

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

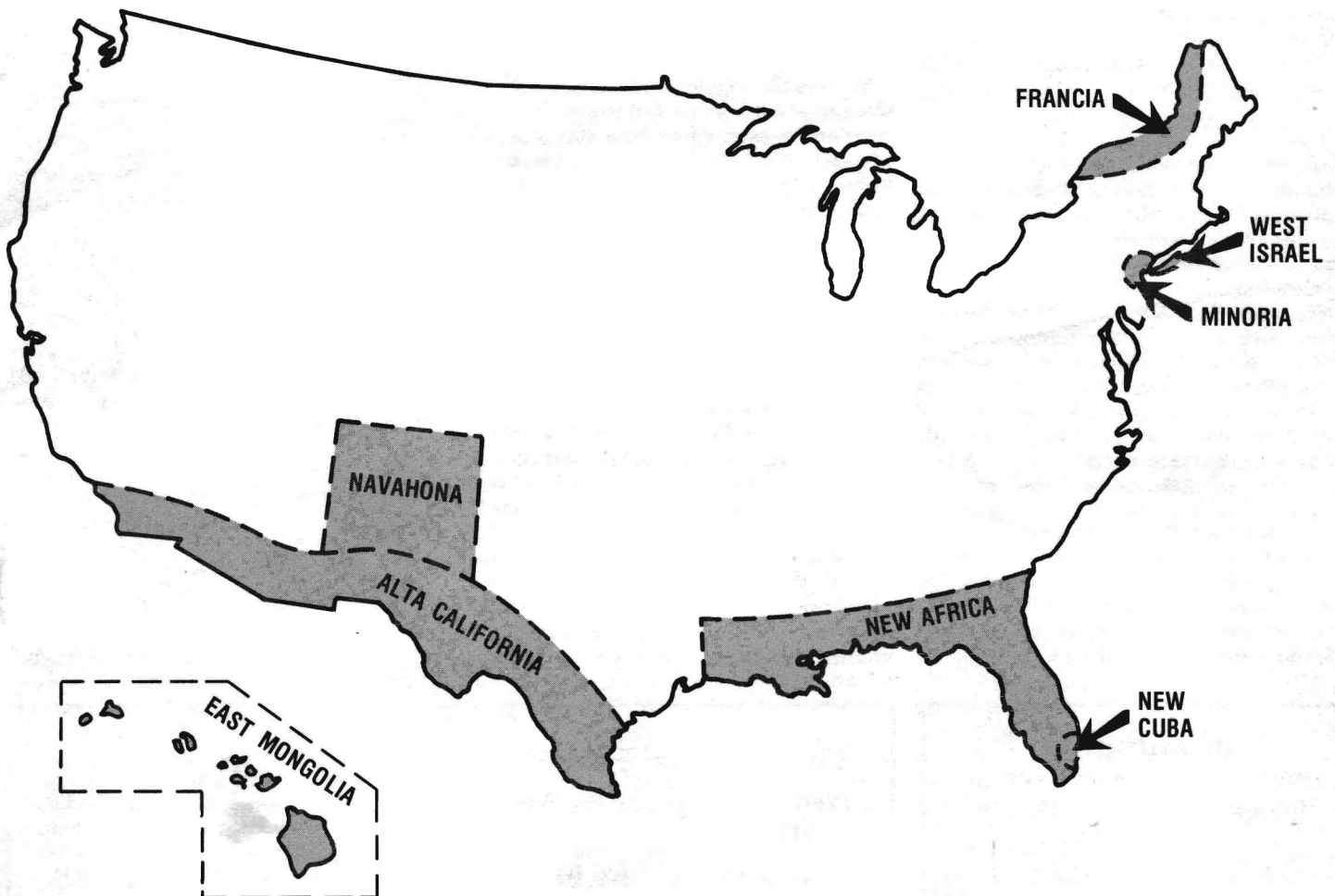
Instauration®

Vol 1, No. 5

April 1976

THE NATIONAL PREMISE

Will the U.S. Look Like This in A.D. 2000?



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Judicial Racism
Nordic Revival in America?
The Paradox of Equality

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

□ I've noticed in *Instauration* that a key theme, or argument, is that a period of education is needed for Wasps. This is true. Until it is done, I can't see any light in the tunnel. Certainly there is no value in advocating "action" under present conditions. It would be analogous to rushing Stepin Fetchit in to repair the Navy's "Admiral" computer.

922

□ The real question about *Instauration* is what function it serves. . . . If you think of it as a medium of intellectual persuasion, you hold an ivory-tower, idealistic view of the academic world. Actually, it is more a vehicle of comradeship.

208

□ I feel it might be useful to meet with others of our opinions to avoid becoming demoralized. Just reading of pertinent activities throughout the country in your magazine each month may not be enough. Personal contact might be better.

147

□ In August I hope to go and see my cousin who lives near Berlin in the "other half" of Germany. The experience should be interesting, and I have never seen his three kids, the oldest of whom is now 17 or thereabouts, and will soon be up for military service in the *Volksarmee*. I often feel that the people east of the Elbe are the better Germans. Communism in East Germany is just a veneer, even with the young generation who grew up in this state. In at least one way one can almost envy them—they are not plagued with millions of foreign workers.

A German Subscriber

I have just read "The Ninth Crusade." It is truly excellent and sets forth what I have been trying to say and write since leaving the Foreign Service. The tragedy is that so very few Americans know the story; and those who do, either have not the guts to tell it, or

are immediately muzzled by Jewish control of the media. . . . You are probably aware that very few of our universities and colleges offer undergraduate courses in modern Middle East history, and their libraries contain few balanced accounts. . . . At Princeton, for example, both the Near East Studies Department and the Near East Program (inter-departmental) are run by Zionists.

211

□ I think one has to be a masochist to be a champion of the Majority.

903

□ Here are a few items you left out in your brief remarks about the Reverend Robert McAfee Brown, sometimes known as the Great Emptier of churches. For one, this ardent separator of church and state has been called the Catholic's Protestant and is a regular contributor to Catholic magazines. Two, he is a fierce supporter of the wacky politico Eugene McCarthy, ex-senator and ex-editor of *Simon and Schuster*, the one the liberal press calls the "good" McCarthy. You brought up the Reverend Brown's close association with the World Council of Churches, which subsidizes the murder of African whites by black African terrorists. But you neglected to mention his twenty-four hour stay in a Tallahassee jail in 1961 for disturbing the peace. Brown is known as a clerical wit for his remark, "Some of my best friends are Jesuits, but I would not want my daughter to, etc." But he has said quite seriously, "There is something demonic in people who have God under their belt."

325

□ I write in reference to the two articles in the January edition: "The Ninth Crusade" and "The Outlook for Rhodesia." "The Ninth Crusade" presents the clearest, most concise exposition I have read of the problem presented by Zionism. By presenting the problem in the context of everyday facts your contributor has made *common sense* of the issue to the very many concerned persons who have (thanks to public education) no conscious frame of reference for racial motivations. The author is to be congratulated. I

hope we will hear more from this individual.

The second article, however, "The Outlook for Rhodesia" merits reproof. The logical refutation of the egalitarian assumption does not support rule by quality. To assert otherwise, as your correspondent does, is to reduce all arguments against Zionist control of our own government to the subjective level of defining quality. It is precisely that attempt to force upon me a standard of quality alien to my nature which causes me to rebel against this Zionist control. In effect, the author of this article argues for a definition of civil rights which agrees with that propounded by the "doctrinaire liberal-socialist; i.e. a zero-sum game wherein what one gains another must lose. This definition is repugnant to those of us who accept civil rights as the basis for that human relationship we call government.

018

□ *Instauration* cripples me risibilities.

119

□ The second issue of *Instauration* seems more exciting than the first. The article on Madison Grant is much to the point.

501

□ Somewhere in the future I see a wizened old space traveler/explorer from another world who will look upon the ruins of the space flight center and Cape Canaveral and send back a report about a unique and ingenious race of Germanic people who were so smart that they could send people to the moon and back, yet were so stupid that they couldn't read the handwriting on the wall.

703

□ After reading the great many right-wing publications, I have decided that the approach of *The Dispossessed Majority* is by far the best. There is only one thing I still worry about—the question of Jewish control of the KGB, and therefore, of the Soviet Union. A lot depends on this. In *The Dispossessed Majority* and *Ventilations* you have presented good arguments for your side. But I still am uncertain. If you find enough other people uncertain, you might consider publishing additional articles on the question in *Instauration*.

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□ I have read the first two issues of *Instauration* from cover to cover, and found the article on "Economics and Race" the most interesting. I have had no courses in economics precisely because they were so capitalistic and minority-oriented that it turned my stomach. The students, for the most part, were either liberal white renegades, grey flannel suit, Wall-Street types or money-worshipping Shylocks who wanted to learn even more about money. The article therefore served as a welcome introduction to me. I had read Sombar's work some years ago, but wasn't inclined to follow up on the subject. . . . I had always thought the *American Mercury* was the only really worthwhile publication since it brought Yockeyian and Spenglerian views to its readership when those two prophets were completely ignored by the "Right" in general. Your publication is even more provocative and stimulating, and I am grateful from the bottom of my Faustian soul for it.

770

□ In the December issue of *Instauration* I especially like the article "Economics and Race". I showed it to a libertarian objectivist friend of mine. He wouldn't read it and showed no interest in it. When I mentioned the facts about East and West Germany, his behavior changed. He became hostile. But he couldn't rebut the facts and had a worried look about him and appeared confused.

606

□ A friend who subscribes to your magazine didn't like the zip code digit idea to identify the writer of a letter. Many writers might have the same digits with the result that readers would not know that the same writer is expressing a given series of opinions. He would prefer the use of pseudonyms for consistent and unequivocal identification. I object to the zip code digit idea on other grounds. I think it gives too much identification to a writer. Since the number of subscribers will be very small to begin with, there might be only one respondent, or at most a very few, from a given digit area. If our enemies should decide to scan the mail going to your address, or what would be even easier, to examine the mail leaving your address, it would not be too difficult to identify the writer. But, perhaps I overestimate our enemies and their interest in us. One thing I strongly object to is your admission that "Somewhere in the South" one of our men had penetrated a Democratic party student organization. That constituted too much of a warning.

601

□ To the reader who wrote about "exploitation of patriotic sentiment in commercial television" in the *Safety Valve* (January issue)—I couldn't agree more, except on one point. Bostonian colonists fought the Battle of Bunker Hill on Breed's Hill, because the latter was closer to the city and thus easier to fortify.

191

□ Did you know that the entire white population of West Philadelphia has been in effect evicted in the last decade? Several hundred thousand people. Billions, literally, in church, school, hospital, orphanage, library, theater, garage, park, transportation, sports, business, and expensive residential property have gone down the tubes. It was caused primarily by usurpation of the ownership of part of the residential areas by one minority, then its resale to another. The contagion of the Black Plague did the rest.

921

□ *Instauration* is a thought-provoking, well-written periodical. You're on target. You're probably acquainted with the *modus operandi* of most distributors of right-wing literature. They have fallen into the unprofessional and illegal practice of purchasing the literature from "pirate" printers who copy the book (whether or not the book is copyrighted) and sell it at cut-rate prices. Needless to say the authors receive no royalties.

911

□ The habit of aligning one's sympathies with an underdog group because one has a brown-eyed grandmother named O'Shaughnessy has made mutual enemies of us all.

109

□ You've opted for the straightish type. I read somewhere that type with a little serif or curl is better or less tiring to the eye for long hauls of reading, which your paper deserves.

619

□ The article on Jewish economics was thought-provoking without really nailing the subject fast. Your writing was very solid towards the end of developing a definite unified approach.

419

□ The second "Empyrean" *The Philosophy of Night* was most interesting. It is of course the old dichotomy of Schopenhauer's Will versus Intellect—updated with modern jargon. . . . We have need, however, for this general kind of insight. I do believe that Arthur Schopenhauer is underestimated because academicians will not face the fact of WILL. Phrasing it differently, those who dominate academia tend to have a small chin. They still prefer shallow ratiocination to profound instinctual being or fundamental intuitive light.

804

□ I have one rhetorical question—which need not be answered of course—but which is recurrent in my mind: Does William Buckley work on your staff? Some of the material almost reflects some of that glorious, articulate and irrepressible spirit!

114

□ I came across this from an old tome on English literature by George Saintsbury

(slightly trimmed to slow down his occasional turgidity): "[T]he characteristics of joint-stock periodical writing make as much for general inequalities as for occasional goodness. That which is written by many hands will seldom be as bad, but can never be as good, as that which is written by one; that which takes its texts from matters of the moment will generally escape the occasional dullness, but can never attain the excellence of the mediated and original sprout of an individual brain. . . ."

941

□ It is folly to attempt to separate the Jewish problem in Israel from the Jewish problem in the U.S. Its sources are here in America. Yet some of my friends have repeatedly indicated an anxiety to avoid involvement in any aspect of Jewish racism other than the Middle East. One might as well try to cure a cancer by nibbling at a corner of the tumor while ignoring the major locus.

221

□ Don't any more say "an hypnotic condition" than you would "an horse," "an house." You aren't cockney dropping aitches or sticking out the pinkie in tea-drinking to show elegance.

212

□ What never fails to amuse me is the sound, solid, bourgeois, pipe-smoking Anglo-Saxon approach that some minority members assume to make a deeper dent into that part of our population whose cranial network is not too finely fibered. Edwin Newman is very good at this. What *our* kind fail to perceive is the immense flexibility of the Jews. My impression from a very long period of intensive observation is that almost all of them have a double behavioral standard, one used in private among themselves, one used in public for the gulls. Again and again I've seen this turned on and off like a kitchen faucet. Reflexed from babyhood on, it is a most formidable asset.

The Anglo-Saxon population of the U.S. had practically no experience with such behavior until the turn of the century. A large portion of the U.S. *still* does not have any. It is absolutely useless to discuss this subject with the average citizen. To understand it requires a sensory perception of which John Q. is not capable; a background knowledge not even possessed by college profs; and a mental orientation utterly alien to the typical American square-shooting, hail-fellow-well-met, regular fellow.

The United States has provided a laboratory unique in history. The Tribe historically has taken the measure of practically all rulers under whom it has lived. Nevertheless, generally a lid, to some degree, has been kept on their mass deprecations. The uniqueness of the U.S. is that it is a body politic usually, in effect, without any ruler at all, with no lid whatsoever. The result is something that reminds me of what happened to the leading battalion of Custer's 7th Cavalry.

312

THE NATIONAL PREMISE

Neglect a lilac bush for a year or two and such a helter-skelter of creepers, vines, suckers, insects, parasites, new growth, old growth, dead growth will displease your eye that your first thought will be to burn the whole mess or bulldoze it out of sight and mind.

But then you realize that all it takes to bring the lilac around again is work—so many ergs of clipping and shearing, so many ergs of pulling and tearing, so many ergs of pruning and cutting back. The idea is to get the lilac's life juices flowing again, to close down the free lunch for every crawling, hopping and flying thing in the neighborhood. Then and only then will those redolent lavender blossoms once more exalt and exult your senses.

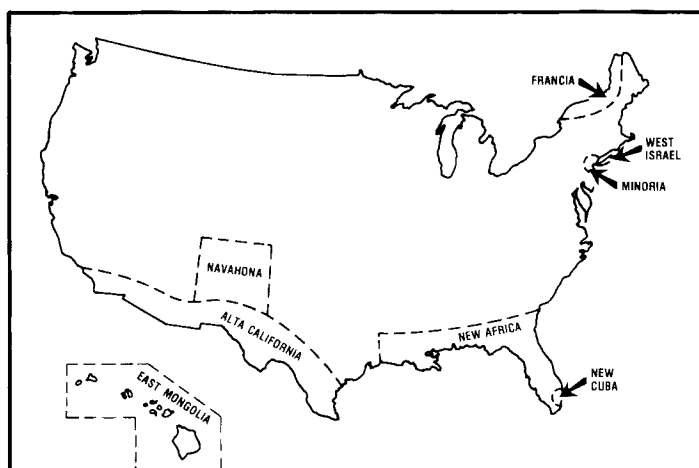
Almost all of us have been neglecting America for a long time. We have been so busy worrying about *me* (my salary, my car, my house, my health) that we have had little or no time to worry about *us* (our people, our country, our fate). A German professor might say we have stopped cultivating our *dasein*. Since all we want to do with life is spend it, only a very few of us are willing to throw sand in the gears of our universal pleasure machine to see if we can stop nature and Spengler from taking their course. The problem is that a few hundred cannot to a job that requires the concerted effort of 100 million.

One of the few hundred was philosopher William Ernest Hocking, who died in 1966, having spent most of his 93 years in deep cerebration, much of it having to do with ways of preserving our collectivity against our rampaging indifference. Hocking was a nationalist, who favored that particularism because he sensed it was good for us, good for the young sod of America and good for the *Weltall*, especially the world to come. He guessed that a UN with teeth would turn the earth into a vegetable patch where only one crop would grow. It would be a nutritious crop, but tasteless to the tongue, colorless to the eye, prickly to the touch—and it would smell exactly like nothing.

Hocking was aware that variety is not merely the spice of life. It is life, perhaps the seed of life. At least, as Sir Arthur Keith and Darwin have shown, it is the precondition of life and the camshaft of evolution. The political form of variety, nationalism, is the alma mater of the very people who oppose it, internationalism often being the ideology of those most desperately in search of their own lost peoplehood.

Of the overgrown nations, the United States is experiencing the greatest national perturbations. A mish-mash of nationalities is attacking its feverish body politic from without and from within—nationalities which occa-

Explanation of Front Cover Map



The map represents a proposed geographical relocation and regrouping of America's Unassimilable Minorities, so both they and the Majority can have the freedom to work out their own destinies, to recapture their old ways of life and to develop new ways without further mutual interference and conflict.

Francia, carved out of the northern edge of New England, is the proposed independent state of America's 3,000,000 French-Canadians who, although assimilable in a physical and cultural sense, will probably never be able to escape the emotional pull of their homeland, French Canada, located just across the border. Relocation will be relatively easy because approximately half the French-Canadians already live in the area or within 200 miles of it. The relocation of Majority members to homes outside *Francia* would only involve short distances.

West Israel has as its territory all of Long Island and Manhattan, which together contain a sizable segment of the U.S. Jewish population. Jews from the Bronx, Westchester and other New York suburbs will only have a short move to their new country, as will those from Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. Migrants from Miami Beach, Chicago and Los Angeles will have greater difficulty relocating, but they will probably not add up to more than 2,000,000, a smaller number than the 8,000,000 Americans sent overseas in World War II and the 11,000,000 Germans who fled from the Russians in 1945—not to mention the 3,500,000 Palestinians displaced by the Jews of East Israel. To make room for the Jews at least 2,000,000 whites and nonwhites will have to leave *West Israel*.

The National Premise

sionally fly the skull and crossbones flag of anti-nationalism. Austria-Hungary was ravished by hostile nationalities that were geographically separate. When the Hapsburgs were deported, the *nuclear nation* of German Austria survived and still survives. In differing degrees the British, French, Spanish and Portuguese Empires have been through the same racial centrifuge. As the Soviet Empire's nationality groups are also spatially divided, when the grafted limbs fall off, it is expected the ancient and gnarled Russian trunk will stand. The American Empire? Some of its nationalities are stacked like a layer cake in our largest cities. Others are dispersed in dry desert oceans, in subtropical swamps and savannahs, and in sub-arctic snowlands.

Since empires have to start from something, they are generally able to retreat to something. But Thebes, Susa, Byzantium, Rome, Peking, London and Paris had roots at least a thousand years deep. How much of a shock can Washington, D.C. take, with its Greek, Roman and Hitlerian architecture, with a government corrupt before its time, with its black time bomb already ticking? Is a truly national America a physical impossibility, an atom without a nucleus?

Hocking thinks not. He believes what he calls America's *national premise* is broad enough to reassure all those with drooping spirits but narrow enough to exclude the participation of "those whose happiness depends on cancelling our special character."

There is nothing more lonely and directionless than an electron yanked from its orbit. The very word *perturbed* raises the mechanical aberration to the level of philosophical and historical tragedy. Yes, we are all perturbed and will stay in a state of perturbation until we get back into orbit, until we swear by the national premise.

Art, says Hocking, is both the proof and pride of nationhood and the congenital enemy of the internationalists. Is that why so many great nations have been murdered? Not by the war lovers, but by the art haters. Is the face of envy always stamped on the obverse of the revolutionary coin?

Hocking sees no contradiction in the side-by-side efflorescence of intercontinental confederation and nationalism. He warns, however, that the former, if it is to endure, cannot be based on centrality. It would suffocate. The air and the light must come from reciprocity. If the north pole of a magnet permeates the whole magnet, there is no magnet. If one nation conquers the world, there will be no world. No divergence, no convergence.

Plainly there are snags in this line of reasoning. What exactly is a nation? Is it the "cultural field" of Sorokin, a billion discrete cultural particles channeled into streams flowing in different directions but eventually draining into the same river? Should we say roll on you great Anglo-Saxon, German, Teutonic, Indo-European Mississippi with your slackening current and your polluted water, roll on? It may be too late.

Or are the only authentic nations the half-living, half-legal Bavarias, Catalonias, Scotlands, Venetias and Deep Souths? Think about it. How can there be a multiracial, multinational nation?

Continued on page 18

Minoria consists of the New York Metropolitan Area, minus Manhattan and Long Island. It stretches into southwestern Connecticut, twenty miles up the Hudson and westward as far as Newark. It would serve as a geopolitical shell for various other Unassimilable Minorities, such as the Puerto Ricans, Southern Italians, Greeks and immigrants from the eastern and southern Mediterranean littoral. Each of these groups will live and work within their own totally independent enclave.

New Cuba, comprising Miami, Miami Beach and Dade County, is already the home of most of the 600,000 Cubans who preferred exile to Castro. In ten to twenty years it will be about as American as Havana. Why not make it official now? Only Negroes, Jews and a few aged Majority members will have to vacate.

New Africa, the proposed Negro state, presents the greatest logistical difficulties. Almost 12,000,000 Negroes will have to be transported from northern urban centers, and millions of southern Negroes will have to be regrouped within the designated area. Whites, particularly in that part of New Africa divested from the Deep South, will probably not give up their homes peacefully. In Florida, however, where hardly anyone has roots, population transfers will be easier.

Alta California is merely the legal and political recognition of a situation which already exists. The 5,000,000 Mexican-Americans who are U.S. citizens and the uncounted millions who come to work in the Southwest each year, legally or illegally, are well on their way to a political and demographic takeover and have already elected a governor, senator, several congressmen and a host of lesser officials. The Chicanos living north of the new state's border will have to return south, while whites will be shifted to the north. Once Alta California is established, a twenty-mile buffer zone or no-man's land would separate the U.S. from its new southern neighbor. To stop the creeping Mexican invasion once and for all, anyone who crossed into this buffer zone without permission from both countries will be shot on sight.

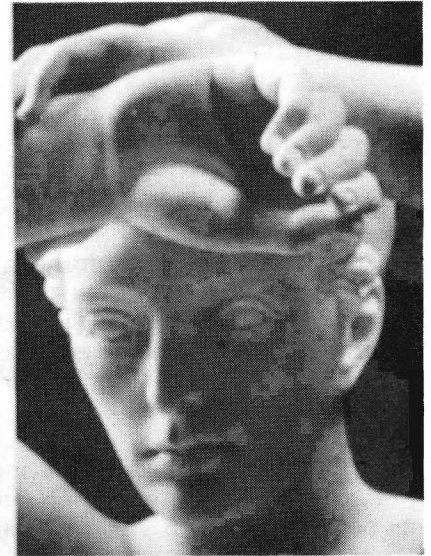
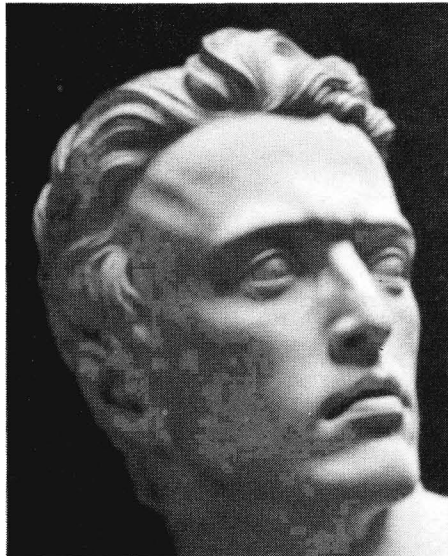
Navahona—the name is derived from the largest Indian tribe—will be the permanent and independent home of 800,000 American Indians. Although the land is not rich or fertile, it already supports a considerable number of Indians and whites, so there is no reason why Indians, including those from the big cities and eastern reservations, will not have enough elbow room, once the whites have decamped.

East Mongolia is an appropriate name for the Hawaiian Islands, whose population is already preponderantly Chinese, Japanese and Filipino. The whites in Mongolia would simply trade homes with the mainland Orientals.

Note: If all this sounds impractical, we ask our readers to think of the alternatives. If the races are not separated soon, the Majority will have to fight for survival or go completely under. Already we have lost many of our largest cities. Already the legal, political and economic foundations of the American social order are becoming unrecognizable. We no longer hold the reins of our culture, in fact we hardly have any culture, and if things continue at their present pace, it is quite possible that we may soon be reduced to a formal and permanent state of serfdom. Separation and the surrender of a great deal of our land and property may well be our only means of survival. The only other course is racial war. In considering the alternatives, it should not be forgotten that in the long run the Unassimilable Minorities will also benefit from a mass trade-off of population groups. As they bastardize our civilization, they are bastardizing themselves. Their own degradation is proceeding almost as fast as ours, demonstrating that they need independence and cultural autonomy as much as we do.

Nordic Revival in America?

A doggedly dogmatic Ph.D. in genetics sees a gleam of hope.



One of the most interesting racial phenomena in recent years was the post-World War II baby boom sparked by upper-class Nordic females. With the maturing of this bumper crop, there came into existence a relatively enormous population of Nordic youngsters of the purest quality—a potential force for the political rehabilitation of the nation and the world. But now that source is drying up again, as Nordic women of intelligence and breeding have again taken up the small-family slogan of their grandmothers, and even the Nordics of Irish and Polish extraction are being swept up in the birth-control enthusiasm that formerly excited only the Old American stock.

If you ask how this upsurge came about, I can make an educated guess. It was the women themselves who did it, not the men. The women did not even appear to care if they were married, or if their husbands were the fathers. They seemed more interested in showing off their offspring as proof of what a Vassar graduate could do. The upsurge in the Nordic birthrate also coincided with the rise to authority and power of Nordic males who were weak, flabby, big in the bottom and lady-like in demeanor, yet full of a vicious desire for revenge on the “brutal” bullies who were the torment of their childhood. They also wanted revenge on their own sires, who in many cases tried to solve this age-old problem of the race in the time-honored way—retrieving the family honor by driving their effeminate sons either into the homosexual underworld, the libraries and conservatories or to the attic noose.

The bumper crop of American Nordic youth, despite the bill of goods it was sold from the moment it learned to speak, has shown a degree of racial temper and steeliness that is magnificent. If their morals are less than puritanical, let us remember that puritanism arose historically when Columbus’ men brought syphilis to Europe. Let us also remember that today’s New Morality came after the emergence of penicillin. Nordics weren’t always required to be straitlaced—an intolerable restraint that led to the

immense popularity of the porno-philosophy of their archenemy Freud.

Nothing marks the appearance of racial spirit more surely than music, and the new American Nordics have already produced their own song—derived in part from the evangelical working classes of Liverpool. Strictly on their own, they have put a serious dent in jazz, in a way that has disarmed black talent for musical satire. The slow, chorale-like cadence of their new ballads defies ridicule.

Some small success has been achieved in welding the Nordic new arrivals into a religious force, but dependence upon a four-square Bible-ism is depressingly selective against anyone with an IQ over 60 and points to the same trap of literal Judeo-Christian, anti-Nordic sentiment that has lent comfort to the minorities and demoralized the political instincts of whole generations. Nevertheless, we cannot put down any movement which binds whites together and excludes nonwhites, even at the price of an intellectual decline, especially since Nordic political expression has only once or twice shown anything but contempt for the intellect.

It is inordinately amazing to see Nordic youth segregate itself by the simple means of joining a Protestant sect with strict moral standards, but it does not inspire me to write articles for the *Cross and the Flag*. These youngsters represent a vast conquering horde, of which the Christian element is only a tiny fragment. They have segregated themselves far more completely and totally by the simple expedient of letting their hair grow. When the Negroes copy them, the segregation is so complete as to make the gods on Olympus rejoice and roar with laughter.

All this they have done without being allowed to speak of themselves in racial terms, without being able to recall their traditional world role as the rulers and aristocracy of Europe, the greatest civilizing force of the entire species, the perfectors of the art and science that have been the glory of the ages.

JUDICIAL RACISM

Some months ago we were mailed a news item that seemed so unbelievable we decided not to mention it until we had a chance to check it out. It concerned a decision by the U.S. Court of Appeals. Having obtained the necessary information from one of our young lawyer supporters, we can now reveal this legal horror story in detail.

On Sept. 18, 1974 the U.S. District Court, Eastern District of Missouri, heard a case brought against the Missouri Pacific Railroad by one Buck Green, acting as an individual and "on behalf of others similarly situated." Green, a convicted felon who had previously been sentenced to jail for five years by the same court for draft dodging, charged that the Railroad's policy of not hiring criminals was an act of racial discrimination against blacks, *because blacks proportionately had many more criminal arrests and convictions than whites.* Green's lawyers, the minority-dominated Legal Aid Society of the City and County of St. Louis, specifically claimed that the Railroad's restriction barring the employment of criminals was in violation of the Civil Rights Acts of 1870 and 1964.

The facts were that Buck Green, then 29 years of age, had applied for a job as a clerk at the Railroad's personnel office on Sept. 29, 1970. On his application form he stated that his last job had terminated on Nov. 15, 1968, when under the name of Cassidy he had gone to prison for refusing induction into the military service. (He was paroled 21 months later.) Given a personal interview, Green was told his application could not be considered because of his prison record.

Green thereupon wrote to the Kansas City, Missouri, office of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission and lodged a formal discrimination complaint against the Missouri Pacific. On Aug. 11, 1972 the EEOC issued Green a ninety-day notice of his right to sue.

When the case reached the District Court, it was found that the Missouri Pacific Railroad had maintained a policy of not hiring applicants with criminal convictions (other than minor traffic violations) since 1948. The Railroad insisted that the policy had nothing to do with racial discrimination, but was an effective means of keeping out undesirables and protecting the Railroad and its personnel from theft, violence and other criminal activities.

The plaintiff Green actually used as an argument to bolster his case the fact that nonwhites have an arrest and conviction rate some two or three times higher than whites. One witness *for* the plaintiff said that there is between 2.2 and 6.7 times more likely that a black will have a criminal record than a white. In urban areas he added that from 36.9% to 78.1% of all blacks will have a conviction during their lifetime against 11.6% to 16.8% for whites. The Railroad, on the other hand, showed that from September 1971 through November 1973, of the 3,282 blacks and 5,206 whites who had applied for employment, 174 blacks and 118 whites had been rejected because of previous convictions. The Railroad further stated that in 1968 it had instituted an affirmative action program which had resulted in the hiring of 412 disadvantaged blacks, including some ex-offenders.



The Court, after digesting the evidence, dismissed the case on the grounds that no discriminatory policy had been adopted by the Railroad and that the latter had proved the policy of refusing employment to former criminals was founded on "business necessity." The Court also noted that approximately 50% of convicted criminals will eventually commit crimes again.

The case was appealed. It was submitted to the U.S. Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit Court, on April 17, 1975, and decided on July 3, 1975. Warren L. Jones, Judge of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, was assigned to the case by designation. The other two judges were Robert C. Heaney and Marvin Bright, the latter having written the decision. The Court decided that Buck Green had proved a prima facie case of discrimination and that the Railroad's policy had not been justified. In its reversal the Court based its decision largely on statistics—i.e., that Negroes were disproportionately prone to crime and therefore any employment policy which discriminated against criminals also discriminated against Negroes.

The Court of Appeals further ordered that the District Court should insist that back pay be awarded to Green if it was found that his background and experience qualified him for the position he had applied for.

There is no need to comment on the outcome of *Green vs The Missouri Pacific Railroad*. The reader needs no help from us to draw the necessary inferences from a judicial ruling that used statistics proving excessive Negro lawlessness as evidence *against* the fairness and soundness of business employment practices.

Continued on page 18

The Paradox of Equality

A pauper is usually too busy staying alive to think much about equality, an abstract concept which is the intellectual plaything of priestly and peripatetic cliques. Long ago in ancient Egypt irate and peevish prelates were composing hieroglyphic tracts—the first authentic literature—defining the rights of the Pharaoh's subjects. But the first systematic expression of equalitarianism came from the Sophists. "Equals are by nature all related," said Hippias. "Only tradition makes men unequal." The Sophist Antiphon echoed, "By nature we are all in every respect equal, whether barbarian or Hellene."

These propounders of sameness never seem to have a hard life like the mass of humanity. Out of the equality of all human beings they magically—and slickly—create their own superiority. The magic, however, is not due to any special cleverness on their part. It is inherent in the idea of equality itself.

Human equality can only be contractual. It does not derive from an informal, personal relationship or from some genetically based disposition. It is based on a formal agreement and, as such, implies a privileged and unequal status for those who specialize in getting people to sign on the dotted line.

For Thomas Hobbes equality was not an end in itself but a means to social peace and cooperation: "If nature . . . have made men equal, that equality is to be acknowledged; or if nature have made men unequal, yet because men that think themselves equal will not enter into conditions of peace, but upon equal terms, such equality must be admitted. And therefore . . . every man [should] acknowledge another for his equal by nature." The earliest and most general contract Hobbes called the Social Contract. The paradox of the Social Contract, however, is that in conceding equality to others men put themselves in the hands of a state whose mediatory power is virtually unlimited.

England during Hobbes' time was in partial anarchy. To extend his power the king enlisted help from go-betweens—the floating missionaries and priests of Rome. As aliens and outsiders they were so disliked that the king had to intervene to protect them from physical violence. Hobbes made provision for them as follows: "It is . . . a law of nature: that all men that mediate peace be allowed safe conduct. For the law that commandeth peace, as the *end*, commandeth intercession, as the *means*; and to intercession the means is safe conduct."

Ultimately, Hobbes came to understand that in a fully developed and mature des-

potism, the despot becomes the protector of equality! Legitimizing the state and its coercive authority solely on the grounds that it guaranteed the fulfillment of the citizens' contractual obligations, Hobbes wrote: "It is the law of nature that they that are at controversy submit their right to the judgment of an arbitrator." It was left to Rousseau, however, to scare people into the arbiter's clutches: "[F]or if there was no superior power capable of guaranteeing the fidelity of the contracting parties and of obliging them to fulfill their mutual engagements, they would remain sole judges in their own cause, and each of them would always have a right to renounce the contract, as soon as he discovered that the other had broke the conditions of it, or that these conditions ceased to suit his private convenience."

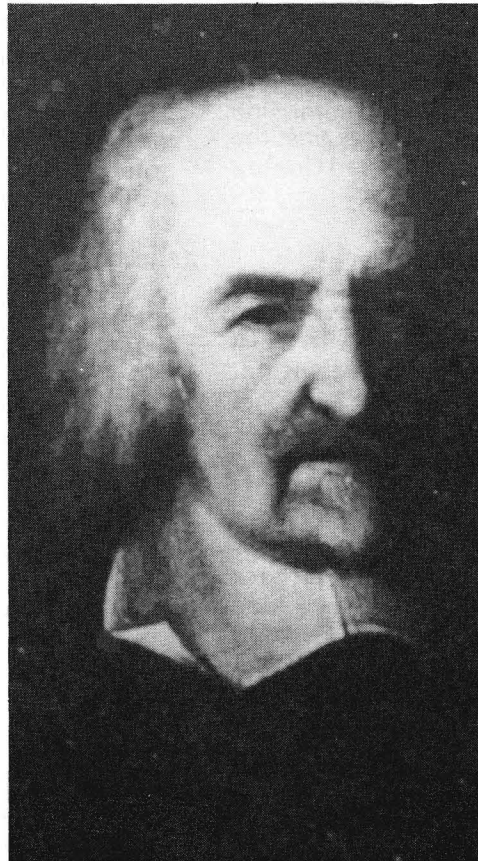
Not only contract law but also general political theory assumes that the mediator will settle disputes "impartially." This signifies that the arbiter will be an outside and autonomous party. It also signifies that, according to the terms of the contract, he will have absolute control of the affairs of both parties insofar as such affairs are

stated in the contract, and will exert a great deal of power over the parties themselves insofar as their relations are contractual. Here again it is important to understand impartiality not only as a condition of isolation and detachment but as a privileged status. The words arbitrate and arbitrary have the same Latin derivation, *arbiter* meaning "judge and master."

Max Stirner says that what the liberal objects to is not authority and coercion in general, but to *personal* coercion, the direct or immediate dominance of one personality over another. But isn't the power the liberal substitutes in its place, the power over impersonal and contractual human relationships, the greatest power of all?

The philosophy behind modern American "democracy" is a theoretical extension of Hobbes' *compulsory arbitration*. Those who are in dispute must put their case in the hands of a third and "disinterested" party.

In the not too distant future all of us will have to come to grips with this problem. Will we be able to decide our differences among ourselves? Or must we continue to jeopardize our freedom by entrusting it to outsiders? In the name of the contractual relationship known as equality, can we afford any longer to sign away our personal liberties to those who by forcing us to be equal make themselves our masters?



Thomas Hobbes was quite a character. He was born prematurely in 1588, his mother having been frightened by the approach of the Spanish Armada. A firm believer in a unified church and state, he criticized some bishops so bitterly they wanted to burn him for heresy. After he wrote *Leviathan*, the first and perhaps greatest political treatise in English, he shaved off his whiskers because he said a beard does not make a thinker. At the age of sixty he gave up alcohol, calculating that he had been drunk a hundred times. He played tennis until he was seventy-five and died at ninety-one. His grave bore the inscription "This is the true Philosopher's Stone."

Tireless Agitator

Text: "What has happened in those fifty years since Leo Frank was dragged from his cell and hanged from an oak outside Marietta?

"Years ago the power lay in the hands of the rural sections of the state. From the county courthouse the Tom Watsons pulled the strings, laid down the law for state legislatures and members of the Congress.

"It was absurd, of course, but it was not until the mid-1940s that anyone ever attempted to challenge it.

"More than any one person, the man who can claim credit for that great Southern Challenge was an Atlanta lawyer, Morris Abram, son of a Jewish merchant, an immigrant from Romania.

"In 1946 Morris Abram began a sixteen-year struggle which eventually led to a political miracle for Atlanta and the State of Georgia. Candidate Helen Douglas Mankin had beaten her opponent in the popular vote for the Democratic nomination for Fifth District Congressman. But her opponent, patrician Judge James C. Davis, a politician of the old school, won the county-unit votes and the nomination. Abram took the case to court.

"For the next sixteen years Abram wrote, spoke, debated, filled new writs for additional clients, until the issue finally reached the United States Supreme Court. Pat Waters of the *Atlanta Journal* wrote of the Abram presentation: '[T]he two-hour Abram argument was good for the soul to hear, partly because of the conviction of the man speaking and partly because it was a sounding of truths that brought alive the greatness and the glory of the concepts of self-government.'

"Two days later the court decided that Abram's viewpoint was correct, and the rural domination of the State of Georgia was dead.

"The 'climate' that killed Leo Frank and kept its stranglehold on Georgia politics for decades had lifted and the man who helped engineer the change of climate was the son of a Jewish immigrant, Morris Abram."

A Little Girl is Dead by Harry Golden (World, 1965, pp. 310-11).

Context: According to author Golden, an ex-convict whose real name is Herschel Goldhurst, the American Jewish Committee and other Jewish groups spent at least \$200,000 on the Leo Frank case. No one knows how much more money was necessary to keep Morris Abram on the job for sixteen years.

Leo Frank, some may remember, was a convicted rapist and murderer whose death sentence was commuted at the last minute by a Georgia governor after an extended hue and cry in the national press. The people of Georgia were so enraged at this unprecedented leniency that they decided to take the law into their own hands. Since then, the Wailing Wall wails have never ceased. Frank's teenage female victim has been all but forgotten. The memory of the raped has faded, while that of the rapist has grown. Today Frank is often looked upon as an early martyr of the civil rights movement.

A somewhat similar rehabilitation has been given the Rosenbergs of atom spy fame, Jack Ruby, the "avenger of Kennedy," J. Robert Oppenheimer, the Rusophile foreman of the Los Alamos A-bomb project, and Abe Fortas, the supremely unethical Supreme Court Justice. In regard to Fortas, we may soon expect a sheaf of books proving he was never guilty of anything and was the greatest legal mind in American history, almost as great as America's greatest Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, and the recently departed greatest Secretary of Defense, James Schlesinger.

There seems to be two varieties of justice when Jews are involved. There is the normal course of justice which finds them guilty, and the post-trial justice of decades of political agitation and literary whitewashing which finds them innocent. The most memorable example is the Dreyfus affair, which tore France apart until the convicted spy was called back from Devil's Island and given a clean bill of health.

And then, of course, there is the trial of Jesus, which has been reopened so often that only a few years ago, about two millennia after the event, the Vatican was obliged to pronounce the Jews innocent of the death of the First Christian, though the Gospels tell a very different story. Pontius Pilate washed his hands of the matter back in A.D. 32 or thereabouts, but the Jews of the 20th century have all but succeeded in making him the chief villain. In another century or two Caiaphas will surely become an Israelitic Sir Galahad.

Wiedergutmachung

The *London Jewish Chronicle* (7/11/75) stated that by the end of 1974 West Germany paid 9,553 million pounds or about \$19.3 billion "in reparations for Nazi

wrongs," including \$14.5 billion for individual claims, \$1.47 billion for restitution and \$1.2 billion to Israel. Over the next few years, the paper said, another \$13.5 billion, mainly in pensions, will be given the victims of Nazi persecution and their heirs.

Eventually, West Germany is expected to pay a total of \$33 billion as compensation, to which sum the American taxpayer has contributed his customary share. The U.S. government forgave West Germany a sizable amount of war reparations so the money could be diverted to Jews. Since European Jewry was supposed to have been destroyed by Hitler, it would be interesting to know exactly who is getting these gigantic sums.

East Germany, it might be noted, has not yet paid one pfennig in reparations to Jews—and Israel not one shekel to the 3,500,000 displaced Palestinians.

Race-linked Afflictions

Gonorrhea: The Negro rate is 19 times higher than the white rate in Tennessee, according to an analysis of all gonorrhea cases reported from January 1, 1971, through December, 1973 (*Journal of the Tennessee Medical Association*, October 1975, pp. 790-94).

In four major metropolitan areas—Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga and Knoxville—there were more than 1,000 cases per 100,000 population, most concentrated in the 15 to 29 age bracket. About three and one-half times more Negro males than white males were infected—five times more nonwhite than white females.

The worst news is that only about one-fourth of the gonorrhea cases are reported. Taking this into consideration, there were an estimated 2,500,000 new cases in the U.S. in 1973. Since the rate in Tennessee increased 29% in 1971-1973, the number of cases nationwide in 1976 will probably exceed 4,000,000.

Cervical Cancer: A recent article in *Cancer Research* (May 1974) has still not penetrated the mass media. The research indicated that women who had sexual intercourse with nonwhites were more likely to get cervical cancer than those who did not. The causal agent may be the genital herpes virus, of which Negroes are much more frequent carriers than whites. Infection by herpes may pave the way for that form of cancer which is becoming one of the principal causes of female mortality.

IQ in Georgia

The land is full of educational theories these days, many of them concocted out of the blue to justify busing, integration and the welfare programs that make it possible for the healthy person out of a job to refuse "menial" work. Seldom, however, do we have a chance to check these theories, whose authors often dream them up in order to get federal grants and to build up their reputations so they can charge higher consulting fees. All the more reason to pay close heed to a recent study of the results of the mental ability, reading and arithmetic achievement tests given in 1971 to 250,000 Georgia school children in grades 4, 8 and 12 (see R. T. Osborne, *Psychological Reports*, 1975, 37,1067-1073).

Most important, the tests proved there was a negative correlation between ability and school achievement. On the average, children from larger families scored significantly lower than children from smaller families. There being a positive correlation nationwide between fertility and low income, this means that the proportion of lower-class white and black students is increasing as scholastic achievement is dropping. As expected, IQ was lowest in the areas with the largest population growth.

James Coleman, who generally keeps a weather eye on public opinion, exhibited a rare burst of candor some years ago when he stated that educational expenditures did not have an appreciable effect on school achievement. The Georgia tests substantiate Coleman by revealing *no* meaningful correlation between achievement and per capita educational outlays in each of the three grades tested.

Needless to say, the tests once again underlined the low IQ of nonwhites in all grades, even though many, if not most, of the nonwhite students had shared with whites the same classrooms, studied the same school books and listened to the same teachers from their first day of school.

For years every honest and intelligent educator has known that sitting beside white children and going to integrated schools does not raise the scholastic level of Negroes. But committed firmly to environmentalism, the wirepullers in Washington, D.C., are not about to let such a trifling thing as the truth slow down the yellow buses. Indeed, just last month HEW announced a new kind of intelligence test, which would be "weighted" for home factors. In plain American, this means that Majority students will be given handicaps in achievement tests because they come from better homes than blacks. If a Major-

ity student should get a 100 and a Negro an 85, the former's mark may be reduced by 10 or 15 points, while the Negro, due to less stimulating "home factors," may have his mark raised an equivalent number of points. The next step in the development of this form of compensatory education may actually call for the punishment of high IQ pupils by assigning them to classes full of retarded children. In this connection a British social scientist has already proposed that the unintelligent should be given higher wages than the intelligent as compensation for their skimpiest intellectual endowment.

One-Way Freedom

A brief disquisition on the Liberal-Minority Inquisition by a professor of psychology with more guts than most.

Academic freedom is something which faculties guard jealously for themselves, but academic freedom often means the freedom to say and do only those things of which "liberal" faculties approve. Anything else is met with violent censorship and rejection. Nobel laureate William Shockley and social scientist Arthur Jensen have had rostrums denied to them because of the opposition of university faculties and students. Oddly, this censorship has been practiced in the name of academic freedom. In addition, faculties have been so harassed by university administrators, who live in mortal fear of losing government subsidies, that few are willing to speak their minds. Faculty members who support the minority viewpoint are unmolested, and when they submit requests for grants-in-aid either to governmental agencies or to independent foundations, they make certain that the proposed research either ignores the race question or supports the minority attitude. It is virtually impossible to obtain support for research that supports the unbiased study of race.

If it is surprising that universities indulge in censorship, it is even more surprising that some of the highly respected scientific organizations also practice it. The famed National Academy of Sciences recently refused to permit Dr. Shockley to discuss population quality before its membership. Even the lesser-known scientific societies have refused to accept for publication scientific articles in support of the hereditarian position. Moreover, these societies will either turn down such papers for presentation at their annual meetings

or schedule them when the author is sure to have no audience.

When it involves programs on science, television follows the one-eyed view of the universities. Recently, the Columbia Broadcasting System presented a documentary called "The IQ Myth." It contained obvious distortions and incorrect quotations from research papers. When the errors were pointed out to CBS, it issued no retraction or correction. When time was requested to answer the distortions, the network refused. There are no Majority pressure groups powerful enough to force CBS to yield, and it is quite unlikely that any governmental agency will do the honors. Even newspapers will present large news spreads supporting minority-oriented science, then hide objections and rebuttals in the letters-to-the-editor section or on back pages. No large amount of space is ever dedicated to the anti-equalitarian case.

Censorship even applies to authors of textbooks. Recently, one textbook author deliberately misquoted a piece of research to make it support the minority position, and refused to correct it when his error was shown to him. His publisher supported him. Another author of a textbook refused to eliminate valid data on race differences. Consequently, his publisher told him that his book could not be reprinted.

We have, however, one thing for which we can thank the faculty members and students. Although they have wrecked a few laboratories, they have not yet burned down any libraries. The ultimate boom of the mortar board ideophobes has yet to be lowered.

Window on a Zoo

Western civilization is still hanging on in America. We still have BBC programs on public television. The rest of TV is mostly a zoo where strange beasts and birds cavort and rampage. One of the most appalling denizens of this menagerie appeared on Sunday evening, February 15, in a piece of electronic puffery entitled *A Conversation with Mortimer Adler*. Adler, although a Jew, claims to be a neo-Thomist and therefore a trader in the footsteps of Catholicism's great philosopher, St. Thomas Aquinas. He wears a second hat as chairman of the board of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Under the deferential and gentle prodding of Bill Moyer, Lyndon Johnson's former public relations flack, Adler used his air time to promulgate a kind of golden rule for hedonism.

In a rather torpid rehash of the shakier aspects of Jeffersonianism, he lectured on "the pursuit of happiness," which should be turned into a hot pursuit because it was "one of the great ideas of all time." To prevent happiness from giving us the slip, he told us, in syncopated East European

The Cultural Catacombs

gestures and intonations, we should go by the way of equalitarianism.

The most interesting facet of this powerful mind, which now controls the destiny of the West's prime repository of information, was its inability to spell. In the checklist of various forms of capitalism Adler wrote on a blackboard, he left the "e" out of bourgeois. Maybe it was spelling, not lying, as he said later in the program, that got him expelled from high school (shades of Teddy Kennedy).

Two other high-powered thinkers recently fell off their perch in a William Buckley television tête-à-tête with Jerry Brown, the young governor of California who said he wouldn't run for president, and now is. We repeat the dialogue verbatim.

BROWN: Justice Holmes talked about it not being the role of the Supreme Court to raise to the level of constitutional dignity the social statics of Mr.—What's the fellow's name in England?

BUCKLEY: Sumner.

BROWN: Sumner? No, that was another—

BUCKLEY: He's the guy who wrote *Social Statics*.

BROWN: Yes.

It seems strange that these two eggheads, so touted by the media for their intellectual sheen, did not know the name of Herbert Spencer, the author of *Social Statics*—even stranger that a walking think tank like Buckley would mix him up with William Graham Sumner, the most American of American sociologists. Even though Spencer is currently in disrepute for having had the courage and perspicacity to inject evolutionary concepts into social science, students in Sociology I would have known more about England's greatest sociologist than two of the busiest minds in the business.

The Unreal McCoy

Celebrity conservatives write books that are masterpieces of bobbing and weaving. Their talent for veiling the realities of our times far transcends their ability to get to the primary, secondary or even tertiary causes of America's latter-day *morbidexza*. Liberal writers, it must be admitted, are endowed with the same gift. But the conservative author before he so much as clicks his ball point must clear a high and tricky hurdle the liberal is permitted to walk around. He must prove to his publisher that he is not a racist.

Patrick J. Buchanan, the brightest young boon companion of Nixon's vanished Table Round, is beyond all peradventure of a doubt a past master of the art of racial



Buchanan at the Senate Watergate hearings

persiflage. Consequently, it should not come as a shock to anyone reading his new *Conservative Votes, Liberal Victories* (Quadrangle, \$7.95 or approximately 4¢ a page) that the problems of America are strictly political and social in nature and that all would be well if conservatives would switch from fission to fusion. To Buchanan, though he should know better than anyone that it is not so, the voting booth is the source of total power.

As to the important question, who exactly are these conservatives and why do they behave so divisively, Buchanan wastes scarcely a word. Some people for no apparent reason are motivated to become conservatives and others to become liberals. Just a question of temperament and blind fate with nary a hint that there are many breeds of conservatives and liberals and that many conservatives are more opposed to other conservatives than they are to liberals. A few cases in point: the racially minded conservative is loathe to join forces with the Birchite who primly ducks the minority question; the oldline Southern conservative cannot abide the equalitarian reactionaries of the Buckley school; the Wallaceite will have nothing to do with the free market, Hayek-von Mises type of 19th century dollar grubber.

There is probably no doubt that Patrick Buchanan, having felt enough heat during his White House days, knows that he can't write what is really going on and survive in public life. Instead of doing the next best thing, which is to compose a book-length parable, he does the next to next best thing. He writes around the subject.

Nevertheless, Buchanan does tell us some interesting things. He writes that

Nixon purposely backed the Democratic giveaway programs on the home front so the media would give him the necessary leeway and peace of mind to work on his foreign policy. Nixon, moreover, did nothing about the Democratic bureaucracy, which is as deeply rooted in Washington as the Mandarin civil service was in Peking in the days of the Manchus. Buchanan, after predicting that 2,700,000 federal employees will be doled out \$120 billion in 1976, asserts, not too loyally, that a great deal of the blame for this vast largesse can be pinned directly on his fallen leader.

The most "referenced" name in the book's index is that of Irving Kristol, a racial conservative of the only permissible type, the Zionist who wants an all-out American effort to keep Jewish racism alive and kicking in the Middle East. Leaning on such a Nestor, Buchanan acquires a certain respectability, as well as a publishing house financed by the *New York Times*. We are reminded of the prominent rightwing German sociologist who deliberately sprinkles his writings with citations from prominent Jewish scholars in order to cut short any accusatory whispers of anti-Semitism.

"As far as ending racial conflict in America," Buchanan writes, "the first step that must be taken is to make the government of the U.S. color blind." This is exactly the kind of dissociation from reality in which a conservative author has to engage if he wants even minimal attention from the book reviewers. It seems that anything about race except the truth is acceptable. Instead of recognizing racial differences

Continued next page

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and thinking about a new society that would allow each population group, including the Majority, to capitalize on its unique biological inheritance, he tells us to sweep the fateful, perhaps mortal, issue out of our hearts and minds.

What does Buchanan advise us to do about the media monopoly? Businessmen, he says, should band together and buy control of key newspapers and television stations. Hm-m-m! Does anyone think for one nanosecond that minority organizations with hundreds of millions of dollars in their tills will sit idly by while some Texan tries to buy a controlling interest in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post* or one of the three television networks? Second, if an influential newspaper was acquired by a conservative Majority millionaire, most of the advertising life blood would still be pumped in by Jewish department stores. A few telephone calls and a few friendly threats, and the editorial pages, headlines and news content of the most brazenly conservative big-city daily would be hard to distinguish from the liberal competition. Third, in the very unlikely event that some progress was made in this direction, Buchanan ought not to forget that journalists, columnists and all other professionals who deal in the printed or spoken word are in most cases so thoroughly indoctrinated with the leftist line they would keep on parroting the old clichés no matter what the politics of their new boss.

We appreciate the clear, rhythmic Buchanan writing style which recalls his colorful, unapologetic testimony before Senator Ervin and the other old pols who pretended outrage at the Watergate shenanigans. We are glad his book has seen the light of day, knowing how difficult it is for any but the most fraudulent conservatives to get their work published.

But in all honesty, Buchanan's book brings to mind the old carnival trick of charging a quarter for a quick glimpse of a dancing girl in her birthday suit. When she appears half clothed, we know we have been taken. We knew before we picked up Buchanan's book that we would be taken, but like the other rubes who return year after year to the county fair, we have learned to grin and bear it.

Aspects of Censorship

There are a multitude of reasons why liberal-minority books dominate the publishing scene and overload the bookshelves of libraries. A good education on the subject can be acquired by a personal visit to the head of your local public library. Ask him how he selects his books. He may tell you that he reads some reviews in *Time*

Silent Treatment Is Given Book Defending American Majority

CENSORSHIP can take many forms. This is the story of a book that was published but might as well have been suppressed because it has been denied avenues of publicity and distribution to get itself read.

The book is called *The Dispossessed Majority* and it concerns race relations in the United States, recited from the point of view of a member of the white majority. A statement from the publisher about the silent treatment accorded this book concludes:

The censorship of silence imposed by book critics and the book trade on "The Dispossessed Majority" does not prove the abrogation of freedom of thought in this country. After all, the book did get published. But in the final analysis, what good is the freedom to write, if there is very limited freedom to publicize what was written. In order to defend America's largest population group against a continuous stream of often vicious racist propaganda, it would seem that the rights defined in the First Amendment should apply to the dissemination of ideas as well as to their expression.

The Dispossessed Majority, by Wilmot Robertson . . . is neither obscene nor pornographic. It is a serious discussion of race, amply documented with references to the literature of the field. The author has read widely and writes with apparent familiarity on many aspects of the subject. He covers the concept of race, the racial

composition of the United States and a split in the ranks of the majority. Some of the chapters cover the [majority-minority] clash in terms of culture, politics, economics, law and foreign policy. While the author's views are controversial they are expressed clearly and logically as a defense of the white Europeans who settled and developed the United States.

The publisher points out that in the last several decades, the ratio of books about American population groups has been 1,000 to one in favor of the minorities and against the majority. . . .

The press and the rest of the media have almost totally ignored the book . . . Libraries and book stores have refused to stock or display [it] and standard publications of the book trade have not listed it. Difficulty was experienced, the publisher says, in placing advertisements. . . .

Among those who speak well of the book is Devin Garrity, a New York book publisher. Rating it as "a major book under any circumstances," he states: "Instead of meekly accepting the assigned role of has-been, Wilmot Robertson, speaking for the majority 'thinks the unthinkable and says the unsayable,' as one reader puts it. And he does it in superb English prose. . . ."

The Dispossessed Majority now has appeared in paperback form [586 pages, including index]. It is priced at [\$5.00 postpaid] and may be ordered by mail from Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc., Box 76, Cape Canaveral, Fla., 32920.

T. R. WARING
Editor

Editorial reprinted by permission of the Charleston News & Courier

The ad refused by *Time*.

and the *New York Times Book Review*, but that he really depends on three publications—*Publishers' Weekly*, *Library Journal* and the *Book List*. Favorable mention of a book in these three library-oriented weeklies or semi-monthlies generally result in a purchase order.

The *Publishers' Weekly* and the *Book List* are owned by R. W. Bowker Company, which in turn is owned by Xerox. The majority of the staff reviewers in both publications are minority members. The *Library Journal* is the official organ of the American Library Association, whose top officials are in the same ideological boat as, say Fred Harris, the eastern-financed, Western "populist" from Oklahoma.

Ask the librarian if liberal books do not dominate both the long and short reviews of the three publications and he will most likely agree. If he is fair-minded, he might add that he bends over backwards to counter the disproportionate number of liberal books by selecting the few conservative works that are mentioned and by refusing to order the more pornographic liberal-minority extravaganzas.

Taken all together these three publications review hundreds of books each

month. Review copies of all Howard Allen books were sent to them upon publication. Not one line about them has ever appeared in any of these journals.

In 1972, when the first edition of *The Dispossessed Majority* was published, a review copy was sent to *Time*. The reviewers chose to ignore it. Previously *Time* had published a semi-sympathetic review of *The Decline of the Wasp*, by a minority author who gloated over the fall from power and grace of America's largest population group. It took Howard Allen several years to accumulate enough money for an ad in *Time*. This March, using a toned-down version of an editorial discussing the book by T. R. Waring, one of the South's most respected newspaper editors, a one-third page ad was ordered in the regional edition of *Time*.

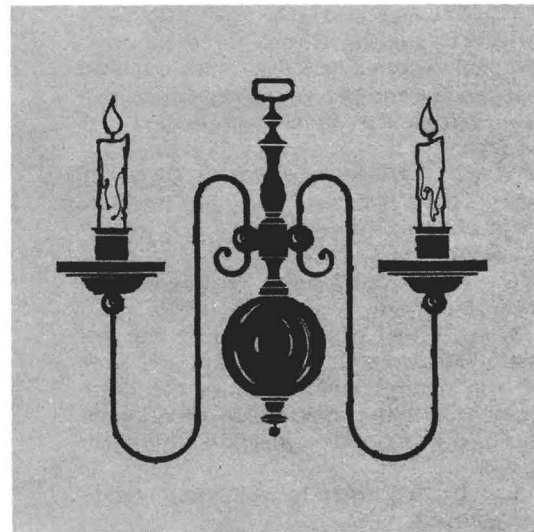
Time's advertising office requested a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority*, which was dispatched immediately. The days went by, and since we had heard nothing adverse from *Time*, we notified some bookstores about the ad in the hope they would stock some copies.

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

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



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a federal banking system, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. After World War I begins, the Old Man arranges to put the U.S. in the conflict on the side of Britain in return for a 50% interest in Middle Eastern oil. When the war is over, Pierpont, a New York banker, sees his power eroded and blames it on the war and the "new crowd." Meanwhile, a rising young magazine publisher prays for the death of his partner.

PART ONE, ACT III

Scene 1: *A Chicago hotel room in the mid-1930s. Present are a Civilian of about 35 and a Military Man in a colonel's uniform.*

CIVILIAN. Colonel, I'm glad you could get into the Loop in time to catch me. I have to get back to Washington and I haven't much time.

MILITARY MAN. (*puzzled and noncommittal*) I see.

C. You have some good friends in Washington, at least among civilians in the new administration, and they asked me to look you up whenever I had a chance to be in Chicago.

M.M. Well, it's good to hear I have some friends in Washington. I thought the West Point clique had sunk me without trace.

C. Not quite. Not with a few people fairly close to Roosevelt. Aubrey tells me he has a very high regard for you and he thinks that if you had a higher rank and were not planning to retire . . . well, he thinks a military officer with a social conscience might be very useful to the democratic and forward-looking elements in this country and might also rise pretty high in the service, even with such handicaps as your present age and rank. (*The Military Man remains cautious.*) I don't think anyone who has any understanding of the realities of American politics is under any doubt about the enduring power of the forward-looking pro-democratic elements with whom I am associated.

M.M. The political tide seems certainly in that direction.

C. So, what will you do for us?

M.M. (*a little taken aback*) Do for you? I don't quite understand what you're driving at. I agree with your liberal social philosophy. Everyone in the CCC and the NYA can testify to that.

C. Colonel, we can't eat a liberal social philosophy. The nourishment we need is an organization that acts as a unit under reasonably central direction. Your own professional training should tell you that nothing else is worth wasting time over. A liberal social philosophy means nothing unless the people who subscribe to it agree to submit themselves to a common direction and to a common goal.

M.M. That certainly is true in principle.

C. It's more than that. It's the indispensable foundation of political action. You say to us you agree with our democratic objectives. We say to you, if you're willing to accept common centralized authority in search of those objectives, as we do ourselves, we'll welcome you as one of us and for the common benefit of all we'll use our political power, which you know is considerable, to push you up the military ladder. Your military superiors don't seem inclined to do anything with you but let you retire as a colonel.

M.M. (*thinking it over*) I'm trying to get at your exact meaning. Are you asking me to join a political party or something?

C. No, quite the contrary. Regardless of your social objectives we would refuse to permit you to join the party. It could be damaging to you in the future, and probably to us, but most of all it would be unfitting. The party is a group of dedicated people who have banded together, often from their youth, in the cause of peace, world democracy and social justice. It wouldn't be appropriate at all for you to join. I hope my frankness doesn't upset you. It's better to start with no misunderstandings.

M.M. Very well, if we're to start with no misunderstandings, what rank could you get me if . . . if . . . if we came to a meeting of the minds?

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C. We can get you your star as a brigadier general within three months, probably sooner. If things work out well between us and everything goes right, in a few years we'll try to have you made Chief of Staff.

M.M. (*utterly astounded*) Chief of Staff! That's fantastic. Why with my star, even with two stars eighty or ninety generals would outrank me.

C. If you don't want the job we can look elsewhere.

M.M. Chief of Staff! I'd give my eye teeth for such a chance, particularly after all the wrongs and injustices the West Point ring rubbers have made me suffer all during my career. But I just don't think you can do it.

C. That's for you to weigh and decide for yourself.

M.M. (*after a brief silence*) You haven't said what you want me to agree to. I take it from the way you spoke a minute ago that there is some kind of a deal.

C. Yes, I want you to write me a little note expressing your understanding of our common social and political objectives and your willingness, in our common cause, to accept our political direction in regard to the carrying out of your future duties, wherever in the army or in the public service you find yourself.

M.M. That's rather a serious thing to ask a man to commit himself to.

C. Yes, it is. But Chief of Staff is a pretty high position and rather difficult to get for a man who doesn't enjoy the President's confidence. You think you could get it on your own?

M.M. No, I'm afraid not.

C. So there you are.

M.M. (*after a pause*) I don't want to write you that letter, that is, not just yet. It seems a little premature. Why don't we work it out this way? You get me my star and then when I have a clearer certainty of your political power we'll talk about the letter.

C. (*standing up*) Colonel, I don't think we're getting any place. You'd better be getting back to the National Guard Armory where you are an instructor.

M.M. I'd be taking a fearful risk and you might not help my promotion as much as you say you will?

C. That's a chance you have to take.

M.M. (*almost to himself*) But in all my career I've made it a point never to ask for outside help toward promotion from anybody. It's been my fixed rule.

C. Just who was there you could ask, until I came along? The West Point crowd?

M.M. Many officers ask politicians for help.

C. If the politicians are indebted to them in some way, yes.

M.M. Well, no one's ever been indebted to me, I guess.

C. Even we aren't yet.

(*The Military Man ponders silently a moment and then slowly goes and sits at a table.*)

M.M. What do you want me to say?

C. What I told you before. That we have common political and social objectives and that you agree to accept Communist party direction.

M.M. Can I say "overall direction?"

C. Yes, that will be all right. Just use your own words.

M.M. I will say "direction consistent with my military duties."

C. Of course. We wouldn't want anything else.

M.M. Must I refer to you and your friends specifically as the Communist party?

C. Well, you certainly wouldn't want to say you would accept the direction of the Soviet Union, would you?

M.M. Oh no, I couldn't do that.

C. No, of course not.

(*The Military Man starts writing*)

Scene 2: *San Francisco about the same period as the previous scene. Two men are present: the well-dressed, flashy District Attorney and a seedy dock Laborer.*

LABORER. Now you know, Mr. District Attorney, that when a big union like mine tells a fellow like me to go in and see the District Attorney, why a fellow like me does just like he's told. Just like you did when my bosses asked you to see me. Why they picked a stupid fellow like me for the job, I wouldn't know. But they did, and you and me both have to put up with it.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY. (*wearily*) All right, please get to the subject.

L. (*waves a piece of paper*) They want me to talk to you about this. But they said I should first make it clear to you where the paper came from. So you could see the point and why our boys thought it was important.

D.A. Go on.

L. Well, you see it started with your father. (*He notices the District Attorney's surprise.*) Yes, the old bum and me was shipmates once a long time ago. He wasn't a real drunk in those days. He just drank in port. Anyway, when your old man was done in, all the boys thought, "Well, it's kind of too bad, he was a bum and an old soak, but it's tough to get beat to death in a ship's cabin. And that was an end of it. Except you know those smart fellows that run the union, they're not dopes like me and the boys, not at all. I don't know who it was, for all of me it could have been Harry

himself, but one of 'em said: "Now let's go a little slow here. Maybe it was just one of those things, but let's see if anybody we know stands to make anything from it." And you know what they came up with? You! They said there's that smart young District Attorney, wants to be Governor maybe Senator, God knows what, and every time he starts running for office the old man tears one on, gets drunk and urinates in public on the court house steps. How's a man going to get anywhere in politics with a father like that? Well, the kind of fellow that would beat an old drunk to death, sometimes takes a few too many himself. Once he does and our boys find him, they can be very persuasive. You kick the bottom out of an old cane chair and tie a man down in it. You begin smacking his tender parts with a stick. Why in about five minutes he'll tell you everything he knows. Or maybe just tells you what he thinks you want to hear. Anyway that was what some of our boys did with a couple of thugs they spotted along Mission Street, and (*waving the paper*) here's what the two thugs said. Want to read it? Says you paid them to do it.

D.A. It's a lie.

L. Of course, it's a lie. We all know it's a lie. That's why we'll keep this little paper strictly private between us. Why should we injure an honest and devoted public servant like yourself by giving the newspapers such unsubstantiated not to say vile charges? Why should we?

D.A. You shouldn't.

L. No, indeed. Not as long as you're the honest devoted public servant we think you are. So all you have to do is do things that will keep us convinced you are such an honest and devoted public servant. (*The District Attorney says nothing.*) Don't be so glum. Might be you've done better than you think. (*getting up*) You've got powerful friends now, boy. Maybe this is all you need to get the big offices you want. Like a judgeship, maybe. I think you'd be a real good judge. Understand the problems of the criminal—sort of.

Scene 3: *The time is still the mid-1930s. A young man addressed as Harry is seated in a small informal library. He is tall and somewhat emaciated, but vigorous and quick, almost nervous in his movements. Two men enter. One of them, the Senator, announces himself aggressively in a strong Southern accent.*

SENATOR. (*walking across to Harry and holding out his hand*) They tell me you're the fellow that takes care of all the really loose ends for the President.

HARRY. I try to. And who's your friend?

S. Oh that's Sam. Used to be a captain in my State Police. Show Harry what you do, Sam. (*Sam instantly whips out a large*

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calibre, short barrel revolver.)

H. My, my, you do take precautions. Who are you afraid of, Senator?

S. Not afraid of anyone, not with Sam around. I want other people to be afraid so as not to bother me.

H. Now who would ever want to bother you?

S. Harry boy, you've been in politics a right long time now, up in New York state and all. You know a man never knows exactly who is going to bother him. You just never can tell. And when you figure how cheap it costs to get a man killed, you know you owe it to yourself to make it just a bit harder for the other fellow. They used to figure below Canal Street that \$300 would get the job done, on a white man, and I seem to have heard your prices up in New York were only a mite higher. Of course, if it's a big public figure, it would run higher, and with Sam around it would run higher still. Figure it would cost at least a million if somebody wanted to get me.

H. *(laughing)* Think it could be done for that?

S. I really doubt it. All the trouble there would be collecting the money. And think of the income taxes somebody would have to pay. Why it would take all the profit out of the deal.

H. I guess it would, Senator. Tell me, what can I do for you?

S. *(by now settled down comfortably in a chair)* Why son, I wanted to have a little chat with you, mostly about 1940.

H. *(genuinely surprised)* 1940? Aren't you an election ahead of time?

S. Now, Harry don't try to tell me what's premature and what isn't, I'm the best judge of that. I'm not talking about next year's election. That's the President's and I doubt anyone would argue about it. I'm talking about 1940 and I'm talking about it now because I figure it's time to talk about it. Next year's election will have a lot to do with it, as I see it. An awful lot to do with it.

H. In what way?

S. I'm getting to that, son. I'm getting to it. Now you can maybe guess I aim to be the Democratic candidate in 1940. Five years isn't too long a time to work for that nomination. You know, lots of men have worked for it a lot longer than that and some have got it and some haven't. Once Roosevelt steps down there isn't going to be anybody goes into the convention with the big block of sure votes I'm going to have. If I keep my health and the Lord spares me that long I'm going to be the next President of the United States. *(studying him briefly)* And you're kind of thinking maybe so yourself, except maybe not thinking quite as well of the idea as I do.

H. Well, are you asking me to support you?

S. You know I wouldn't do that. You work for the President, at least you do when you don't work for Mrs. President.

H. Do you think that's a nice way to talk?

S. Where is my Southern chivalry? Hell boy, she's no lady. She's a lady politician, which ain't a lady at all. And she and I couldn't get along no how. She's got the same friends her uncle did, and they're no friends of mine. You know, Harry, there's a fact of life we don't generally admit publicly in the South, like father like daughter, like uncle like niece. We wouldn't want to admit that too publicly, kind of derogatory like to Southern white womanhood, isn't it? Now with her I figure she takes right after that uncle of hers. Both of 'em alike. Everybody says you mustn't judge 'em too harshly seeing they're moved by such strong and virtuous emotions.

H. And you think that bears on Teddy Roosevelt and his niece?

S. Yes, I kind of do. You take Teddy, now. Everyone knows he was as fierce a foe of the wicked interests as his niece is today. Smashed up the trusts, he did, and turned them back to the people. But you know it's a funny thing. There's Mr. Morgan lying peaceful in his grave and his little bank there in New York, why it's the prettiest little museum you'd ever want to see, with the tourists gaping at it and now and then an old gentleman walking in the door to sell a bond or two his granddaddy left him. It's real touching, like Queen Mary's hats. You know how those things are. Remind you of a more gracious day long gone. Things like that. But you know down South we have some oil companies. They've got them other places too. And those oil companies are just the very ones Teddy busted up, only somehow they seem mighty near one piece in everything that's of much consequence. How do you figure that?

H. Have you got some particular trouble with the oil people?

S. No trouble, Harry. Some of 'em are just a mite slow and stubborn about doing what I want them to do.

H. Yes?

S. You know I kind of think it's her that persuades him he needs the help of some fellows I want to talk to you about. The best I can figure him, he's a real big fierce bull of a man and all, but somehow like lots of bulls, some one slipped a ring in his nose. Guess it was that old hatchet mother of his. And I guess Teddy's girl saw the ring hanging there and just naturally slipped her rope through it, and there it was just natural like as might happen to anybody. And I suppose once you get used to a ring in your nose, why you expect to feel it

pulled gently this way and that. Of course, you might say a man might tug the ring himself this way or that depending on where he wanted to go for himself, but it wouldn't seem quite natural, would it?

H. *(quite irritated)* Frankly, I don't know what you're talking about or driving at. Would you please get to the point?

S. The point? Why sure. I want you to begin easing her friends, those Communist fellows, out of the government.

H. Senator, you have me confused. First of all, I don't know if there are any Communist fellows in the Government, and second, I don't see what that has to do with the 1940 nomination.

S. You can't bait me, Harry boy. I know you know just what I mean and I know you see the problem just the way I do, only maybe from the opposite side. And I know you naturally like to talk this way even in private. Keeps you in practice for talking in public, I'd guess. Only trouble must be, you get too stuck in that habit. You must sound mighty foolish when you talk to fellows like Pressman and Hiss and Apt and Williams and White and those other fellows you're so close to or maybe you're forced to be so close to.

H. *(icily)* Please, Senator. My time is not as inexhaustible as my patience.

S. I've done got to it, Harry, like your temper shows me. I want you to get rid of those fellows because that's the only crowd that stands in my way for the nomination. That's the nub of it.

H. I think you exaggerate the situation, Senator. They just aren't politically powerful enough to do more than make noises.

S. Wrong, Harry! But there's no sense wasting my time arguing with you about it. I'm just telling you they got enough political power to be in my way and I want 'em out of it. If they join the next election as part of your crowd, they'll be working on a candidate that'll suit them in 1940 and that will make things tough for me. So I want 'em out. It's that simple, Harry. After all, what the hell difference does it make to Roosevelt now? He's got the nomination and the election in the bag and they've nowhere else to go anyway. *(He gets up and starts to leave.)* Now don't talk to me about their jobs being protected by Civil Service. This is politics. And after you get 'em out of the Government, maybe we'll take a look-see about getting 'em out of the newspapers and radio. You know that's a kind of branch of politics.

H. And what happens if I can't find them in order to get them out?

S. No dumb talk, Harry. You know who they are. What you mean is what happens if you *won't* find 'em.

H. All right, what happens then?

S. Well, Harry, you know I'm not just an office-boy Senator like most of those

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fellows down under the Big Dome. I'm my own governor, too. And then there's quite a few fellows over in the House and Senate that feel it kind of wise to jump when I whistle. So all in all I might start making a little trouble, and if I do, it won't be one of your nice safe New Deal investigations with a bribed New York lawyer running it. It'll be run by me and I know just how to kick a man in the groin when there's an advantage to be got out of it. And I'll do it, Harry, right into the last vote of the '36 election if you all try to cross me on this.

H. You don't talk like a very loyal Democrat.

S. I'm a damn loyal Democrat as long as I'm the Democratic candidate.

H. Senator, let me ask you an odd question. Maybe I should say a premature question. Suppose the President decided at the proper time that it would be wise to ignore the third term tradition and run again in 1940. What would your attitude be?

S. Yeah. It figures.

H. Pardon me. What figures?

S. It figures that that's what you want the Moscow boys for. I wondered whether that was it, because I couldn't see any other advantage in bedding down so close with them. But I didn't think even with their help he'd believe he could get away with it. Tell you the truth, Harry boy, I don't think he can. Fact is I'm surer now than ever that he can't. I'm surer now than ever about the fuss I'm going to make in this town if they're not out of here, every last one of them, in six weeks. You can get around your civil service rules any way you please. You don't pay much mind to them in getting these fellows on the payroll. You can be a little rough in kicking them off. Look to it, boy. Look to it. Come on, Sam, we're on our way.

Scene 4: *A somewhat grubby little studio in New York a few hours later. Harry walks in on Dex, who is instantly recognizable as the Civilian who signed up the Military Man in the Chicago hotel room.*

HARRY. Break out a drink for me, Dex. I've got to soothe my ulcer. I've had a hard day.

DEX. You know very well you shouldn't drink with an ulcer, Harry.

H. I don't know that at all. An ulcer comes from too much tension. A drink of liquor relaxes your tensions. Obviously it is the indicated medicine.

D. Well, that's exactly contrary to what my doctor tells me.

H. Of course. Your doctor as a loyal Party member has no opinions, even on medicine, except those approved in Moscow.

D. (*suspicious*) How did you know she's a Party member? Have you turned the FBI on me?

H. (*laughing*) Relax, Dex. I haven't turned anyone on you. I don't know a thing about your doctor. I didn't even know she was a woman.

D. (*handing him his drink*) Well, if you're telling the truth . . .

H. Oh, stop looking under every bed. I'll tell you another thing about your doctor. She's Jewish.

D. (*stiffly*) That doesn't interest me. I don't know or care whether she is or isn't Jewish.

H. (*laughing*) You don't? Now tell me you don't know what a Jew is.

D. That's a fact, Harry. As for me, I'm just an ordinary atheist and Marxist-Leninist.

H. And as all anthropologists have repeatedly proved there is no such thing as a race and certainly not a Jewish race, therefore . . .

D. I hope you enjoy your fun.

H. (*changing his mood*) Just having a little relaxation. I never can resist teasing a good Marxist about Jewish matters, seeing how strongly anti-Semitic their Russian fatherland has become.

D. That's not true, Harry. It's true that among the people purged there are a lot of Jews, but what does that prove? New York executes a few Jews who've committed murder. Does that make the state anti-Semitic?

H. It would if the murder charges were all frame-ups.

D. But . . .

H. (*interrupting*) Forget it, Dex, I'm here about something more serious than teasing you. Tell me. What are the relations between your people and Huey Long?

D. On what level?

H. On all levels that you know anything about. And don't hold out on me. I need to know.

D. Well, so far as the exposed part of the party is concerned, he hasn't bothered it at all. But of course we don't have much in Louisiana, just a small nucleus among the oil workers and port people and a little sort of pioneer group among some of the city Negroes. Just something we want to keep with a hopeful eye on the future. In regard to the undercover party I'm a little more worried. I do know of a couple of cases where our people got into trouble. One was a newspaper man and the other a professor of some kind. There wasn't any charge they were Communists, though. Both got involved in some sex scandal, in both cases with colored girls. They both said they were framed. We weren't inclined to believe them, but maybe they were telling the truth. Maybe they were. If so, it worries me. First, that Long could have

spotted them. Second, that he gets at them by such a nasty but effective route. We can fight removals on charges of subversion and spying, but what in hell can we do about sex, and colored sex to boot? Now on the third level, what relations pro or con, Moscow itself may have, I don't know. I would doubt if there were any connections, but of course you never can be sure.

H. That's all?

D. That's all I can think of. Why? What's up?

H. It may be trouble.

D. For us?

H. For both your friends and for my people.

D. From Long?

H. Yes. We've always known he was out for the 1940 nomination, but we felt it was a problem we didn't have to deal with just yet. But I'm afraid we're going to have to.

D. Harry, don't just sit there and talk to yourself.

H. Long says if we don't ease you people out of the government he's going to get his stooges on the hill to begin a noisy investigation. (*as Dex shrugs his shoulders*) Don't fool yourself. An investigation of Soviet influence in the Government wouldn't have to be managed by dopes and windbags. Suppose Long found some really able person to handle it? You know we've run some pretty good investigations against other people. It's a game that could be played both ways. Would you like that?

D. When things are going along nicely, you get a little soft and forget that the hirelings of reactionary capitalism never sleep. What are you going to do?

H. First of all, why should I do anything? From where I sit it's you and your friends that may be in trouble.

D. But Harry, you can't sacrifice us to a demagogue like Long. We've worked together. We've helped you out all along the way. Never mind the morality of throwing us out. Just consider your own political welfare. You need us. We can help you—especially in the matter of a third term.

H. You mentioned morality. I thought you people were dialectical materialists or something, far above or beyond morality?

D. (*a little relieved*) I wish you wouldn't shove your irony in the middle of a serious matter. It takes me too long to realize what you're doing. You know what I mean. It isn't right that people like us who are working for humanity and the welfare of the masses should have to be bothered and pestered by every demagogue who comes along.

H. It's not quite that. He's as ambitious as your people. He just figures you're in his way. He wants the 1940 nomination.

D. That would be just about the worst

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that could happen to us. It would set us back years, maybe decades.

H. You think just one hostile administration could do that?

D. You know how people flock to the winning side, even if you pretend there isn't any such side. They sense it and drift to it. That's the momentum of success. You break that and I don't know how long it would take to recover.

H. I thought you believed that the Communist triumph was inevitable.

D. In theory. But the practical point is that if it's blocked now it might be held off for a century. You know it's been nearly three-quarters of a century getting to where it is now. For me personally any serious setback is like putting it off forever.

H. You don't want to be like Moses and die on the far bank of Jordan?

D. Joshua's more my man.

H. I thought you were an atheist?

D. No harm in recalling old fables.

H. (who has been writing something during the conversation) Nothing. Particularly if you believe in them.

D. You know I don't believe in them.

H. (handing him the paper) I know you don't. That's why I've written you a little bedtime prayer. It's entirely appropriate for an atheist like yourself. Read it. With the proper fervor, please.

D. (reading in a puzzled and questioning voice)

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord this Jew to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
Know my apostasy was fake.

You damned Nazi.

H. If you don't think that is appropriate for an atheistic communist of Jewish ancestry, I do.

D. (furious) Well if you do, it's only because you're a filthy anti-Semite.

H. Like Stalin?

D. I don't care what Stalin is. He's an enemy of . . . of . . . (waving his arms around him as though to include all Washington and everything beyond it) of all this nightmare here.

H. Now let's get down to business. What shall we do about Long?

D. (wiping his forehead) Damn it, Harry, I wish you wouldn't do that to me. It's loathesome. It's taking advantage of your position. I know you're only kidding. But suppose you weren't. I'd still have to deal with you and put up with what you did because it would be politically necessary. So when you really are a nice guy, why do you act like that?

H. Keep you from getting soft.

D. Maybe. Let's get back to Long.

H. He's probably more dangerous to you than he is to us.

D. I don't see that. You want a third term for Roosevelt and Long is sure to try to block that. I think he could, too. After all he can't really touch us. He can do much more harm to Roosevelt's plans than he can to ours. Moscow is a little beyond his reach.

H. (after a pause) Yes, if it came to the point where we had to, shall we say, "slow up" Long, you have means at your disposal that I don't.

D. I don't personally have the means. Anything that would be effective would have to go to Moscow for approval and there'd be so damn many questions and so many people would have to be in on it, it would never work. What Moscow wants to do gets done, but what we want to do gets studied and mulled over and comes out so changed you wouldn't recognize it. If they'd only trust us to know what we're talking about, we'd be O.K. But of course

they won't. A bureaucracy is always a bureaucracy, even a Communist one.

H. You don't think then there's anything you could do?

D. I hate even to try. I'm afraid it would leak. Can't you indict him for income tax fraud?

H. We haven't anything that would stick.

D. You've already studied it a bit?

H. A bit. (after a moment's pondering) There was one small point that came up in Long's tirade today. I don't know whether it could be any use to us but maybe we should run it down. He and one of the big oil companies are at some sort of impasse.

D. Which one, and what sort of impasse? Has he stolen something or blackmailed someone? I mean, do you think there's something you could indict him for there?

H. I don't know. He didn't say what company or what the trouble was.

D. Well, it's not very promising but there might be something there you could use. Why don't you look into it?

H. You could do it smoother and faster than I could. If I start asking questions everybody will think its antitrust or income tax and clam up. You have friends that know the New York money crowd, or some of them. After all this wouldn't involve the Morgan people.

D. (thinking it over) That's true. There might be somebody. Maybe Paul or Leon knows someone. Anyway I can ask. But what shall I ask?

H. Ask if they know any company that has a strong grudge against Long. If there is such a company, tell it to have one of its officials visit me some evening when he is in Washington.

(To be continued)

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One day before the appearance of the scheduled issue of *Time* we were notified that the ad had been rejected.

There are four stages of book censorship: (1) refusal to review or mention the book, (2) rejecting ads for the book, (3) refusal of publishers to publish the book and printers to print it, (4) criminal penalties against the author for writing the manuscript.

Today in the U.S. we are somewhere between stages 3 and 4. No publisher would publish *The Dispossessed Majority*, so we had to form our own publishing firm. Only one large printer would print it, and it was

touch and go for several weeks before he would undertake the job.

On the bright side, however, the author has not yet been jailed for writing it.

Scholarly Journals

Of the hundreds of scholarly journals published each month or each quarter in the United States, it is fair to say that 98% follow the liberal line or that form of crypto-liberalism known as modern conservatism.

In January of this year the figure dropped to 97% with the first issue of the *Journal of Social and Political Affairs*. Although the new publication expertly ducked the all-

important issue of race, it made a commendable attempt to defend Majority interests at both the domestic and international level.

Senator Jesse Helms supplied a long article on Latin America, calling for a more vigorous American policy to help the established governments protect their citizens against terrorism, kidnapping and other forms of political violence. Though Helms did not say so, no Mediterranean people has ever been able to make democracy work. Mix Mediterraneans with Indians, for whom democracy is still a more impossible dream, and you have an open house for permanent revolution. This may be the unspoken reason Helms suggests that we strengthen our relations with the

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ABC countries—Argentina, Brazil and Chile—and pay less attention to the largely Indian citizens of Panama, Mexico and Bolivia.

The most enlightening article was a factual survey of government regulatory agencies by Philip Crane of Illinois, perhaps the most intelligent member of the House of Representatives and about as close to being a Majority spokesman as anyone can be and still be elected to public office. Crane goes right down the line, showing how the CAB has raised air fares . . . how the ICC has raised freight rates and bears a great deal of responsibility for the breakdown of our rail system . . . how the FEC has helped to perpetrate monopolistic television and radio networks . . . how OSHA increases operational costs to the point where many small businesses have had to quit or reduce pro-

ductivity . . . how the FDA delays the introduction of safe and effective drugs by "approximately four years," thus adding enormously to the retail price of drugs once they do reach the market.

Other articles carry such provocative titles as: *The Strategic Importance of Southern Africa*; *Marxism and Industrial Conflict*; *The Persistence of Nationalism in the USSR*; *Guided Human Evolution*.

The Journal of Social and Political Affairs is edited by Roger Pearson, a British-born anthropologist and author of *Introduction to Anthropology* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), one of the few balanced treatments of the subject available in this Boas-dominated age. Pearson also edits the *Journal of Indo-European Studies*, which is strictly for specialists. Subscriptions to both publications can be obtained by writ-

ing Suite 210, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue NW, Washington, DC 20036.

While on the subject of scholarly journals, it might be added that the most erudite, most lavishly printed and most interesting publication now appearing anywhere in the world is *Nouvelle Ecole*, a French quarterly dedicated to all that is best in Western thought. It's in French, but the photography, charts and comprehensive bibliography of new books in English, French and German are alone worth the subscription price. The address of *Nouvelle Ecole* is Boite Postale 129-07, 75326 Paris Cedex 07, France.

Our second choice is *Nation Europa*, a German monthly (836 Coburg, Postfach 670, West Germany). There are several other interesting publications in French, German and Italian and we will keep our readers advised of them from time to time.

The National Premise *Continued from page 4*

Dr. Hocking, let us face it, has been long on meaning and short on definition. He might have been more specific, by warning us that the West needs more organization at the top, more at the bottom and less in the middle. He might have explained that the disadvantages of shrinking a meganation down to size would be outweighed by the building of an ocean-spanning military confederation, an arsenal, so to speak, of Northern European ethnicity that would defend to the death the pure and the impure Nordic, the hundred percent and the ten percent Nordic, from Uppsala through Omaha to Perth.

There is a lot of fancy footwork that can be performed under a nuclear umbrella, a lot of fancy statecraft that could never succeed in the unsheltered epochs of conventional history. The national premise as

ideal and ideation, we understand. But what is a nation? Here is the great research project that will need a greater brain than Hocking's.

We advance a reluctant and hesitant quasi-answer. There is no such thing as a nation of nations, any more than there is a team of teams or an earth of earths. The national premise when tracked down to its original germ of an idea lands us in a pool of blood, composed of a particular and identifiable group of unique cells which in turn produce an identifiable and unique spirit—of life, art, work and government. As long as the spirit radiates, there will be enough light for the takers and the fakers, the black bodies and the black minds, the absorbers and the non-emitters.

But as they crowd closer and in greater numbers around the candle, they are more

likely to snuff it out. Then the light would be lost for everyone. But if we put a screen around the candle, it would not go out. Then if they wanted light, they would have to be their own suns.

You can have a nation with a dominant race, as the 19th century U.S. You can have a nation with one race, as 20th century Denmark. There are no other kinds of nation worthy of the name. So we have two choices. We must get tough, very tough, or we must regroup and quarantine ourselves. Although Hocking might only half approve, we prefer course #2.

(The basic theme for the above article was furnished by Aldebaran's essay on Hocking in *The State of a Nation*, one of America's few objective newsletters.)

Judicial Racism *Continued from page 7*

We did, however, take the trouble to look into the background of the learned justices who took part in this heinous and society-destroying decision (are there better adjectives?). Judge Warren L. Jones is an 80-year-old Democrat, Episcopalian, 33rd Mason and a collector of Lincolniana who moved to the South in 1926 from Denver.

Myron H. Bright, who was the driving force behind the ruling, is a former Democratic party wheel horse from North Dakota and, as he puts it in *Who's Who*, the president (1959-62) of a "Jewish congrega-

Gerald W. Heaney, the third judge, is a Catholic attorney from Minnesota, who graduated onto the bench after serving on the Democratic party's National Committee.

Once the fact is grasped that we men are agents of further evolution, and that there can be no action higher or more noble than the raising of current possibilities of life as represented by the human species, then we shall find ways and means for overcoming the resistance which stands in the way of our duty.

Julian Huxley

Next Month in Instauration

The Systematists

A review of the great "modern" historians from Danilevsky to Schweitzer.

The Politics of Genetics

How minority racism has dealt mortal blows to Western science.

The Vietnam Booby Trap

The forgotten story of how Vietnam helped involve us in an earlier war.

Engelism

Marx received all the glory but his partner did most of the work.

plus other articles, book reviews and the usual Instauration departments.

Pensacola, Florida: As we wrote a few months ago, the University of Georgia band can no longer play "Dixie," even though an overwhelming majority of the students voted to restore it to the band's repertory. A similar problem has been plaguing the student body of the Escambia High School in Pensacola. There the football team has long been known as the Rebels. When the term was found to be offensive to Negroes, it was changed to Raiders. White students put up a fuss, but nobody wanted to listen. Finally, it was agreed that if two-thirds of the student body favored it, Escambia football players would be known as the Rebels again. Apparently a simple majority is not enough to decide issues of immense interest to whites. When the referendum failed by 115 votes to produce the required two-thirds, white students walked out of class in a mass protest. Soon the fists were flying. Next, a black man appeared with a gun and shot three of the white students, one of them critically. Needless to say, most press reports, including the one carried by the *Miami Herald*, Florida's *New York Post*, failed to identify the gunman as black and even buried the shooting incident in the middle or end of the story. The impression was created that whites, not blacks, were responsible for the *mélee*, including the shooting. And speaking of racial identifications, later in the same week the TV news was filled with the murder of Sal Mineo, a two-bit Hollywood actor, by an assailant described as having "long blond hair." Shortly after, in much smaller space on the inside pages, it was announced that the murderer's hair was not blond, but dark brown or black. Walter Cronkite, so quick to tell his listeners about the "long, blond hair," never bothered to make the correction.

Somewhere in the South: One of *Instauration's* most energetic supporters became so fed up with the slanted media that he decided to do more than groan about it. After looking all over the Deep South, he bought a failing weekly newspaper in an obscure county. Within a few months he has transformed what had been little more than a shopping guide into an intelligently written rightwing organ that is beginning to stir up the thinking processes of the locals. Imagine a county weekly carrying advertisements for Majority-oriented books and objective reviews of TV programs and movies! Each week the paper thickens with ads. We remember some

years ago, when polls were revealing Americans were becoming more conservative, magazines like *Life*, *Look* and the *Saturday Evening Post* were becoming more and more liberal. Eventually all three of them went out of business. There is, of course, a greater need than ever for mass-circulation, Majority-oriented publications in this country. What is holding them back is a failure of will on the part of Majority publishers.

A Small Town in Michigan: "When I read your primary task is education, I was unhappy at first," writes a supporter, "because I have been reading books and magazines sponsored and published by the John Birch Society, and they say the same thing. However, on second thought, I have come to agree with you. There must be a process of education if we are ever going to change our country's direction . . . The Birch Society has been in existence for about thirty years. In that time it claims to have educated over 15 million people. The ones I have met belong to the Majority. If the claim is true, our job is already half done. What needs to be accomplished now is to bring the Birchers and your people together and create an invincible force. Hopefully, you will agree that 'something' should be done and should be started at once. Give this a lot of thought. All you have to do is whistle and I'll be down to help."

Another Small Town in Michigan: A subscriber writes: "I attended an advanced weekend residence course in Transcendental Meditation in Saginaw. In addition to practicing TM four instead of two times a day, we ate health foods, did special yoga exercises and listened to lectures. The instructors, who had been picked from the upper reaches of the TM hierarchy, were slick and condescending. They encouraged us to become TM teachers, listing the special benefits received, one being the right to buy a special kind of incense. The teachers did not need to elaborate. At times their faces had worn, peculiarly esoteric expressions. After finishing the course I read in Arthur Koestler's *The Lotus and the Robot* that all Indian yogins take *bhāng* (hashish). The aim of yoga, rarely mentioned in Western books, is to attain occult powers, such as the ability to make oneself invisible or to travel out of one's body. Since these powers are unattainable, the yogin takes *bhāng* to give himself the illusion he has them."

Atlanta, Georgia: Some months ago an up-and-coming insurance executive read *The Dispossessed Majority* and decided an organization should be established to distribute it nationwide and use it as a "calling card" for getting Majority members together politically. He formed a group called R.A.M., an acronym for Resurgence of the American Majority. We gave him the names of some of our more active supporters and he wrote to them asking for a contribution of \$50. He said that if he did not raise \$5,000, he would return the checks. With only a small mailing list, he failed to raise the money. The checks were returned and the organization shelved. Let us take this lesson to heart. In general, only one out of thirty who believe strongly in an idea or a cause are willing to sacrifice time and money to advance such a cause. This is why we constantly harp on the need for education. We must convince tens of thousands of people that our ideas are right before we will have a pool of activists from which we can draw enough organizers to get things moving nationwide. Although the sales rate never falls below 100 a week, *The Dispossessed Majority* has only sold 25,000 copies. We hope to double this by the end of 1976 by more intensive ad campaigns. When 50,000 copies have been sold, we will have more than 1,500 supporters who will be willing to work and shell out for the cause. Then we will have the beginnings of the organization that all of us have been waiting for.

Colorado: The Denver-Boulder axis spins on. The debates between a mathematics professor and sundry minority intellectuals, including a refugee professor of history named Pohl, grows apace in the letter columns of a local newspaper on the subject of the six million. The wise triumvirate of philosopher, revisionist historian and activist lawyer meets ever more frequently. And the math professor is working on a "syndic" project to allow budding Majority organizations to pay their own way and not have to beg unsuccessfully for funds from rich Wasp conservatives who only bestow their millions on safe, time-wasting Buckleyite and Birchite programs.

Los Angeles: Our friends in the city of the yellow air are looking into the piracy problem. Nothing to do with pieces of eight, but with the looters of the printed word, the ghouls who live off the work of right wing writers and pocket their profits without bothering to pay authors' royalties. Literary piracy is one of the oldest professions. We have enough difficulty getting our books printed without having to contend with parasites who nourish themselves from our own bloodstream. Hopefully, we'll have more on this subject next month.

SEMINAL BOOKS FROM HOWARD ALLEN

Sometimes a great new book or a great old book is published or reprinted by a big publishing firm yet dies on the vine. The publisher may not have the heart to promote a controversial book and the media may refuse to mention it. As far as the general public is concerned, the book might as well have remained unpublished. To shine some light in these black holes of knowledge, Howard Allen has made arrangements to distribute, at the regular retail price, a few landmark books of other publishers.

Hereditary Genius by Sir Francis Galton. Inventor of fingerprinting and founder of the science of eugenics, Galton demonstrates the inheritance of intelligence by tracing generations of achievement in eminent British families. Almost a century before anyone ever heard of IQ, the famed British scientist graded nations and races according to their mental ability, while brilliantly marshaling the historical evidence for profound racial differences in intellect, character and temperament. The biological origins of celibacy and individualism are also examined in this epochal work, of which Charles Darwin wrote, "I do not think that I ever in all my life read anything more interesting and original." Reprinted in 1972 by Peter Smith. Hardcover, \$6.75.

Race by Dr. John R. Baker. A world-renowned Oxford biologist has written the definitive work on racial differences. Almost all the available physiological and historical evidence has been assembled to prove once and for all that there are important and measurable intellectual as well as physical disparities between the races. Now, whenever Negro backwardness is blamed on environment and oppression, the argument can be easily refuted by citing chapter and verse from Dr. Baker's encyclopedic study. A Fellow of the Royal Society—in England the nearest thing to a Nobel prize—Dr. Baker has produced an inexhaustible reservoir of documentation for the ideas of Arthur Jensen and William Shockley. Published in 1974 by Oxford University Press. Hardcover, \$20.

The Camp of the Saints by Jean Raspail. Ghastly, shuddering, mind-reeling scenario of what is in store for the Occident if liberalism and apathy continue to weaken the Westerners' will to survive. The author, a bitterly sardonic Frenchman, charts the dying convulsions of France from the day a million famished Third Worlders pile on a fleet of leaking hulks in Calcutta and sail off to the land of milk and honey. The first great uncompromising novel of modern times. Published in 1975 by Scribner's. Hardcover, \$8.95.

A New Theory of Human Evolution by Sir Arthur Keith. The greatest modern anthropologist is almost unknown to the American reading public, and the media monopolists are unabashed. This is Keith's major work and contains the principal threads of his ideas about evolution and the constructive role played by nationalism and prejudice in race building and genetic progress. No book offers a more penetrating rebuttal to the Boas school of anthropology, whose perverse and unfounded assertions about racial equality have dominated Western thought for most of this century. Reprinted in 1968 by Peter Smith. Hardcover, \$6.75.

Eye Color, Sex and Race by Dr. Morgan Worthy. A young psychologist has written a fascinating summary of experiments demonstrating that people with light eyes (blue, gray, hazel, light brown) literally "see" the world differently from people with dark eyes. Eye color seems to be an important key to varying patterns of human and animal behavior. Dark-eyed individuals are overly reactive. Light-eyed persons are self-placing and their inhibitions give them time for reflection. There is an intriguing section on glandular stimulation by the wavelengths of light favored by different eye pigmentation. Published in 1974 by Droke House. Hardcover, \$8.95.

A New Morality from Science by Dr. Raymond B. Cattell. An internationally prominent social scientist, who has authored 30 technical books and more than 300 research articles, rejects liberalism and racial leveling in a profound and challenging work that searches for new ethical values from the domain of science. A great mind dares to come to grips with the most controversial issues of the age. His eminently sensible proposals for a new evolutionary ethics based on behavior genetics rather than on religious, liberal or Marxist dogma have so enraged the book reviewing establishment that hardly a mention of his work is to be found anywhere. Published in 1973 by Pergamon Press. Softcover, \$8.

The Conquest of a Continent by Madison Grant. The classic work on American racial history in which the author, beginning with the Nordic settlement of the colonies, examines the genetic components of every state in the U.S. and every country in the Western Hemisphere. By making race his central theme, Grant enriches his pages with events that have escaped the attention of conformist historians. If the test of genius is the ability to predict the future, Grant is by far America's greatest historian. Reprinted in 1975. Hardcover, \$10.00.

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