Powell's desire to use subjective criteria to determine "ability." What will the interviewer be looking for? More fags, sensitivity to the plight of the poor, New York accents?

212

□ Recently I took a sociology course at a local college. What I heard made my hair stand on end. Nobody questioned the instructor. We are told that our youth today is much more critical and does not accept what it is taught at face value. I find precisely the opposite to be true.

917

□ I was most surprised and pleased by the article on Jack London (*Instauration*, June 1978). I had read some of his books when at school and liked him. But my father said he had a Leninist strain. I was disappointed and never read him again until I saw the article in *Instauration*. I have been delighted to change my opinion.

Australian subscriber

□ I am not an anti-Semite. Anti-Semitism is an unprofitable pursuit, as Nietzsche observed. On the other hand, I have heard this definition: "An anti-Semite is one who hates Jews more than necessary." That lets me off the hook, since I really don't hate them more than necessary.

636

□ I would agree with Cholly Bilderberger that the most important threat to ourselves is ourselves. The danger facing the U.S. is not the Russians, but our own cowardice (Eric Hoffer's word). The big danger is the docility of the domesticated Anglo-Saxon. Mayor Rizzo (no Wasp) doesn't mind calling a son-of-a-bitch a son-of-a-bitch. Are we going to have to depend on the Polacks, Hunkies and Dagos to save America?

861

□ I do not believe that the balkanization of the Slavs and the consequent breakup of the Soviet Union will make one bit of difference in the salvation of the U.S. This country does not depend on being a geographical and political entity, but on the survival of those of us who are the products of the Graeco-Roman world. When the influence of Western European man disappears in the U.S., then we may as well be citizens of the moon for all the difference it would make.

569

□ Spent the last weekend in Rhodesia on Lake Kariba. After having received information that the area was "clean," we decided to have a fly-in. With nearly \$1 million worth of aeroplanes on the airstrip, the army did send out some protection. But all remained quiet for the weekend and we had an enjoyable time. We saw elephants taking their midday baths along the shore of the lake, and hippos surfacing just long enough to take a breath of air. Our guide and various peoples had weapons with them, just in case. Rhodesia is a beautiful country and it makes one sick to think that it is going to the blacks.

South African subscriber

□ Setting the record straight on *Gone With the Wind* (*Instauration*, June 1978) is a valuable service, though my advice is that Majority members should give up films and TV altogether.

666

□ When I was a lad in college, there was a great deal of squawking by nice ladies and ladies' men about a need to save Religion from Science. It was Sir James Jeans' *The Mysterious Universe* that prompted me to write an exasperated and savage essay about the need to save Science from Religion, but I little imagined that half a century later the need would be greater than ever.

618

□ As one of our great poets observed in the last century, it is "... bitter pinch of pain and fear/That makes creation think." Who is surprised that the drugged, massaged, grassed-in Majority of postwar prosperity has failed to produce vital writing. Suburbia is a bore. When anyone starts to work up some of Willa Cather's "creative hate," his relatives hop into a cheaply fueled auto and drive away. And the sugar-teat of government is available to most anyone who starts to feel pinched. As long as your magazine stimulates "creative hate," and avoids the sloppy paranoia that plagues so many conservatives (no more Game and Candles, please), it will be worth a great deal.

223

□ The campaign of Sam Dickson for Lt. Gov. of Georgia is a very favorable development. *Instauration* should encourage other intelligent, dedicated and articulate people to seek public office in their areas, making white racial survival the major issue in their campaign. A trend toward hardline, pro-white political campaigns could lead to the eventual development of a truly viable political movement on the order of the National Front in Great Britain.

231

□ National Socialists never tire to point out that Adolf Hitler came to power legally by parliamentary rules. In this lay the seed for his downfall. Having been elected by the German people, he felt honor-bound to care for them as they were and scrap some basic Nazi ideas. The well-known controversy between Hitler and Ernst Roehm is a tangible example. Today, we know that Roehm was right. At the time, however, his ideas threatened civil war. Hitler, having engineered one of the few non-bloodly revolutions in history, decided the revolution was over and the buildup should begin. After Roehm's death the SA was cut down to a big sporting club and the Party itself slowly developed into a bourgeois association.

German subscriber

□ I do hope that the series on "Quacks and Quackery" will ultimately zero in on religious quackery, which is the most catastrophic kind of all. No believers, no quacks. No quacks, no believers. The West owes its predicament almost entirely to the fact that, around the year A.D. 1000, it was foolish enough to throw the door wide open to the religious quacks of a Semitic cult, when the West's own religion was about to die the natural death of old age. To anyone more deeply interested in this subject one might recommend Bernhard Kummer's book *Midgards Untergang* for further study. Kummer in his day was an outstanding teacher of Nordicism. It was obviously not his intent to demolish the religious world view. Since he does it accidentally, the obvious conclusions are all the more convincing.

980

□ I have noticed a pernicious sophism creeping into *Instauration*, albeit an emotionally attractive one. It has been most prominent in "The Pushkin Report" (April 1978) and now in Cholly's "Inside Out." I am speaking about the shifting away from the minorities to ourselves as the ultimate culprit. It's not the silly little Jew at all. We are so omnipotent that it is only with our tacit acquiescence that he can have any power. He is never a first cause, merely a symptom. It's an ego-massaging thought and it is precisely for that reason that it is so dangerous. We must not, indeed cannot, forget that we are in a battle with the Chosen and the day *Instauration*, our only beacon in the darkness, allows this germ to gain a foothold, it—and we—are doomed. Let us never give in to mental wavering. The enemy is not us.

111

□ The most pressing question in Canada is not whether the Quebecois gain independence but rather if the Anglo-Saxon people are able to regain their national freedom. The Canadian Majority is being silently but effectively repressed by the liberal-minority coalition here. Recently, the Employment and Immigration Ministry of Canada, of which a certain Bud Cullen is Minister, issued an advertisement informing the public that "Canada's immigration law has changed." The relevant points are that it encourages the uniting of families of new immigrants and that deportation for "minor offences" will no longer be the only alternative. In other words, the Negro can stay if he says he's sorry. There is further mumbo jumbo about "human rights" and assured entrance for refugees, that is, if they are fleeing rightwing regimes or if they are Soviet Jews. National identity is only possible in a racially homogeneous community. Will someone please tell the National Front that Canada is in need of a good doctor.

Canadian subscriber

□ I like very much the erudition and the style of the author who wrote "Of Quacks and Quackery." But there is a lack of clarity when he speaks of "spreading their corruption even higher." And I don't think he ought to separate "be" from "expelled" by a whole clause. We pedants watch each other like cats.

724

□ *Instauration* seems very inconsistent. I realize that the anti-Jewish articles are necessary to enlighten people who are still ignorant about the Jewish problem, but I would rather see more space devoted to the great people of our culture—women, too—and their achievements. I would also like to see more suggestions as to how we can organize for action.

487

□ Since the public schools are doing such a poor job of educating Majority youth and most private schools are not much better—for example, the Episcopalian schools which have more Jewish students than Episcopalians—it is obvious that Majority parents are going to have to pull themselves away from the living room idiot boxes and start participating in the education of their children. Perhaps eventually some Majority parents will organize after-school educational sessions to supplement and correct the public school programs. The Jews in my community have Hebrew and Jewish studies classes at their synagogue, which are held after the public schools close for the day. I understand that Greek-Americans have similar classes in Greek Orthodox Churches around the country.

874

□ *The Dispossessed Majority* was recently mentioned in the letters column of the London *Economist*. It will be mentioned more and more in Britain in the future because of a propaganda phenomenon known as the credibility gap—according to which it is a mistake to continue to ignore something too well known for fear of being left behind by the receding tide.

British subscriber

□ Concerning *Instauration's* recent remarks about the Australian aborigines: The aborigines were interesting and acceptable to most Australians until the missionaries welfared them, the big mining companies integrated them into the towns (to get their land), and the lowest white trash cohabited with them.

Australian subscriber

□ Channel 7 TV in Boston was supposedly bought by a group of Negroes for \$60 million. I suspected the Beginites were in the background. Sure enough, they were.

047

□ The early history of Christianity is just one dreary chronicle of forgery, fraud and deceit. Most of the martyrs promoted to sainthood by the church never existed: they were only characters in an extremely popular type of fiction devised by a talented liar who is commonly called Saint Jerome. The theological mind is never interested in historical or physical truth—only in what it can make people believe for their own good which, by a divine dispensation, is always what is good for the theologian's profit and power. After the fall of the Roman Empire our people were able to make a tolerable religion out of Christianity by simply ignoring many passages in the holy book that was slapped together at the end of the Fourth Century and by interpreting many more in a sense contrary to the plain meaning of the words, as theologians can always do. Unfortunately, the written text of the anthology could not be rewritten at that late date to provide a more civilized basis for the cult.

816

□ It's good to know that Vanessa Redgrave is anti-Zionist. She is so beautiful that it hurts me in the solar plexus to see her supporting Trotskyite causes. I suppose it's a perversion of the maternal instinct which motivates her.

542

□ I well believe that Cholly Bilderberger is a person of importance. His intelligence bears this out, as also his tendency to think in terms of what is politically possible other than what is ultimately healthier. He is right about *Instauration* being mixed up. I have said so myself. But the principal reasons are: (1) It strives to be a form for the mixed-up Majority; (2) The editor is not yet thinking in terms of direct political action. I agree wholeheartedly with Cholly's points about capitalism and technology, though pushing them too far may alienate essential support. But what I like best of all is the sideswipe Cholly makes in a parenthesis, "No one is really Catholic anymore." Very true. That is why I support Archbishop Lefebvre. He thinks in terms of European Christianity and, however much his theological views may differ from Lutheran and Anglican ones, we can compromise on cultural questions. As for the Vatican, it is now a mere extension of the World Council of Churches, except in the matter of abortion. The gain to us is immense. The good racial elements in Catholicism will come over to us. Already the English Catholic gentry are beginning to send their sons to the great Anglican schools. I agree with Cholly that the main weakness is ourselves, but we must not ignore the part played by Jews in weakening us. I look forward to Cholly's contributions in the future.

British subscriber

□ I congratulate you heartily on the Bertrand Russell quotation (*Instauration*, Sept. 1978). That is the Bertie I knew ("Lord Russell" when he answered the telephone), a quite different person from the swami who was led about for so long by Mr. Schonman (divorced by his wife because he never washed). Don't forget that Russell on his deathbed sent a long telegram of support to a pro-Palestinian conference in Cairo.

British subscriber

□ That Cholly fellow seems like a contradictory person. Is he by any chance a Harvard professor?

749

□ As far as I am concerned only two overseas publications are worth subscribing to: *Instauration* and the British National Front's *Spearhead*. Each in its own field is, in my opinion, the best to be had in the world.

Australian subscriber

□ Let me congratulate you on your fine article "Country Music, U.S.A." (*Instauration*, Sept. 1978). To be sure, country music could never hold a candle to the classics of Wagner or Strauss. Nevertheless, "country" does represent something very basic and fundamental to our racial culture. Despite the infiltration of Nashville by New York and the influx of Indian blood (Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, Loretta Lynn, etc.), Country and Western continues to appeal to the white working class. It seems that "country" is in racial harmony, if you will, with the majority soul.

911

□ *Human Variation*, which *Instauration* reviewed in its August 1978 issue, was primarily a psychobiological enterprise, as opposed to a psychopolitical one. While the man who calls himself Montague Francis Ashley Montagu might not deal properly with your concern about Jews' partiality toward Jews, he can usually be counted on to emphasize nurture at the expense of nature. *Human Variation* represents a tiny counterweight to his egalitarian persiflage, which many social scientists regard as a doubletalking form of humbuggery.

306

□ I have read with great interest the titillating articles on food appearing in recent editions of *Instauration* and have been waiting patiently for some concrete advice on which foods to eat, which to avoid and so forth. I would like to put into practice in my kitchen what the author is preaching in his articles. However, each article seems to be a cliff hanger. Or are the articles "just for fun and discussion" with no practical application intended?

980

□ As far as reading *Instauration*, you may be assured that if I don't have time I will make time. I don't always agree with all your authors, but I can only plead, "race is the issue," not in a nasty way, but in an enlightened way.

910

□ If Asia is to be for the Asiatics, Africa for the Africans, and the Western nations are to become a dumping ground for the colored trash of the world, where in Hades will the whites go? At times it really looks as if Hades will become our appointed place. But can we be sure that, unless it is pretty awful, the coloreds will not follow us there, too, to share in whatever bounty our efforts may provide?

910

□ Enclosed is a small donation. Please use it to defeat ERA (Abzug, Holtzman, Steinem, Freidan, Smeal, Cohen, Lippman) and save us from Jews and blacks. We are defamed as racists by violent racists.

088

□ I have been fortunate enough to buy a 10-acre farm. We are going to try to make the annual payments by growing a few truck crops. It rejuvenates my soul to be out in the country. Needless to say, my daily trip to the campus, where I am a Visiting Professor—with all of its negative features—is an unpleasant experience. I am looking forward to being able to farm full-time if I can swing it financially.

297

□ I must thank you again for your fine magazine. Before I subscribed to *Instauration* I thought there was no one else who understood the terrible situation our culture and race is in. But when I read the letters in the Safety Valve I am comforted to know I'm not alone.

727

□ I am glad to know that the Majority still exists. One wouldn't believe it in Texas, judging by unhampered illegal immigration, biased laws and federal court rulings favoring brown and black minorities.

752

□ Speaking of classical society, the piece on Rome (*Instauration*, Oct. 1978) was a key article. The real question is whether Rome ever had more than a quarter of its inhabitants Nordic. The Hittites were just a thin uppercrust of Nordics and race mixed very easily out of their existence. If the same is true of Rome and Greece, then history is truly a series of Northern invasions. While the accomplishments of invaders are to be respected, they should not be compared to those of a society that is Nordic through and through.

200

THE IMPENDING CRACK-UP OF ISRAEL

The world has been resonating since 1948 to the miracle of a born-again Israel. What historians and the media have not told us is that this is a serialized miracle. Israel over the centuries has been reborn more often than a periodically lapsing Baptist. It is true that Sennacherib and his wolf pack of Assyrians carried off the ten tribes, who never returned except in the fertile imagination of British Israelites and assorted cranks and visionaries. But the chronicle of the remaining two tribes is an endless cycle of withdrawal and return, diaspora and homecoming, Temple destroyed or profaned, Temple rebuilt or purified.

Many of the Jews hustled off to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar in 587 B.C. came back, rebuilt the desecrated and ruined Holy of Holies, and restored the Jewish state with the help of the rulers of the Persian Empire. Then, their hearts overflowing with ingratitude, Jewish zealots quickly turned against their Persian benefactors and directed their sympathies toward the Greeks. But not for long. Soon there were incessant Jewish uprisings against the generals who inherited and fought over Alexander's imperial dominions. The Maccabean revolt was the culmination of Jewish religious and nationalistic resistance to the Seleucids and their profanation of the Temple. Once again Israel was reborn at the hands of desert guerrillas and the Temple cleansed and rededicated. Once again contraction yielded to expansion as Jews undertook the forcible conversion of neighboring peoples, offering them the choice of circumcision or death. Finally, in 64 B.C. came Pompey, the Roman Triumvir. For a time Israel prospered under half-Jewish or part-Jewish royal fellow travelers like the collaborationist Herod, who could not do enough for his Roman masters. Inevitably, Jewish fanatics turned against their puppet kings and high priests and openly challenged the might and the divinity of the Roman emperors. Titus, the son of Vespasian and later a Roman emperor himself, put down Eleazar's gruesome revolt and ravaged Palestine in A.D. 66-70. In the latter year the dry sky of Jerusalem was polluted by the smog of the burning Temple.

Superficial historians (is there any other kind?) leave us with the impression that the conquest of Palestine by Titus rang down the curtain on ancient Israel. Yet half a century later the Jews were again on the war-path, this time not only in the Promised Land, but in many other areas in the Middle East where huge Jewish colonies were thriving. In Cyprus and Cyrenaica (according to Dio Cassius), the non-Jewish population of some 460,000 was massacred almost to the last man—a holocaust of gentiles that sent a shock of outrage the length and breadth of the Roman Empire.

Emperor Hadrian responded by invading Palestine with his legions and laying waste to just about every mark and monument of Judaism and Jewishness that could be found. When he was finished (A.D. 134) nothing much was heard about Jews in the Holy Land until the 19th century. Those who survived Hadrian's fumigation moved out, presumably for good. The Temple was razed, and Jerusalem remade into a Roman city. In the centuries to come pilgrims and Crusaders reported that not a single Jew was living in the former Jewish capital and not more than a handful could be found elsewhere in Palestine. This does not mean that Palestine relapsed into 2,000 years of peace. Byzantines, Arabs, Mamalukes, Turks and Europeans continued to fight over the land—now devoid of the Jewish presence. The cyclic and catalytic irritant had disappeared—but not forever.

In 1948, as a result of World War I (the Balfour Declaration), World War II (the Allied victory over Hitler), the wealth and power of diaspora Jews, the orchestrated sympathy of non-Jews, and Zionist aplomb and fanaticism, a Jewish state was reestablished on Palestinian soil.

In antiquity when the Jewish state was restored, the religious and nationalistic ferment emanating from Jerusalem created havoc in the neighboring states. The Roman Empire, the most orderly, the most enduring and the most institutionalized and imperial of all empires, needed almost more than a century to solve the riddle of Jewish statehood. No people in Rome's wide, wide ecumene caused half the disorder or a fraction of the fractiousness. Accordingly, it should not be surprising that the latest remodeling of Israel should bring with it not only severe disequilibrium in the Middle East, but the threat of World War III. From the moment of its inception the modern Jewish state was at war with Arab nations, a war which succeeded in dispossessing more than a million Palestinians from what is now Israel proper. Since 1967 Israel has operated a heavy-handed military government in Sinai, Gaza and the West Bank, where another million Palestinians live. Meanwhile, a Jewish-like diaspora of 1.5 million other Palestinians has fanned out through the Middle East, Europe and the U.S.

Modern Israel, following the ancient pattern, was born in blood and continues to wallow in blood. That Prime Minister Menahem Begin has promised to sign a peace treaty with Egypt by no means introduces an era of good feeling in the area. Sadat's peace is a separate peace, a sellout of the Arab cause, an open invitation to assassination, an intensification of anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism among Arabs everywhere, and a heightened irridentism among the Palestinian refugees who live only for the recapture of their lost homeland.

Continued on page 20

THE MUSIC MONOPOLY

The Jewish ascendancy in the American music world is so obvious that even ADL officials no longer bother to deny it. From instrumentalists to conductors to composers to teachers the Jewish monopoly is

Devolution of New York Philharmonic



Henry C. Timm, first conductor (1842)



Willian Steinberg, Principal Guest Conductor (1966-1968)

quasi-total. Jewish musicians, in fact, boast about it. Yehudi Menuhin in his memoirs *Unfinished Journey* recounts the long roster of Russian-Jewish violinists (living or dead), which includes, besides himself, Jascha Heifetz, Georges Enesco, Fritz Kreisler and Isaac Stern. *Newsweek* lists the following pianists: Vladimir Horowitz, Mischa Dichter, Emmanuel Ax, Alfred Brendel, Alexis Weissenberg, Lazar Berman, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Charles Rosen, Daniel Barenboim and Murray Perahia. The magazine adds, as if to salt the cultural wound, that the most sought after pianist since Van Cliburn is Negro André Watts. In such a setting the rare Majority virtuoso, such as pianist Garrick Ohlsson, seems almost out of place.

The transatlantic currents of American history have made this country especially susceptible to cultural dispossession. Since the roots of Western culture are European, Americans developed the often counterproductive habit of looking to Europe for an artistic lift. In the nineteenth century a great many American musicians studied in Germany and adopted German idioms. In the 1920s American musicians flocked to Paris. By the 1930s New York itself was as foreign as Europe, since the concert field was now entirely dominated by the earlier Russian-Jewish immigrants and the later-arriving refugees from Nazi Germany.

As there are more graduates from the music schools each year than can possibly pursue a profitable musical career, music "businessmen" decide who will become successful and who will become insurance salesmen. One of the earliest musical agencies was Harrison and Harshbarger, which was purchased by Chicago utility magnate Samuel Insull, the ostensibly big-hearted philanthropist behind the Chicago Opera, who hoped to use the agency to promote recitals for his divas. Insull eventually decamped to Greece, one step ahead of federal agents who wanted to arrest him for mail fraud.

Later, national radio networks began to acquire control of the concert market. NBC bought out the former Harrison-Harshbarger agency, now known as the Civic Concert Service. CBS took over the Community Concerts Corporation, whose directors were Sigmund Spaeth and Daniel Mayer. In 1942, however, under pressure from the Federal Trade Commission, the networks severed their connections with the concert agencies. O.O. Bottorff of NBC joined with Marks Levine of CBS to form a new independent agency named National Concert and Artists Corporation (NCAC). Ward French and Arthur Judson, both CBS veterans, formed another independent agency called Columbia Management Service. Perhaps because of merit, perhaps because of racial balance, Ben Lobdill and Kurt Weinholt were also made officers of

WHAT IS RACE?

Race as a uniquely modern idea

Race is here defined as a community of trust. Although trust has been the binding force of human association since earliest times, it has expressed itself over the centuries in different ways. The concept of race is only the most recent expression. Seen as an association, race—an extension of *the primordial band of familiars*—has formed itself in response to specific objective and material conditions unique to the modern era, i.e., technology and technical social organization. Race is an outgrowth or extension of the original community of trust as the human species, or at any rate a limited segment of it, entered a vastly more complex, abstract and in this sense qualitatively different way of life. This new social order swept together vast and diverse masses of humanity and de-emphasized individual or personal familiarity and family-ness.

Seen as a group formed not only out of gregarious motives but also for economic or work purposes, the community of trust, having originally expressed itself in family and the solidarity of familiars, did not disappear under modern industrial conditions but persisted tenaciously. The abstract technical system indeed continued to take its cohesion, ultimately, from a force that was not abstract but personal and instinctive. *Individual trust gave way in the modern age not to distrust but to collective trust.* Appearing superficially to include random individuals and groups, who were strangers to one another, the modern system, nevertheless, could not exist without an essential trust among its core and sustaining members.

Although not simply a revolutionary coterie or party but a total order of society, the new order, like any group fresh in power, took decisive steps to insure that the old order—that of instincts and family-ness—would not return. The community of trust was subjected to fiercely hostile encroachments by the technological supersociety, which regarded all primal ties and loyalties as a conspiracy against itself. Family-ness, as the alternate mode of social cohesion and the one whose lineage had the legitimacy of hundreds of thousands of years of evolution, was seen as subversion. In this revolutionary struggle the family and primal band were forced underground to lead a desperate and precarious life. But the issue was far from settled. Even while the family tended to dissolve as a purely external form, the principle that had originally united the family, primal trust, remained intact. The fact remained that men found it simply impossible to live where they could not trust one another.

Technology provides a system of human organiza-

tion but not a force of human cohesion. Organization and cohesion tend to oppose each other. Trust which is the basis of cohesion is instinctive, selective and exclusive. Organization strives against such limitations by imposing mediation in all cases of distrust. But even in complex industrial and technological systems, where agreements are theoretically guaranteed by law and forced arbitration, the fact remains that no two persons can cooperate—in the sense of agree to do something—who do not first trust one another. It is not so much that the limitation of organization *per se* is set by the limits of trust, it is, rather, that no *human* organization—the organization of a pure machine or system notwithstanding—is possible where men do not first trust one another. Since the human being is committed to technics and technology, he must live with this contradiction.

This inner tension between modes of association expresses itself, in stages, in the tension of social revolutionary parties—between the party of mediation and that of primordial trust. Having lost track of individual family and tribal lineage, men nevertheless find that they cannot carry on any cooperative enterprise, even where such cooperation is dictated by law and formal arbitration, without trusting one another. Next, in order to extend organization indefinitely, society attempts to dissolve these unmediated bonds of trust. Finally, the bonds of trust attempt to protect themselves by objectifying themselves in an association which, while consistent with the terms of at least a limited technology, is politically independent of technology. This objectification, under conditions set by the present level of technology, is the association of race.

Primal trust as instinct

Appearing first in the primordial band of familiars, this trust could not derive from education or from a moral imperative of civil society but had to be an instinct. It was an inborn reflex not absolutely limited to individual familiars and capable of extension. Of course, not all humanity could be included. Trust is **linked primarily to the band of familiars, therefore it resists promiscuous contact.** Even while the trust may extend far beyond the primal group to include a great number of people—even without loss of intensity—it is an exclusive force. Extension is no greater than required by the objective conditions at a given stage of technological evolution. The general principle governing extension can be summed up as follows. In response to industrialism, which demanded trust no less than the primal group of hunters and horticulturalists, subsisting with a primitive technology, the instinct of

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THE INQUIRING MIND OF

Blood will tell, says the old folk wisdom. Back in 1902, even the socialist H. G. Wells believed it. In *Anticipations* he held that the less advanced races, those "swarms of black, and brown, and dirty-white, and yellow people," who believe the world to be a charity institution, "will have to go."

But this idea seems to have been washed away by the rising tides of color and equalitarianism. However, a brief look at the Huxley family shows there is more truth than poetry in yesterday's folklore.

Aldous Huxley's great uncle was Matthew Arnold; Huxley's grandfather, Thomas H., a friend and champion of Charles Darwin, Huxley's father, Leonard, a noted writer and editor; Aldous's brother, Julian, the distinguished biologist. None of them was exactly retarded.

Wells, a student of T. H. Huxley, saw a strong physical resemblance between Aldous and his grandfather. The similarities seem to extend to qualities of intellect and character, since neither of them was afraid to express unpopular ideas.

Aldous Huxley began his lecture series at Santa Barbara nearly two decades ago with a reference to his grandfather's preoccupation "with the problem of excessive specialization" and the widening gulf between the natural sciences and the humanities. In *The Human Situation: Lectures at Santa Barbara* (Harper & Row, 1977, \$10), published posthumously late last year, Aldous sets out to build bridges which connect art and science.

Moreover, he attempts to address a variety of fundamental human problems, asking: "Who are we? What is the nature of human nature? How should we be related to the planet on which we live? How are we to live together satisfactorily? How do we develop our individual potentialities? What is the relationship between nature and nurture?" Huxley endeavors to answer these questions by drawing on insights stimulated by a lifetime of the most intense intellectual curiosity.

Unfortunately, *The Human Situation* hasn't received much attention from reviewers, and those who have noticed it have not been terribly enthusiastic. It can only be assumed that some of Huxley's ideas make them uncomfortable.

Huxley is an extraordinarily gifted essayist, and one can turn to almost any page of his last book and find writing possessed of a magnetic quality. It is noteworthy that in recent years a number of his most vocal critics have been liberals.

Huxley, who defies standard political classification, was no stranger to controversy. Although he described his politics as "Fabian and mildly Labourite," he was strongly attracted to the elitist sociological spe-



ALDOUS HUXLEY

culations of Vilfredo Pareto. Averring that "political convictions are generally the fruit of chance," he wrote in "Jesting Pilate" "If I had been brought up a little differently, I might, I suppose, have been a Fascist and an apostle of the most full-blooded imperialism."

Although he opposed totalitarianism, Huxley, like E. M. Forster, could summon only two half-hearted cheers for democracy. In the days of Shelley, Huxley wrote, democracy was a "young and attractive" utopianism and "not the bedraggled and rather whorish old slut she is now." In an essay entitled "Political Democracy," which appeared in his *Proper Studies* (1927), he ridiculed democracy, calling it a fraud, and suggested that the masses regularly elect fools or charlatans.

While Huxley gives vent to very little of his anti-democratic thought in *The Human Situation*, he does push his life-long pacifism and internationalism. In his sixth lecture, "War and Nationalism," Huxley claims that war is a "culturally conditioned state of affairs based upon the natural condition of conflict." He cites German ethologist Konrad Lorenz, who has shown that a "fight to the finish" seldom occurs in nature. War, according to Huxley, is unnatural, because it extends conflict "to the limit of destruction and is not instinctive." Furthermore, war is conditioned by the symbols of modern nationalism. Certainly Huxley is correct in pointing to the arbitrary nature of

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THE MULATTOES ARE BACK

In those areas of the world colonized by Latin Europeans, the color line has never been as carefully drawn as in Northern European settlements. Most of the whiter whites only see black when they see Negroes. The darker whites—the French, Spaniards and Portuguese—see different shades of darkness. In the U.S., only in the Deep South, were hybrid Negroes systematically categorized into quadroons, octoroons and even finer racial gradations.

With the advent of the civil rights movement in mid-century it was politically expedient for U.S. blacks to continue to go along with the old Nordic definition that a black is anyone with a trace of Negro blood. There was money, fame and advancement for blacks, even if they happened to be half or three-quarters or fifteen-sixteenths white. Then, too, the liberals and unassimilable white minorities pushing black power were clever enough to realize that any racial divisiveness within the black population would only weaken the anti-Majority coalition.

This is why in describing such entertainment figures as Lena Horne, such politicians as Senator Brooke and such civil rights agitators as Martin Luther King, Jr. and Andrew Young, the media never used the word mulatto. Hewing to the party line, the mulattoes themselves never objected. They willingly accepted their public designation as black, though they were quite aware—and proud—of their partial whiteness, which set them apart from the ghetto blacks, whose arteries still pulsed with largely undiluted African blood

Again without much mention in the media, black racial groupings in the U.S. have become class categories, with the lighter-skinned blacks maintaining a lofty political, economic and social superiority over their darker brothers. This phenomenon, quite visible anywhere in the world with large hybrid black populations, has frequently led to violence. We have only to remember Haiti, where the race wars caught the mulattoes in the middle and where, in the end, they were massacred almost to the last man, along with the whites. Today, in almost any island of the Lesser Antilles mulattoes will be found running the economy and the government and exploiting the darker blacks as “viciously” as any of their now departed white colonial bosses. It is no wonder that the less diluted

blacks consider their mulatto masters as imitation whites.

Despite the all-pervading silence on the subject, the U.S. mulatto population is huge. The Negro middle class, recently propelled into affluence by desegregation and reverse discrimination, is mostly composed of white-black hybrids. Moving into suburbia from Northern ghettos and Southern tenant farms, these mulattoes are now economically, socially and geographically separated from authentic blacks. This separation is intensified by the mulatto habit of leaving it to the whites to control and pay off the ghetto and rural blacks. The mulattoes are too busy enjoying their new

Are These Two Men Members of the Same Race?



Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter, folk singer, convicted murderer



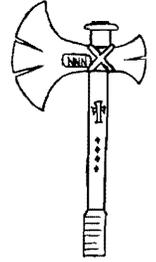
W.E.B. DuBois, Leninist intellectual, a founder of the NAACP

found freedom and prosperity to aid their darker, disadvantaged racial cousins.

It was only a question of time until weakening Northern European racial attitudes, the increasing number of Mediterranean immigrants with their more discerning and more tolerant racial eyes, and the liberation of the lighter-complexioned blacks brought the mulatto question out of the media closet into the hot glare of public attention. Already we are hearing noises about “mulatto” pride. Already we are seeing the end of the grotesque African hairdos affected in the sixties by mulattoes like Angela Davis and the green-eyed Mrs. Eldridge Cleaver, neither of whom can hardly be described as dusky. At the same time, the masses of poorer blacks are increasingly showing their displeasure at mulattoes getting all the gravy, from their election as college beauty queens to

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As this call to arms from a believing subscriber shows,
there are still a few Christians on our side



BE GOD'S BATTLE-AX

White Christians keep saying we are going to win, it is prophesied. But do they ask themselves why should God wave His magic wand for a people so debauched and stupidly ignorant as to commit racial suicide? What kind of people are we to sit and expect an easy way out, to wait for someone else to do our self-rescuing job for us? If we look around us how can we not see that unless something is done, something different than is presently being done, we indeed may *not* win. We may be destined for victory, but if the white man continues as he is, reason pure and simple shows the horrid fact that we may very well lose. Once the fear and horror of this is realized we must then be determined enough to say:

It is destined to be and, impelled by God's inspiration, I will see that destiny fulfilled by my own efforts. With pride in my race glowing within me, I shall sell my cloak for a sword and become Christ's battle-ax.

What are we, suckling babes who look to our Father to save us with no effort on our part? Are we not yet of age? We must become of age.

We should not interpret scripture to mean that we **must wait, do little, escape involvement and expect** God to do all the work. This attitude is deadly to white survival. Widespread beliefs of this nature are what our enemy is counting on. The white Christian who holds back in the belief that, though all is terrible, little can be done about it, that the worse things are the sooner will be the Lord's coming, is falling into a fatal trap. Entrancement with the possible nearness and ultimate joy of the end time allows us to take the path of least resistance, to lead a hedonistic, materialistic, success-obsessed life with only the smallest twinge of conscience. Our enemies love attitudes of this kind. They love whites who are completely beguiled and are an abomination in the sight of the Lord. Hoping to buy their way into heaven, these whites fill the coffers of lionized religious charlatans to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars a year, while the cause of racial survival starves.

Lazy? Is that what the white is? Is that what you are? Shouldn't the desire to do battle for your Father fill you with martial ardor? Do you not wish to be victorious and say, "Father I've done battle for You." Does it make your Father proud to come and find His people sitting in prayer circles and twiddling their fingers while mongrels are rocked and suckled at **white girls' breasts? Let there be prayer, but prayer before battle and prayer for battle.** Isn't the white who

will use any means necessary to preserve his race inspired by God? Isn't this the way God acts through man? Doesn't it make sense for our Father to help us to be self-sufficient, to fight out own battles? It is God helping, but in a manner that helps us to help ourselves. It is God helping us to prove ourselves worthy of His help.

Pick up the cross of Christ today. Use it as your battle-ax to strike at the enemy — then strike again and again. When Jesus returns let Him find you physically exhausted and smelling of dirt and sweat, financially impoverished, wracked with pain, even imprisoned or facing death if the cause demands. But let Him find you enmeshed in the battle for survival, with your head high, with love in your heart for your people and hatred for the enemy. Let Him find you grown to maturity. Let Him find you using the cross as your sword, as it lights up the darkness and burns and annihilates our oppressors.

God must have an honorable appraisal of His people. Let Him be able to say: Yes, these are My people. They have become of age. They have matured. They have been inspired by Me and have followed the leaders I have sent them. They have risen up. They have done battle for Me. They have risked their lives and may have died to rid the earth of those who threatened to devour them. They have come to realize that religions, peoples and nations have survived and prospered by relying on the sword as well as the book.

Good and faithful children, we must accept the honor and privilege of doing battle for our people and for our God. We must feel the ecstasy that comes from serving one's Father and serving Him well. We must hear God say:

These are My people and I am proud of them. They have done My work. They have acted as I wanted them to. They have been My battle-ax. I knew that they would not let Me down and that a spark of oldtime faith, however small, still glowed in their breasts, a spark that they and I will fan to a greater flame.

We must also hear God say:

I believed they would not remain lazy and not be afraid to die fighting for Me. They have not failed, although I often feared that they were all but lost, that they were mortally afraid of risk and sacrifice, that the salvation of their race was unimportant to them. They were standing by while their unborn babies were murdered, while their grandchildren became brown. "Oh, My

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Democracy and Race

Self-government is a human betterment process. Letting others take care of you is letting yourself down. Nothing stirs up the mental juices more than the struggle for good government. To avoid such a struggle not only invites waste, corruption, miserable leadership and eventual chaos—it also saps the character, triggers acedia and keeps the spirit running perpetually in low gear.

Democracy aims at the average, which forces the best to lower their sights. The mean—in both senses of the word—is really the static. A homogeneous Nordic democracy can outpace other democracies because the genetic material is better adapted to the delicate mix of power, technology, cooperation, stability and Emersonian self-reliance. But a Nordic democracy, the only kind with any track record, cannot outpace itself, unless most of its citizens are above average and stay above average. This is why the more successful democracies are or were only partial—or more accurately—*pseudodemocracies*. Athens had more slaves than citizens. The Florentine electorate comprised only a fraction of the population. The heady dawn of the United States and the brilliant noon of the British Empire were times of a narrowly restricted franchise.

Universal suffrage is madness, all the more so in a heterogeneous democracy. Either one race is dominant and there is some order, or under the spurious label of equality the cold biological war moves relentlessly into the hot stage. Too much democracy is democracy's deadliest poison.

The basic precondition of any operational democracy is racial homogeneity. Consequently, the chief task of democracy buffs in a heterogeneous state should be to turn it into several homogeneous states. How? By agitating for the political and geographical separation of its various racial components.

The only alternative is the forced cross-breeding of all ethnic groups in the hope of forming a single hybrid race. But this would almost certainly be self-defeating, since it would lower the intelligence and capabilities of the more gifted race at the very moment the highest wisdom was required to unite and govern the fusing elements.

Homogeneous democracies, after a period of progress and prosperity, are often transformed into heterogeneous states which quickly fly apart in the social centrifuge. Democracy can never put the pieces back together. The sensible answer is to let the centrifuge do its work. Let the bits and pieces coagulate into separate states. Let the Nordic segment restart another painful but brilliant experiment in pseudodemocracy. This time, however, after the regrouping of peoples that inevitably follows national breakdown, let the strong—most particularly the revitalized Nordics—no longer conquer the weak. Let the strong shun the weak. Let the strong use their

superior strength not to invade the lands of the weak, but to protect their unique genetic heritage (note the deliberate omission of the adjective "superior") by beating back the invasions of the weak. History has conclusively demonstrated that, though the strong may conquer or dominate the weak for a time, the very presence of the weak in their midst, plus the attraction that the strong exert on weak outsiders—a fatal attraction for the former—is a guarantee of the eventual conquest of the conquerors by the conquered.

Straight from the Shoulder

Some years ago Cyril Darlington, one of the few extant scientists who is not afraid to say what he thinks, wrote *The Evolution of Man and Society*, which might properly be called the first "genetic" history of mankind. Now he offers us an equally fascinating work *The Little Universe of Man* (George Allen & Unwin, London). As his book quickly reveals, Darlington has an enemies' list, at the top of which is the frenetic industrialization engaged in by the West, Russia and the envious and mimetic Third World; the decay of religion "which once accustomed us to look back to our beginning and forward to our end [but which has] lost its long-term view [and gives] no thought to the fact that the resources of [this] earth are limited;" the British leadership for "after having lost India, trying to bring India into Britain;" the leveling of education to the lowest common denominator instead of developing different educational programs and goals for students of different intellectual levels and cultural backgrounds.

Darlington wants to force the uneducated to perform physical labor, which should keep their minds off violence. He also proposes the forced sterilization of misfits and criminals. As to the differences between sexes and races, he says we should recognize and make profitable use of them rather than deny or downgrade them.

Many will agree with Darlington's desire to control population quantity as we eat up our precious resources, but most of his nervous colleagues will feel compelled to damn him when he talks about population *quality*. Darlington concludes by saying, "In the end, after 50 years of work, I have to reach the same conclusion as Malthus—we are in danger of reproducing ourselves into extinction."

Darlington is a Fellow of the Royal Society, Emeritus Professor of Botany at Oxford and a scientist of international reputation. Yet his publishers had to ask him to make seventeen changes in his manuscript after they had been warned by their lawyers of their liability for prosecution under Britain's Race Relations Act.

Dividends of Blood

Instauration has been accused of an obsessive interest in the smallest manifestation of anti-Jewishness in the Soviet Union. Undaunted and unrepentant, we now call attention to some articles that recently appeared in *Nedelya*, the Sunday supplement of *Izvestia*, and in the popular illustrated weekly *Ogonyok* (circ. 2 million). In the latter, Jews are charged with having a stranglehold on the world's multibillion dollar munitions trade, "the most Zionist of businesses, which pays the dividends of blood collected by the cosmopolites of the lord of hosts." Some space is devoted to Lazard Frères, Kuhn Loeb and the Rothschilds. "Tell me who your banker is," the author asks, "and I shall tell you who you are." A second article in the same magazine avers, "It is difficult to determine the share of the national wealth in the West which belongs to the bourgeoisie of Jewish origin." The article in *Nedelya* deals with Zionist terror, emphasizing a recent "pogrom" led by Rabbi Kahane's Jewish Defense League against the seminary of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral in Jerusalem.

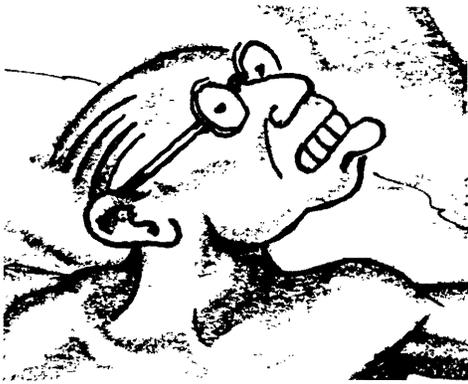
Meanwhile, Soviet TV presented three spectacular whodunits featuring villains with Jewish names, accents and gestures. The Jewish characters alternately engaged in rape, murder and embezzlement until they were brought to justice by handsome, clean-cut Russian detectives. What was worse, the criminals were depicted as too cowardly to commit their own crimes. They had to hire non-Jews to do their dirty work. From New York the Greater Conference on Soviet Jewry sent the Kremlin a bitter wire, "These shows are in the worst anti-Semitic tradition. We demand the cessation of such programs as part of every Soviet Jew's God-given right to live a true Jewish life without fear."

These anti-Semitic trends may be balanced by a few gleanings from *New York Times* reporter Hedrick Smith, who writes in his bestseller *The Russians* that at least one million Jews wish to remain in Russia and have no desire to come to the U.S. or Israel. According to the 1970 Soviet census, there were 2,151,000 Russian Jews, but Smith believes this number does not include Jews who have been passing as Russians or members of other ethnic groups. He quotes Ray Medvedev, the dissident historian whose father is Russian and whose mother is Jewish, as estimating the number of unidentified Jews in Russia as anywhere from one to ten million.

Smith also provides a list of various Soviet-Jewish personalities largely unknown to the West. It includes Valentin Zorin, the Moscow TV commentator, Georgi Arbatov, the Soviet Union's expert on U.S. affairs, Aleksandr Chakovsky, editor of the influential *Literary Gazette*, Arkady Raikin, the popular comedian. Also, according to Smith, 84% of the Bolshoi Company is Jewish, as are the deputies of many Soviet ministers. He further agrees that Russian

Jews have done very well in the arts, literature, music, drama, the cinema and science. But he says there is now an effective discrimination against Jews in the higher institutions of learning, which is bound to reduce their numbers in the upper levels of the bureaucracy. Indeed, feelings are running so strongly against Jews in the Communist party that Jews who wish to hold on to their second-echelon posts have to be very careful to conceal their racial affiliations and in public must come down very strong on Zionism and the dissidents.

Better Dachau Than Pechor-Lag



In Menahem Begin's autobiography *White Nights* he devotes a paragraph (p. 204) to a Jewish doctor whom he meets in Pechor-Lag, a Soviet labor camp. The doctor had also been at Dachau and for Begin's edification compares Nazi and Soviet concentration camps. At Dachau, he recounts:

We worked at road-making. The work was hard, but we worked eight hours a day. Yes, sometimes the Nazi overseer used to slap my face and say 'Jewish swine.' That was terrible. But don't the *Urki* [common criminals] say 'lousy Jew' to me here, almost every day? Don't they kick me? Do you think there is much difference if the jailer hits and abuses me, or if the criminal prisoners do it? There I had a clean bed. I had soap to wash with, a toothbrush, clean underwear, warm clothes for the winter. All the time I was confined I had contact with my family. I was sent letters and parcels. I was not hungry. I do not have to tell you how much I hate the accursed Nazis. But when I lie here in the muck and the stink, when I scratch my body, when I long for an extra piece of bread, a terrible thought sometimes comes into my head. I admit it is a terrible thought, but I will not conceal it from you. At times I think that if I had to choose between *Pechor-Lag* and the Dachau concentration camp, I would choose Dachau."

High Culture

Last fall Mrs. Marilyn Dietl of Burlington, Vermont, drove 18-year-old daughter Judy to a parking lot and shot her dead with a .38-caliber revolver. Mrs. Dietl told police

she was forced to commit the murder because Judy, while attending college in Boston the previous year, had become involved with a black pimp who turned her into a prostitute. Her mother managed to bring Judy home, but when at the pimp's wheedling and cajoling she told her mother she was going back to him, Mrs. Dietl decided her daughter would be better off dead.

* * *

Montgomery Clift, the handsome Majority actor who drank and drugged himself into rigor mortis some years ago in the cultural abyss known as Hollywood, had a fifteen-year relationship with his analyst, Dr. William Silverberg. Clift's biographer, Patricia Bosworth, claims that his reliance on Silverberg did him little good and probably hastened his disintegration. How many similar Hollywood—and Broadway—tragedies have been caused by alien minds swathed in the priestly attributes of psychoanalysis working on the naive susceptibilities of young Majority actors and actresses—alien minds completely out of tune with the needs and problems of their patients—alien minds that only worsen the mental illnesses they are supposed to cure.

* * *

Who is behind "Soap," the TV sitcom that wades deeper in the muck and slime of video alphabetism than any other show to date? The producer and principal writer is none other than Susan Harris, who studied English Lit at Cornell, NYU, Columbia and UCLA. Her TV apprenticeship was spent with Norman Lear, the rabbi's son who gave America "All in the Family," an anti-Majority perversion of an English TV series, with an Irish actor playing a Wasp in an ethnic New York suburb where Wasps have not nested for decades. What is the secret of Susan's success? "Being Jewish helps," she told a recent interviewer.

* * *

Robert Francoeur, a Catholic theologian and sociology instructor at Fairleigh Dickinson University, requires his students to attend a weekend workshop, which he calls a "sexarama." It begins, he says, with "a little light-hearted campy film on nudity," followed by a short short of "a sensuous orange being peeled and eaten." Then comes nine full hours of hardcore pornography featuring "sado-masochism, bestiality and the like." Next there is "a brief discussion with the whole group of what is normal and a comment by a priest. We close with a film of a 65-year-old man and a 58-year-old woman, with student reactions ranging over shock that their grandparents or parents might still copulate, really enjoy it, and be more innovative than the young experts are."

* * *

The young father of two small children found buried in the backyard of a Detroit house was arrested when their uncle testified he attended the burial a year ago. He

told police that he had withheld the information so long because he had been "under a spell." Seven people were still living or existing in the abandoned three-unit apartment building. Amid the indescribable filth and litter, there were signs proclaiming "ecology squad" and "only the cleansed can worship." The occupants, who wore turbans and robes, would not say a word to reporters, except for one man who kept mumbling "peace and love." Police said the group was a religious cult known in the neighborhood as Hebrew Israelites.

* * *

In 1975 David Bruce McCord and David Robert Zamora were married in Colorado. A few months ago McCord asked a Colorado Springs District Court to invalidate the marriage because Zamora had made "a false representation." The judge dismissed the case on the ground that homosexual marriages were not legal. McCord said he would appeal because he and Zamora had obtained a legal wedding license in Boulder County and had been married by a municipal judge.

Artistic Vision

Some Hollywood creature named Steve Spielman, Spielberg or Spiegelberg takes credit for the film "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." This is as it should be for very little credit is due. The film is a leaning tower of banality, as is most everything emanating from the movie industry, which is a far greater source of air pollution in the Los Angeles basin than all the noxious hydrocarbons floating up from all the interminable freeways.

One part of "Close Encounters," however, surpasses in visual artistry almost any film segment ever made. This is the arrival of the space ship. Talk about modern art! Here is a picture that seizes and entralls the sense of sight and all its cerebral and spiritual connections until the viewer is practically lifted out of his physical self and held deliciously suspended, not only in outer space, but at the outer fringes of consciousness.

We couldn't imagine what a person like Spielberg had to do with an artistic vision that is almost impossible to describe in words. So we did a little research. The space ship, we discovered, was designed by a 35-year-old Majority genius named Douglas Trumbull, who for many years has been an unsung Hollywood special effects man. Right now he has given up this work—geniuses don't remain locked up in closets for long—and is devising a new film-making process. He has found that the level of reality (or believability) in motion pictures increases with film speed. Twenty-four frames per second is the current speed. Television runs at thirty frames per second. Today Trumbull is shooting film at sixty frames per second. Some scenes are so terrifyingly real that they actually become a health hazard to some viewers.

Welfare Immigrants

On and off Congress has appropriated \$130 million to help Jews get out of Russia. They were supposed to go to Israel. Some of them did. Some of them didn't. Three thousand of the 10,000 who went West instead of South are now agit-propping, an inherited behavioristic trait, in New York City. They are challenging the methods being used to teach them English and "integrate them," as the *New York Times* puts it "into the American culture."

Many of them are on welfare. Their spokesman, Jurii Novak, a 52-year-old ex-Soviet naval officer, says: "Our minds are too worn down by the Soviet experience. We must be taught by people with excellent command of comparative grammar of both languages."

Since these immigrants have only to open their mouths to get their ungrateful complaints into the *New York Times*, it probably won't be long before Carter launches a million-dollar program for the accelerated acculturation of Soviet Jews.

The scads of Soviet Jews who came to San Francisco, to which they were drawn by the mild climate, are also unhappy, even though they are getting jobs as fast as Majority members and are enjoying the fruits of a vocational and career-counseling project financed by the federal government to the tune of \$140,000. Their chief beef seems to be an "anti-Semitic" newspaper put out by non-Jewish Russians who came to the U.S. unassisted decades ago. The Russian Americans cannot understand why their relatives are not allowed to leave Russia, while the relations of the Soviet Jews are.

Americans seem to owe these Russian Jews something, something not owed to the millions of non-Jewish Soviet citizens who also are dying to emigrate, something in fact not owed to anyone else in the world, including ourselves.

What is this something? The answer might prove so embarrassing that no one dares to ask the question.

Sleeper Agents

From an interview with Howard Kaplan, a writer nabbed by the KGB in the act of smuggling a manuscript out of Russia (*Publishers Weekly*, Sept. 18, 1978, p. 131).

Q.: KGB agents settling in the West and posing as Jewish immigrants is a pretty terrifying prospect. How many have actually settled here?

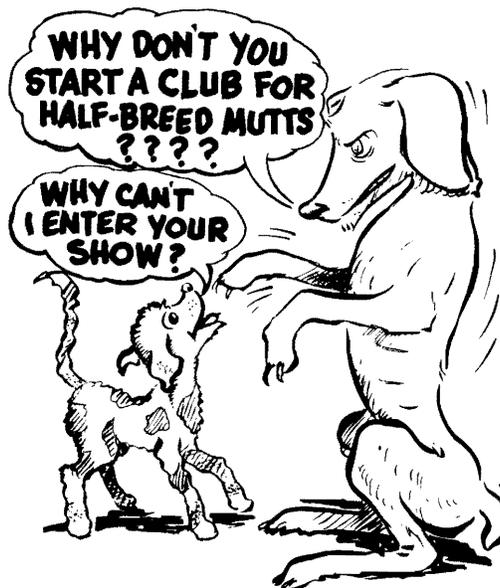
Kaplan: There's no real way to know since the CIA, FBI and the Israeli Mossad at best are only able to locate a small number of them. Over 150,000 Jews have left the Soviet Union since 1967; by now nearly half of them have settled in Europe and the United States. The most insidious problem is that of sleeper agents. These are people who, let's say, enter the U.S. posing as Jewish refugees, lead normal lives for 10, 20 years, finding a place in

American industry, working themselves into an authoritative position and then suddenly—when Moscow decides the time is right—they are activated—awakened, if you will—and begin transmitting the knowledge they've gathered. Now you can imagine the problem of trying to watch the movement of 150,000 people for 10 or 20 years. I'm told that in Israel each new immigrant is watched for five years. That is all their manpower will allow. Then there is the problem of agents immigrating to Israel, staying there a number of years and then immigrating to the U.S. or Europe as Israelis. Under that scenario they are much less suspect.

Vive le Mutt!

It had to come to this sooner or later. We repeat in full the answer of Dr. Michael Fox, the Chicago Tribune's veterinarian columnist, to a reader who questioned him about entering "a beautiful mutt" in a dog show.

Sorry, but most dog clubs and obedience trials are "racist"—for purebreds only! It's a sad reflection of human values, but it's a fact. A friend of mine had a supermutt, and her local obedience club wouldn't accept her and her pooch because the latter wasn't a purebred pedigree. Many people are just as hurt and annoyed by this fact as you are. Cat fanciers are more liberal, allowing all varieties to compete at shows. You may be lucky and find a local association that encourages owners of mutts to compete in obedience trials, but the national championships unfortunately are restricted to purebreds. Here's a thought—start your own show for mutts!



If this isn't enough, Americans now have the privilege of buying the new bestseller *Mutt* by Nancy Dolensek and Barbara Burn. The advertising copy for the book reads:

Mutt is taking over. As any mutt owner will tell you, if you mix a pinch of peke with a dash of hound—or a dollop of doberman with a soupçon of setter—you'll end up with an

animal that is actually superior to a purebred. Stronger. More alert. Better adjusted. An unbeatable combination of watchdog, companion, scout, nanny, bodyguard, and lap robe. Now at last, there is a book that gives America's favorite underdog (46 million strong!) his due. It celebrates the marvels of the mixed breed.

Medical Notes

At any time of the day or night in Cook County, Illinois, three welfare recipients are riding to and from hospitals in ambulances. The tab is \$55 per ride. The total annual cost is \$1,738,000, all of it paid by taxpayers who are not on welfare and who cannot afford to travel in ambulances.

Saving the life of a premature baby (2.2 lbs. or less) now costs an average of \$88,658 in hospital fees.

There is a new movement afoot for sexual rights for the mentally retarded, including the right to bear mentally retarded children. One public agency is now actually recommending that parents of retarded children encourage their sexual activity.

It has been calculated that between 57,000 and 82,000 mongolian children will be born in the U.S. in 1970-80. Cost of caring for them: approximately \$1.7 billion a year. Every such birth can now be prevented by amniocentesis—the new technique, banned in some places, of detecting inherited defects in fetuses.

Irrational Investment

The third most widely held security in the U.S. is Israel bonds. Just behind U.S. savings bonds and A.T. & T., they now total \$3.8 billion.

Michael Arnon, president and chief executive officer of the organization that sells Israel bonds, describes them as "an investment of faith, an investment of love and admiration. It is the complete reverse of any rational investment."

Samuel Rothberg was the first Israel bond salesman. He began selling them in 1951 and, according to Arnon, "during the first years of their existence the bonds were sold almost exclusively within the Jewish community. Now, however, non-Jews and institutional investors are beginning to be a major segment of buyers and roughly twenty-five percent of the bonds are bought each year by non-Jewish investors. Today, Israel bonds are held by some 3,100 banks, 7,000 pension funds, 1,400 labor unions and between 400 and 500 insurance companies."

Since Israel bonds are not sold under the same regulations governing the sale of other foreign bonds in this country, especially in regard to the full disclosure demanded by the SEC, congressional invest-

igating committees that have been so sanctimonious about the operation of American multinational corporations should make it their next order of business to hold open hearings on Israel bonds. They should, but they won't.

If non-Jews knew what they were really buying when they bought Israel bonds, there might be much less investment in one of the world's shakiest economies.

Remember the Liberty

This magazine has consistently maintained that the brutal attack on the American naval vessel *U.S.S. Liberty* during the Six-Day War in 1967 was deliberate. Now, ten years after the event, the same conclusion seems to have been reached by the U.S. Navy, though it is still half-heartedly denied by the CIA. *The Proceedings of the United States Naval Institution* (June 1978) carried an article, "The Violation of the *Liberty*," which showed, in the most elaborate detail, that the Israeli attack was anything but an accident. First came the bombs, armor-piercing shells, rockets and napalm from Israeli Mystère supersonic fighter bombers, a rain of destruction that lasted seven minutes, killing eight crew members and wounding 100. Fourteen minutes later three Israeli torpedo boats, also built in France, raked the ship with gunfire before launching their torpedoes. Another twenty-six dead. When the *Liberty* managed to limp back to Malta, there were 821 holes in her hull.

The attack took place on June 8, 1967, when the world was being deliberately kept in a state of bewilderment about who started the war. The silence about the Israeli blitz was easily penetrated by the sophisticated electronics on the *U.S.S. Liberty*. So the ship had to be destroyed. When attacked, the *Liberty* was flying a 5'x8' American flag, glaringly visible in the bright afternoon Mediterranean sun, as were other large hull markings, to the covey of Israeli reconnaissance planes that had been observing the ship throughout the morning. To defend itself, the *Liberty* had to depend on four .50-calibre machine guns.

If the *Liberty* had been sunk, it was the intention of the Israelis to blame it on the Arabs. However, the badly battered communications still functioned well enough to get off a radio message to the Sixth Fleet, which immediately sent swarms of Sky Hawks and Phantoms to the rescue. The Israeli attack was then called off. Later one of the attacking torpedo boats had the chutzpah to approach the burning ship and signal, "Do you need anything?" Commander McGonagle, with a gaping shrapnel wound in his right leg, leaned over the rail and said, "Go to hell!"

In 1973 the *Liberty* was sold for scrap for \$101,666.66. Only after the wounded had engaged legal counsel did Israel agree to

pay \$3,566,453 in compensation, much of which was pocketed by the attorneys. The U.S. claim for \$7,644,616 for material damages was never paid.

We wonder what Stephen Decatur would think of this. Decatur, it may be remembered, cruised the Mediterranean in search of the Barbary pirates, stormed their ports, sunk their ships and killed their crews until the piracy ended. Today, he would find his cherished navy doing absolutely nothing about 34 Americans killed by a new breed of Barbary pirates at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Even worse, he would find that his no longer sovereign nation was paying billions of dollars in annual tribute to the murderers of its own servicemen.

Note: *Conspiracy of Silence*, a new book about the *Liberty* by Anthony Pearson, has just been published in Britain. The author states the *Liberty* was sent to monitor Israeli military movements and to give Washington advance warning of any possibility of the use of nuclear missiles. The Israelis, Pearson writes, knocked out the *Liberty* because they were trying to keep their aggressive intentions secret as long as possible in order to present the world with a military *fait accompli*.

Behind the Stacks

The American Library Association's "Library Bill of Rights" affirmed, among other principles, that "In no case should library materials be excluded because of the race or nationality or the social, political, or religious views of the authors . . . no library materials should be proscribed or removed from libraries because of partisan or doctrinal disapproval." The ALA's "Sexism, Racism, and Other -isms in Library Materials," a statement published in 1973, affirmed that this protection extended even to racist and sexist materials.

In 1976 the ALA passed a resolution on "Racism and Sexism Awareness," which, among other things, called for a program of racism-sexism awareness training for librarians and urged libraries to develop "a program to raise the awareness of library users to the pressing problems of racism and sexism."

At present, the ALA's Committee on Intellectual Freedom, chaired by Vietnam peacemaker Zoia Horn, is mulling over the question of whether the "Awareness" resolution invalidates the 1973 statement. Horn, without explicitly saying as much, leans to Marcuse's notion that tolerance of "repressive" ideas, i.e., racism and sexism, is itself repressive, promoting "reactionary" values.

Clara Stanton Jones, a black woman and former president of the ALA, denies that the "Awareness" resolution will lead to censorship, but the tone of her denial is itself somewhat ambiguous:

Along the way there have been many battles over the inclusion or exclusion of books

and other library materials containing de-meaning racial, religious, or national stereotypes. However, reevaluation in the light of basic democratic values has improved the quality of book collections without creating a climate of savage weeding—expurgation, labelling and removal of materials for content. The influence of the library profession, principally through ALA, along with educators and a host of others, has been felt by publishers and filmmakers. The result has been more enlightened standards for all (*American Libraries*, May, 1977, pp. 244-45)

In other words, "Awareness" training may not lead to book burning or open junking of undesirable books, but the question of *future acquisitions* is another matter.

Meanwhile, under the heading "Berkeley Library Exhibit Draws Turkish Ire," *American Libraries*, official journal of the ALA, published in its June 1978 issue a brief account of the imbroglio resulting when Armenian students were permitted to display in the UC-Berkeley Library an exhibit accusing the Turks of genocide. Library head Richard Dougherty, recently defeated in his bid to become ALA president, admitted that "If we were to exhibit materials depicting the Armenian Genocide, the library should also have displayed materials that represented the Turkish point of view."

Armenian claims of genocide are at least as well substantiated as Jewish Holocaustology. Why is equal time and space accorded to rebuttal in the one case, but not the other?

Basics

Alice Claire is the Dear Abby of the black newspaper *Chicago Defender*. Recently she received this communication, the original grammar and spelling of which have been faithfully preserved.

Dear Alice:

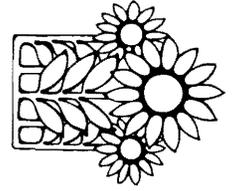
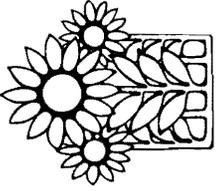
I feel I should sue this company for discrimination. I have a B.S. degree in sociology. I went to this place to apply for a job as counselor. They made me take an aptitude test even tho I am well qualififide for the job.

This woman in charge told me that I didn't see the requirements. But a white woman who said she had just two years of college, she was told to report back for an oral interview. I think this is race prejudice. Don't you think I should sue this company. When I asked this woman again why I didn't get the job, she said I couldn't spell. I don't think that's got anything to do with counseling. That was just an excuse. Alice, what do you think I should do?

Really Upset

It is to Alice's credit she advised "Really Upset" that the reason she did not get the job was not white racism, but black misspellings and solecisms. Alice also wondered out loud how any college could have given her a B.S. degree. It is not to Alice's credit, however, that in her answer to "Really Upset" she spelled curriculum "cirriculum."

POETIC CHANGE OF PACE



Sadly aware that nothing gives a magazine a blacker eye than a bad poem, *Instauration's* editor has shied away from all forms of metered writing, wincing every time he thinks of the doggerel featured in rival (?) publications like *Buckley's National Review*. Out of the scores of poems submitted, however, two have demonstrated traces of that mysterious essence which is, or is close to being, art.

BUSTER'S LAST STAND

It is sweet April, time of primary races,
When no jam shows on politicians' faces.
Hoping on youthful scenes to re-embark
We venture from the West to Central Park.
But time has passed! The park's not what it was.
Gone are the nursemaids pushing carriages,
The crowds in Sunday finery, the splendor
Of silks and satin, distinctions made of gender,
The sounds of laughter and of children's gambols.
What greets us now is mankind in vile shambles,
Acres of bushy heads and hairy stomachs,
As if the earth had sprouted nasty hummocks
That from miasmatic mud, with snoutlike bloom,
Suck up foulness as surgeons' sponges rheum,
And then, through mouthparts, like a backed-up sink,
Emit it as a constant noise and stink.
But hear! Like noodles in a soup that's burned
Some human words can almost be discerned,
Which means that it is proved and demonstrated
These hummocks have been college-educated.
And look! These hummocks care, more proof of it,
For see how generously they commit
Their spittle to the ground and scraps of lunch
And litter by the cluster and the bunch;
And how, instead of meanly hiding lust,
They nurse it in the open, bust to bust,
Like dainty maggots breeding in wet dung,
And how, donating hashish-laden tongue
To cries against the evils of pollution,
They purify the air with this abluion:
"Let smokestacks, engines, factories shut and cease
For their obnoxious gases pain the trees.
Let farmers stop their murdering of weeds,
And sheepmen: see that the coyote breeds!
Let no expense be spared, or high taxation,
To see that chickens have a paid vacation.
Let gnats and roaches live, and poor houseflies,
Without the threat of chemical demise,
And fish swim unmolested in the seas.
Does this mean men will starve, go bare, and freeze?
For widowed mites and orphaned grubs and larva
Men should be glad or made to freeze and starve a
Little; The reparation's overdue;
Men are too many and guinea worms too few."
So shouting, but with obscenities deleted,
So stinking more and more as growing heated,
So retching, hacking, spitting, defecating,
Spewing, pawing, and in public mating,
Do our dear hummocks, nature's beautifiers,
Its holy priests, protectors, and admirers,
Gather in solemn conclave to elect
The leader and field marshal of their sect—
This being, they'll fiercely have it understood,
The sect of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.
It's true: the packaging of their dedication
May seem to need a bit of explanation.
Why all the filth, obscenities, and hair?
The secret of it we shall now declare,
Though many would rather die than tell this truth.
These are the symbols, not of a free youth,
As commonly made out on television,
but of mass suicide by self-derision.
They're meant to show: being Nordic-Mediterranean

Is something to sicken even Father Damien—
In short, to self-destruct the Aryan race
(For, save for some Jewish proctors and a trace
Of blacks, intending who knows what or why,
These hummock things are white, as you or I).
And so they howl, and so they vent their spleen
By flailing arms and legs and being obscene,
And so they curse, and so they howl once more—
A sound that lice would make if lice could roar.
But now, the din being cleverly fed by "raiders"
With one recurring name, and that name Nader's,
It grows and swells into this monster chant:
"For President, only Nader's who we want!"
The object of this accolade, meanwhile,
Begins to mount a bench, to wave, to smile,
And offer to the empty air his hand,
As gaseous fancies with the chant expand
Like dirigibles in his dizzied breast and eye.
Then like Cortes he gazes from on high,
Ambition's arduous summit finally taken,
When chaffing, lesser roles can be forsaken;
Sees Nader, kindly Nader, as was fated,
To the last seats of power elevated,
And there sit exercising mild but Jovian rule!
But say no more! Through harsh mischance and cruel,
Nader had been positioned by his hirelings
(Next day they'll find themselves denoted 'Firelings')
Not only distant from the crowd's attention
But in a sunken, out-of-view declension;
And so he mounts his bench and waves and shouts,
But all in vain: unmarked's his whereabouts.
Although the crowd looks right and left and wonders,
Naderian Jove, unheard, unworshipped, thunders.
At length a motion of some sort is given
To the vast murmuring mob. Its mass is riven,
As once, for Moses, the Red Sea was cleaved;
But that walks Moses here cannot be believed.
This mincing thing of handshakes and false smiles
That bows and scrapes its way through the packed aisles
Can only be—not Carter? No. A mincy,
New Nixon? No. What's that? But who—who's Lindsay?
So quickly do electorates forget
But Lindsay was the fellow—is him yet—
Under whose mayoralty New York became
"Fun City"—if not in fact, at least in name:
John Lindsay, patron saint of painted tarts,
Jet-set roués, and the massaging arts—
The New York Time's new model two-toned fop,
Half fashion plate, half ADA stage prop.
Once ruler of that realm of soul's dry rot
Or seeming ruler but slave like as not,
Re-risen, Lindsay eeks his way ahead,
Panting with hidden thoughts of being fed,
For having lost to greater wolves his meal
A hungry Lindsay means a whole ham-bone to steal.
And so, attentive to the murmuring crowd,
Probing what is and what is not allowed
With feelers of mock umbrage, smile, and shrug,
Then darting neatly like a waterbug
Across the fickle waters of its mood,
Lindsay, after having first been booed,
At last advances, palaver by palaver,
To the safe shore of the mob's fierce favor.
Beneath some marble general and his horse,
Mounted upon a pedestal of sorts,

He talks at first of brotherhood with life,
 And those who hold to brotherhood a knife,
 The inhumanitarians of Whitesville, U.
 S. A. — who not content with just a few
 Necessities— food stamps and angel's dust
 And pot and booze and pimping— believe one must
 Lay waste for affluence air and sea and soil
 With huge consumption and with sinful toil:
 "Witness your parents, darlings, and theirs too,
 And think of how they tried the trick on you.
 They called it 'get to work,' that superstition
 Now long disproved by every politician.
 And so, ignoring that they belong to Earth,
 Not Earth to them; that Earth, not they, has worth,
 See how they cruelly hack and wound her with
 Their drills and plows to get at her sweet pith!
 This crime must be, my friends, stopped in its tracks.
 It hurts not merely Earth but finally blacks!
 For when white men produce they take away
 From others half the whole world's fuel outlay.
 Thus blacks are forced to starve, so some fat fake
 Can drive a Cadillac or eat beef-steak."
 Here the massed, hairy things set up a shout
 Of livid rage. Head bowed, John looks devout.
 The shout goes on, until, with a sad smile
 And upheld hand, he stills it. Then, a while,
 He talks of those who abjure hate and greed
 For selfless love and help all things in need,
 Those very darlings nobly crowding round,
 And swears to bring to justice those who've ground
 The loveless earth beneath their white-soled heel
 And place and tear them on the law's strict wheel.
 Like a slave frigate, whose slack sails have caught
 The terrible trade winds and spread wide and taut,
 Thus Lindsay dashes vilely straight ahead
 To rule the claim that men (though it's unsaid,
 No one who hears him is at all misled.
 By "men" is meant just "whites") were best all dead

If only innocent forests might replace
 Their tainted fields of wheat that now deface
 The once unsullied contours of the prairies,
 And their towns, which to the Earth are aching caries.
 Having established in the ways described
 His title to be heard and not defied,
 He puts his show of modesty aside,
 And pointing with brave bombast and due pride
 To the impressive blessings of his reign,
 That only modesty forbids him name,
 He calls for his unanimous acclamation
 As president of this Ecological nation!
 And so blythe Lindsay, lately dispossessed,
 Now soars like vulture from its pediculous nest,
 And toward the Presidency spreads his noisome wings,
 While to the cheers of hummocks the welkin rings.
 But even as he beams, and Central Park
 Begins to spew its jetsam on the dark,
 Not far off, over Harlem, all eyes detect like
 Architecture of some old blood sect,
 Pillars and flying buttresses of fire
 Converging into a bright, unholy spire;
 And now the dim, dark forms of its priesthood
 Can be made out, like a black, ravening flood
 Of cacodemons, spreading far and wide;
 And even, at last, lapping the park's side.
 The glare grows brighter, harsher. Sobs begin
 To take the place of the Eco-People's din.
 In medieval paintings one sees tailed
 And taloned fiends, in scales and snakeskin mailed,
 Dragging the damned by breast and leg and hair
 Into Hell's mouth, all bathed in a red glare.
 Does what we see portend Hell's retribution
 Or merely one more battle lost in evolution?
 Our fantasy, when asked, Sphinx-like replies
 By pointing ambiguously to where cries
 Aloud, with black hands at his throat, the last
 Poor actor in our play's once myriad cast.

CIRCLING WAGONS

Peter has been chosen, not in Rome,
 In Pretoria.
 'Pieter,' man of stone and of stern
 Visage, has been chosen to lead the tribe,
 The white tribe of Africa,
 Those Afrikaners. A stone age people, and simple,
 Some say.
 But what do we really think, we Americans,
 Of him and his kind and his job?
 They seem at once so cruel and so foolish.
 Here comes the laager, they say,
 For this fellow's nothing but a cop.
 He smells of police
 And glares through the thick hide
 Of a beast.

 What's to be made of them, these Puritans?
 Unsmiling, devoted to place and kind and blood,
 Hardly in our time, less of it (didn't even have TV, you know,
 'til just now)
 Don't they itch to get on with it, the blazed way?
 Doesn't youth ignite

The familiar, over there? You hear a little.
 Earth-bound, no wonder they're grim.

 We'll grin at anyone, we know, and move
 Along (roots are for trees).
 Sure is great to be free to have
 Whom you choose,
 And live around and not be caught
 By what or where or who.
 You can't hate what you don't know, can you?
 You don't have time.

What do we really think of the Boers?
 There is, I suspect, a suspicion
 That a hard face can stand an ill wind, too;
 That piety's attic stores a few dusty tents
 For the rain;
 And toleration is not entirely tight and warm
 In the night.

What do we think when we see these Dutchmen
 Circling their wagons?
 We think, I think, about our own.



INSIDE OUT



It was late autumn of 1938. I was crossing back into France from Germany with an old school friend, an American diplomat and spymaster whom I shall call Davis, after a session in Berchtesgaden during which we had seen Hitler. We were driving—Davis had a very uncomfortable open car, I remember—and as we pulled away from the frontier post he smacked his hand down on the top of the door frame and said, “But who cares!”

“But who cares about what?”

“About what the damned Germans do or don’t do. I mean . . . here we are in France. And we have all been taught from birth that France is good and Deutschland is bad. Frenchmen—and Danes and Dutchmen and Swiss, even Poles and Czechs and Italians—are *civilized*, which makes them superior to Germans, who are not. Frenchmen—and all other Europeans, to a lesser but appreciable degree—know how to live, how to make love, how to appreciate the finer things in life, above all how to carry the torch of culture and civilization from one generation to another. With the Germans, such attributes are only a veneer at best. They remain barbarians, no different from the hairy beasts the Romans met, and are out to drag everything down to their level. Isn’t that the general picture?”

“Just about.”

“But you know and I know that all this talk of civilization is nonsense. France and the rest of Europe, and Britain—and our own sainted America—are really squalid enterprises run by the very unattractive upper classes. U.S. civilization in the deeper sense is a mirage. The Germans know this in their bones and hate the sham of it. Being Germans, they don’t know what they know; they can only oppose it with instinctive grunt and grind. But the closer they get to their appointed mission—which is, I suppose, to tear it all down—the more ‘civilized’ these barbarians begin to look. We know perfectly well that they’re going to romp all over Europe. You and I, like everyone else, especially in our class and our so-called responsibilities, are supposed to find that very bad. But I

say, Who cares! Who cares what happens to France, a nation of very rude, very limited people? After all, we don’t call them frogs for nothing. Would they be any worse, any more boring, under the Germans? I very much doubt it. It might even be good for decidedly un-merry old England.”

Later he talked about the Germans we had recently met at all levels. “They are alive—did you notice that? They are living, the first white men to stand up in Europe for hundreds of years. They will not put up with the tyranny of mindless industrialism and business, of Jews and pseudoculture. They’re going back to the manly arts. And don’t their women know it! Now Hitler himself is rather different, the alchemist who says, ‘You say you want to fight? You say you don’t like Jews? Et cetera. Well, I’ll show you how you can take care of that.’ They’ve put their trust in him completely, which may be a mistake. But don’t you see, it’s better to be naive enough to make a mistake like that than to be incapable of caring enough to try anything, the way we are.”

We met in Switzerland in 1940, after the Germans swept through France, and he said, “I still feel the same way, and I notice that an awful lot of Frenchmen do, too . . . The Germans are going to lose, of course, and you and I will help to do them in, but I feel as though I’m killing some last spark of manhood in myself. Knocking off Germany to make way for the century of the common man—read Jews and other unattractive types in charge—is hardly an honorable occupation. We’re really awful people.”

I didn’t see him again until 1944 in Italy. “I have nothing to add,” he said cryptically. “Nothing has changed. Someday I’ll tell you more.”

By the time the war ended, he had become mildly famous and full of honors. *Time* called him “one of the architects of the Allied victory.” We met occasionally but he did not tell me more. In fact, his conversation was irreproachably pious, and when I prodded him, obliquely but definitely, about culture and Germans and Hitler and other matters we had discussed, he on-

ly smiled and changed the subject. After 1960 we saw each other seldom, and, finally, not at all. He died last year.

Six months ago, his wife sent along a sealed envelope with my name on it, explaining that it had been found among his papers. Inside was a long memo, unedited and rough, but extremely pertinent, as can be seen from these excerpts:

“I was not frank with you after the war because I was so shaky. It wasn’t that I had gone back on what I had said earlier, but that I realized it was so much worse than I had imagined. . . Forget all the political-military ‘facts’—the silliness and viciousness of Nazism (above all, its inefficiency), queer officers, Jewish whines, and the modern-day Nazis who really believe all the guff. All that is entirely incidental to the important core, which is altogether a question of life versus death. Fix on that and forget the rest—it’s irrelevant to a consideration of what really happened spiritually, which is what counts. And what didn’t happen. To us, more importantly than to them. Why we now are as we are.

“Cast back to visual memories, impossible-to-forget images before and during the war. Those crazy German parades and meetings, the hundreds and thousands cheering their hearts out so blindly. . . the glamor, if I may dare say so, of the sweep through France, Rommel in Africa, the tremendous try in Russia, the desperate retreats in Europe. . . the end, finally, in full horror in Berlin. Look at the photographs—those German faces and uniforms, from the confidence of 1933 to the smash of 1945—look at them over and over until you begin to see why this was the end, the last flicker of white life. Not ideologically, of course—Nazism was as dreary as any other system, I’ve already conceded that—but in terms of vitality. Compare them with us, even as we were then. Look carefully at Ike and Monty (and draw on memory!), and then at Kesselring and Rommel, for example, and even the seniors, like von Rundstedt. Ours are dead men, bureaucrats disposing of living men.

"Do you understand what I am saying? It was life versus death, and death won. We realized it when it was over, of course; at least a lot of us did, in varying ways. Suddenly Roosevelt and Churchill were not gallant leaders, but tiresome old fools who had made the world safe for the undesirable minorities. Not even villains, just tiresome bores. . . . And Stalin? Well, he himself had some vitality, but the Russians themselves are so far down as people to begin with that true vitality is a dream for them, rather like heaven for the Christians. Of course, in the inverse morality play in which we live, the Russian triumph—then and after—is a victory for inertia.

"If there was a genuine villain, it had to be Hitler, the devil who led the whites to fight each other and destroy their world and their self-respect and their vitality. It is perfectly true that he gave America and England no choice. We couldn't have joined forces with him because there was nothing there to join. He was a jesting devil whose function, evidently, was to ruin through the granting of wishes. You asked for it and Hitler gave it to you. The Germans wanted war and life and the end of nine-to-five necktied morality, and he rubbed his magic lamp and gave it to them. The Americans and English wanted to stamp out 'evil' no matter the consequences, including self-castration, and he rubbed the old magic lamp again and gave it to us. There was a hard side to that lamp, though. You couldn't do it over again. Once the Germans chose, they couldn't choose again. Neither could we. Hitler closed the door to any further talk about race and life and vitality. He was hard, but then all devils are.

"No, we had no choice, given the course of our history after the Civil War and that of the British after the Restoration. We were both anti-life and pro-eunuchism, so knocking off the Germans was the logical, unavoidable next (and last) step. We've been wandering around in a daze ever since. . . . In effect, Hitler said, 'Get up on your hind legs and join us in taking over the world and running it to suit all of us whites—or fight and destroy us and end up being run by the rest of the world.' We could not do the first, so we've gotten the second.

"But I really have to contradict myself in saying earlier that we had no choice given the course of our history. I suppose what I meant was that we had no practical choice—imagine a pact with Hitler getting through Congress. Imagine Hitler keeping his word, and so on. However, we did have a

theoretical choice, in which America and England could have joined with Hitler in ruling the world and simply waited out his death or killed him off. Forget Congress, forget everything, we could have done it. What was really missing was the will to live. We didn't have it, which is why the choice was impossible. Or should I say that enough of us didn't have it? In any case, now we pay the penalty of having made the anti-life choice.

"It's this question of life which occupies me more and more. Funny thing to be saying as one nears the grave, but I don't mean it as the opposite of death. Yes, well, I may, at that. I suppose I'm now more conscious of dying, being so much closer to it, and I'm not afraid of it, but I hate dying without having lived as fully as I might have. . . . I truly believe that the conditioning from family and class and Hotchkiss and Yale and Stale and OSS and CIA have finally dropped away, and I see what I could have seen all along if I had had the wit to allow myself to see. . . .

"The endless images, stamped in my consciousness forever—why continue to deny them? Hitler smiling back at us that day at Berchtesgaden, very much the man of the world, smiling at us but about the Germans, with the apparent affection of an outsider who will do what he can, but who is not in the game. . . .

The electric vitality of the whole country then—isn't it fitting that it was and is called 'lack of true vitality' by the Lillian Hellmans and the rest, Jews and non-Jews alike, all of whom, essentially devitalized from the beginning, naturally had to inverse reality and call black white? Those German officers at Berchtesgaden, in those preposterously vital uniforms, bursting with innocent energy, cavorting around Hitler like a bunch of unthinking puppies, with no idea of what we were planning for them, in unspoken concert with Hitler. We and he were the real rogues, the conditioned killers of simpler people.

"When they went into the bag, from Tunisia on, those uniforms were pretty tattered and the superficial steam was gone, but there was still vitality, and certainly pride of life. I remember the young princess saying to me in Sicily with quiet flatness, 'The Germans were men. The Americans and English are children.' A sentiment I found echoed all over Europe as we moved in after them, especially by women. Well, by God, on the whole they were men, that's what I'm trying to say. That finally sank in on even the most obtuse Americans and English chasing them.

The retreating enemy were men, fighting on in a hopeless cause as none of us would have done. They'd made their choice and it was the wrong choice and now they had to pay for it. I may be exaggerating, but I think now that we all knew they were better men than we were and that it was crazy to be killing them, that we were killing something of ourselves, probably the best part of what was left of us. We knew it, but we never said it, because, you see, we couldn't. We simply couldn't; it would have gone against all our training. We had been taught that anything and everything was more important than life, than sheer vitality, so we could knock it off without a qualm. If deep down some almost atrophied instinct told us otherwise? Why, we just stifled that instinct and kept shooting.

"And what else could we have done? What a dilemma! If we had been true to that instinct, it would have meant going against country, well-being and such traditions as had accumulated since the Civil War. Treason. Frightful, unthinkable. And yet. . . . what is more important than the instinct of life? Nothing. What else is there, after all? Nothing. An insoluble dilemma, which no one solved, but which everyone was left stuck with. In the end I felt a tremendous fool for having fought and beaten the Germans. Irrational, perhaps, but there it was.

"The postwar world confirmed that sense of foolishness. La Belle France and the rest of Europe and all of America were certainly more unpalatable than anything one had seen in Germany before the war. If it wasn't retrogression, then what was retrogression? I remember coming out of the Plaza Hotel one day on the Central Park South side and walking east, and passing that endless procession of French Jewesses who lived there (and still do, I suppose)—tough little women with poodles, all of whom had 'escaped' the Nazis, with millions, evidently. An impartial observer would have been hard put to find a spark of genuine life in them, to say nothing of 'civilization,' and I remember wondering what madness had led us to enthrone them as models of vital culture and to annihilate the Germans as death-dealing barbarians. Incomprehensible.

"On the other side of the coin, on a skiing trip to Austria some years later I met an ex-ski trooper there, by then a simple Austrian farmer again. We skied together occasionally, and avoided talk about the war. But one afternoon it did come up, as he said that his life

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now was boring, if safe 'The war was dangerous, but we were alive,' he went on. 'We were alive in that whole period, from 1933 until 1945. We had twelve years.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'I guess I shouldn't complain.' I was naturally rather undone by his use of 'alive,' my private word for so long. At any rate, I was man enough, at least for once, to say to him, 'Well, we didn't have twelve years, we didn't have any years. And now we never will.'

"Of course, he was an exception. Contemporary Germans are as anti-life as we could have hoped when we were plastering their cities. And more importantly, when we taught them later how naughty the Nazis were. Which was, sadly and paradoxically enough, teaching them that life itself was wrong. Being Germans, they took the lesson to heart and are now formidably deadened. Have you ever seen one of those ceremonies where the chancellor or some other top official goes to some Jewish shrine and grovels about with a skullcap on, flanked by the stern-eyed Jews who nod approvingly when he tells them that the Germans bear a permanent 'guilt'? Hitler, the satanic imp grinning from the grave, has ruined everyone.

"But he couldn't have done so unless the weaknesses had been there. In the case of the Germans, the weakness was their naiveté and their greedy innocence. They were so grateful to Hitler for giving them the opportunity to live that they never thought to ask what the price was. A child could have told them in 1938 that the rest of the world already hated them and that Hit-

ler had no real program and that he was going to Pied Piper them into disaster. A non-German child, I should add. But perhaps they wouldn't have cared anyhow, reasoning that twelve good years were worth anything.

"Do you see what I'm trying to say? Along comes Hitler and promises 'life.' You're a simple German and don't know what a rascal he is, what disasters he will bring on you. So you respond to life and are destroyed. And along comes your conquerors who tell you, in essence, that it was wrong to respond to vitality, surely an immoral position. In actuality, one should have contempt for people who *don't* so respond. And respect for those who do—the Germans should be heroes in that sense if in no other. With all their faults and limitations, they were true then to the deepest demand of all. If you can't answer that call, response to the rest—intellect, 'decency,' etc.—doesn't matter.

"Contempt should be reserved for... guess who? In our case, the weakness was hatred for life itself, surely a greater flaw than any the Germans had. And we were so grateful to Hitler for giving us the opportunity to crush life that we never thought to ask what the price was. And a non-American, non-English child should have been able to tell us in 1938 that after our anti-life orgy, also Pied Pipered by Hitler, we were going to be finished. But perhaps we wouldn't have cared anyhow, reasoning that a really superb orgy was worth anything.

"The analogy may be too pat, I don't know. And don't care. Whether I can say it convincingly or not is unimpor-

tant. At bottom that is what happened, though, and the truth will out someday (It's already started in a mild way—see, for example, David Irving's books. He has humanized Hitler and the Wehrmacht, and put the essential manliness and wit of the German generals into perspective. Contrast it with the ludicrous aimlessness/viciousness of the OSS playboys (as no one knows better than you), and the termites like Eisenhower. You remember...)

"It will increase, I predict, and in time—10,000 years?—it will be seen as it really was. For now, of course, we shall remain in the darkness... With a few faint rays of light: At the very end of Irving's book on Rommel, published in this country in 1977, the last paragraph is surely a coded reminder, don't you think?

"What monuments now stand to Rommel? There is a bare wooden cross above the grave that holds his ashes. And there is a stone memorial at Kilometer 31 before Tobruk on the Via Balbia, commanding the graves of all his fallen soldiers, the "Africans" of whom he was so proud—Prittwitz, Ponath, Summermann, Neumann-Silkow, Bismarck and so many more. Once a year survivors come to greet them in his name, and that is his other monument: he lives on in their memory. And when the hot storm blows, and the skies cloud over with red, flying sand, and the *ghibi* begins to howl, perhaps they hear once more a Swabian voice rasping in their ears. "Angreifen!" "Attack!" And then a fainter cry "Mount up!" And then the thunder of the panzer columns starting their engines and rolling off eastward against the enemy."

Impending Crack-Up

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In this roster of international relations gone berserk, we must not omit the tragedy of Lebanon, torn apart in a civil war between the displaced Palestinians supported by the Arabs and the Christian Lebanese armed and financed by Israel. The destruction of Beirut and other Lebanese cities, the devastating incursions of Israel in the south, including the merciless bombardment of Palestinian refugee camps, the tens of thousands of dead and hundreds of thousands of home-

less... all of this misery can be traced directly to the shattering effect of the Zionist presence. The American State Department read out this scenario to President Truman in 1948, who ignored it and recognized the state of Israel a few minutes after it was proclaimed. It is no exaggeration to say that the present Middle East bonfire was ignited by Washington, which preferred to appease Jewish racism at home while letting it run riot in the Middle East.

The reappearance of Israel on the world scene was an unexpected boon to Russia, whose czars and commissars had long cast covetous eyes at the

riches, known and unknown, that lay just beyond their grasp on the other side of Russia's southern frontiers. Stalin eagerly approved the United Nations' partition plan which robbed the Palestinians of half their country and triggered the Czech arms deals that furnished the Zionists with the guns and ammo to secure their territorial grab. He knew that when the Palestinians and their Arab friends tried to resist this takeover they would have nowhere to turn but the Kremlin, since the entire world at that time was totally in the Zionist camp. The result was that the Russians—with an occasional setback,

such as their expulsion from Egypt in 1972—were finally able to stick their fingers in the Middle Eastern pie. Russian-equipped armies with Russian “advisors” sprang up in several Arab states, which until then had been militantly anti-Communist and whose devout Moslem citizens had previously been immune to Marxist infections.

Futurology

Is there any possibility that Israel can “settle down” and become a peaceful and constructive member of the Middle East commune? No more now than in the days of Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece and Rome. The Jewish psyche is simply not attuned to cooperation with non-Jews. The same innate impulse for revolution, change for change’s sake, and ceaseless dissension and agitation that has characterized Jewish behavior in almost every country they have penetrated automatically precludes any sudden retreat into the calm and orderliness that are the basics of national and international stability and progress.

Without the Arab threat, which will inevitably increase over the years as Arabs inside and outside of Israel outbreed the Jews and grow more affluent and militant, the Jewish state would probably collapse from various irresistible and uncontrollable internal pressures. There are already unbridgeable economic gaps between the various Jewish immigrant factions. More important is the racial gap between the Eastern Alpine Jews from the Slavic countries, the bone and sinew of modern Zionism, and the poorer, darker, lazier, stupider Eastern Mediterranean Jews, who are outbreeding their less brunet masters almost two to one.

An equally great danger for Israel’s continued existence is its debilitating effect on the Western economy. Since World War II Zionism has probably cost the West \$100 billion, most of it supplied by the U.S. and West Germany. This ballooning cornucopia will have to be kept full as long as Israel exists. There is no hope that a nation of 3.5 million with minimal national, technical and labor resources can possibly pay its own way, especially when it must maintain one of the world’s most expensive military establishments and when Israelis insist upon a standard of living as high as that of many Western nations.

Israel, to put it bluntly, is an economic booby trap. How much longer can the U.S. afford to satisfy Zionism’s insatiable demands? How much longer will Washington allow

Jews the special privilege of tax-free donations to Israel? How much longer will the Securities and Exchange Commission suspend its regulations in the unique case of the sale and marketing of Israel bonds? As the dollar falls, the Jewish-oriented media will have increasing difficulty concealing that one of the chief causes of America’s economic imbalance is subsidizing the Jewish state. Israel, with less than 0.001% of the world’s population, is now the major recipient of American foreign aid.

Israel is not only a parasitic state, populated by an historically parasitic people. It is in a sense an outlaw state. It seems to depend on changing or breaking the laws of other nations for its very existence (uranium piracy on the high seas, the theft of French aircraft patents, the kangaroo Eichmann trial, CIA and FBI clandestine derring-do with Mossad, the Israeli secret service).

How much time, money and attention can the West, indeed the world, continue to lavish on Israel? At present the U.S. has a president who practically quit running the country for two weeks in order to patch up a temporary pseudopeace for a country the size of Massachusetts with a population equal to that of Tennessee. For the time being, Carter may be the hero of Camp David. But what will the American public think when future Camp Davids become the principal business of the American government?

Nation-building requires a certain amount of luck. The Zionists, paradoxically, had theirs in Hitler. Nothing fuels Jewish racism more than anti-Semitism and the overwhelming flood of pathos and guilt that can be wrung from it. Without Hitler there would have been no Israel and no possibility for the superheated legend of the Holocaust, which is the deliberately overpublicized moral excuse for Israel, for the huge financial giveaways that nourish it, and for the huge amounts of military aid that allow it to subjugate and terrorize its Arab population and the contiguous Arab states.

Concurrent with the rebirth of Israel, however, geology turned Zionist luck sour. The discovery and exploitation of the world’s largest oil reserves in the Arabian peninsula presented Arabs with an economic sword almost as long and as sharp as the vast treasury of world Jewry. Business with Israel quickly became a very unprofitable venture in comparison with the massive inflow of cash from Arab trade. The subsidies, gifts, tax evasions and low-interest loans, which are part and

parcel of trading with Israel, only red- den the balance sheets of the non-Jewish trading partners. So far the powerhouse of Jewish media influence has managed to prevent Western businessmen from openly supporting the Arab and Palestinian cause and has even forced them at times to cave in cravenly to Jewish-devised restrictions on trade with the Arab states, particularly when it involves advanced military technology. It took the combined efforts of the President, the military-industrial complex and a few courageous and uncowed legislators and opinion-molders to force through the recent sale of jet planes to Saudi Arabia and Egypt, although Israel still received the major share of the arms deal. Altogether, this restrictive trade policy—including the Senate’s refusal to grant Russia most-favored nation treatment until the Kremlin releases a sufficient number of Jewish dissidents—is robbing American business of millions of dollars a year in profits and American labor of millions of dollars a year in wages. Eventually these facts, when they percolate through to the American people, should bring about an alliance of business and labor to break what amounts to a Jewish boycott. The negative balance of payments, as it continues with no let-up through the years, ought to strengthen this move, even though most labor bosses still continue to bow to Jewish pressure by supporting trade policies which adversely affect the take-home pay of their own union membership.

Survival Strategy

Rome was the only power in ancient times to inflict a decisive and lasting defeat on Israel. By the beginning of the Christian era, the whole Mediterranean was Roman. There was no Egyptian power to play off against a Seleucid power, no Greek states to incite against the Persians.

Today the world has two superpowers instead of one. One of them, the U.S., is practically a client state of Israel. The other is a half-passive, half-active enemy. In the middle are the European Common Market countries, most of which, as well as Japan, are almost entirely dependent on Arab oil. These countries have more cultural resistance than the U.S. and are not as likely to be persuaded by Zionist propaganda to sacrifice their national interests for Israel. All of these nations have warmly welcomed Sadat’s surrender to Begin at Camp David and the drawing up of a peace treaty between Cairo and Tel Aviv, though their lead-

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Impending Crack-Up *(Cont'd.)*

ers are quite aware that this formality, like Sadat's hegira to Jerusalem, is little more than a media event. They also know, as the *London Economist* stated, that peace is actually more dangerous to Israel than war. The tottering Israeli economy with its vast deficits and public indebtedness, even more staggering than those run up in New York City, the real center of Jewish power, is already in a state of bankruptcy that is only covered up and postponed by the pretext of a continuing national emergency. A genuine peace would force Israel to abandon its war footing and war mentality, the main psychological and economical props of Zionist fighting spirit and unity. Peace would immediately bring to the fore the inherent and historically confirmed incapacity of Jews for statehood. The great days of Israel, the days of Solomon and David, took place before the Jews developed their diaspora syndrome and when Jews were racially homogeneous. Today the Ashkenazi Zionist leaders from the Slavic-speaking lands have no more racial common ground with their Sephardic subjects than they have with Israel's Arab underclass.

The only alternative to peace is war and more war. Every time Israel wins a battle, it comes closer to losing not just the war, but its chance for bare survival. The more territory it wins, the more disorder and hatred it spreads, and the more money and arms it needs to defend its conquests. For this reason long-range Israeli military strategy centers on making the U.S. a fighting ally. Americans in the future are not only to give Israel tanks, ships, planes and guns. We will also be expected to furnish the people to man and operate them.

A new Six Day or Yom Kippur War with the U.S. as Israel's shooting ally, though it might win some dramatic early victories—for instance, the occupation of Syria, Iraq and the Arab oil states—would in the end prove to be a deadly boomerang for Israel's security. War with its ruinous inflation and its huge economic and human losses would finally bring home to the American public the cataclysmic consequences of being an Israeli client state. The major disruption of the Arab petroleum supply would teach Americans an unforgettable lesson in the importance of energy and the foolhardiness of making enemies out of old friends, particularly friends whose hands are dripping with oil. As the

years pass, as American garrisons in the Middle East boil and stifle in the desert sun, as guerrilla resistance mounts, there is bound to be a Vietnamese-type reaction, one strong enough to challenge for the first time the Jewish hold on American public opinion. Eventually the American armed forces would have to retire, leaving Israel to defend itself alone against 100 million vengeful Arabs, 400 million embittered Moslems, an unfriendly Western Europe and Japan, and the intensified opposition of Russia and China (Palestinian rights is the one important world issue on which both these hostile powers agree). Before such a war ended, it might well provoke a series of dangerous confrontations between the U.S. and Russia. A conventional superpower war restricted to the Middle East could not fail to eventuate in a Russian-Arab victory, if only because of overstretched logistics from New York to the Eastern Mediterranean and the great preponderance of Russian and Arab manpower.

A worse case, of course, would be a limited and localized nuclear war. Israel, according to *Time*, was about ready to deploy its nuclear arsenal (ten to thirty atomic bombs, according to some estimates) in 1973 after Egypt's early victories on the Sinai. Presumably, the Israelis now have enough A-bombs to destroy practically all the large Arab cities and the most important Arab military and industrial installations. But the destruction of the oil supply would do immense damage to the Western European and Japanese economies and grave economic damage to the U.S.—a policy not calculated to win much foreign backing after such an attack. Also, Washington and the U.S. media would have great difficulty explaining away the barbaric devastation of much of the Middle East. Almost certainly an irrational Israeli nuclear strike would force the withdrawal of U.S. support of Israel, which would be equivalent to a crushing military defeat for the Zionists, no matter how much destruction they rained on the Arabs.

Russia's reaction to an Israeli nuclear assault on such allies as Syria and Iraq can only be surmised. To maintain its superpower posture in the world, Russia could hardly shut its military and economic eyes to such massive aggression. Certainly the least it could do would be to supply what was left of the Arab forces with nuclear missiles, knowing full well that of all the nations in the world Israel is the most vulnerable to nuclear attack. If the Israelis in their very fragile and very

small glass house are the first to throw stones, they will certainly get boulders, radioactive boulders, thrown back at them. Yet the very nature of the Jewish psyche and the neurotic mood of Zionism hardly gives the Jews any choice but to rely on nuclear weapons as soon as Israel's advantage in conventional arms erodes. When the chips are down, the Israelis might even force the problem of their survival on the world at large by threatening to detonate a Cobalt-60 or doomsday bomb if it seems they are being driven into the sea. But blackmail on such a universal scale would only stoke the fires of anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism so high that technological solutions would certainly be found, even if hundreds of millions or billions would die in the deadly and long-lasting radioactive fallout.

In the very worst case, a U.S.-Soviet nuclear armageddon, Israel would be the first nation to succumb. Only a dozen well-aimed Soviet missiles could erase the Jewish state from the map. This is why Israel after deliberately provoking a Russian-American confrontation may try and duck out at the very last moment by suddenly proclaiming its neutrality, which would amount to nothing less than a traitorous bite of the U.S. hand that has been nursing and nourishing the latest rebirth of Zionism.

Nahum Goldmann, onetime head of the World Jewish Congress, is already at work on this ultimate betrayal. The Zionists, Goldmann asserts, should abandon their worldwide propaganda against a country as powerful as Russia. Politicians as suspicious as those who gather around the conference table at the Kremlin, he affirms, can only get their dander up and feel threatened by the rising tide of Jewish anti-Soviet agitation. The salvation of Israel, Goldmann says, is a strict policy of neutrality and evenhandedness toward both superpowers. To reinforce his argument he repeats what Ben Gurion once told Israeli TV reporters:

If I am now receiving you in a Jewish state, it is a lot more thanks to the USSR than to the United States, because during our war of independence, when we were hemmed in by the Arab armies, we didn't get a single rifle from America.

Those halcyon days of Russian-Jewish friendship have gone forever. All Goldmann is really recommending is a policy of desperation—something as opportune and short-lived as the Russian-German Nonaggression Pact of 1939, which ushered in World War

II A neutral Israel could hardly pretend to the U.S. Congress that it was any longer the "bulwark" of democracy in the Middle East. Not even the CBS Evening News could persuade Washington to continue to pour a substantial portion of the nation's disposable wealth into the coffers of a renegade ally that had turned tail after more than three decades of colossal American handouts.

The fact is that Israel is an aberration of world history, a genetically defective political entity which like the genetically defective human suffering from multiple sclerosis or hemophilia can only be kept alive with large and constant infusions of time, care and money. Fundamentally, a nation that depends almost entirely on the outside world for its very existence is not a nation at all. Is it a political monstrosity that only breathes and moves with the help of outside life-support systems.

In the early reincarnations of Israel, its neighboring states never really fathomed Jewish implacability. By the time they had learned the hard way that Jews were a totally different people who could never be appeased with the special privileges they demanded for themselves, privileges that went well beyond the freedom of worship and limited self-government accorded to other ancient Middle Eastern people, by this time most of the various empires which tried to assimilate or incorporate Jews had disappeared. Only

Rome of all the ancient empires had the time, opportunity and experience to understand what made the Chosen People tick. And even this understanding was not complete because Rome, though it destroyed the Jewish state, did permit Jews to live in other parts of the Empire, little dreaming that their descendants would eventually acquire enough wealth and power in the diaspora to begin the whole disastrous cycle over again.

But one thing Rome did understand, an understanding that seems to be completely lost in modern times, is that the Jewish dream is not to live peacefully in a reborn Israel, not even to recapture the glory and the expanded acreage of Solomon's empire, but to go all the way—to try for world domination. It should never be forgotten that many Jews, Menahem Begin in the forefront, accept the wild ravings of Isaiah, Zechariah and Haggai who prophesied that Jerusalem would one day be the capital of the world.

Kings shall be your foster fathers, and their queens your nursing mothers. With their faces to the ground they shall bow down to you, and lick the dust of your feet (Isaiah 49:22, 23). And the Lord shall be king over all the earth (Zechariah 14:9).

The concept of the Chosen People would make any people anywhere a perpetual irritant, both to themselves and to their fellow men. But when the

concept of world domination is added, the irritant becomes insupportable. It is this perpetual irritant which is the overriding trait of Jewish history, the bloodiest of all human histories on a per capita basis—and much of the blood has yet to flow.

In ancient times whenever Israel was in desperate straits, the power of the state passed into the hands of far-out Jewish religionists. The cultivated exiles in Babylon gave way to the fulminating prophets who returned and rebuilt the Temple. The Hellenized Jews yielded power to the Maccabees. The Romanized Jews were terrorized into submission by the superbigot Bar Cocheba. Today, as Israel's plight, both internal and external, grows ever more serious, its Westernized Jews now find themselves in hock to the racist and religionist hardliner Begin, the terrorist who fits so easily into the mold of Judas (the Hammer) Maccabeus. When all else failed in ancient Israel the diehards turned to their prophets and relied on the threats and promises of Jehovah and the magic energies of a holy man to do what Jewish arms were too weak to do. The results were always catastrophic. They will be even more catastrophic tomorrow, as modern Israel turns again to the supernatural for its salvation. We may expect that the final days are at hand when we hear the first stirrings of a Messiah and when the first stones are laid for another rebuilding of the Temple.

God's Battle-ax

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people, I said to them, "will you not even help each other? You are My servants and yet you do not serve. Instead, you wait for Me to serve. Just how dedicated are you? Just how much do you deserve the destiny I have planned for you?"

The white man is so special that he cannot bring himself to raise his hand for his own self-protection. It will be done for him, he thinks. Why should he worry? While his people are in the morass, drowning and calling for help, he watches them sink from sight. He ignores the white infants piled up in garbage cans outside abortion clinics, while the white birthrate sinks to the extinction level. He ignores the wholesale rape and butchery of his fellow whites in far-off places. He watches increasing numbers of young whites become homosexuals. He watches in silence the distortion and disintegration of his culture.

White man, you have come to a dividing of the way. Along one path you can choose to serve, risking all,

but still live to see Christ's return. You shall then be found among the true and faithful servants who safeguarded and defended the Master's property while He was absent. The joy of serving your Father shall be unparalleled and your future assured as you find favor in the Lord's eyes. Along this blood-drenched path you may have to give up your worldly life. For the valiant in Christ, however, there is no death, and the rewards will be great. Those too cowardly to help shall drown eternally in the lake of fire.

The other path is one in which we sit and vegetate while all around us the white race perishes. There is still the chance that we will live to see the return of Christ. But every moment we will be haunted by the agonizing thought that all the suffering and the blood of our dead comrades will be on our hands. For when it was within our power to fight, we stood by and sought only our own pleasure. Yet what pleasure did we gain while all that was

most dear to us disappeared before our very eyes? Do we wish to come to our Father not in white robes, but in filthy rags—not with a pure heart, but with dirty hands. Lord, could we face You? Our vexation and guilt would be unbearable!

Yes, we have indeed reached a dividing of the way and the path we follow will be of our own choosing. Which one will it be, white man? Which one?

Real Christians do not say, "Serve me, Lord." They say:

Lord, I serve You. Because I love You I serve You today and forever. I shall dedicate myself so that each moment I shall think and act always to save and preserve my race. While I live, my heart shall pulsate from morning to night with the thought of service to my people and my God. Come when You will, dear Lord. Until that time, You will know that Your adoring servant is doing Your work as Your battle-ax in this momentous war for racial existence.

What Is Race?

Continued from page 8

familiarity evolved into the instinct of *similarity*. The band of familiars became the association of similars, the race.

The original hunting and horticultural group could satisfy its requirements of cooperation through just a handful of people, whose trust in one another was a result of personal intimacy. But the natural progress of human intelligence, applied to technology, outstripped the ability of the primal group of familiars to organize for this technology. The group enlarged its technological methods to the point where a wider social basis was necessary. Men no longer contented themselves with collaboration among just the original primal handful but sought contacts with strangers and outsiders. The new technology demanded a rapid exchange of information and materials among many and diverse persons who had no time or energy to recognize their collaborators as familiars. The primal band thus tended to become a mass. But this was only in one direction or dimension. There was a countervailing need to find in other men some essential dimension or trait wherein the collaborators could be trusted, as once familiars had been trusted. The technical organization that thereby resulted was only superficially a creation of arbitrated and mediated relations. The new mode of organization did see in the band of familiars an outmoded form of social life, even while it was forced to accept the essential bond of that society, social trust, as its ultimate nexus. Thus all through the disruption of the original mode of life, there ran a theme of trust. Persons could not be forced into associations and agreements without some basis of trust that went deeper than mutual recognition of a principle of forced and arbitrated collaboration. This principle of association carried over into every aspect and dimension of the society. Even the money of a country was in question. There is nothing "behind" a currency other than the trust of men for one another.

In a society composed of unfamiliar where was the necessary trust? Clearly industrialism could not radically break with nature but needed an ingredient which had to be sought outside it, from a sphere toward which it was outwardly hostile, that of the natural human order. Industrialism, which arose first in response to a nature that was distrusted, was compelled to accept as its foundation the most general primal instinct—blind

trust among men. Thus, trust has been the unconscious basis of modern civilization so long as this civilization has been vital and creative. The issue, however, does not end here. History has movement that is possible only because civilization distrusts and attempts to dissolve the very principle of trust upon which it is founded. Organization strains against and tends to destroy the limitations set by cohesion. That civilization undermines itself is the fact responsible for *the vital reaction of the principle of trust wherein trust objectifies itself as a new form of social life which, like the primal band of familiars, is a definite social form apart from the mediated technical and economic situation in which it, the trust, finds itself*. Over the last hundred years such objective political associations have emerged with increasing clarity of their purpose and goal. The idea underlying the modern racial movement, for instance, is the intuition that without trust—all questions of superiority or inferiority of peoples and races aside—any cooperative life among men is impossible.

Returning finally to the original definition of race as a "community of trust" this definition can be qualified as follows. Race is the community of trust in the situation of, or under conditions of, specifically modern and industrial society.

Technology

The race movement as an expression of primal trust cannot be understood except against the background of the uniquely human mode of survival, technology, in which, at the outset of history, but drastically accelerating under industrialism, man showed the opposite of trust—*distrust*—in his original external world. But this distrust carries over into a person's relations with other men. Technology more than mediates with nature, it also connects human beings with one another and therefore tends to override the earlier bonds of trust. The result is what G. W. Hegel called *estrangement*. But no situation of absolute estrangement can remain unresolved. Race, an extension of the primal group of familiars, is the new mode of association whose motives are purely social and instinctive. Although it is now a group large enough for the work purposes of high technology, race acts, as a purely social group, to subordinate technology to the sphere of objective relations with nature.

As a product of man the organization of any machine implies also an organization of men. Building and sus-

taining technics, modern men must structure their own relationships around and through technics. This structure, as an orderly interaction of human beings, meets the minimum definition of "society." But there is something more to consider. Under technology the center or nexus of society has shifted from a point within human beings to a point outside them. A product among other products, technological social organization is taken out of the circle of primal instincts which circumscribed the bond of personal trust. Seen as a purely impersonal machine, the modern economic system can exist without such trust. All that cements men would consequently be a kind of coercion that results, first, from mutual dependency and, secondly, from forced arbitration of personal disputes and differences. This dependency is negative and based on fear. Human beings are afraid that once caught up in what is assumed to be an irreversible direction of nature and history, their dependency on machines will imply an unwilling interdependency on one another. And without trust the technical order must continually reinforce its human structure with institutions—laws, courts and police—specifically designed to offset this lack of human trust. Even the whole ethical perspective of modern man—religion, socialism, humanism, moralism—implicitly assumes a mutual distrust among human beings.

A human being's distrust of his fellow man has its source, indirectly, in a distrust of nature. The ancestors of man would not have instituted technology if they had trusted nature. This distrust is not difficult to understand where intelligent beings are concerned. Less intelligent beings respond directly to every subtle change in their environment, whereas the intelligent creature, while he must still obey the broad regularities of the world, still can outguess it and take shortcuts. The reason for this is that nature is indeed irregular and its irregularities would cause suffering in any organism precisely attuned to a given sequence of nature. The gap between man and nature exists today because human beings have let technology mediate their existence. *But this would never have come to pass were it not for the fact that within nature itself there are irregularities, or gaps in the sequence of events*. Technology first is a mediation within nature which stabilizes it for man's own purposes. Man arrives at true science the moment he perceives, not that there are regularities in nature but that there are irregularities of particulars even

while there are regularities of principles.

But science was only the beginning. A spirit of trust in human beings, a respect for them as cooperative and predictable, had to be restored to society. This came also by degrees. Thus the negative idea of distrust instilled in times of calamity and disaster was followed by the positive idea. And as science historically followed technology, to restore to it a lost trust in nature, so the spirit of race supplanted the distrustful, mediated social condition of technology.

It is not enough that the world is as it is. The human being, as any organism, must *trust* that it is the way it is. All life is based upon trust as the state of mind corresponding to the way things are externally, at least generally and in the long run. Mediation, even while it is the central fact in human material adaptation, does not obviate the need for this trust. This much should be clear from what has been said above. At the basis of technology is an instinctive trust in nature. At the basis of human cooperation is trust between man and man. At the basis of human exchange, or for that matter at the basis of credit and money, is human trust. No system can operate on any level without trust.

The Only True Race

Race is more than a biological division of man. It is also a bond of unity and solidarity. In order to avoid future confusion, however, it should be pointed out that to call race a bond or link is merely the emphasis of this essay. *In reality the bond is not independent of the physical type.* Since a bond of solidarity evolves along with certain external features and is genetically determined, it is not possible to separate them. It is virtually true that a person has this connection only with members of his own physical race. Given a common physical appearance it can be assumed that certain persons have among them a special attraction for, and trust in, one another.

But the problem of stating a philosophy of human group action and the

problem of science and objective classification are necessarily very different. Scientists cannot be prophets. The mere postulation of a category of beings, which can be extended or limited at the arbitrary will of the scientist, does not in itself evoke a collective feeling among these beings. On the other hand, against the non-scientific philosopher it is argued that he would isolate the instinct of association from external traits in such a way that a person would never recognize, by virtue of external features, the man whom he can trust or with whom he has a natural bond. The tendency of a philosopher to dwell on internal and subjective factors makes him forget that trust has the same source as physical traits, and that they are inseparably linked. Yet, having recognized this source of difficulty, the present discussion will limit itself to the philosophical issue, stressing subjective ties rather than external similarities and dissimilarities among men. Justification for this alternative is in the fact that it is not in belonging to a category of beings, but only in his voluntary and spontaneous associations, that the human being is politically and socially active.

Race is a community of trust in the context of industrial organization. Those people can be consigned to the same race who, committed to a high form of technology, also trust one another. The trust constituting the essential social meaning of race is also race's proper social definition. But there is another point to be added here. There are no races in the social sense which have not passed through, externally and spiritually, the technological revolution which momentarily, at least, subjected all human relationships to itself. In these terms, all other "races" being merely a reflection and imitation of the original spontaneous and natural race, the only true race is the white race!

Primitive man has no idea of race; even the Greeks had only an inkling of it. Before high technology there were only isolated bands of familiars with no consciousness of race. Within the

band there was primal instinctive trust, but there was no consciousness of those beyond themselves, or at any rate beyond a few neighboring groups, because they had not entered into a way of life that could mediate this consciousness. To immediate familiars were opposed strangers, to whom were ascribed mythical and magical attributes. At this level of culture men could not abstract human differences, and similarities but fixed upon individuality. Entry into an absolutely technological mode of life changed this. It compelled a level of abstraction in which human beings could be united and separated without regard for personality and individuality. Race in these terms is at least on one level of thinking an impersonal category even while the bond underlying it as a motive is personal and instinctive. In creating for itself a wider social base, technology transformed the sense of familiarity into one of similarity, and thus in effect, without destroying the essential bond of trust, created the conception of race. But there is more. Even as a purely descriptive, zoological classification, race appeared only in the nineteenth century. Simultaneously with its "discovery," race became an overwhelming political force.

In conclusion: Science provides a "unity" to a human group that is only theoretical and not capable of motivating action. Underlying this abstract conception must be a unity of instinct. This instinct extends itself according to the material conditions of a people. It is not, therefore, a pure conception or symbol that provides the most essential human unity, but rather the spirit of race which spontaneously finds its own symbol, if not in a scientific category then in something seemingly irrelevant to race, a "religion," for instance. The meaning of scientific race classification for the racial movement is that it most precisely expresses in objective terms the inner bond of race, which can thus translate its feeling into political action.

Aldous Huxley

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most modern nationalism, which is defined in terms of language, geography, and other non-racial criteria.

Perhaps two of the best reasons for reading *The Human Situation* are Huxley's fifth and tenth lectures, respectively titled, "How Original Is Original Sin?" and "The Ego," in which he discusses the nature-nurture debate and William Sheldon's somatotype theory.

Huxley takes Lamarck, Lysenko, and other assorted environmentalists to task for neglecting nature's role in the formation of the individual. His position is that neither nature nor nurture exists independently. Although he does tilt noticeably in the direction of nature as the dominant factor, he adds (in a later lecture) that a healthy environment is needed to realize the best of our "inborn capacities." In other words, the good eugenicist is also a

social reformer.

Things haven't changed all that much since Huxley assessed the state of this controversy, and his remark on the prejudice surrounding it still holds:

The tendency at the present time to underplay the importance of genetic factors generally is related to certain political and philosophical doctrines. Orthodox Marxism, for example, is based upon the idea of environmental deter-

Cont'd. on next page

Aldous Huxley (Cont'd.)

minism and does not like the idea of congenital differences. In this country, possibly because of a wrongly interpreted view of democracy, it is felt that too much stress upon the congenital and unchangeable differences between people is somehow undemocratic—and also very depressing.

If modern psychology refuses to concede little if anything to nature, it is because it fails to conduct a proper study of the body. Huxley sees man as a composite of three elements: body, ego, and psyche. "For practical purposes," he suggests, "we have to think in terms of something like a neutral monism, with mind and body being aspects of the same substance." It is not surprising that he should be very much taken with the theories of William Sheldon, to whom he devotes a considerable amount of space. It is significant that the only major criticism directed against his lectures at Santa Barbara concerned the importance he attached to Sheldon.

Huxley observed a similarity between the three main divisions of men set forth in the Aryan classic, the *Bhagavad-Gita* (he wrote the introduction to the Mentor edition), and Sheldon's typology. If Sheldon's blubbery endomorphs had been ancient Aryans, they would have given themselves over to an emotional devotion to the gods, while the muscular mesomorphs would have followed the path of duty and action, and the spare and introverted ectomorphs would have led lives of solitary contemplation.

Many of Huxley's novels also seem to reveal Sheldon's influence, although most of them were written before Huxley ever heard of somatotypes. For instance, Everard Webley, the leader of a Fascist-style movement in *Point Counter Point*, has a driving personality very much in keeping with Sheldon's mesomorphs. (Webley is based upon Sir Oswald Mosley, and it is of some interest that he should be treated in a

fairly sympathetic fashion, even though the author eventually kills him off.) Another, and one of the most believable of Huxley's early characters, Mark Rampion (said to be D. H. Lawrence), provides a further clue to Huxley's view of man's nature when he asserts, "To be a perfect animal *and* a perfect human—that was the ideal."

Like somatotypes, the population problem, which he thought democracy could never solve, and ecological concerns are high on Huxley's list of pet topics. He believes that unchecked population growth leads to a strain on available natural resources, which in turn automatically causes a greater centralization of government. Another side effect is an increased temptation to use exploitative and, ultimately, destructive economic and agricultural methods to provide more goods and services. Balance in nature, as well as human social equilibrium, is upset by unregulated capitalism. "The Germans," he notes, "have a good term for this kind of exploitative economy; they call it *Raubwirtschaft* (robber economy)."

Huxley also realized that the population problem was, in great measure, a problem of human quality. He was well aware of dysgenic breeding trends, but his consideration of this matter is far more detailed in *Brave New World Revisited* than in *The Human Situation*. Huxley quotes Sheldon's bleak prognosis, "Our best stock tends to be outbred by stock that is inferior to it in every respect." But unlike Wells he does not say the inferior elements "will have to go."

He sees in eugenics some hope for the world's future:

Sooner or later eugenics will be practiced, although it is certainly going to take a tremendous revolution in our present ethical ideas on this subject. It may also be added that the first nation that does practice such eugenic methods will in a few decades be enormously superior to all its rivals.

Huxley's seldom anthologized essays, such as "Jesting Pilate," "Along the Road" and "Do What You Will," contain a number of comments which reveal his feelings toward Jews. In the latter he wrote:

Their mission, in a word, was to infect the rest of humanity with a belief [in materialism] which prevented them from having any art, any political life, any breadth of vision, any progress. We may be pardoned for wishing that the Jews had remained not forty, but four thousand years in their repulsive wilderness.

In 1943 he told his brother, Julian, that the Jews are a "monied, influential, and pushing minority," who are themselves responsible for ill-feeling and anti-Semitism (*The Letters of Aldous Huxley*). In *Antic Hay*, one of Huxley's characters complains of "hideous red cities pullulating with Jews, sir. Pullulating with prosperous Jews. Am I right in being indignant, sir?" Huxley apparently thought so. But by the end of World War II, he kept whatever anti-Jewish sentiments he harbored to himself.

Huxley still remains a fascinating and much misunderstood individual. One part scientist, who urged better living through chemistry; one part mystic, he stepped on a good many toes and raised important issues. What he once wrote of his friendly enemy, D. H. Lawrence, can be applied to Huxley himself. He was not a man content to "live in a little puddle of light thrown by the gig-lamps of habit," and his knowledge of the universe did not diminish his sense of wonder.

This article, written by Nicholas Camerota, is a slight revision of the original as it appeared in the National Vanguard, the monthly organ of the National Alliance, Box 3535, Washington DC 20007.

Music Monopoly

Continued from page 7

Columbia. When French was ousted from the Board of Directors in 1954, his successor was Frederick Schang.

NCAC and Columbia basically controlled the concert market until 1955, when they were accused of breaking antitrust laws. Nevertheless, Columbia remained the most important concert agency, while NCAC slid downhill and second place went to independent Sol Hurok, who started his career with

NCAC. Other independent promoters, less successful than Hurok, are L.E. Behymer, David Rubin and Michael Wolfsohn. With such a strong Jewish element in these organizations it is not surprising to find a similarly strong Jewish line-up among concert performers.

Jews have had a long history of control over American opera companies. Way back in the presidency of Andrew Jackson, the Italian Opera House in

New York was opened with Lorenzo Da Ponte as its manager. Da Ponte was an Italian-Jewish immigrant who had been court poet to the Emperor of Austria and the librettist of several Mozart operas. After the Italian Opera failed, new opera companies were formed under the management of such individuals as Max Maretzek, Maurice Strackosch, Max Strackosch and Bernard Ullman. Around the turn of the century, Maurice Grau established the Grau Opera Company, a precursor of

the Metropolitan

The Met began as a snobbish Majority institution, but as Jews moved ahead in banking they simultaneously chipped away at the more prestigious bulwarks of the WASP aristocracy. The penetration of the Metropolitan was achieved when director James Nathan Hyde asked his banker, Jacob Schiff, to join the Board. Schiff declined, but suggested his partner, Otto Kahn, who was quickly accepted.

What happened next is described in Stephen Birmingham's *Our Crowd*:

Otto Kahn initially purchased two hundred shares of stock in the corporation. Hyde had had three hundred, and when he departed for Paris, Otto Kahn had bought these. Henry Morgenthau, another director, soon retired and Kahn bought his three hundred shares. Suddenly Kahn was the corporation's leading stockholder. He began buying up opera stock wherever it was available, and presently he had 2,750 shares and virtually owned the Metropolitan Opera. As his mentor (Schiff) would have agreed, owning the company was the first prerequisite to making it one of his "serious occupations."

The Met's only competition in New York was the Manhattan Opera Company, owned by Oscar Hammerstein. In 1910, after Hammerstein's son Arthur convinced his father to give him power of attorney, Kahn and Arthur signed an agreement turning over the Manhattan Opera Company's operatic interests to the Met. Kahn's victory was complete and he now controlled the destiny of opera in New York City, if not in the entire country.

Opera management in the U.S. is now more Jewish than it was seventy years ago. One has only to mention such powerful general managers as Kurt Herbert Adler in San Francisco and Rudolf Bing in New York. Deliberately or not deliberately, Bing and Adler have stacked opera management with, and promoted the opera careers of, a swarm of minority types. For example, when Bing was general manager of the Met, he offered one of his very few opera commissions to a mediocre tunesmith named Mark Blitzstein. Blitzstein died while working on his opera, based on the Sacco-Venzetti trial, so the project was never completed. Other prominent minority figures in today's operatic world are conductors James Levine of the Met and Julius Rudel of the New York City Opera.

Among critics the same closed society prevails. The most influential of them all is Harold Schoenberg of the *New York Times*. Other dictators of

musical taste include Herbert Saal of *Newsweek*, Alfred Frankenstein in San Francisco and John Rosenfeld in Dallas. Harold Rosenthal is the editor of *Opera* magazine. Leonard Marcus edits *High Fidelity*. The ostracism suffered by those who do not fit the minority mold is one of the prime reasons for

the Majority's dispossession in the music world. Since Jews also control the music schools (William Schuman heads the omnipotent Juilliard School) Majority musicians have no recourse except to kowtow to the minority culture commissars or give up all hope of a successful musical career.

Mulattoes Are Back

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acquiring seats on the Supreme Court.

At present some New York mulattoes are striving "for the best of both in the white and black worlds." They smoke "herb," but drink Chablis and dine by candlelight. As one of them explained in an article in *New York Magazine*, "We need to embrace ourselves as strong hybrids." The 17-year-old daughter of a black mother and a white father said publicly what others would only have whispered a few years ago:

When I was younger, some of my companions would try to force me to pick. To choose my mother and deny my father. I refuse to do that. I'm just as comfortable among whites as among blacks. I want all the options. I want all the possibilities.

There are now some musical groups actively promoting mulatto music,

though the nation's disk jockeys are still wary. "Let's not make an issue out of this mulatto thing," said one. He was answered by a mulatto musician who insisted, "We are the third entity. We are the new race." A singer named Vicki Sue Robinson (father Jewish, mother African and French Canadian) calls herself, "a mutt, the kind of person who lives longer than those with pedigrees." Another musician added, "We are the fusion and the fused. Even if you're white, as long as you grow up in New York, you become a mulatto."

History indicates that no one dislikes blackness more than the part black. The differences, temporarily squelched by political opportunism and the unique vagaries of U.S. history, are again coming to the fore. This is a great chance for the Majority. The split in the Majority ranks was one of the principal reasons for our dispossession. A split in the ranks of the blacks could be a stepping stone to our instauration.

THE BRIGHTEST AND THE BEST

A tangle of millennia ago, Western Man shuffled out of the preliterate abyss—his consciousness robed with awe and gravity, and gorged with a plague of questions—peering into the superluminous gloom of a pitchy, impending future. . . reading there a thought-kindling portent. . . a prelude to a deluge of bleeding and questing and dying.

Western Man, Man the Thinker, the Wise. . . wondering, ever wondering. . . ever gauging with license-checked fancy the mysteries enchaining his reverence. . . melancholy exquisites knowing so well that truth deals only with the few. . . lighting the edge of this crusting sphere with the light of reason. . . a light that the idol and the idle Cross cannot chalk out.

Western Man—Nordic, Angle, Celt and Gaul, Graeco-Roman, Indo-European, Teuton and Frank—ever probing that central enigma of enigmas. . . the place, in the cradle of the universe in which he stands, of the individual. . . ever envisioning all that has turned the space-hung, time-strung wonderment of the irreversible present into more than just another rotating graveyard.

Western Man. . . the builder, the innovator, the molder of abstractions, his reason adjusting internals to externals. . . the conceptualizer of the inalienable human right. . . a unique, and lonely variation of the species *Homo Sapiens*. . . not a lost link apart from Great Apeism, but a whole chain of links lost enroute in the geological time span. . . long gone.

Western Man. . . one surviving twig of a long demolished evolutionary tree lost in the mulch of another age. . . unable to live with stagnant harmony, able best to live with balanced conflict. . . searching always for one or the other. . . scarcely ever finding either. . . not perfect, yet perfect enough to live. . . since a too imperfect earthly adaptation cannot long inherit the earth.

Brooklyn: Mensa, the high IQ society which seems to be bossed by big-city Jews and provincial Majority types in both Britain and the U.S., has recently been featuring attacks against equalitarianism in its bulletins. This has stirred up Lysenkoist Jewish members such as Isaac Asimov, the sci-fi-guru. It will be interesting to see if Mensa, which is still a long way from recognizing race—apparently the minds of most members are too intelligent to discern palpable truths—splits into two incompatible racial components over this issue.

Chicago: The city fire department recently advertised for new firefighters whose salaries would start at \$1,159 per month. Candidates had to be at least 5'4", meet certain eyesight requirements and be not less than 19 and not more than 34 years old. The written examination would be marked either pass or fail. Those who passed would then take a physical exam. If they passed this, they would be placed on an eligible list according to their score—not the score on the written exam, mind you, but what they made on the physical exam. The philosophy of affirmative action grows more interesting every day as the mind is relegated to playing second fiddle to the body. When their homes or apartments start blazing, Chicagoans can rest assured that their firemen will be in good enough physical shape to rescue them. But will they know how to get to the right address?

* * *

Words worth remembering from the black columnist, W. L. Lowe, Jr., in the black newspaper *Chicago Defender* (Aug. 4, 1978): "After all, Collin's philosophy [meaning National Socialism] is no different than the one so many of us espouse, only our philosophy ends up in dominaiton of the world by blacks.

Europe: According to the latest reports from a professional Jewish watchdog organization, the Institute of Jewish Affairs in London, a Euro-Right is developing in opposition to Euro-Communism. It includes Britain's National Front, dubbed "the strongest neo-Nazi force in Europe," the National Democratic Party in Germany, the Movimento Italiano Sociale (MSI) in Italy, the Fuerza Nueva in Spain and the Parti des Forces Nouvelles in France. But the rising tide of anti-Semitic literature seems to be even more of a drain on Jewish sensibilities. During the past ten years, it is claimed, the *Protocols* have been reprinted or serialized in Belgium, Finland, France, Greece, Italy and Spain. Even worse, *Mein Kampf* has been republished in Denmark, Holland, Portugal and Sweden. Rightwing publications have a combined circulation of 250,000 in Germany, says the Institute of Jewish Affairs. In the old days there were Jews in Hollywood known as "steamers." This job was to take any figure that appeared in any

press release and add a zero. Film star's salaries, prices paid for scripts, weekly grosses—all these numbers were automatically increased by ten before the press release came out in the media. This is an old trick that has been handed down from the Talmud and from Jewish historians like Josephus. It is still the underlying principle of Jewish statistics, which have less to do with facts than with racial scare tactics. It is too bad the Majority in the U.S. or in any other Northern European country, does not have organizations to watch Jews as their organizations watch us. This might force them to be more careful about their facts. It would also inspire non-Jews to assemble some reliable figures on Jewish operations.

London: *A special report from our British correspondent:* I went to see the National Front march off from the Embankment (beside the Thames) on the afternoon of Sunday, September 24. The arrangements were good, as might be expected with Martin Webster on the job and some obvious NF supporters were scattered about the area before the march began, including some big lads at the nearby underground station (most of the trouble starts before or after marches at the underground stations). There was an atmosphere of subdued but forceful activity in the street, as friends met after a lapse of time and discussed projected activities in urgent tones. Eventually the marchers set off, led by a colour party carrying flags and the much-liked, much-hated Martin Webster in front, suitably clad in white. If there is one thing which makes us all like Webster, it is the paroxysms of rage turned on by all the opposition, from soft liberals to hard communists, whenever his name is mentioned.

In front of Webster and the colour party were a few of the lads who acted as skirmishers in case of a frontal attack. One in particular struck me. He was a tall, dark-haired, fair-skinned, slim character with a flat cap on his head, and he walked along with such a happy, jaunty step that it was impossible not to smile. For him it was a bright, cheerful day. He was obviously unworried by the usual Majority bugbears: "What will happen to my job? My family? My reputation?" Yet I don't suppose he was any less threatened than most of us—rather more, probably. There were the usual press photographers diligently photographing not just the marchers, but also everyone who happened to be standing near. Our very own Jewish Board of Deputies (the equivalent of your own beloved B'nai B'rith) certainly does its homework.

The number of NF marchers was variously given in the press from 1,600 in the *Times* to 3,000 in the *Daily Telegraph*. I estimate that the latter number was nearer the mark. But the police, out in force, probably outnumbered them and hedged them in as they marched through London to the new NF

headquarters at 73 Great Eastern Street in the East End. The nearest underground station (Liverpool Street) was choc-a-bloc with weirdies, waiting for a rumble. I should explain that on the very same day some 30,000 lefties had marched against racism from Hyde Park to Brixton. By this time the Brixton march was over and the rent-a-mobbers, already gathered to greet the NF, were being joined by more and more as the minutes passed. I looked around me and saw plenty of the Chosen, some of them impassive, others with faces quite yellow with hatred. Busloads of Indians were being brought in from Leicester and elsewhere and the Negro population was also well represented. But interestingly enough, the obvious shock troops were British working-class boys very similar to those in the NF procession, with big "bovver" boots (much more often than was the case with the NF), cropped heads and occasional pieces of wood in their hands. More sinister were the hippy types carrying heavy rucksacks, obviously stuffed with missiles.

The NF eventually reached its destination by another route, so there was no battle. Undoubtedly, the finest physical types I saw were in the police force. There were plenty of large men with broad shoulders. Unfortunately, some had broad bottoms, which comes from sitting about in buses most of the time. They looked pretty bored in most cases, though a few of the older bobbies were enjoying the fine weather and obviously sympathetic to the Front. It was the younger ones who made such a contrast with the highly motivated followers of the NF and the Anti-Nazi League. This latter name has turned out to be a disaster, by the way. Webster immediately dubbed it ANAL, and the name has stuck, much to the fury of its supporters.

I walked among the hideous women and degenerate men who formed the majority of ANAL supporters and on two occasions heard obvious Jews telling obvious Britons that the NF "are vermin," and "should get back into the sewers they came from." All in all, my visit to Shoreditch confirmed me in my loathing for the Left and made me gloss over any shortcomings in the NF. My God, you should have seen their obscene women—ex-ladies with liberal lines on their cheeks, sluts with hatred on their seedy faces, great fat Yiddish women with quivering thighs. It was a positive revelation. True, I wouldn't like to attract the attention of their tough fighting squads—they would kick me to bits. But I can honestly say that I didn't see a single man there that I wouldn't have been happy to meet down a dark alley, alone, provided I knew that no one else would interfere. That must be our aim, to isolate them. They then lose their threatening "presence" and become nervous all of a sudden.
