

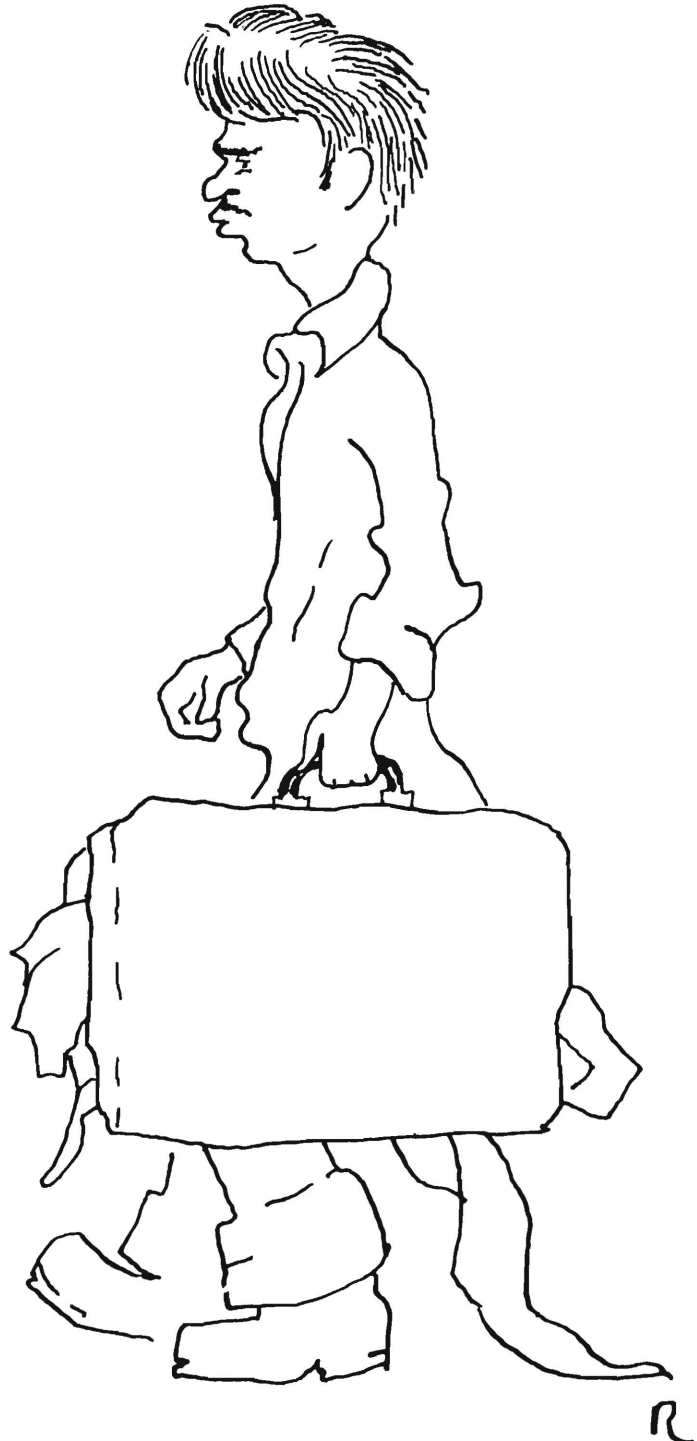
*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

Instauration[®]

VOL. 2 NO. 11

OCTOBER 1977

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

☐ Words are now useless. Action is possible. Organization is essential. 473

☐ While "racialist" groups in America seem to be enamored of the *Fuehrerprinzip*, the respectable conservatives think only in terms of entrepreneurship. The result is that the public is confronted with "leaders" like the late G. L. Rockwell and businessmen of patriotism like Robert Welch. Needless to say, the American public has mostly ignored their appeals. While personal leadership is no doubt necessary, and "collective leadership" must be dismissed as a kind of *contradictio in adjecto*, it is very obvious what happens to movements built around the leadership of one personality. What happened to the groups associated with Coughlin, McCarthy, Wallace after these men were effectively removed from any position of influence? 529

☐ You might be interested to know that in a few days, in what must be the nadir of my career as teacher, I will go to teach a class at a nearby state prison. The director of the program tells me that my major problem will be keeping control of the situation, maintaining discipline and heading off attempts to circumvent the rules. His little talk made me wonder how much real teaching I will be doing, not to mention raising doubts in my mind about whether the prison administration is as strict as it should be. At least I will be able to exercise a modicum of control over my new students by threatening to "bad mouth" them to the parole office. While I was a university instructor, any criticism of ebon-hued malefactors was strictly forbidden. 821

☐ I notice that our homegrown Communists are all for abolition of nuclear power stations, while saying nothing about the ones in Eastern Europe. 339

☐ Don't despair. We are not going to start back up until we hit bottom. Keep in mind the words of Shakespeare, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." 962

☐ Some time ago some reader mentioned that identification by zip code is not good because there are relatively few of us and if someone really had the desire, they probably could locate readers by checking mailing areas and such. But how about initials? This would also in some way appease those of us who would like to show friends what we have written. 256

☐ Forgive me, but I wish the "Game and the Candle" would end soon. I never did care for soap operas, but I probably would buy a book with the whole story of the "Game and the Candle," so I could read it through without annoying month-long waits. 111

☐ When Vice-President Spiro Agnew was being investigated the press wrote that there was no studied effort to "get" him. Oh, no, they just happened to be examining his records. Yet when a local minorityite was accused of tax evasion, he immediately switched the attention from his crime to the fact that his accusers were "anti-Semitic." 150

☐ From the point of view of policy, it was interesting to see your tribute to Polish Americans. Granted, they are more Nordic by far than Poles in Poland, but you have not always been exactly friendly towards Bohunks and the like. 613

☐ The jaundiced view of Iceland (*Instauration*, June 1977) is very natural from the point of view of an American serviceman. But there is much more to Iceland than that. I have delivered tractors in Iceland and worked hard on a farm there, scything up to sixteen hours a day, rounding up the wild ponies. True, there is an Upper Paleolithic element of Irish origin, but blood group studies put it at about one-third, not more. The broad nose derives mainly from that element, but is reinforced by a similar strain from western Norway. The majority of Icelanders are Nordics and some of the women are very fine, though inclined to have broader features than those in Norway. Anyway, the inhabitants produce many more remarkable people than their small numbers might lead one to expect, and Icelandic literature (with Irish names like Njall (Niall) and Kormakr (Cormac) for some of its protagonists is outstanding. 448

☐ On June 4, 1977 at 3:00 p.m. in Inglewood, California, my eighty-five-year-old mother was assaulted, battered and robbed by two sixteen-year-old blacks. They threw her down to the pavement, causing injuries to her right knee, left elbow and lacerations to her ankle. They wrenched her purse away from her and ran. She reported that they enjoyed the affair immensely, laughing while she screamed. This makes the umpteenth crime committed by Negroes against my family in the last ten years in the Los Angeles metro area. I was assaulted and battered three times by Negro students and one threatened to cut my throat with a knife (assault with a deadly weapon with intent to rob) on the RTD bus in Los Angeles. My apartment has been burglarized three times and two cars and one bicycle stolen. My sister's apartment house in Inglewood had four apartments burglarized within a six-month period, after Negroes moved into Inglewood in a "takeover" and before my sister and husband made the white flight to Orange County. My mother is a dignified Southern woman who had both her grandfathers fighting in the Missouri Confederate Armies and who cannot comprehend what she calls "colored people" acting in such a fashion. 907

☐ Just a line to say I think you hit the nail square on its head with the "Military-Intellectual Complex" (*Instauration*, May 1977). I have long been thinking along these lines, but you put it in ultimate clarity by calling the warmongering pack by its proper name. We are being worked up to cry havoc — at the wrong time, in the wrong place and for the wrong reasons. The rightwing here, stupid as it is, is almost completely taken in by this propaganda. I don't have the least sympathy for the Russians or the Slavs in general, let alone the Soviet system. But if there is a slender hope that there might be some measure of resistance against what more and more begins to look like a war policy, it is more likely to come from Schmidt and his Social Democrats (notwithstanding the present state of disunity within the SPD) than from any rightwing politicians. Unlike Brandt, who was a traitor for ideological reasons and whose *Ostpolitik* is dead for all practical purposes, Schmidt is a pragmatist who, hopefully, is not completely deaf to German interests. Remember it was Schmidt who had the almost unbelievable audacity at least temporarily to refuse Israel the benefit of the American air bases in Germany in the big lift during the Yom Kippur war. German subscriber

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CONTENTS

Chicano	5
The Sex Muddle	6
George Marshall and John Barleycorn	7
Testing the Cultural Hypothesis	8
Willem Mengelberg	9
Prize Letter	10
Compulsory Attendance	11
Cultural Catacombs	12
Inklings	14
The Game and the Candle	16
Stirrings	28

□ If a man kills in self-defense, they call it "justifiable homicide." If society kills in self-defense, these sentimentalists forget their logic and call it "murder." Their reasoning is that, if society sets an example of compassion for the convicted murderer, those individuals who have homicidal tendencies will be induced to follow the example of government and change their chromosomes. Every appeal that we have ever read or heard by these sentimentalists is always to the emotions, never to the intellect or to good judgment.

423

□ I hereby accuse all anti-capital punishment lobbyists as accessories to the murder of useful citizens, policemen and perhaps even judges. Can we expect law enforcement officers to protect us, while we refuse to protect them? Are not these lobbyists murderers by proxy?

102

□ I see in the Promised Land a political spectrum that consists of the Masada Complex at one end and the Samson Complex at the other. With Begin and his Irgun massacre artists now in the lead tank, they can easily become Samsonists, if they encounter enough frustration.

032

□ The white racist has got to get away from the armband swastikas, the Der Adolf posing, the Party salutes, the peaked caps and the entire paraphernalia of the 1933-45 era. It is a time to memorialize in an historical way and to remember, but not to copy or relive or try to relive, since there are few of the circumstances existing today comparable to that moment in German affairs. Any success will have to be structured in terms of now or the coming times. This also goes for those who think it proper to relive the fifth through ninth centuries, drink out of skulls, wear furs and helmets with horns sticking out over their ears and make believe that we are still in an epoch of individual combat in the meadow with sturdy swords and the like. The truth is we are grazing an era of weapons which promises to make atomic bombs look like popguns. The romantics are almost as suicidally prone as the dummy integrationists.

682

□ Why is it that minorities have such a capacity to manipulate Majority members? We have a glaring example in Nixon's admission that Kissinger induced him to turn on his personal friend, Rogers. Kissinger despised Nixon and disparaged him whenever he got the chance and this did not seem to offend Nixon. I think Nixon doesn't have a "self." In 1967 I saw him on Johnny Carson's show (usually the tube is pitiless on revealing character) and I kept on looking at the man, and looking at him, and couldn't figure out what he was. I was baffled. I don't think the man knows to this day what hit him. The ferocious hatred heaped upon him by the enemy is beyond belief. The interesting thing is that so little of the American spirit of fair play has responded to this extraordinary lynching bee.

109

□ As I see it, I must keep myself informed in order to win converts and prepare for a violent physical confrontation.

661

□ The June issue of *Instauration* is especially useful for recruiting: the glaring discrepancy between Jefferson's statement and what was put up in the Memorial is really impressive and convincing for neophytes. I remember that when I was in the District of Corruption during Roosevelt's Crusade Against the West, I always praised the Memorial at every opportunity. First, because it is a beautiful building embellished by its setting; second, to prove that I approved of one thing that the diseased monster in the White House had done; and third, to illustrate the technique of telling an enormous lie by suppressing part of a quotation. The reaction of most of the bureaucrats I met was typical: they pretended they knew what Jefferson really said and then remarked complacently that the "jerks out in the country" would never know the difference.

618

□ *Instauration* no longer falls apart when one reads it. Well done. All my older issues are a collection of loose leaves, and this is the only complaint I ever had against your splendid journal. I translated for my friends a few of the smaller items in the May issue (including the most important, the "Military-Intellectual Complex").

German subscriber

□ The last film I remember enjoying wholeheartedly was Bergman's version of "The Magic Flute." But I have seen "Star Wars" lately and am almost embarrassed at the magnitude of my enthusiasm. It is not a profound movie or an epoch-making film. But it is one of the most rousing and thrilling things I've ever seen. It is a hybrid of every conceivable movie genre (the Western, the Swashbuckler, World War II flying films) and of most of the standard literary themes (Manicheism, spiritual values vs. technology, one boy's maturation) — and it is funny, tense, moving and remarkably coherent. Sophisticates should stay away. But if you like to see good triumph over evil (but not in a naive or facile way), if you like to see spiritual values affirmed over empty technology, if you simply want to have a good time, this is probably a film you'll want to see.

151

□ I thoroughly enjoyed the articles dealing with Australia and New Zealand, although I must say these countries are almost in as pitiful shape as we are except for the fact that they have practically no Negroes.

263

□ As for Andy Young, I am in favor of cooperating with him in every possible way, even to the extent of financing a safari into the African bush to establish his "Roots."

864

□ As long as a person is engaged in proper breathing, strict diet and gets proper exercise, he is worshipping god — the only god there really is, the god of life.

441

□ I ordered a batch of Majority Rule bumper stickers and they are gone already. I pasted them on all my relatives' cars at a family get-together. You cannot talk any sense into most of them, but at least you can paste a sticker on their bumpers.

399

□ When food stamp recipients buy food with the kosher (U) symbol on the can, it violates the separation of church and state since the food stamp uses federal matching funds.

692

□ *Instauration* is like ointment on a sore back.

531

□ If I were a Southerner and dreamed for a long time of some way to avenge the burning of Atlanta and had successfully maneuvered my way to the White House then I, too, would do just what Carter is doing to Rhodesia and South Africa.

662

□ Some readers may be interested how racial differences were explained in medieval Islam. The creation of mankind is described as a baking process, during which some individuals were taken out of the oven too soon, to become the raw, pale northern peoples and others were left in too long and overdone to blackness. Since civilization at the time seemed to cluster about the shallow Eastern Mediterranean peoples, a superior bloodline was proposed for those who had been baked just long enough to a light toasty brown.

105

□ As for this trash about Human Rights, why not start by correcting domestic problems? A first step might be to call for the termination of anti-Wasp news and propaganda.

Polish correspondent

□ When "our" government is allowing the country to be transformed into a Third World country of mud people, attempting to impose Negro rule on whites in South Africa, etc., then it seems a waste of resources to fight the Genocide Convention which could only pose a threat in a future dominated even more completely by our enemies.

655

□ A professor acquaintance (a closet *Instaurationist*) declined my invitation to write a piece on illegal immigration, saying that he would be branded a racist even if he never mentioned race. And he already has tenure!

441

□ Some of the leading liberal anti-Majority federal judges are blueblood Wasps. Every case we lose isn't the result of a minority judge (although it usually is the result of a lawsuit brought by a Jewish attorney).

330

□ Flip through a volume of the U.S. Tax Court decisions some time. Over fifty percent of the taxpayers involved in disputes with the IRS are Jews or Italians, or so it seems to me.

093

□ "Anglo," to the Mexican, refers to all white Americans, Germans, Italians, French, Polish, etc. Perhaps if we accept Anglo it will help unite all assimilable whites into the American mainstream instead of making them feel they are even partially rejected by the Old American, thereby encouraging the establishment of permanent white minorities, who in the course of time could be expected to ally themselves with black and brown minorities for temporary gain.

865



□ I protest your handling of my article on the Veterans Administration (*Instauration*, June 1977) I doubt if anyone has praised you higher than I as a scholar or writer, but as an editor (judgment based on your editing of my two articles to date) you do have shortcomings.

299

□ I see by the papers that Dick Shack, decided to quit as Anita Bryant's agent because he claims she is writing "a book exploiting the recent vicious, anti-civil rights campaign that was filled with lies and myths." Tell me, did Roman Polanski's agent quit after the Tate murders or after his client's recent arrest for sexually molesting a 13-year-old?

331

□ Are you aware of the newest Chicano code word? It's "Aztlán." This is a putative new state to take shape across the southern counties of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California, to consist of Mexicans only, after driving out the Gabachos (whites) and Cocos (Afros).

802

□ Objection of an Australian to a proposition that Chinese immigration into Australia be permitted: "Two Wongs don't make a white."

771

□ Your piece on the Veterans Administration was a goodern. A weird coda to same in the daily press is the Filipino "nurses" convicted of poisoning a battalion of patients in an Ann Arbor, Michigan, VA hospital. The military has been a social welfare agency since the adoption of conscription in 1940-41. Probably 8% of the total inducted were needed in the war. The rest were there to keep them off the streets and provide employment. "Defense" was FDR's substitute for WPA, CCC and other types of domestic welfare. From my observation of the VA hospital in Los Angeles, which I passed daily for years, it was a branch of Alcoholics Anonymous.

925

□ *Instauration* is an excellent theoretical journal, and therefore you have no need to stray into practical areas where factual errors that detract from your general credibility are too easily made. Why on earth did you print that rubbish on Iceland (June 1977)? The author appears to have, at most, an overnight knowledge of his subject. Icelandic faces are as similar and as different as the Nordic faces of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia and, I should have thought, North America. Odd noses and cheeks are no more common in Iceland than in any of these countries. The wind does not always blow there. It is certainly possible to see "downtown" Reykjavik in half an hour, but why sneer? Unlike the citizens of New York, the 100,000 inhabitants of Reykjavik prefer their city to be free of mugging, black ghettos, vandalism, drug abuse and all the other social problems now associated with modern America. The traditional life of Iceland, like everywhere else, is best preserved in the countryside. Unfortunately, your writer seems to have been unable to see this, being himself, I presume, too much of an "ugly American" — genuflecting before cosmopolitanism, size, technology, and quantity instead of quality.

British subscriber

□ Whatever the rights or wrongs of the Nationalist split in England, it is a simple fact that support for the National Party has withered away to nothing. To read articles which link the NP and the National Front as viable collaborators or competitors, is to prove the weakness of your transatlantic perspective.

521

□ Byzantine culture was weak, you said (*Instauration*, May 1977) because few great artistic or other names have survived — an odd idea, this, but let it pass — while Renaissance England was splendid because of its great cluster of artistic creators. You didn't apply this test to the Victorian era. If you had, you might have noticed that where the Renaissance in England produced not a single great painter, Queen Victoria's reign was graced by Alma-Tadema, John Brett, Ford Madox Brown, Burne Jones, Francis Danby, Dyce, Frith, Hughes, Hunt, Landseer, Lord Leighton, Lewis Millais, Poynter, Rossetti, Ruskin, Waterhouse and Watts, to name but a few. I hardly need mention the great medical, scientific and technological innovators, the explorers, the military feats, or the fact of Empire, to show how incredibly shallow was your dismissal of Victorian culture: ". . . anyone with the slightest feel for history and culture would have to put Shakespeare's England above Disraeli's British Empire."

British subscriber

□ As a practical matter I think you will agree that for the foreseeable future Christianity is going to be at least the lip-service faith of most Majority activists. It is not likely to be displaced by paganism, atheism or Cattell's "beyondism" in the critical days ahead and any attempt to do so is likely to meet with intense hostility. Thus while by no means transforming *Instauration* into some kind of religious organ, which even I don't believe it should be, it would be most helpful to occasionally deal with problems from a religious perspective.

309

□ The kind of people you are trying to sell your ideas to do not care at all for physical labor and are more afraid of the white workers than of the blacks and the Russians.

208

□ Why don't you ask the theologian who wrote the *Instauration* article on "The Ethics of Ethnicity" what he thinks about the opportunistically reborn Colson and Cleaver and the activities of the Campus Crusade for Christ?

315

□ I'm hooked on your mag worse than the dopes out in Dispossessed Majorityland are hooked on TV soap operas.

200

□ The hope of the white race lies in a German-Russian alliance.

400

□ I don't know how you are going to sell your apartheid philosophy and softcore Nordic racism when most liberals are Nordic and most Nordics (in the world) are liberals.

604

□ In the statement "Who Are We" you made reference to black hair and black eyes, which unmistakably implied that anyone displaying such coloration need not consider himself part of the Majority. In another part of the issue I noticed a reference to "bum-faced Alpines." I have a very good friend who is serving in the Rhodesian Army. He has black hair and is far from being an ideal Nordic. Does that mean that we don't want him? I am prepared to agree with you that our racial ideal is Nordic. What I am not prepared to do is to narrow the base of the movement to the point where political success is impossible. In America of all countries the subraces which make up what, for lack of a better term, I call Aryans are hopelessly amalgamated. If every person who does not display purely Nordic characteristics is considered persona non grata, how can we expect to win? Don't you think there is a danger that we will become isolated and impotent? Or are you thinking of attracting a core of Nordics and breeding a whole new people?

368

□ Once the final costs of Israel (*Instauration*, August 1977) have been added up, then the demand should be made that the Jewish community in America be forced to reimburse the American people.

394

□ Looks like G. Gordon Liddy is getting "sprung." A true "stiff-upper-lip" type, if there ever was one. He stands miles above most of the "gutless wonders" now extant in the ranks of our race.

907

□ I found your article on Jethro Tull very interesting (*Instauration*, July 1977). It might be useful to point out that many of our best composers have made collections of folk music, such as Ralph Vaughan Williams in England and Bela Bartok in Hungary. Many others have made extensive use of it in their music, such as Charles Ives in America and Werner Egk in Germany. Since World War II, however, it became unfashionable, no doubt due to the increasing minority control of our culture. The attitude was perhaps best stated by one of the truly masterful musicians of modern time. Pierre Boulez, although a Majority renegade, has openly admitted that he seeks to destroy our musical past because it has become obsolete.

147

□ I suppose the rising insanity of Jewish racists should make the task of conservatives, activists, idealists, classicists, racists, nationalists, traditionalists, pan-Europeans, etc., much easier than before, when we were all clouded by indirect subtleties. How the real American can so long tolerate such blatant and monstrous dictatorship is — really — beyond my comprehension.

804

□ Thank you, thank you for the Jefferson piece (*Instauration*, June 1977). I know Jefferson in the near original, rather than from distortions, hence this is indeed a welcome refreshing breeze in these burning summer days of racial distortion and cultural disintegration.

600

CHICANO

Men are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.

William Penn

When Fernando Cortés and his Spaniards subjugated the Aztec empire in 1521 they set to work with vim and vigor to populate New Spain. The Spaniards wealthy enough to bring Spanish women to Mexico City did so. *Los pobres* could do nothing but plant their seed in the local fields. Thus there arose in what is now Mexico a Spanish aristocracy of unmixed blood and a lumpenproletariat of mestizos — i.e., the offspring of common Spaniards (generally the riffraff of Spanish prisons pardoned on the condition they would soldier for the *conquistadores*) and the native Indian women. Subsequently, in the decades that followed the conquest, there was an admixture of Caribbean Negro blood with the Spanish-Indian genes, which produced even more genetic degradation. Out of this racial potpourri eventually emerged the Mexican of 1977.

Racial crossing had not yet really gotten out of hand by 1540, when Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, sallied forth from the Spanish northern outpost of Culiacán into Cibola in search of the fabled seven cities of gold. While exploring *Nueva Méjico* Coronado found no cities and no gold. He found Indians, however, lots of them. But Coronado was no settler. He merely paved the way for Don Juan de Oñate in 1598. The colony of San Juan was the first Spanish settlement in *Nueva Méjico*. The capital city of Santa Fé was established near San Juan in 1610.

Here, as before, the wealthy Spaniards with Oñate were able to bring with them, or send for, Spanish women. Those who could not afford this luxury, as conquering soldiers have been wont to do since time began, took to the conquered. But the Indians of *Nueva Méjico* — the *puebloños* — did not take kindly to the European intruders and resisted their intimate advances. As a result, the Christian barriers against incest began to fall. It became easier for a Spaniard to wed a cousin, a niece or another relative than it was to seize and force an unwilling Indian. So the ensuing decades brought to New Mexico an enclave of Spaniards who, by and large, did not miscegenate with the natives. This is not to say, of course, that they never

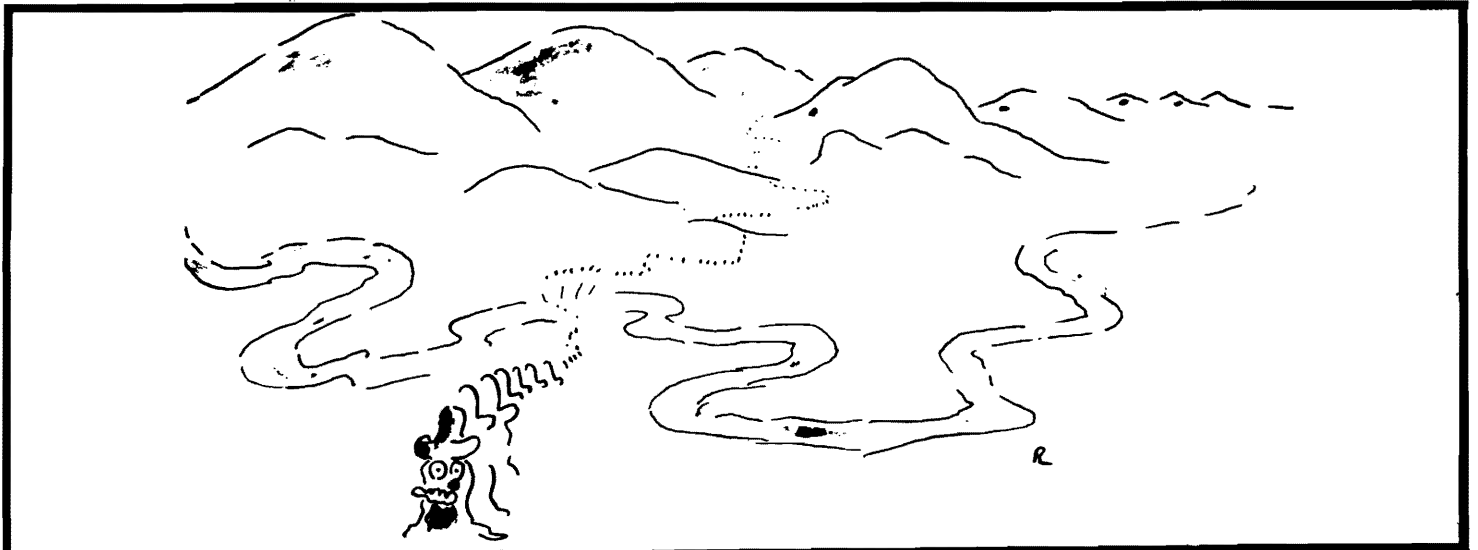
did. It is to say that after the first unsuccessful contacts the general rule was — mix with each other rather than with the Indians. And this matrimonial or extramatrimonial situation is today responsible for the difference between the mestizo Chicanos of Mexico and the incestuous Chicanos of New Mexico.

The physical difference between the two subraces is obvious, if examples are seen side by side. The physiognomy of the Mexican mestizo plainly shows the Indian influences, and occasionally the Negroid component. The New Mexican native displays, most often, the Caucasoid features and olive skin of the Mediterranean Latin. On the other hand, the two Chicano types have a common stature, being short and, when young, lightly built. The Indian blood seems to become predominant in the later years of the Mexican mestizo. The New Mexican holds his faintly European appearance through old age.

The New Mexican Chicano belongs to a clannish stock, favoring union among themselves over union with Mexican Chicanos and even Anglos. But Anglo-Chicano marriages do occur in New Mexico and eventually the New Mexican Chicano may be refined and purified back into a Caucasoid bloodline unless the Anglo partner is also a product of miscegenation.

The two Chicano breeds have another common factor — language. The New Mexican Chicano is bilingual, speaking a fluent but limited Spanish with a vocabulary of some 1,500 to 2,000 words. Away from the border towns the Mexican Chicano is seldom bilingual. Both versions of the Iberian tongue have been mongrelized through the centuries, but whereas the Mexican usually knows nothing but New World Spanish, the New Mexican has evolved a Spanish dialect which the Mexican finds difficult to fathom and the European Spaniard finds almost incomprehensible. New Mexican Chicanos speak Spanish well, but they do not know the Spanish language. All New Mexican natives speak it. Few read or write it.

Continued On Page 19



THE SEX MUDDLE

As the many references and citations indicate, the following article was translated from the French. It appeared under the title "La condition feminine" in *Vu de Droite*, a new encyclopedia of rightist thought by Alain de Benoist, the editor of the outstanding French quarterly *Nouvelle Ecole*.

Kate Millett, the theoretician of Women's Liberation, writes in *Sexual Politics*, "Sexual stereotypes are without any biological basis."

Arianna Stassinopoulos replies: "Experiments on animals confirm what has been suggested by a study of variations in human beings. By changing the quantity of androgens to which a fetus is exposed, the researcher can produce, as he chooses, female or male behavior in the animal."

Mme. Stassinopoulos is of Greek origin and completed her studies in England. Her book *La Femme Femme* has the revealing subtitle *Against Feminism, For Femininity*. She addresses herself to "female females" — to those who wish to be emancipated, but do not think that emancipation should extend to social chaos and the refusal to bear children.

The fundamental idea of Women's Liberation is that beyond sexual differences involved with procreation there are no innate physiological or psychological differences separating men and women. Every human being, the movement's leaders allege, is more or less "bisexual" and the sexual differences are due entirely to "conditioning." From earliest infancy males and females are conditioned by clothes, games and language to play the social role attributed to their sex. In other words, in an equalitarian society it would be sufficient to give trucks to little girls and dolls to little boys in order to bring about an inversion of their "social roles."

In a book published in 1974 entitled *Du côté des petites filles*, Elena Gianini Belotti declares: "Differential education according to sex is nothing less than violence. It is not at all evident," she adds in *Le Courrier de l'Unesco* (August-September 1975), "that psychological and intellectual differences derive from the biological differences between male and female."

Evelyne Sullerot writes: "The terms *virile values* or *feminine values* are extremely imprecise and should be used only with great care. They do not seem to correspond to any essential reality." (*Demain, les femmes*, Laffont-Gonthier, 1965). Gisèle Halimi coldly asserts: "The acquired is a hundred times stronger than the innate" (*La cause des femmes*, Grasset, 1974). Françoise d'Eaubonne exclaims, "The ideas of human behavior dictated by certain chromosomes is an old wives' tale."

From such statements to the pretension that sex is a pure illusion is only one short step, which the most extreme neofeminists are quick to take. Simone de Beauvoir in *Le deuxième sexe* (Gallimard, 1949) writes, "One is not born a woman, one becomes a woman."

The notion that men have "invented" women is similar to Sartre's idea that the anti-Semite has "invented" the Jews. We are what "others" wish to see, or imagine that they see, in us. In fact, to the new feminists the "others" do not exist. It is we who cause them to exist. As Suzanne Lilar remarks, "Simone de Beauvoir has always challenged the fact that there are 'others.'" She has tried to resolve the issue by denying their existence. There are no women, she

says, so there is not any difference."

Not without humor, Mme. Stassinopoulos demonstrates the paradox in Women's Liberation. She shows how in its obsessive desire to minimize biology and maximize sociology the movement swiftly falls into neopuritanism. "Vis-à-vis the genital organs," she writes, "the attitude of Women's Liberation members is remarkably Victorian. These organs are rigorously downplayed in favor of the more pure and more elevated organs of thought and sensibility. The reproductive function becomes unpleasant, evil and unimportant, not this time because sex is pernicious, but because it is a detestable reminder of the fundamental differences between women and men." This neopuritanism can be reconciled with the Christian theory that "sexual differentiation can never prevail against the universality of human nature" (Jean-Marie Aubert, *La femme*, Cerf-Desclée, 1975).

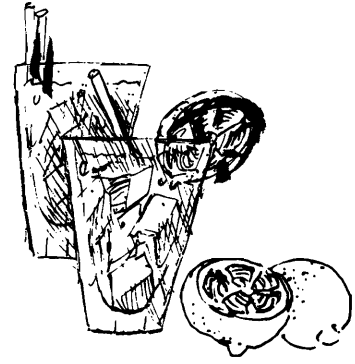
The myth of bisexuality is directly linked to the idea that at birth sex has only been superficially determined and that it is only really established and fixed by family and social influences.

Recently an entire issue of the *Nouvelle revue de psychanalyse* (#7) was devoted to "bisexuality and sexual differences," and introduced the theme of hermaphroditism by extrapolating Freudian ideas of transference. Joyce McDougall writes, "The hermaphrodite ideal is rooted in the fusionary ideal which joins the child to the maternal breast." This theory, according to Dr. Gerard Zwang, is the opposite of the truth. "The human condition," he writes, "can only be understood in terms of man or woman. From the very second of conception the die has been cast. Some people like to hold forth on the bisexuality of each human being. Such an idea hardly goes beyond the level of cocktail party gossip . . . The somatic sexual heritage cannot be denied. The masculine attitudes of certain women, the effeminate attitudes of certain men cannot change their genetic polarity. As for the transsexuals who mutilate their breasts or genitals or cause hormonal breasts to grow, they suffer from grave mental disorders."

It is neither chance nor social structures that make a child who is born a boy or a girl remain so all his or her life. It is the chromosomal armament of the cells which determine the child's fate. (One might note that if there was really biological bisexuality, only man could really claim it because he is the unique carrier of the two sexual chromosomes X and Y, women having only two of the former.)

Research tells us that the differences judged "scandalous" by Women's Liberationists are not only concerned with primary and secondary sexual characteristics, but with endocrinal secretions, reactions to disease, pathology, resistance to strain and depression. There are even sexual differences in the function of the hypothalamus. The activity of medications and poisons varies according to sex. Taking into consideration the operation of the different parenchymes, as enzymes, one

GEORGE MARSHALL AND JOHN BARLEYCORN



The *Safety Valve* (June 1977) printed a letter from a retired army intelligence officer alleging that General Marshall had a dipsomaniacal streak. He further alleged that on the eve of Pearl Harbor, when everyone in Washington was looking for him, Marshall was actually being debooized at Walter Reed Hospital. The ensuing correspondence makes entertaining and instructive reading. First to arrive was a communication from a former news service executive, not a subscriber:

Until I was sent a xerox of your *Instauration* page, in which an alleged army officer in the intelligence service makes the statement that General George Marshall was a 2 and one-third-bottle man, I was familiar with your name only as the author of *The Dispossessed Majority*. The account you published by the so-called officer was obviously such an unconvincing fake that I looked your name up in *Who's Who* to check whether you had had any experience as a news editor. I cannot find that your name was listed.

The message [warning about next day's attack on Pearl Harbor] that the retired army intelligence officer mentions was not decoded by G-2, but by Arlington Hall, also called "Magic," which was operated by Gen. Carter Clarke, who turned it over to Col. Rufus Bratton, head of the G-2 Japanese desk. Bratton carried it to the Munitions Building, he told me, and when the officer on duty, Bedell Smith, could not tell him where he could deliver this "Eyes Only" item to Marshall, Rufe said he forced Smith to read this "most important (expletive) dispatch that had ever been received by the War Dept." So it was not delivered to Marshall, wherever Marshall was that night. Senator Ferguson of Michigan told me that Marshall told him years later that he did not reveal where he was because he owed it to FDR as Commander-in-Chief to back him up.

Rufe Bratton, whom I saw in Berlin in 1945, certainly was mistreated by Marshall. If anyone knew about Marshall's affection for alcohol, Rufe would and he certainly would not have hidden it. I have called a number of former officers who were very close friends. Not one of them ever heard any gossip such as your letter writer claims to be factual. Your gossip columnist really shakes my confidence in Wilmot Robertson — and I am very sorry and disappointed that you have taken this nosedive in my estimation.

While nose-diving, the editor sent the above letter to a historian whose favorite topic is the Pearl Harbor coverup, and to the author of "The Game and the Candle," who, incidentally, has treated Marshall far more roughly than the retired army intelligence officer. The historian's reply:

That is some yarn about Bratton forcing Beetle Smith to read the message, which was in a locked pouch and with only the recipient supposed to have keys. Since Col. Smith was not a part of the charmed circle which had access to decoded/decrypted "Magic" traffic, this yarn strikes me as more suspicious than the original claim that Marshall was drunk. Smith's affidavit that he was not even on the premises when Bratton called to deliver the copy of the 13-part message intended for Marshall alone, does a job on this new Bratton story as well. If Bratton found Smith in, but not Marshall, why should he have got so panicky, and made Smith read it? Why not make an intensified search for Marshall, the addressee? (With Smith not entitled even to see "Magic" and with Marshall presumably in possession of the keys to the pouch, the story dissolves into question marks.)

A few days later the ex-news service exec sent *Instauration* xeroxes of pages 98-99 of *Together*, a book authored by Marshall's wife, Katherine Tupper Marshall (Peoples' Book Club, 1946). Clipped to the xeroxes was a note stating, "This gives a definite refutation to that claim by the retired army intelligence officer." We quote the pertinent passages from Mrs. Marshall's book:

[I returned] to Fort Myer on Saturday, the 6th. The next morning, Sunday, we had a late breakfast. I was still not well enough to be up and about [she had recently broken four ribs] so we had breakfast in my room, George eating on a tray beside my bed. After breakfast he ordered his horse and said he would take his usual Sunday morning ride before going to the office. About the time of his return an urgent telephone call came from the War Department. George bathed hurriedly and left for the Department.

That was the morning of December 7, 1941.

We sent Mrs. Marshall's statement to our historian friend for comment. He replied:

The excerpt from Mrs. Marshall's book says nothing and establishes nothing. She doesn't say Marshall was there when she got back to Fort Myer or when she saw him when she did return. The presumption would be that she got home Saturday night, though she doesn't say so. If the question where Marshall was that Saturday night, which caused such a fierce upheaval at all the Pearl Harbor investigations prior to the time her book was published, was so important to her, why did she not specifically state he was with her Saturday night? She did not say this until Marshall had testified before the Joint Congressional Investigation Committee in 1945-46 he did not remember where he was Saturday night. The book was her chance to put it on the record and she blew it. My guess is that she didn't know where he was either, or she would have said something definite. As it is, her story is quite compatible with the revisionist account. Marshall could have got home late Saturday or early Sunday morning and had that breakfast. Notice how vague she is about exact times. He could even have taken that horseback ride, provided it was pretty early, in view of the testimony of McCollum and Deane that he was in the Munitions Building long before 11:25 a.m. I fail to see where this excerpt from Mrs. Marshall's book refutes the intelligence officer whatsoever.

Accompanying the xeroxed pages of Mrs. Marshall's book was another letter from the ex-news service exec:

It would be simple to write a letter to the alleged retired intelligence officer who has made this charge of indiscreet use of alcohol against Marshall and ask the officer for authority to disclose his name. And if this alleged former officer gives that permission will you kindly send his identification to me? You certainly have fallen into a trap — for which I am very sorry. But it would be simple, as I say, for you to get the officer's permission — that is, if he did not manufacture his fake.

Meanwhile, another letter was received from the historian as background material for his earlier letters:

Continued On Page 22

THE ADVANTAGES IN TESTING THE CULTURAL HYPOTHESIS*

Clyde E. Noble

I have been asked to tell you something about the life and works of Dr. Frank Craig Joseph McGurk, an emeritus professor of psychology who is now retired and living in Florida. His adventures in testing the Culture Hypothesis make an absorbing tale of the perils and vicissitudes of doing research on psychological issues having social relevance.

Professor McGurk is a psychometric and clinical psychologist who has specialized for over 40 years in the fields of cognition, personality, and human differences. A native of Pennsylvania with Scottish and Irish roots, he was educated in the public and parochial schools of Philadelphia. During the depression years he attended on a four-year scholarship the famed Wharton School of Finance at Penn, receiving the BS degree in 1933.

Switching to psychology, McGurk earned his MA at the University of Pennsylvania in 1937 and his PhD at Catholic University in 1951. During the intervening years he saw service as a clinician with the Philadelphia General Hospital, Institute of the Pennsylvania Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases, Children's Memorial Clinic of Richmond, and the U.S. Army in World War II. He is a long-time member of the American Psychological Association (APA) and of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology (SSPP).

Professor McGurk's academic appointments have included Catholic University, Lehigh, Montevallo, the U.S. Military Academy, and Villanova. His research has appeared in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, the *Journal of Applied Psychology*, the *Journal of Educational Psychology*, the *Harvard Educational Review*, the *American Journal of Physical Medicine*, and other well-known publications.

It was McGurk's (1951) doctoral dissertation comparing the scholastic aptitude scores of American blacks and whites matched in socioeconomic status (SES), plus his subsequent articles in APA journals (McGurk, 1953a, 1953b, 1958) and in the magazine *U.S. News and World Report* (McGurk, 1956), which catapulted him to prominence, indeed notoriety, a full decade before Shockley, Jensen, or Herrnstein were branded as heretics. What McGurk did was to conduct the first empirical test of the Culture Hypothesis: i.e., the proposition of Otto Klineberg (1944), Ashley-Montagu (1945), and others that the significant black-white differences in mean test scores are not primarily biological but mainly due to social and economic inequalities. Because SES indices tend to favor Caucasian (C) students over Negro (N) students,

proponents of the Culture Hypothesis argued in the 1940s that the mean $C > N$ finding is principally the result of environmental rather than hereditary variables.

McGurk proceeded to draw samples of 426 Negro (N) and Caucasian (C) seniors from high schools in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Next he paired them in age and SES. For SES he used 14 factors on the Sims Socio-Economic Scale. Then he computed his subjects' aptitude test scores. Briefly, it turned out that the average race difference ($C > N$) persisted even though the subjects were equated on the variable hypothesized to be of prime importance; namely SES.

McGurk went further. He analyzed the 75 test items to see whether the score differences were similar on *cultural* and on *noncultural* questions. The former would be items calling for verbal information and memory whereas the latter would require numerical and reasoning abilities. McGurk did not leave the item selection to personal fancy. He took the pooled judgments of 78 psychologists, sociologists, and teachers as definitive of 37 cultural and 37 noncultural questions (one was judged neutral).

The result was that the shortfall of the black students was *greatest* on the *noncultural* questions. No Negro equaled the mean test score of the highest 10 % of Caucasians on such culture-fair items. By contrast, on the culture-loaded, verbally-weighted items, the highest Negro score was exceeded by only 5 % of the Caucasians. Apparently, then, cultural questions do not penalize American blacks. Moreover, the racial discrepancy was greater at the upper SES levels than at the lower SES levels (McGurk, 1953a). Only 18 % of the black elite did as well as the average for the white elite when both were in the top 25 % of SES for each racial group. In the bottom 25 % of SES the black/white overlap was 41 % (McGurk, 1967). For groups of equivalent mean performance, of course, the statistical overlap would be exactly 50 %. McGurk's high SES black group scored significantly below his high SES white group, but the scores of his two low SES groups were not significantly different.

Thus, the data showed that as cultural opportunities increased the racial differences in scores also increased. Furthermore, verbally-weighted test questions appeared to improve Negroes' performance relative to that of Caucasians. Recently Arthur Jensen (1973) hypothesized that the relevant variable affecting the black/white overlap in standard IQ tests is probably *cognitive complexity*. He defines this as the extent to which the items require abstraction, conceptualization, and transformation of stimulus inputs. Most cultural questions are of low complexity.

The outcomes of McGurk's research were manifestly inconsistent with what Otto Klineberg (1944) and Ashley-Montagu (1945) had led us to expect in the name of the Culture Hypothesis. An increase in SES ought to have *decreased* the mean score differences, according to

*Based on introductory remarks for an Invited Address by Dr. F.C.J. McGurk, delivered by the Chairman of Psychology Session VII at the 69th Annual Meeting of the Southern Society for Philosophy and Psychology, Nashville, Tenn., April 8, 1977. The author of this article, a Past-President of the Society, is a graduate of the University of Iowa (PhD, 1951). Currently professor of psychology at the University of Georgia, he has taught at Harvard, Louisiana State, Montana, the State University of New York, Tulane, and Wisconsin.

WILLEM MENGELBERG

The Dutch orchestral conductor Willem Mengelberg was born of German parents, March 28, 1871, in Utrecht, The Netherlands. He died March 22, 1951, in Zuort, Switzerland, having lived his last six years in exile in his Swiss summer house. During his concert life he trained two orchestras, the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam and the New York Philharmonic, into instruments of unparalleled refinement and plasticity. If we collected the sum of our impressions from his recordings with the Concertgebouw, a Mengelberg orchestra could be characterized as follows: lush and rich lower strings; warm and glistening violins; trumpets bright and pungent, but never harsh; melting French horns; trombones with and without the famous Mengelberg snarl; soft-toned wood flutes; nasal, French-sounding oboes — altogether a tonal canvas broader than that of any other orchestra.

Mengelberg was named conductor of the Concertgebouw in 1895, a post he held until 1944, when he fled to Switzerland. His nearly half-century of service with the same orchestra is probably the longest of any conductor of world renown. He first visited the United States in 1905, when he conducted the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in a pair of concerts. Fifteen years later, the season of 1920-21, he returned to conduct New York City's National Symphony Orchestra, which later merged with the New York Philharmonic. Mengelberg continued to lead the Philharmonic year after year until 1930, when his contract was not renewed, owing partly to Mengelberg's justified complaint that the newcomer Toscanini was spoiling the orchestra's tone. It was also due to Toscanini's well-publicized feud with Fascist Italy, and the prosaicness and tyrannical rigidity of his musical interpretations which were prophetically suited to the spiritual atmosphere that came to dominate New York City and eventually the United States in the coming decades. Toscanini personally disliked Mengelberg and had begun to criticize him as early as 1925 for his rendition of Beethoven's *Fifth*. As a consequence of Toscanini's emergence as a New York cultic hero, the management of the Philharmonic capitulated to his ultimatum that either Mengelberg would not return or he, Toscanini, would leave.

Composers have greatly appreciated Mengelberg, for they could depend on his presenting their music in the most favorable light. He is particularly associated with the work of five composers: Richard Strauss and Mahler, both of whom were his friends, and Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Bach. Strauss dedicated to him *Ein Heldenleben* for the expertness with which he had trained the Concertgebouw Orchestra to play the work. Mengelberg's recordings of Tchaikovsky are almost legendary. Modest, the composer's younger brother, once embraced Mengelberg in Moscow at a Tchaikovsky concert and exclaimed in French, "Ah, Monsieur Mengelberg, at last the tempos of my brother!" His recordings of Tchaikovsky's last three symphonies are masterly examples of how he dissects a composer's orchestration and then reassembles the parts so as to expose and heighten the expressive intensity.

While a student in the Music Conservatory at Cologne, Mengelberg had a teacher named Franz Wullner, a

composer, conductor and director who himself had been a pupil of Anton Schindler, Beethoven's close friend, secretary and biographer. Schindler had heard Beethoven play his own music countless times and had conducted all of Beethoven's symphonies under the composer's supervision. What he knew of Beethoven's manners of performance — the phrasing, dynamics and tempo peculiar to the composer's view of his own music — he taught to Wullner, who in turn taught them to Mengelberg. What is Beethoven and what is Mengelberg in the latter's magnificent recordings of the former? Although that is an unanswerable question, we can safely say that much of the phrasing, tempo and balance — Mengelberg's basic view of the music — must be the result of his considerable knowledge of Beethoven's personal wishes.



Willem Mengelberg

Mengelberg was very sympathetic to Germany, a sympathy that came naturally because of his German parentage. His pro-German feelings came to the fore in World War I, when, although living in Amsterdam, a city fanatically opposed to Germany, he continued to conduct the Museum Concerts in Frankfurt-on-Main.

Joseph Szigeti, the Hungarian Jewish violinist who ardently admired the Soviet Union, writes in his autobiography *With Strings Attached* (p. 325): "I played under Mengelberg the day following the Munich Hofbrau attempt on Hitler's life (Nov. 8, 1939), the failure of which, by the way, elicited from the veteran conductor and myself notably divergent reactions . . ." That Mengelberg believed National Socialism was a last-ditch bulwark between Europe and Communism is perfectly clear. While conducting the Frankfurt Museum Concerts immediately after World War I, he saw at first hand the starvation and social anarchy in democratic Germany. During World War II he conducted in Germany, Austria, occupied France, Italy and Hungary, while also continuing to lead the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam. After the war, his enemies saw to it that Mengelberg was barred for life from again conducting in The Netherlands. The ban was at first perpetual, but subsequently bore a date. In any event, Mengelberg died before the ban expired. Some other Dutch musicians who were also ostracized as collaborators had their ban revoked when they paid an adequate sum of money. Mengelberg might have been able to do the same, but he chose to remain in Swiss exile until his death.

Continued On Page 26

A Southern lady proposes that we should save our souls — and our bodies — by subtly pushing for a strange alliance.

INSTAURATION — AN IDEOLOGICAL WHIRLIGIG?

During the past year my position as an *Instauration* subscriber has been very like one who was invited to what she thought was a Tea (with possibly a little sympathy), but which turned out to be a free-wheeling cocktail party with the hardworking host offering drinks of every possible combination and fifty dozen guests all talking at the same time on every conceivable subject. There was a general air of early Don Quixote . . . tilting at windmills . . . jumping on one's horse and riding off in all directions at once . . . mistaking the sheep for the enemy.

There was simply nothing to do except retire into a corner and wait to see what could come of all this, if anything. The letters alone have been worth the price of the magazine, and everything has been of value, one way or another. Every issue has been an interesting, if sometimes very puzzling, experience. There have been fine articles calculated to bolster our battered egos; and "The U.S. Racial Picture" by the Italian-American offered a rare sympathetic understanding of our position. I cherish that one.

We have also had more ambiguous offerings: National Socialism, à la Hitler, anyone? If no, shall we consider how we might use the Mussolini version? No? Then how about Franco, the Butcher? I almost left the party at this point, and even though I stayed, it was not until "The Old Country" in the May issue, followed by "Race and Foreign Policy" in June, that I felt I could say anything that might be of benefit to the cause which is, lest we forget, survival of our race.

Naturally, I am all for it — survival — or I should not be writing this difficult-to-concoct letter. But we have been constantly reminded that we are Nordics or nothing. If this holds, the Majority will be consigned to oblivion, and the few Nordics in our midst, standing alone, will vanish like the Iranian tribe "which moved on into India and was lost to history."

Now, (June) we are offered Mr. Nordic himself as a racial hero to whom we may rally. Undoubtedly he was the personification of all things Nordic, but any man who would have let my "mother country" fall to the Germans, regarding it as just another "European" country, is no racial hero of mine. As the Italian-American might put it: Lindbergh, the Swede-American, and I the Anglo-Saxon/Celt/American simply do not think alike. The truth of what Lindbergh said was lost for practical purposes when his thinking processes allowed him to view Great Britain as an alien country of no especial importance to the Majority, when actually it was and is the source of our being.

To the Boston Irishman, whose very interesting explanatory letter appeared in *Stirrings* (January), I should have liked to have sent encouragement of a kind he may

not yet find acceptable. He said the "English" (us, I assume) do not want the Irish, and while it is true that religion has kept us apart, to the aid and comfort of our common enemy, it is not so that race has. I grew up with Kellys, Murphys, O'Neals, their essential divergence from the Boston Irishman being that they were all Protestants whose Irish ancestors had come over with various Protestant groups. They had long since become "British." They even accepted calmly, like the rest of us, being called English — though all of us would have balked at being called Norsemen.

The value here of Protestantism (I mean for the purpose of rallying the Majority) is that it has set up no artificial barriers between the Irish and the group to which they rightly belong. I am NOT proposing that the Irish Catholics embrace Protestantism! (Zeus forbid it! We have enough trouble there already.) I am suggesting that in the face of common danger we can present a united front.

To make a conciliatory bow to all Norsemen, and to acknowledge the "racial affinity," I will tell that when I was about ten years old my father handed me his father's copy of *Tales of the Norse Gods* with this comment: "Man must have himself a religion . . . ours, I think, should have evolved from this, the Norse . . . nothing can be more incredible than that we, with our heritage, should be practicing the concocted religion of a barbaric Semitic tribe of two thousand years ago."

At that time I had two Gods: the Christian/Southern God whose main function was to protect us against Yankees; and Zeus, who did such interestingly outrageous things. Because of my sufferings from heat, the terror of my early years had been that I might die during one of my better behaved spells and be sent to the Christian heaven, "The City Paved With Gold." (I knew nothing of Hell). On reading the *Tales* I switched to Odin for a time because he offered an ice palace — permanent air conditioning, so to speak.

My transitions, which were many, were made without traumas, but I have compassion for those of us who have waked, overnight, to find that all their truths are lies, who feel the foundation of their lives moving. With courage, these will emerge shaken but free. Others will cling desperately, even angrily, to the "Faith of our Fathers" — and these can be our stumbling block. I speak thus candidly for I fear that a majority of the Majority, in subservience to the Christian religion, will continue to be our Achilles Heel, blindly acquiescing in anything sanctioned by the "Book." They gave complacent, even enthusiastic, assent to the actual physical dispossession of the pathetic Palestinians. Surely there is a sort of poetic justice in that they, themselves, all unconscious of it yet, have also become the dispossessed?

Continued On Page 26

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE

A brief but enlightening report from a young army officer stationed in Germany concerning the race relations course that is now compulsory for everyone in the armed forces.

Race relations instructors in the U.S. Army are graduates of the Defense Department's Race Relations Institute in Florida, and the instruction of race relations is their only job. In the seminar I was forced to attend we had two instructors: one white sergeant, E-5, and one black specialist, E-5. The white sergeant conducted most of the week-long course, while his black colleague watched.

At the beginning of the seminar we were informed that the Kerner Commission on Civil Disorders had declared America a racist society and that the army agreed. The Kerner Commission was described as "conservative" because many "businessmen" served on it. Next, we were briefed on our "seminar contract," which assured us that we were free to speak our minds without fear of retaliation.

The class was divided into informal discussion groups. Mine consisted entirely of white Southerners. At times I spoke about the great historical achievements of whites and the high crime statistics of blacks. These statements met with the general approval of all present. The white soldiers, however, showed the most interest when I talked about reverse discrimination. I cannot say how the conversation ran in the black groups, but I did observe that some blacks spent a considerable amount of time sleeping.

At each new phase of the seminar I put forward objections to minority racism, pointing out the hypocrisy of encouraging black culture while at the same time downplaying or forbidding traditional white Southern folkways. There was little rebuttal on this point.

The sessions eventually degenerated into a discussion of the women's liberation movement. The instructor proved almost totally unknowledgeable about this subject. It turned out that blacks and Chicanos were more "sexist" than most of the whites.

Our last assignment was to fill out the "End of Course Critique." As I put my rank on the first page and as I was the only officer in the seminar, there could have been little doubt which paper was mine. I believe I answered the questions honestly. In the remarks section I suggested that Baker's *Race*, Coon's *Origin of Races* and Garrett's *IQ and Racial Differences* be required reading for all race relations instructors. One month later I received my "diploma."

I cannot speak for the rest of the army, but in my unit the race relations seminar is treated as what it is, a joke. My guess is that eighty percent of the white soldiers here are racists in the most vulgar sense of the word. About half of the officers could be classified as white supremacists. Only the regimental commander takes the program seriously (at least on the surface), but he is completely out of touch with the day-to-day affairs of the unit.

My views on race are fairly well known, but so far the

only repercussions have been that my fellow officers become uneasy when I bring up politics. They keep glancing over their shoulders to make sure no one is listening.

Despite the fairly good attitude about race among unit personnel, the careerists will never rock the boat as a group. The army, like most of our present-day society, will drift with the prevailing wind.

The bright side is that those whites who have had little prior contact with blacks are being converted to a Majority viewpoint. One of the most common statements I hear is, "I wasn't prejudiced before I came in the army, but I am now." If I question a soldier on this, most will answer, "Sir, I am prejudiced and I hate 'em all."

Well, what can I say? In spite of everything I prefer such men to the bunch of brainwashed do-gooders I knew back at the university.

16. What was your attitude towards the course before attending?

1. I was strongly opposed to attending it.
2. I was somewhat opposed to attending.
3. I had no feelings either way.
4. I somewhat wanted to attend
5. I very much wanted to attend.

17. Now that you have attended the course, which of the following statements best applies to you?

1. I did not benefit at all from this course
2. I have benefited some from this course
3. I have benefited a great deal from this course.

19. I would say that personnel in my unit experience little or no difficulty due to their racial/ethnic or minority status.

1. Strongly Disagree
2. Disagree
3. Agree/Disagree about equally or no opinion
4. Agree
5. Strongly Agree

20. Most men would not tolerate taking direct instructions/supervision by a woman.

1. Strongly Disagree
2. Disagree
3. Agree/Disagree about equally or no opinion
4. Agree
5. Strongly Agree

21. I have a pretty good understanding of minority problems in the Army.

1. Strongly Disagree
2. Disagree
3. Agree/Disagree about equally or no opinion
4. Agree
5. Strongly Agree

23. People of different races should dance together, if they wish.

1. Strongly Disagree
2. Disagree
3. Agree/Disagree about equally or no opinion
4. Agree
5. Strongly Agree

27. There are certain answers to these questions which are expected of me: and, therefore I have given those kinds of answers.

1. Strongly Disagree
2. Disagree
3. Agree/Disagree about equally or no opinion
4. Agree
5. Strongly Agree

Part of the "End of Course Critique" given to each man in the race relations seminar. The mistakes in spelling indicate the level of the instruction.

OPPENHEIMER

Jews are not just fleeing Russia and Israel these days. They are also fleeing South Africa and Rhodesia.

We wonder when Harry Oppenheimer will pull up stakes. Reported to be the second richest man in the world (*Town and Country*, June 1977, p. 52), he rules an empire of more than 300 companies with total assets of \$7.5 billion. Although Oppenheimer's treasure trove floats on the sweat of dirt-cheap black labor in his gold and diamond mines, he somehow gets a much better press than the Afrikaner farmers and government leaders, whose ancestors settled and developed the land that Oppenheimer and his immigrant father have so thoroughly plundered.



Harry, wife and pets

South Africa's 120,000 Jews have contributed more money per capita to Israel than any other Jewry except American Jewry. Yet Israel has voted against South Africa in practically every resolution concerning the country that has come up in the United Nations. Though currently a Christian and married to a Christian, Oppenheimer backs Helen Suzman, the Jewish politician who wants to hand the country over to the blacks.

As things get tougher in South Africa and Rhodesia, we may expect some erosion of the Oppenheimer double standard, which makes the biggest oppressor of the blacks the good guy, as opposed to the bad guys, the Afrikaners who are helping the blacks set up their own independent nations. Recently Prime Minister John Vorster, whose government is now accusing Oppenheimer of funding black agitation, has publicly called on the diamond king to say where you stand and

what you are playing at." At the same time, and for the first time, an important South African newspaper *The Citizen* came out fighting against what it called a global U.S.-directed conspiracy to destroy South Africa. The kept press, much of it controlled by Oppenheimer himself, kept mum.

Meanwhile, Jimmy the Tooth, in deference to his chief political honcho, the untouchable (in both meanings of the word) Andrew Young, cut off the Rhodesian Information Office's funds by backing a UN Security Council resolution that prohibited its member states "to use or transfer any of the funds in their territories by the illegal regime in Southern Rhodesia, . . ."

GOTT IST TOT

Nietzsche's agonizing "God is dead" has become a twentieth century *cri de coeur*. Although almost everyone knows the text, few know the context. We present below the editor's translation of the madman sequence from *Die Froehliche Wissenschaft* (Book Three, 125).

Have you heard of the madman who lit his lamp on a bright morning, ran to the marketplace and cried out endlessly, "I search for God, I search for God." Since among the bystanders were many who did not believe in God, there arose a great laughter. "Is he lost?" said one. "Has he run away like a child?" said another. "Is he in hiding— Is he afraid of us? Has he sailed away somewhere? Wandered off?" So they spoke and laughed among themselves.

The madman sprang into their midst and let his glance bore through them. "Where is God?" he cried. "I will tell you where. We have killed him —you and I. We are all his murderers. Why have we done this? How could we have emptied this sea! Who gave us the sponge that has washed away all our horizons? What did we do to unchain the earth from its sun? Where will it move in the future? Where will we move? Away from all suns? Will we not continually fall and stumble — backwards, sideways, forwards, in every direction? Is there still an up and a down? Won't we be forever straying through an infinite nothing? Can we breathe in empty space? Isn't it growing colder? Isn't night coming and more night? Must we not light our lamps in the morning? Don't we hear the noise of the gravediggers as they bury God? Don't we smell traces of the divine decay? Even Gods decay.

"God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How are we to console ourselves for this murder of all murders? The Holiest and Mightiest the world ever possessed has bled to death from our knife

wounds — and who will wash this blood away from us? With what water can we be purified? What form of penitence, what holy ritual must we invent? Is not the immensity of the deed too great for us? Must we not become Gods ourselves, if only to appear worthy of them? There was never a greater deed — and those who are born after us will belong for the sake of this deed to a history higher than all previous history."

The madman stopped and was silent and again looked at his listeners. They were also silent and regarded him strangely. Finally he threw his lantern on the ground. It broke into pieces and went out.

"I have come too soon," he said. "The time is not yet ripe. This monstrous event is still taking place, still spreading over the landscape. It has not yet reached the ears of men. Thunder and lightning need time, starlight needs time, deeds need time, even after they take place, in order to be seen and heard. This deed is farther from men than the farthest star, even though men have accomplished it."

The tale is still told that on the same day the madman broke into several churches and played his *Requiem aeternam deo*. When he was led away and brought to justice, he repeated over and over these words: "What are these churches, if they are not the tombs and the gravestones of God?"

CHAIN OF COMMAND

Secretary of Defense - Harold Brown, Jewish.

Secretary of the Army - Clifford Alexander, Negro.

Ass't. Secretary of the Army for Research and Development - Percy Pierre, Negro.

Ass't. Secretary of the Army for Research and Development - Allan Gibbs (?), a former Deputy Commissioner of New Jersey's Dept of Human Sources, worked with Alexander on the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

Outside the chain of command is Manuel Plotkin, new Director of the Census.

CULTURAL TRANSPLANTS

Joseph R. Shapiro is founder and past president of Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. During a recent confab at the Chicago Jewish Community Forum, Mr. Shapiro asked:

Can the art of the Jew survive in America? . . . The taste-makers, art dealers, museum

officials, directors, curators, university dept heads, collectors and critics are predominantly Jewish. In art, the Gentile is definitely a minority class. Indeed, we should rephrase our question, "Can Jewish Culture Survive in America?" to "Can Culture in America Survive Without Jews?"

We wonder exactly what kind of culture Mr. Shapiro is talking about. Could it be the excremental doodling of modern art? The porn film centers and massage parlors of Times Square, the high rents for which pass exclusively into the hands of his "cultural" cousins? The black racist epics like *Mandingo*, the anti-Wasp films like *Nashville*, the anti-Irish films like *Nasty Habits*, produced and written exclusively by his Jewish "artists?" The primate-level message plays and hybrid sitcoms on TV and Broadway? The high art of the strip tease developed by the Minsky brothers? The Tin Pan Alley musicals? The obsessive, paranoid and banal Jewishness of modern bestsellers? The highbrow Jewish journals like *Commentary* and the *New Yorker* — with writing that degrades the human imagination and reduces human creativity to the single dimension of minority racism?

A promotional flyer put out by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith almost a decade ago, raised a question almost as pregnant as Mr. Shapiro's:

QUESTION: If the following people (whose expertise spans the fields of education anthropology, sociology, psychology, history, law and humor) were to get together, what would they have in common?

Gordon W. Allport, Carl Bereiter, William J. Brennan, Jr. Robert Coles, Martin Deutsch, William O. Douglas, Siegfried Englemann, Mario Fantini, Jules Feiffer, Charles Y. Glock, Harry Golden, Oscar Handlin, John F. Kennedy, C. Eric Lincoln, Seymour Lipset, Ashley Montagu, Thomas F. Pettigrew, Fred Powledge, Harry Rivlin, Arnold Rose, Bayard Rustin, Benjamin Spock, Melvin M. Tumin, J. Milton Yinger.

ANSWER: The same publisher. And, what may surprise you even more is that this publisher happens to be the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

We are not at all surprised. Western culture has become the possession of non-Westerners. Mr. Shapiro is right. His people have taken over.

Culture, however, is a delicate wild flower that anyone can dig up and transplant into his private garden. But as the blossoms quickly drop off, as overnight the leaves shrivel and turn brown, though the flower thief may boast that the plant is now his, what does he really own?

POOR LESTER

Almost as bad as being betrayed by your leaders is being disgraced by them. To us

Lester Maddox's bravura act with an ax handle was on the same level as Khrushchev's shoe-banging.

Maddox's lack of taste grew worse with the years. After his third-party presidential try in 1976, he joined Bobby Lee Fears, the black guitarist, in a nightclub act billed as "The Governor and the Dishwasher." The two comics sang duets and put each other down with sick jokes.

Today Maddox, who, despite his faults made a better Georgia governor than Jimmy the Tooth, is gravely ill. To the media he will always remain a symbol of the Old South. But the Old South had decorum and manners. All poor Lester had going for him was a gut feeling about race.

CUDDIHY'S HUNCH

The theory is simple. It might even be partly true.

Jews, particularly the *Ostjuden* from the Slavic lands, cannot stand civility, cannot cope with the genteel manners and mores of modernizing civilizations of Northern Europeans in Europe and overseas, so they take out their frustration and their peevishness in ideologies intended to overturn such civilizations.

Marx invented his incendiary brand of communism because he couldn't abide the polite manners of the non-Jews about him. A proletarian revolution with all the racial aspects carefully generalized out of it, his subconscious informed him, was the best means of giving the coup de grace to Western decorum. The basic motivation of Marxism grew out of racial esthetics, though it was clothed and camouflaged in economics, historicism and class conflict.

Freud was equally enraged. Psychoanalysis was merely a ploy to strip bare the veneer of taste, civility, etiquette and refinement that had made Western civilization possible, but which was odious to the son of an immigrant from Galicia. "An analysis is not a place for polite exchanges," affirmed Freud, thereby giving the game away. Freud, moreover, could never forget the taunting *Machmores Jud!* (Mind your manners, Jew!) that his father had endured as a matter of course when walking outside his ghetto. The Oedipus theory was Freud's way of getting back at his father for his subservience to non-Jews.

Lévi-Strauss, who worshipped Marx, invented his structural anthropology, not for the sake of science or for the sake of truth, but to put a pseudoscientific gloss on savage civilizations at the expense of the Northern European culture he secretly abhorred.

Such is the thesis of John Murray Cuddihy, scion of an affluent and high-status Irish-American family and presently a sociology professor at Hunter College. In his book *The Ordeal of Civility* (Delta

Books, 1976, paperback, \$3.45) Cuddihy divides Jews into two categories: the non-collaborating, uncivil, hidebound "Jewish" Jews like Marx, Freud, Wilhelm Reich and Lévi-Strauss (he might have added Menahem Begin) and the assimilating modernizing Jews who are trying hard to come to terms with Western society.

Cuddihy uses as an example of this Jewish schism the famous trial of the "Chicago Seven" where throwback *Ostjude* Abbie Hoffman reserved much of his venom for the modernizing, assimilating Judge Hoffman. Other assimilationist Jews are writers and painters like Saul Bellow and Marc Chagall who, Cuddihy charges, simply inject Jewish characters and Jewish faces into art that is primarily Christian in both theme and form.

If true, Cuddihy's theory should be a cause for optimism for Majority members. Instead of a racial clash between Jews and non-Jews, we may expect a continuing confrontation between the two aspects of Jewish personality — the raging "id" of the East European "Yid" (Cuddihy's words) and the Westernized, toned-down, civilized, de-Judaized Jewish intellectual as represented by the editors of *Newsweek*, *Time* the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*.

The value of Cuddihy's work is that it puts the Jewish question into a new perspective. He shows, among other things, that the obsessive pathos, which both assimilationist and nonassimilationist Jews have used to the hilt in America and elsewhere both for their own personal gain and for the purposes of Zionism, is now being taken over by Negroes who want to use the ploy for their own advancement. One upshot is the sharp attack of Jewish intellectual Shlomo Katz on Negro writer James Baldwin for comparing the plight of Angela Davis to a "Jewish housewife on the way to Dachau." "The thorny crown of martyrdom does not fit Angela's head," sneers Katz. It must be earned in "the chimneys of Dachau."

Cuddihy, of course, avoids the genetics of the situation. Why, for example, are the Eastern European Jews so full of hate, so eager to bite the hands that feed them and freed them? He indicates they are born that way, that they have had a different culture and lets it go at that. He tries to escape the charge of anti-Semitism by the adjectival dodge — describing various Jews as "great" and their work as "magnificent" and "brilliant." But an intelligent Jew and an intelligent non-Jew can easily sense the underlying animus. Cuddihy is simply appalled by Jewish manners and he has come up with a theory that camouflages his true feelings. What he has done is what he has accused Marx, Freud and Lévi-Strauss of doing — of generalizing a racist attitude into a depersonalized, value-free theory of behavior, thereby making it more acceptable to its targets.

EDUCATION NOTES

Dr. James W. Baldwin, black director of the District of Columbia's Office of Human Rights, admitted paying \$375 to Professor Richard Zamoff to write a "statistical report" which he then retyped word for word and submitted under his own name as part of his dissertation for a Ph.D. degree in public administration.

In a recent survey made at Syracuse University it was found that 9% of all university instructors in the U.S. are Jewish. Specifically, 22% of the medical teachers are Jewish, 25% of the law school instructors, 20% of the members of economics and physics faculties. Not a bad record for a group which claims it represents only 2.7% of the American population. Anyone care to make any invidious correlations?

The Court of Appeals of the Fourth Circuit has declared minimum quotas for blacks in the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill both unlawful and unconstitutional.

White students in Northwood High School, near Washington, D.C., walked out of their classes to protest "blacks being graded easier than whites."



Ellis B. Page, professor of psychology at the University of Connecticut, told a standing room only meeting sponsored by the National Council on Measurement in Education and the American Educational Research Association: "[N]o thoughtful person believes that, after the last so-called 'intelligence test' is consumed in the fires of the righteous, all other tests, loaded as they are with this same trait of intelligence, will be allowed to flourish in their usual ways."

Dr. John Silber, who as president of Boston University has probably done as much as anyone to wreck American higher education, has now written an article for *Harper's*, in which he calls for an end to "the flight from excellence." Among his supposed reforms: Universities should not lower standards to assist minority groups and women; schools graduating students unable to pass twelfth grade competency tests should be shut down. "Calls for the maintenance of standards often are denounced as racist or sexist," Dr. Silber stated, "but only a racist or a sexist could believe that women or members of minorities are in fact inferior to white males and not able to compete with them on an equal basis." Silber also described the associate degree given by junior colleges as being similar to falsies, which raise "self-esteem, but is not the real thing."

Four University of California sociologists have just made a study of 5,000 students at three East Coast high schools. Results reveal deep-rooted hatred against Jews and blacks.

One-third of the black college graduates who take the National Teacher Examinations in North Carolina fail them. Whites now employed in the state's public school system outscored minority teachers by 210 points — 1,217 to 1,007. The test is not an IQ test, nor does it measure ability. So the usual minority arguments against cultural bias do not apply. It is simply a test to find out how well teachers have mastered their subject matter. The officials concerned said they would do almost anything "to give a preference to race." But what were they to do? Throw out all the qualified whites and hire all the failing blacks? Already 1,600 of the 12,367 minority classroom teachers in the North Carolina public school system scored below 950, the minimum now required for certification. Whites may be forgiven for wondering what good it does to study and get high marks in tests, when blacks get the jobs by the more effortless method of racial discrimination.

CIRCUMCISION EFFECTS

There is a disturbing problem in our society that needs to be examined. I'm referring to the shockingly disproportionate number of male children suffering from minimal cerebral dysfunction — children showing symptoms of hyperactivity, autism, aphasia, dyslexia, and signs which point to

learning disabilities — with the ratio of boys to girls being seven to one.

The causes of these disorders usually cannot be isolated for any specific child, but the conditions have been blamed on premature birth, deprivation of oxygen during delivery, brain damage resulting from high fever, drugs or convulsions, inheritance of abnormal brain chemistry, environmental pollutants and even food additives.

One source of convulsions that applies to male infants is the procedure known as routine medical, as opposed to ritual, circumcision, an operation performed without anesthesia that often produces adverse conditions — shock, blood loss and terrible pain — that can conceivably cause the brain to discharge in a disorganized manner in some children and produce convulsive seizures.

... Since American doctors circumcise hundreds of thousands of infants each year, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that this brutal operation may be contributing to the high incidence of minimal brain dysfunction among male children.

The above was published as a letter in the Riverside Press-Enterprise (California) April 9, 1977. It was written by Nicholas Carter, the author of an unpublished book on circumcision (see Instauration, December 1976).

DOUBLETHINK

Whatever happened to Technocracy?

The other day we were reading some literature put out by this obsolescent organization and found the question, "How would Technocracy handle the Race Problem?" answered as follows: "Technocracy, being thoroughly scientific, makes no distinction in race, creed or color."

Well, that is what happened to Technocracy. A movement that had some popularity in the 1920s and 30s because of its emphasis on science and straight-thinking has now become mystically equalitarian and obscurantist.

WRY BONES

Shortly after the appearance of the first installment of the press story exposing the links of Senator Barry Goldwater, brother Robert and Republican boss Harry Rosenzweig to organized crime, the Phoenix chapter of the National Conference of Christians and Jews put on a lavish dinner for its annual "Man of the Year" award. More than a thousand prominent citizens attended. It was the largest such bash put on in years.

Who was named Man of the Year? None other than citizen Harry Rosenzweig. The bones of Don Bolles, the reporter murdered during his investigation of Rosenzweig's mobster pals, must have rattled in despair.

RACISM IN PARADISE

Distance is the stepfather of equalitarianism and liberalism. It is so easy to be against racial discrimination in a monoracial country. It is so respectable to be pro-black in a country where blacks number less than one percent.

Holland has always been noted for its tolerance. Yet a few months ago after the latest atrocity committed against Hollanders (including school children) by South Moluccans, the Nederlandse Volkunie, a small group of Dutch racial activists, called for a "white Holland." Steps were immediately taken by Dutch-Jewish organizations to ban the party under the country's Race Relations Act.

In Sweden, a sinkhole of tolerance and permissiveness that only a homogeneous Nordic country could afford, the month of June saw the nation's first race riot. Young Swedish "toughs," as the media characterized them, battled a mob of "Assyrians" (Turkish Christians) in the small city of Sodertalje, the birthplace of tennis champion and Nordic stereotype Bjorn Borg. Fifteen people were hospitalized.

There are 8,000 "Assyrians" in Sweden, 18,000 Greeks and 7,000 Americans, about 1,000 of whom are black. Capitalizing on the racial outbreak, a Swedish newspaper reporter was horrified to find that several discos and restaurants refused to admit American blacks, who are considered to be "automatically" involved in narcotics and procuring.

It all seems to be so inevitably cyclic. Homogeneity breeds tolerance, tolerance invites immigration, immigration brings with it heterogeneity, heterogeneity breeds intolerance, intolerance causes separation or expulsion, which again leads again to homogeneity.

Cyclic — or linear downward into the irreversible morass of miscegenation and race suicide? It depends on the force of the backlash.

SOCIAL CLIMBING

In December 1943 Menahem Begin assumed command of the Irgun Zvei Leumi.

In February 1944 the Irgun killed a British police inspector and a British constable. A month later it killed eight British policemen, including an assistant superintendent. On August 8, 1944 Begin's

men almost succeeded in assassinating the British High Commander in Palestine, Sir Harold MacMichael, murdering ten British police constables in the process. On November 1, 1944 two traveling Irgunists in Cairo assassinated Lord Moyne, British Resident Minister of State in the Middle East.

In 1946 the Irgun killed forty-nine British soldiers and twenty-eight British policemen, some of them while they were sleeping in their tent in a military carpark in Tel Aviv. The above casualty list does not include ninety-two killed in the bombing of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, which counted civilians and women among its victims. In December of the same year the Irgun captured and whipped a major of the Second Dorchestershire Brigade and three sergeants.

In 1947 the Irgun bombed the Goldsmith Officers Club in Jerusalem, killing thirteen. On April 18-22 of the same year Irgunists attacked a medical dressing station, a Red Cross movie house and the Cairo-Haifa train. All together six more were killed in these operations. On July 24 the Irgun hanged two British soldiers after kidnapping them as hostages. On September 10 they killed four British policemen while robbing Barclay's Bank in Tel Aviv. On September 29 they killed nine policemen on a bomb attack on the Haifa Police Headquarters. During the same year letter bombs, which failed to go off, were sent to Prime Minister Atlee, Foreign Secretary Bevin and Winston Churchill.

In 1948, after Britain announced it was giving up its mandate in Palestine, the Irgun and other Jewish organizations killed thirty-seven British soldiers and airmen. On April 10, 1948 the Irgun participated in the massacre of some 250 Arabs at Dair Yasin, more than half of them women and children.

In 1977 Menahem Begin, the new Prime Minister of Israel, was received with highest honors by President James Earl Carter, Jr., who listened attentively as Begin announced that he would nothing to do with the "terrorist" Palestine Liberation Organization.

Instauration is indebted to S.E.D. Brown's fearless monthly journal The South African Observer (P.O. Box 2401, Pretoria) for most of the information in the above atrocity roster.

LAST MINUTE SUBSTITUTION

There seems to be an "inside story" to everything in this land of the unfree, even to the shooting of Private Eddie Slovik, the only American soldier in World War II executed for desertion.

It turns out that during the Battle of the Bulge the Army High Command decided to make an example of some deserter in order to put a stop to malingering. The military prisons were combed for six of the most craven deserters — men who had more than once thrown down their arms and taken to the woods — and the choice finally landed on a Jewish soldier from Philadelphia. A rabbi was notified to attend the execution. But then something happened. General Eisenhower's headquarters ordered that all six men be given an intense psychiatric examination. Somehow the Jewish first choice was forgotten and private Slovik, who received psychiatric "clearance," got the nod — and the firing squad.

LEGAL LOOTER

The looting that went on in New York the night of the animals was probably less costly than what was going on legally in the same time period. Consider Robert Munoz, who controls \$2.5 million in poverty funds for the municipal zoo known as South Bronx. He himself lives in Parkchester, drives a snazzy car, has five children, some grandchildren and two bodyguards — all on an "official" salary of \$35,000 a year.

Incidentally, Munoz was hired by the city after being convicted of conspiracy to bomb and extort money from two construction firms.

OILY BROWNS

Pertamina, the Indonesian oil cartel, is going to supply liquid natural gas to a \$3 billion Los Angeles port complex that seems designed to outrage California environmentalists, of whom Governor Jerry Brown is the self-appointed spokesman. But there are complications. Ex-Governor Pat Brown, Jerry's Pa, is a minority stockholder in Pertamina, a good friend of Indonesian dictator Suharto and an admitted agent of the Indonesian government.

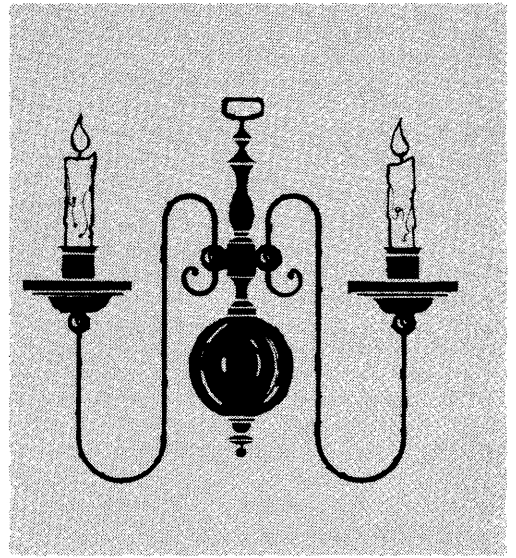
Would anyone with an IQ of 10 be surprised that Jerry, for the first time, is now opposing the Sierra Club, the Planning Conservation League and the conservationist lobby, and is supporting his father's business deal? Blood — political blood, that is — is thicker than water and as thick as oil.

If Jerry should lose the votes of the conservationists on this issue he still has done nothing to shake the confidence of the homosexual lobby, which, for reasons we won't go into, stands more firmly than ever behind the bachelor governor of Smogistan.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

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



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. By the end of the following year, the unholy team of FDR, Stalin, Litvinov, Comintern Spy Sorge and the U. S. Chief of Staff managed to get the U.S. into war by provoking the Pearl Harbor attack. A few years later, with victory in World War II in sight, Dex and his clique work to give Europe to the Russians and China to the Chinese Communists, while Harry, the muddle-headed socialist, puts up a confused and disoriented resistance, thereby incurring the wrath of the moribund Roosevelt. With Truman in the White House, American Communists start playing world politics with the A-bomb, and the Chief of Staff strikes a bloody bargain with the new Soviet Ambassador. Soon potential Soviet enemies and no-longer-useful Communists are eliminated in a purge that includes Harry Hopkins and Harry Dexter White.

PART THREE, ACT I

Scene 7: A grubby hotel room in New York City in early 1949. The Publisher is trying to wake a fully clothed man stretched out on a messy bed. When the man finally sits up, he is recognizable as the Reporter who many years ago masterminded the Becker

case. Seedy and well-gone into alcoholism, he has not yet lost his glib tongue.

REPORTER. (*staring a moment at the Publisher until he recognizes him*) Oh, it's you. Unless you've brought some liquor, go away. I don't work for you anymore.

PUBLISHER. That's right. Not since you blew one of the best stories I ever planted.

R. I haven't the slightest interest in ancient history. Knowing me, you must have brought a drink with you. Where is it?

P. Where is your wife?

R. She went back to Canada and died as she had lived — in the odor of sanctity. I asked you politely to go away. Why are you still here?

P. I'm here because I want to offer you a job.

R. I'll tell you the things I want in the order of their priority. (*counting on his fingers*)

A drink. A shave. A bath. Something to eat. A woman. (*staggering around the room*) I had a bottle here somewhere, but that black bitch must have stolen it after I fell asleep.

P. You must need money.

R. Obviously. But I'm not going to grovel to get it.

P. I could arrange for you to get a lot of money.

R. At what impossible price? In the course of a long and interestingly variegated life lots of people have put pressure on me. But here I still am, sixty-four years of age, and I have not yet been forced to make my peace with man or God or with any of his innumerable true churches. When people put pressure on me, pretty soon you find me sneaking away over the hills out of sight.

P. Sneaking out of sight over the lip of a bottle.

R. What do you want for this money?

P. There's a big paper out West that wants a man for general coverage of Washington, the UN, foreign affairs and other high-level assignments.

R. Do you own it?

P. No.

R. What paper is it?

P. I won't tell you now. Wait till you've got yourself back in shape. Then call me up and I'll arrange a meeting with their people. It's quite conservative and rightwing. It will appeal to the less informal side of your character.

R. (*looking up with sudden comprehension*) I see. You need someone to drop a little poison in their ink.

P. Once in a while.

R. I'll expect a salary of \$25,000, a minimum contract of five years and some sort of pension scheme.

P. The salary will be about \$12,000. I'd say they would agree to give you as much as a month's notice if they decide to fire you.

R. You're a genius at keeping me hungry.

P. I'd rather keep you thirsty. (*He pauses, pondering a moment.*) You know, there's one thing I always wanted to ask you. I've always wondered whether there was anything personal between you and Becker.

R. (*surprised*) Becker! That was before you were born.

P. Not quite. Did you have a yen for his wife? Or was it actually a gambler's job? Maybe one of Arnold Rothstein's well-arranged murders? He was the one who seemed to make the most money out of it.

R. Becker was *not* murdered. He was lawfully executed by the State of New York. I presume Governor Whitman figured in the affair, since it made him governor. He probably assumed that further unflinching pursuit of public virtue in permitting justice to take its course would make him president. Alas, he did not understand the rather special structure of public indignation and its sudden evaporation once certain profits had been harvested. In the end he was euchred out of the nomination by old Forkbeard the Judicious. Not that it mattered. Whitman, too, would have been beaten. In that year of grace, all that was best and brilliant in American society was pledging itself to make the world safe for democracy.

P. In all that long ramble I didn't hear an answer to my question.

R. You answered it yourself. Arnold

Rothstein arranged it.

P. (*slowly shaking his head*) No, that was not the way it was. Not with you playing any part of it. You were pretty careful about things like that.

R. Very true. It would certainly have been risky to cooperate in such a venture with men like Rothstein. (*He walks over and faces the Publisher.*) Since you are so perceptive I shall reward your zeal with the truth. Becker had no more to do with killing Rosenthal than I did. The whole deal was arranged on behalf of the Honorable Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, in order to eliminate Mayor Gaynor, his most dangerous rival for the presidential nomination There ! At last you have the real story.

P. Your fantasies, even when they were quite preposterous, used to have an element of charm and color that made them worth hearing. Your imagination is going stale on you.

R. Totally. (*As the Publisher leaves he falls wearily back on the bed.*)

Scene 8: An office in Washington a few days later. Forrestal and the Senator addressed as Bob are talking while a third man, Dave, sits silently.

FORRESTAL. I'm in a bit of a bind and I thought it would be a good idea to have a frank talk with you, even though no direct legislative problem is involved.

BOB. I'm always glad to go over things with you, Jim.

F. I have the problem of converting Air Force bombers to jets. There's no question about the superior speed and range of the jets. It vastly improves and increases their range and effectiveness. So people say, "We must be aiming at Soviet Russia." And then they begin mumbling about whether that is the right way to get the Russians to behave.

B. That's all very trivial, I admit, But where did you get money to go to jets? I don't remember that item in your budget.

F. It isn't there. I scrounged it out of other defense appropriations.

B. That, I would say, is a defiance of Congress.

F. I'd rather define it as a defiance of the Budget Bureau.

B. But we passed an itemized military budget.

F. That was the way the Bureau sent the budget up to the Hill.

B. Technically, you're on pretty soft ground.

F. Don't I know it.

B. What you're doing isn't orderly government procedure.

F. The orderly way would be to wait till the Russian air force is so overwhelmingly superior that even the Budget Bureau will let the Defense Department ask for the jets.

B. How does the President feel about the matter?

F. So far I haven't felt it was a proper

subject for me to dump in his lap. If he wants to get mixed up in the problem, he can always ask me. Until he does, I take it that he wishes it to be handled as a technical matter for the Secretary of Defense, me, to decide. I'm to get a black eye if it bounces.

B. It well may because of your budget jumping.

F. Bob, hardly anyone even pretends to care about that. No, some of my more indiscreet friends have hinted that, if I approve the changeover to jets, the President will ask for my resignation on the spot.

B. I don't understand that at all. If he doesn't want you to build jets, he can stop you. If he does, he'll hardly ask you to resign for doing what he approves of.

F. That's what I like to think. But I'm not always so sure. The other way he gets the jets and then satisfies his leftwing buddies by firing me.

B. Listen, Jim, I don't see eye to eye with Truman on many things, but it's absurd to talk about his leftwing friends. Name just one.

F. He did owe his vice-presidential nomination to Sidney Hillman.

B. Maybe. Maybe. At any rate all I can say is I sympathize with your problem and that I know you think you're doing the best thing for our national defense. But I do wish you would stay within orderly government procedures. I'm sure this is what's behind some of the unfavorable publicity you've been receiving. Some people simply feel you're taking too drastic a shortcut.

F. Like the *Washington Post's* columnists, for example.

B. Disorderly procedures disturbs all sorts of people.

F. Bob, I can assure you that no columnist on the *Post* would be disturbed by any such minor item as procedure. Each is a journalist of absolute purity. None has ever sold a column to anyone nor accepted outside money for what they have written. All are thorough patriots, selflessly devoted to the welfare of the United States and completely indifferent to the desires of the Soviet government. There is not one of them interested in the fact that the Soviet government offers sizable rewards of various kinds to newspaper men in the strategic positions that they occupy. All this makes every one of them bitterly opposed to me because I am known to be anxious to disarm the United States and at every opportunity I seek to surrender piecemeal to the Soviet Empire. Further I have the kind of moral character that, if I were a columnist, I would have no objections to printing any lie at all. So you can easily see, the natural antipathy of our characters makes us personal and political enemies.

B. Apparently some of them have gotten to you.

F. I take it that you think it had no connection with the jet problem?

B. Come now Jim. There hasn't been a

word about jets in anything I've seen about you in the papers for months.

F. Just because they didn't mention jets doesn't mean they are not very interested in them. (*He jumps up somewhat nervously.*) Well, thanks anyway, Bob, I guess I'll just have to figure out for myself what best to do. (*He leaves without so much as good-bye.*)

B. What's the matter with him, Dave? DAVE. I think he's cracking up. All he worries about is Russian power.

B. Obviously we have to maintain a strong position, though I must admit I find Budget Director Webb's desire to economize on military extravagance somewhat more to the point. If we face any threat from Russia, it's primarily the threat of having our institutions socialized as a result of government waste and the inflation that comes from excess government spending.

D. He wanted you to approve his playing games with his budget.

B. I know he did. You noticed, I hope, I didn't go along.

D. He certainly has a mad on against somebody on the *Post*. He acts as though whatever the *Post* prints is automatically a lie.

B. I wouldn't say it was quite that. I myself don't place too much confidence in some of the *Post's* columnists. I think they print whatever their love of sensationalism suggests would make an effective story. But what I think our Secretary of Defense is trying to suggest is that some *Post* columnists print things not from sensationalism, but as part of a deliberate plot to destroy Forrestal, presumably at the behest of the Soviet government. I am very disturbed by that because it suggests to me that Jim is under so much strain that he's beginning to show the familiar symptoms of conspiracyitis. While we know there are Soviet spies and Communist agitators about, to suppose that there are a group of people trying to manipulate the government's military program — by order of the Kremlin — is manifestly absurd. No such highly ramified conspiracy could possibly exist. The top men required for its success would have no motive for joining it. How, for instance, could any senator belong to it? What would he have to gain?

Scene 9: Stepanov's office in the Soviet Embassy. Stepanov is talking to Leon.

STEPANOV. Your sensitivities to the diplomatic niceties are most moving, but irrelevant. I have important matters I do not leave to subordinates. There are things I wish you to know I do not wish others to know. How do I tell you? By the tapped telephone?

LEON. The telephone here is almost certainly not tapped.

S. (*sneering*) And most certainly not at your hotel.

L. It is perfectly possible for two intelligent men to say all they need to say

The Game and The Candle (Cont'd.)

to each other, even with third parties listening.

S. There is the difficulty. Between us we have one intelligent man. Therefore, we cannot use the tapped telephone. Therefore, you must come here unless you would prefer I should call at your home some night?

L. I am here. What do you want?

S. I want to talk about your Secretary Forrestal. Moscow has decided that he is the principal menace to peace and world democracy. Your report that he is considering converting American bomber fleets to jets is most disturbing to all anti-imperialist forces throughout the world. You say you are unable to stop this conversion even if Forrestal is removed. This is not comprehended at all in Moscow. What uncontrolled fascist elements must be loose in this country?

L. (*wearily*) Boris, you know there are no fascist forces either loose or tied up in this country. The President merely thinks of himself as an old-fashioned patriotic American. So far as he can understand what's going on around him, he's for what he thinks a patriotic American ought to be for and against everything a patriotic American would be against. Fortunately, he's a man of rather limited understanding, so he doesn't make too much trouble for us. But you can't expect us to get him to scrap the Army, Navy and Air Force. That he would understand. And he'd also understand the purpose of it.

S. My convictions regarding the subject are of no consequence. The convincing that has to be done must be done to Moscow. I, my dear Leon, understand how much worthy work you do for us and why you cannot do more. But Moscow does not understand.

L. What do they want done about Forrestal? Don't they know he's going to resign in six or eight months anyway?

S. Of course, they know. But that will be after he starts converting the bombers to jets.

L. There's no way that he can be stopped. So you'd better make up your mind to accept it. This is one of those things we can delay a little, but never really stop.

S. I understand. Moscow does not. Moscow is convinced that Forrestal will be the American Hitler. Do not the Jews already attack him? Is he not known to be an enemy of the Soviet Union? A militarist and a friend of Wall Street? He is the natural leader of the inevitable counterrevolutionary movement that must arise out of decadent capitalism to resist the forces of democracy as they approach nearer and nearer to ultimate triumph.

L. (*dryly*) It just doesn't work that way.

S. I know and you know. But will you go to Moscow to convince them, so that they, too, will know?

L. Of course not. It's dangerous enough having to talk to you.

S. Exactly. So Moscow wants Forrestal removed from office — at once.

L. That's out of the question. That's something I can have nothing at all to do with. The President likes and trusts him. It will take months to break that trust down. And I must be very careful. If I discuss the matter too insistently with the President, it will make him suspicious.

S. I agree. So I have decided we will make the Secretary very sick. Very morbid. Most depressed. Already he shows signs of mental unbalance. He believes agents of the Soviet government conspire against him. He tells people so. Psychiatric experts agree that is an infallible symptom of paranoia. They will make such a diagnosis without hesitation. Only a little more mental distress and it would be proper to confine him to a good hospital. What one would be more logical than the Naval Hospital at Bethesda? For a former Secretary of the Navy? At Bethesda we will have loyal competent cadres to continue the proper medication with depressant drugs. Then we shall have time to see what is wise to do next.

L. I don't see where any of this involves me.

S. Only in one small thing. I do not see how we are to administer the first medication to the Secretary. I do not know of anyone I could send to the Secretary with a small pill and expect him to take it.

L. Neither do I.

S. Ah, but you must. There must be someone in whose house the Secretary could be brought perhaps for a meal, perhaps as a weekend guest. Perhaps only for a drink. But a house where we could send some cadre, such as a cook or a butler or a servant girl, who could give a little medication to the Secretary without his awareness. You will solve this problem for us and let me know in good time to whose house the Secretary will go and when.

Scene 10: An office in the Naval Hospital at Bethesda some weeks later. A man in the uniform of a Captain (Medical) USN enters with Marshall.

CAPTAIN. General, I'll be glad to bring you up to date about our distinguished patient before you go up to see him. He has had the strangest ups and downs, but he seems at last responding to treatment.

MARSHALL. Will Mr. Forrestal know I've talked to you about him?

C. No indeed, General, I don't think it would be good for him to know that his friends discussed the case with his physician. It would add to his existing fears of a phantom conspiracy. But as his physician I find it helpful in understanding the case to talk as much as possible with his friends. I am particularly glad to talk to you because of your long association with Under Secretary Lovett. I do wish you would ask Mr. Lovett to come see me. I'm particularly anxious to talk to him.

M. Why, what has Mr. Lovett to do with it? C. Just that it was while visiting at his home in Florida that Mr. Forrestal was first stricken. I thought you must have known that?

M. Of course, I knew that. What I don't see is why talking to Mr. Lovett would be helpful to you.

C. Only because of the unfortunate mixup that prevented my seeing Mr. Forrestal when he sent for me while he was at Mr. Lovett's house at Hobe Sound. I have never felt that it would be wise to tell him that I had flown down as he requested, but that I had been prevented from seeing him.

M. Why is that so important?

C. Because of the persistence of Mr. Forrestal's illusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy. He says he was poisoned and insists if I had seen him in the first days of his affliction at Mr. Lovett's house I would have noticed physical symptoms, mostly in his muscular nerves, that would have convinced me that chemical agents had been administered.

M. Isn't that slightly absurd?

C. I'm sure it is. Dr. Menninger who saw him shortly afterwards is not, to be sure, a practicing medical doctor and had never before examined Mr. Forrestal, but I feel certain he would not have missed anything so obvious as physical symptoms of that sort.

M. I don't see what in the world this has to do with your seeing Mr. Lovett.

C. I'd like Mr. Lovett to explain to Mr. Forrestal that I did fly down to Hobe Sound and that my inability to see him was pure accident. At the moment he holds it against me that I didn't appear, and that leads to a lack of confidence in my treatment, which is unfortunate. But I personally can't explain it away without reinforcing his paranoid delusions. I am sure Mr. Lovett can. They have, I believe, been close friends for many years.

M. They have. But I'm sure that to have Mr. Lovett discuss the question with him would be as unfortunate as to have you do it.

C. Not at all, General. That is not the way with deluded patients. It is not reference to the delusion itself that disturbs patients of this type, but reference to certain persons who are thought of as links in a chain. In Mr. Forrestal's mind I could be identified as a link in his chain of persecution. Mr. Lovett could not. It is that simple.

M. How could you be linked?

C. Because I am a small man in the political world and conspiracies necessarily are networks of small men. Even the most deluded mind cannot entertain the image of important men as links in a secret conspiracy. It is just too unnatural even for an afflicted mind to comprehend. Besides, after his rather violent reaction over the presence of one

of our nurses, anything that suggested to his troubled mind that I, too, was in a conspiracy against him would instantly arouse a very strong reaction.

M. What was the nurse incident?

C. Mr. Forrestal took a violent personal dislike to one of our nurses, a very competent and loyal girl who seems to like her work here. With nurses being what they are these days you can understand that we consider her a real treasure. She was one of the nurses assigned to Mr. Forrestal during the worst period of his depression when he first came here and he gradually formed the most intense abnormal antipathy towards her. He accused her to me in so many words of poisoning him. He insisted that every time she took care of him he would be abnormally depressed and anxious for days. Of course, those ups and downs of

depression are classical symptoms of the syndrome in question, but Mr. Forrestal was so intense in his violent reaction that I finally thought it wise to transfer the girl to other patients. Then, as Mr. Forrestal gradually began getting better, he inevitably assigned the improvement to the fact that he was rid of that particular nurse. You see the terrible difficulty in dealing with the mentally disturbed?

M. I do. But you say Mr. Forrestal is greatly improved?

C. Greatly. I am delighted with his progress. To tell you the truth, I have never seen a paranoid case that has responded both so rapidly and so favorably to our treatment. Of course, he is not yet entirely cured. He is at times quite depressed. He allows himself to take a very pessimistic outlook on world affairs. He is sometimes deeply troubled about

his wife, and he is fearful, I'm sure without reason, that her conduct during his absence is not what it should be. Above all, I cannot convince him that he himself is not the prime American target of a hostile Soviet government. So while these are illusions resulting from the disturbances of a troubled mind, they are probably not so far over the border as to demand indefinite hospitalization. I would look forward to a release in a few more months.

M. That is very good news. I will go up now and see him.

C. Do that, General. And please ask Mr. Lovett to drop in to see me if he possibly can.

(To be continued)

Chicano

Continued From Page 5

In New Mexico a great to-do is made of the so-called Spanish tradition, but by and large the to-do comes from history-minded Anglos rather than the Chicanos. I know some young New Mexican Chicanos whose ancestry has to be rooted in the nobility of old Spain. I mentioned this to them on one occasion. They were skeptical until I showed them their own surnames among the names on Oñate's settlers. None of these youths had any real appreciation of their probable genealogy. Not a one of them knew the first thing about the history of New Spain or old Spain. They didn't even know where Spain was on the world map I showed them, yet all had graduated from a local Chicano high school.

Perhaps the Spanish tradition most prevalent in New Mexico is the dogma and the ritual of *La Iglesia Católica*. The only evident differences from the ecclesiastical practices of old Spain are the liturgical and ritualistic changes required of all Catholic congregations by the recent Vatican Council. The young New Mexican Chicanos have accepted the changes, such as mass being celebrated facing the audience instead of the altar, but the older generation has not.

Although the New Mexican Chicano goes to church as always, the clergy's religious grip is loosening. The Anglo observer cannot but think that the ritual observances are superficial, that the church itself is the object of worship, that God is a dim father figure poorly perceived if not totally ignored.

The moral tradition of old Spain is based on Christian philosophy, but today's New Mexican Chicano seems to have no immediate grasp of "right" or "wrong." He goes along readily with his Anglo fellow citizens and their often nihilistic attitudes.

This distresses the conservative old folks, but the younger generation doesn't seem to care. In fact, the double standard is worked to death by the New Mexican Chicano, who lives in two worlds and thus lives by two different standards. The family tradition of old Spain is still strong. Family ties dominate all personal relationships. But away from the family and among Anglos, the youthful New Mexican Chicano is as amoral as the run-of-the-mill Jewish or Majority liberal.

I have not had as much contact with the Mexican as I have with the New Mexican Chicano, but there is no question that the latter is more naive. Postmodern liberalism has spread throughout Mexico like a metastasizing cancer. If there is any respect or love for their fellow men left among Mexican Chicanos, it is not evident from their visible attitudes. To them, especially to the young, the Anglo is a hate object. The New Mexican Chicano may treat the Anglo indifferently for the time being, but the Mexican Chicano nurtures a raging hostility for all whites. In the border towns this hatred is thinly concealed beneath smiling lips and not concealed at all in the unsmiling eyes.

The Mexican Chicano is pouring over the international boundary into the United States in an evergrowing flood, bringing with him an unnatural and irrational hatred for his unwitting Anglo hosts. Jean Raspail could have written *Camp of the Saints* as history instead of fiction had he set his novel in the present-day Southwest.

New Mexico offers the handicrafts and artifacts of three cultures, but it is the Anglo who does most of the appreciating. The products of Indian artisans are interesting and beautiful, though in most cases the Indian considers what he crafts as a mere object that some dimwitted

Anglo will buy. On the other hand, the handicrafts and artifacts of the New Mexican Chicano are, more often than not, clumsy, primitive and ugly. Some may call this handwork beautiful, but these are the "chic" visitors from New York, who know the price of everything and the value of nothing. The New Mexican Chicano, like his Mexican counterpart, tends to the bold and the colorful, never mind subtlety and nuance.

There is no comparison possible between the thought processes of the Anglo and those of the Chicano. The genetic heritage of the Anglo facilitates the conceptualization of abstractions — something well beyond the capability of the average Chicano. Few — none in my experience — can correctly count the number of identical cubes in a three-dimensional sketch. What they see is only what is explicitly shown. After examining the scale model of a home, the finished product is a complete surprise to the ordinary Chicano. Never have I encountered a New Mexican Chicano who can immediately or eventually conceptualize such a device, for instance, as a medieval catapult. Yet most Chicanos, either New Mexican or Mexican, are ingenious mechanically, after a fashion. They can keep a car or a truck running practically forever with a pair of pliers and a coil of wire. Almost any Chicano can build a simple house, barn or corral with his own handmade adobe bricks, but any structure requiring some measure of architectural complexity is beyond him. Long ago, I gave up trying to guess how a New Mexican Chicano would interpret a verbal instruction or even a written one. The Anglo simply cannot think like the Chicano thinks, and vice versa.

Chicano (Cont'd.)

This applies to the Mexican Chicano as well. A brand new building in Mexico often looks fifty years old the day it is completed. But the laborer is not afraid to labor. It is wrong to say that the Chicano is innately lazy and averse to hard work. He often has difficulty accomplishing anything substantial, but the ergs of effort are expended generously. However many reservations I may have about New Mexican or Mexican Chicanos, I concede that when they work, they work hard.

Media columnists who have obviously never laid eyes on a real Chicano babble like a mountain brook in a spring flood about Chicano *machismo*, often corrupted to *macho*. As with most else they write, they depart totally from reality. The New Mexican Chicano would look at the user of the term *machismo* or *macho* with big blank brown eyes. He doesn't know what it means, and if he did, he wouldn't use the word. The term isn't in any Spanish language dictionary I have, and I have never heard it spoken by a Chicano in either New Mexico or Mexico. The Chicano simply takes masculine sex prowess for granted — his own and his neighbor's. The evidence is plain to be seen in the swarms of spawn.

I suppose both New Mexican and Mexican Chicanos use foul language in their casual or intimate conversations with each other, but not one obscenity has ever been uttered by young or old in my presence. I have spent ten years now among the New Mexican Chicanos and I have yet to hear Anglo-type swear words or the Christian profanities.

The New Mexican landscape, at least northward from Albuquerque, is magnificent to behold. The contrast is startling between the cerulean blue sky, puffy white coluds, red and yellow soil, green trees and color-blazing ground vegetables. Unfortunately, the New Mexican Chicanos and the Pueblo Indians make it and keep it a perpetual trashbox. The sociable Chicanos like to drive and while driving drink, if not beer, then wine or whiskey, and if not those, then canned sugar water (soda pop). Deprive the New Mexican and Mexican Chicanos of their sugar water and revolution will break out on the spot. The containers of glass,

plastic or metal are thrown out indiscriminately, so that roadside gutters are everywhere loaded with discarded refuse. Mexican highways are worse than New Mexican highways, but only in degree. Before some liberal reader quivering with righteous indignation writes in to say that Anglos also litter, I will reply, maybe so. But I just drove some 4,000 miles through Arizona, California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah and Colorado, and I never saw anything at all to compare with the trash-littered highways of New Mexico.

The New Mexican and Mexican Chicanos are nature-unconscious. To these people a tree is not something only God can make. A tree is nothing more than firewood, a fencepost or a roof viga. Trees are a commodity, like apples. In the Chicano villages of northern New Mexico, wood is still the most common fuel for cooking and heating. Tree poaching in the nearby national forests is as pervasive as big game poaching in the wilderness areas. Few Chicanos, either in New Mexico or Mexico, ever give a passing thought to the future, living only for this day. Maybe there is an immediate past, like yesterday, or possibly even an immediate future, like tomorrow. In the meantime, let us play.

Foreign writers often refer to Americans as pleasure mad and they are correct. The pursuit of happiness is blessed alike by the Declaration of Independence and general affluence, and almost everyone who is ambulatory seeks some sort of pleasure with a frenetic madness that would be noteworthy were it applied to something useful. Among the foremost in this wasted endeavor are the New Mexican Chicanos. They play, and play, and play, old and young alike. The Chicanos are obnoxiously gregarious, and because everyone is related to everyone else, destiny has created in New Mexico one great big happy family.

Things are different south of the border. Survival itself is the national pastime for most Mexican Chicanos. Leisure-time play is difficult to come by, since there's rarely any leisure. The traveler in Mexico looks at the unending stolid brown faces and wonders if these dismal heirs of Cortés ever played just for fun, or even if they

understand what fun is. The Mexican Chicano may have some primordial sense of humor, but it surely lies deeply buried in millions upon millions of psyches.

Space here does not permit a more exhaustive report on our Chicano friends. I have oversimplified, handled too briefly and even bypassed vitally important aspects of a very serious subject. Few Anglos see the wind now being sowed by the compassionate and generous treatment accorded the invading fugitives from Mexico, but all of us will reap the whirlwind when fate sets the final tornado into motion. It is inevitable that the Mexican Chicano fifth column now organizing all over the United States will in due course make common cause with other non-Anglo minorities.

The liberals and minorityites who have controlled Sewer, D.C., since 1933 see nothing but increased political power emerging from the ignorant and malleable hordes from Mexico. Just as yesterday's statesmen refused to foresee the ultimate result of bringing blacks from Africa to America, so today's politicians refuse to admit the inevitable result of the present immigration tidal wave. Every unassimilable alien in America means another vote for the liberal-minority candidate for Congress and the White House. What mendicant will refuse to vote for Santa Claus? What grimy, outstretched palm will refuse free money?

In 1818, 159 years ago, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley wrote a book entitled *Frankenstein*. She described a mad doctor who constructed a monster composed of parts and organs of disparate corpses, a monster Dr. Frankenstein brought to unnatural life by unnatural means. He thought he could control this bizarre creation of his, and for a brief while, he did. But in the end the monster turned upon and destroyed his creator. Historically, this has likewise been the pattern of every revolution that human nature has brought to pass. There is no earthly reason to suppose that a new revolution, conceived in nationwide miscegenation and dedicated to the insane proposition that all men are created equal, will be any different.

Sex Muddle *Continued From Page 6*

can even speak of "biochemical sex." Certain substances stimulate different rates of sexual activity and correspondingly a different metabolism (P. Binet, *L'activité des médicaments et des toxiques en fonction du sexe*, Doin, 1972).

Professor Gilbert-Dreyfus, an endocrinologist, declares: "Certain functions of the hypothalamus, an agglomeration of fibers and nervous tissues which are an integral part of the

brain, work differently according to sex. The thought processes of men and women are certainly not identical. I declare quite false the assertion that there is no masculine brain or feminine brain, but one unique and common brain, that of the human species . . . With dresses and dolls one risks making a boy into a neurotic child, but he will nevertheless remain a boy. Uneasy in his own skin, badly adapted to the exterior world, he becomes a good candidate for transvestism and

homosexuality."

In the psychic and physiological solidarity of the organism differences are found in almost all psychological and temperamental predispositions. One example is the tendency towards aggression, which is more clearly marked in the masculine sex. Due to the presence of a high concentration of androgens aggression is manifested in the very first months of life. "Power, resistance, energy, combativity, the hunting instinct, the itch

to conquer and dominate," writes Gilbert-Dreyfus, "are masculine characteristics, opposed to such feminine attributes as submission, passivity, sensibility, tenderness and intuition."

In woman all the physical and psychic traits which relate to conservation and survival are naturally heightened. Having as her principal biological role the gift of life and the tendency to preserve it, woman inclines to tradition (defined as a repetition of what has already been proven) and to education (defined as apprenticeship and replication). On the contrary, man tends towards innovation — even when it includes risks. Although she tires more easily, woman can support much greater physical tension. She lives longer. She is more resistant to physical suffering. Her biological superiority as it relates to resistance and vitality is as well known as man's penchant for using force, for setting records, for localized effort. In woman it is continuity that is the basis of superiority. In man it is discontinuity.

Complementarity of Temperaments

As for differences in intelligence, on the average the IQ variance is greater in men than in women. "Men are less average than women," explains Mme. Stassinopoulos. "Among them are found geniuses and idiots, giants and dwarfs. This greater variability cannot be explained by environmental influences. If the smaller proportion of women in the higher echelons of society is due to the fact that they have been treated as being mentally inferior to men and therefore have become so, how does Women's Liberation explain the percentage of idiots is also much higher in men? Why are the juvenile detention homes filled with boys, not girls? Why are more masculine mental cases found in psychiatric hospitals? These discrepancies have not been mentioned by Women's Liberation because they can only be explained by biology. The fact is, the male chromosome Y engenders a much greater genetic variation at every stage of growth, while at the same time male development is slower, leaving more time for the appearance of variations."

Following the same line of thought Hermann Keyserling, for whom "the masculinity or the femininity of the human being is a more profound factor than the human being in the first place," states in *Psychoanalyse de l'Amérique* (Stock, 1930): "From the point of view of the psychology of instincts and of basic impulses, man can be designated the individualistic component and thus the egotist or egoist of mankind and woman the social and altruistic component. Every initiative, every invention and every variation presuppose a predominance of self-affirmation, while preservation and

continuity . . . presuppose a predominance of the altruistic impulse. These two impulses are equally necessary for the continuation and the progress of life. Without self-affirmation humanity could not endure and there would be no progress at all. On the other hand, if individuals could not put aside their aggressive instincts, the only normal relations between human beings would be war."

Consequently, the complementarity of two temperaments — masculine individualism and feminine altruism are equally necessary to human progress. "There is no doubt," Keyserling continues, "that woman is essentially imitative, ever yielding, ever submissive and, when she is in love, her greatest happiness consists of fusing her personality with that of the loved one. But here is the point in the relationship which proves that woman really represents the *strong* sex. She can be as submitting and imitative as she wishes. This is natural to her, since her development is never shattered or broken. On the contrary, as history definitely shows, she has always attained her maximum development and perfection in attaching herself to an ideal, whether it be god or man. This implies that man, in whatever degree he predominates, never deprives woman of her intrinsic power, as long as she understands her role as a woman."

The passivity of woman and her disposability (mentioned by innumerable authors, although denounced as mythical by Women's Liberation) comprise part of a constitution attuned essentially to conservation. Neofeminists are wrong to reject this passivity as humiliating. In the long run *receptivity*, a trait which continues as long as life, is seen to be more advantageous than *activity* which, by definition, is an event which comes to an end. "Of the two essentially equal partners," Keyserling writes, "the one who remains tranquil, or who is willing to wait, sooner or later will not only stimulate the deployment of the other's forces, but will probably exhaust them." The durability of woman is a quality that corresponds to the intensity of man. But it is precisely to idealize this durability that man, with his craving for eternity, has created religion.

Dependent State

Women's Liberation decries the state of "material dependence" in which many women find themselves with respect to their masculine partners. The idea that woman loses her liberty when she is economically dependent appears time and again. Material factors are consequently considered more important than any others and completely ignored is woman's traditional compensation for material dependence by a variety of psychological

and sentimental influences which have often exerted a profound spiritual domination over man.

It is true that most women can do better without masculine society than most men without feminine society. It is also true that the influence of women on men is more extensive and more lasting than that of men on women. The reason is that the masculine instinct for survival is not as strong. For the same reason man, once removed from exterior influences, experiences much greater difficulty in rediscovering his previous identity. Woman, on the other hand, writes Keyserling, "since it is her nature to give in, adapts easily to the psychology of the man she loves or admires. But she is likely to return to her original type the moment she changes her emotional attitude."

Man, the idealist, puts woman in a state of material dependence. But woman, the materialist, returns the favor by placing man in a state of spiritual dependence. We cannot be sure which form of dependence is decisive. "The superiority or inferiority of a person," states Keyserling, "depends on the psychological influence wielded by the person. By itself material power is useless, except when decisions are made by brute force, a rare exception in civilized communities. Material power is only supreme when people *believe* it to be the decisive element."

So, Keyserling adds, "Europe has never had faith in financial power as the power of last resort. The reign of this strange belief is one of the eccentricities of the United States. In America people really think that the rich man is superior solely because he is rich. In America the mere giving of money creates moral rights."

It is not too surprising that the neofeminism preached by Women's Liberation originated on the western side of the Atlantic, on the North American continent where the predominant role of women has already caused many of them to think that they were already fully emancipated.

The paradox is not as great as it would seem. The predominance in the U. S. of the feminine element, as demonstrated by the marked feminine characteristics of American society, plus the power of public opinion, the importance of polls (which let people know if "they are loved"), the tendency of the state to reply to needs rather than to determine them, the priority given to the acquisition of goods — all this is directly linked to the inhibition of the masculine spirit, in particular the principle of authority, the loss of which has become institutionalized in the American system.

Man has partially compensated for this inhibition of masculine values by the hypertrophy of acquisitive instincts, an excessive taste for financial gain, and so

Sex Muddle (Cont'd.)

on. For woman the situation causes an even greater social disarray: first because of the absolute priority given to materialistic and financial matters, which assures the economic dependence of the woman without any balancing factor (and rendering it thus insupportable); secondly because the complementarity of the sexes has been broken, a fact which the woman is quick to perceive.

The Basis of Sexual Dimorphism

Recent scientific research has demonstrated the establishment of a close link between the differences of aptitude according to sex and the structure of the brain. That girls succeed, on the average, much better in tests of verbal aptitude than on nonverbal tests (tests of spatial aptitude, for example), while it is the opposite with boys, is explained by a more precocious and more pronounced division of the cerebral functions.

When they reach adulthood, Mme. Stassinopoulos writes, "women continue to excel in verbal activities and men in nonverbal activities. Men show themselves superior in the logical manipulation of concepts and relations, especially those dealing with numbers, words, programs and spatial relations. Women dominate in verbal expression and in performance. On the average, there does not exist any difference in intelligence between the sexes. They are simply differently endowed."

The complementarity of the sexes is fundamental. Man has need of woman as much as woman has need of man, not only for sexual reasons, but also from a psychological and spiritual viewpoint. Both competitively pursue their own development while confronting their elementary difference, which is the most visible sign of universal diversity. Woman is the "terrestrial" part of the human

species; man is the "celestial" part. This fruitful, dialectical complementarity, of which the infant is the product, stimulates in education the special parental functions that take the form of two poles of mutual interaction. Then the parents, if they are capable, can proceed way beyond their *original* types to arrive at a superior synthesis. (The relationship between people and state is not different in this respect from the relationship between the masculine and the feminine element. They both have equal need of one another — in order to produce a "child," thus assuring continuity.)

The complementarity of the sexes has found its symbolic image in the dialectic which Greeks instituted with the *Logos spermatikos* (spirit of procreation) and the *Eros kosmogonos* (love of the world). Chinese philosophy has the *yang* (masculine creative principle) and the *ying* (feminine conceiving principle).

"It is as ridiculous to speak of the superiority of man or woman as it is to speak of the superiority of the positive or negative pole in electricity," states Keyserling. Consequently, it can be said that each sex is on a different plane, the object on which the other imprints its mark and by doing so brings each into being. Each sex becomes a function of the other sex, in such a way that the degradation of one necessarily causes the degradation of the other.

Humanity being constituted by two sexes, the absence of creativity of one sex leads to the absence of creativity in the other. This is what happens when one of the two sexes does not fulfill its role and tries to make itself identical with the other, and thereby brings about a disequilibrium in the elementary structure. The more woman strives to approach the masculine principle, the more she loses the power of inspiration, which is the appendage of femininity —

and the less creative man becomes.

The Soviet scientist A. I. Belkine, director of the Endocrinology Laboratory at the Psychiatric Institute in Moscow, explains: "Biological evolution has produced in multiple species a division of the two sexes which brings with it enormous advantages in regard to adaptation to the environment and the ability to survive. This division is not only found in the genetic plan, but also in the display of attitudes. Each sex evolved separately. Their differences are eventually observed in their different styles of conduct and their character. No more today than in the past, the characteristics of the social role appropriate to each sex cannot be modified by an arbitrary or unlimited regimen. They rest firmly on biological foundations which cannot be neglected without exposing them to grave consequences" (*Le Courrier de l'Unesco*, August-September, 1975).

The "desexualization" of behavior can only end in the impoverishment of the ego. "Modern science," Belkine says, "has received on this subject sufficient credible proofs. It can be considered with certainty that the *feeling of sexual affiliation* is an indispensable component of the personality. The individual deprived of it is incapable of leading a normal existence in society."

In the 1920s and 30s the Soviet Union was precisely one of the countries where feminine utopianism had a certain vogue. Today it is the Soviet scientist Belkine who declares: "Those who insist in a loud voice on the 'identity' of male and female, the 'sexual revolution,' and the right to break 'conventions' are perhaps only inspired by an egotistical and unthinking desire to remove themselves from the role that nature and society have assigned to each of them."

Marshall and Barleycorn

Continued From Page 7

It is agreed that Marshall was in his office in the old Munitions Building on Saturday afternoon, December 6, 1941, and abruptly left there shortly after learning that the so-called Pilot Message had announced that the 14-part Japanese reply to Hull was about to come in. Where Marshall spent the rest of the afternoon and the early morning hours of December 7 is a big mystery.

Though his flacks have hailed him as having the greatest memory since the invention of the brain, Marshall in sworn testimony before the Joint Congressional Committee Investigation in 1945-46 declared he could not remember where he had been the afternoon and night of December 6. Then when his memory was refreshed by his wife, he said he had been with her at home, where she had been recuperating from an accident.

Later Senator Ferguson told two other people that he had overheard Marshall declare to Senator Barkley that he could not tell anyone where he was the night of the 6th because it might get Roosevelt in trouble. The Japanese message, which could only be interpreted as an announcement of the breaking of diplomatic relations between Japan and the U.S., was first handled by Navy Communications Intelligence under the direction of Capt. Laurance F. Safford and started coming in shortly after noon on December 6. It was not decoded and ready for delivery until around 9:00 p.m. We have good evidence that this 13-part message (the 14th part did not come in till the morning of Dec. 7) was read by several people that evening, including Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins. A copy was not delivered to

Admiral Harold Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, who attended a theater performance the night of the 6th and did not read the message until about 9:00 a.m., Sunday, in his office. The copy intended for Marshall was left by Col. Rufus S. Bratton, Chief of the Army's Far East Section of Military Intelligence, with Marshall's secretary, Col. Walter Bedell Smith.

Marshall's Rock Creek Park horseback ride story has been contradicted by two officers' testimony. According to the establishment fairy tale, Marshall arrived in his office at 11:25 a.m., Sunday, the 7th. But Commander Arthur N. McCollum, head of the Far Eastern Section of Naval Intelligence, twice stated, once under oath, that Marshall came to Adm. Stark's office with a military aide around 9:00 a.m. that morning and Col.

Marshall and Barleycorn

(later Gen.) John R. Deane asserted that he saw Marshall in his (Marshall's) office at 10:00 a.m., an hour later.

Undoubtedly there are those, mainly in the woodwork of the liberal enclave called "higher education," who still believe the lies of Marshall and his wife as to where he was Saturday night, December 6, 1941. There are other yarns as to his whereabouts at this crucial time, ranging from attending an alumni feast at the Virginia Military Academy in the evening to welcoming Litvinov at the airport in the morning, as asserted in "The Game and the Candle." All this collides with other material, including sworn testimony, plus instances where witnesses alleged inability to remember being anywhere at all. If Cdr. McCollum and Col. Deane are to be believed, Marshall was in his office or with Admiral Stark or somewhere on the premises from 9:00 a.m. to 11:50 a.m. on the 7th. At the latter time he probably authorized his "warning" to General Short be sent by commercial Western Union wire and not even marked "priority" or "urgent," which he might just as well have sent in 1943 for all the good it could have done at that late hour.

With the toadies in academe pouring out frenzied tributes to the utter ineffableness of Marshall to this day (Truman said he was greater than Alexander) I regret that we cannot have some documentation on Marshall's slavery to John Barleycorn. But there no doubt exists a certain amount of peril to anyone who might testify to such an allegation.

The next day the following letter was received from the author of "The Game and the Candle."

I am more impressed with your second correspondent [the ex-news service executive] than your first [the retired army intelligence officer], though I don't see why the former should be so upset with you for printing the first letter. Everyone knows that the whereabouts of Marshall on that Sunday morning was a matter of many contradictory statements in the course of the various Pearl Harbor investigations. In the background is the fact, in my belief, that the attack had been arranged for by the Roosevelt administration so that any penetrating investigation of the whole matter was manifestly out of the question. But I place no credence in the alcoholism story. I heard many things about many people during the war but never that. Nor was there anything about Marshall's looks or known actions that would be consistent with alcoholism. If he had been subject to that weakness I would have expected him to have rapidly drunk himself to death after his removal from command of the 8th Regiment.

A new communication now arrived from the historian:

Reading since 1946 on Pearl Harbor, I have never heard of "Arlington Hall" being called "Magic," which was the term applied to all the decrypted and decoded traffic accumulating from the breaking of the Japanese "Purple" code.

Your ex-news service exec claims Gen.

(then Col.) Clarke gave the 13-part message to Col. Bratton. Nothing is said of this relationship in the literature (Morgenstern, Barnes, Beard, Greaves).

Before the Army Pearl Harbor Investigation Board, Col. Bratton changed his earlier statement of having given the 13-parter to three of Marshall's principal aides on the evening of 12-6-41. Nothing was said of his having "forced" Col. Walter Bedell Smith to read it (Morgenstern, *Pearl Harbor*, p. 200). The "forcing" story was apparently fabricated after Stimson created the Clausen mission, with Maj. Henry C. Clausen running around the world seeking out some Pearl Harbor investigation witnesses and getting them to sign affidavits changing their previous sworn testimony.

Bedell Smith filed an affidavit June 15, 1945, with the Clausen mission that he was not in his office when Col. Bratton insisted he delivered the 13-parter at 10:00 p.m. the eve of 12-6-41, and that if he or the Night Duty Officer had received it, it would have been in a locked envelope which he was not privy to, and which he was supposed to show to the "Chief of Staff [Marshall] without delay." He didn't say he showed it to Marshall, though it is presumed he did. The ex-news service executive states that Bratton told him he "forced Bedell Smith to read it." Bratton never mentioned any of this during the Pearl Harbor investigations. Bedell Smith later became Eisenhower's Chief of Staff.

The ex-news service exec states Senator Ferguson told him Marshall had informed him he didn't reveal where he was the evening of 12-6-41 "because he owed it to FDR as Commander-in Chief to back him up." Back him up for what?

The ex-news service exec has added a third story to the picture of Bratton "forcing" Bedell Smith to read the 13-parter, the evening of Dec. 6, 1941. Bedell Smith was not one of the inner circle entitled to read "Magic." How did Bratton open that locked pouch? Only the addressees were supposed to have keys.

A few days later a third letter arrived from the ex-news service exec, this time in response to the editor who had sent him a complimentary copy of *Instauration*:

May I express my appreciation for the May issue of your magazine. I am interested in your statement that you make no pretense of qualifying as a news editor.

When I was [his specific reference to his previous high position in the media is deleted], I enforced a strict rule that a man's words were his own and not to use them without permission and approval.

Yesterday I telephoned Gen. Carter Clarke, former Deputy Chief of the War Department Intelligence Office and asked him if he had ever heard of Gen. Marshall's alleged abuse of alcohol. Clarke replied that such a suggestion was a "calumny" against Marshall. Not overly enthusiastic about Marshall, he repeated he had never heard such an accusation made against the General, to whom he had reported several times a day for four years.

The trouble is that when you publish this anonymous fake about Marshall you, Wilmot Robertson, the editor, must take the responsibility for the attack. You can't duck

it. The editor's name is practically signed to any statement he publishes unless he gives another name as the source.

A few days later the historian sent in some last-minute thoughts on the subject:

It was Harry Elmer Barnes's thesis, built up over 20 years of work, that Marshall was in hiding somewhere Saturday p.m. and Sunday a.m. and was in close contact with Roosevelt. He didn't say where he was because he would have had to admit this, which would have made FDR (still alive when the Army Pearl Harbor Board hearings took place) the consummate liar he always was. Was it MacArthur who said that Roosevelt had never told the truth where a lie would suffice? It has been established that by Dec. 4 Roosevelt had decreed that Marshall would be the bottleneck through which all messages to Hawaii would have to pass, including the Navy messages. Though they figured they had Stark in the bag, they were still unsure that in a moment of panic he might try to get through to Adm. Kimmel at Pearl on his own. The revisionist contention is that Marshall was utterly at Roosevelt's direction and was to be the untouchable scapegoat for the deliberately delayed warning to Hawaii. A scrambler telephone message could have reached Pearl in 10-15 minutes. The Western Union wire took 8 hrs. 12 min. to be delivered after it was filed for transmission. There were three scrambler phone calls from Pearl to DC and back in the first few minutes after the attack. Barnes thinks that Roosevelt communicated the entire works to Marshall wherever he was hiding, which could have been in the White House for all anyone knows. Of course, if he was drunk somewhere, it could be assumed that they got him in good enough shape, say by midnight, to make it possible for Roosevelt to communicate with him, inform him of the message, and keep him in hiding somewhere until the next a.m.

While we are at it, another puzzling piece can be added to the stew. According to the ex-Navy intelligence officer Ladislav Farago in *The Broken Seal* (Random House, 1967), p. 340, Bratton never went to Marshall's office the evening of December 6, 1941. Farago writes Bratton got six copies of the 13-parter from the Navy, typed up on the Navy's confidential message form, at 9:00 p.m., 12-6-41. This was no grocery list; it was 3,000 words long through #13. He then called Brig. Gen. Sherman Miles, chief of Military Intelligence, to clear procedure on how the copies should be distributed. Gen. Miles was at a dinner party hosted by Capt. Theodore Wilkinson of Naval Intelligence, and the party who answered the phone call by Bratton said he did not know where Gen. Miles was. Bratton asked that the General be requested to call him back, no matter how late. Then, according to Farago, Bratton called his principal assistant, Lt. Col. Carlisle C. Dusenbury, placed him in charge, and went home, stopping only at the State Department to leave a copy with the Night Duty Officer at State for Hull to be handed to him in the a.m.

Bratton was in bed at 11:00 p.m. when Gen. Miles returned his call. He had already seen the 13-parter at Capt. Wilkinson's. Now, says Farago (bottom p. 340), "Bratton asked

Marshall and Barleycorn (Cont'd.)

whether it would not be taken to Gen. Marshall as it was, but Miles said no. There was no point in disturbing the Chief of Staff so late at night with an incomplete 'Magic.' " Farago says that both men then went to bed. Dusenbury went home at midnight when part #14 had not come in by that time. This makes hash out of the ex-news service exec's yarn about Bratton claiming he went to Marshall's office with a copy and 'forced' Bedell Smith to read it in Marshall's absence. And Clarke enters the picture nowhere in this account, though the ex-news service exec says he "gave" the 13-parter to Bratton. There seems to be one hell of a lot of lying going on. Farago? Bratton? Beetle Smith? The exec?

Right on schedule and quite unsolicited came another letter from the ex-news service exec:

My brother-in-law, who was on the faculty of the U.S. Naval Academy for over thirty years, sent me the enclosed xerox copy of Forrest Pogue's new second volume chapter of the George Marshall biography on the events of Dec. 6 and Dec. 7, 1941.

I have had two more sets of xerox copies made of that chapter and am sending a copy to a [retired general] and to the Instauration subscriber who sent me a xerox of the letter from your mysterious alleged former army intelligence officer, who charged General Marshall with having consumed a couple of bottles of whiskey a day.

My brother-in-law writes me: "If General Marshall ever had a drinking problem, the fact would be old stuff by now, for Senator Joe McCarthy, for one, would have gotten maximum mileage out of it twenty-five years ago."

It is really too bad that you were taken advantage of by a faker who certainly did not get far enough in G-2 to have learned enough to avoid the dangers to himself of spreading personal attacks which could easily be disproved.

But we live and learn from such lessons.

The editor dutifully sent the Pogue enclosure to the historian for comment, knowing in advance it would almost certainly be unfavorable since Pogue is an establishment academician and the longtime director of the George C. Marshall Foundation. In a few days a lively response was received:

Pogue is without doubt the most shameless and abject adorer of Marshall, for which he has been rewarded by being put in charge of the shrine. A biography of Jimmy Carter by Jody Powell would be harshly critical compared to anything Pogue would ever be capable of composing re Marshall. He appears to have lifted most of his stuff from Farago and Mrs. Wohlstetter, especially the

parts dealing with the evening of Dec. 6th.

But first I want to comment on the ex-news service exec's triumphant non sequitur concerning the failure of McCarthy to deal with Marshall as a drunk. As we all know, McCarthy did not research nor write that famous blast against Marshall. It was the work of Forrest Davis. Marshall's condition could easily have been concealed by his multitude of worshippers and admirers from McCarthy's eager beavers. How long did it take for FDR's private love affair to surface? Do you think John T. Flynn and other hostile biographers would have let that alone if they knew of it? "Fishbait" Miller has just told us in his memoirs that JFK cut and ran from his inaugural party to bed down with some trull. What one of Kennedy's abject adorers ever gave any hint of that?

Pogue states Marshall spent the entire evening of the 6th "at his quarters." He says Marshall and his wife spent the entire day of Dec. 6 at an old clothes sale. She in her book says she was at Ft. Myer because of her busted ribs. Someone in her shape taking part in a day-long rummage sale? The rest of the account reads like a farrago of Farago.

Pogue says the pilot message "apparently" was delivered to Marshall's office the p.m. of the 6th. He says Marshall knew it was starting to come in when he left very suddenly shortly after noon. Why should Marshall have ducked out at such a dramatic time as this? Pogue and other coverup artists act as if this was just a casual billet doux. Why does the ex-news service exec recommend this track? Pogue contradicts the exec's own yarn about Bratton confronting Bedell Smith in Marshall's absence and making him read the 13-parter (which Smith was unqualified to do in any case).

Pogue, like other administration puff artists, makes a big point out of Roosevelt trying to locate Stark. He knew where Stark was, and what difference would it make? Stark had instructions to send Hawaii messages through Marshall. Why doesn't Pogue make a stink about FDR trying to find Marshall? That was the guy he should have been trying to locate, not Stark.

Pogue emphasizes ad nauseam that the 13-parter message was just a routine position paper coming from Japan. No need to get upset or inform Pearl Harbor. If Pearl Harbor brass had a Purple machine and were receiving Purple Magic, do you think they would have adopted Pogue's ho-hum attitude and just taken another drink? All hell would have busted loose.

By the way, speaking of booze, it was the first Pearl Harbor investigation by FDR's handpicked Roberts Commission (Dec. 1941-Jan. 1942) which first suggested alcohol might have had a part in Pearl Harbor unpreparedness.

Pogue reports the usual tripe about Marshall's horseback ride. Bratton, he writes, had the 14th part at 9:00 a.m. before Marshall had returned from his ride at 10:00 a.m. Both McCollum and Deane testified he

was already on the scene by these times, conferring with Stark at 9:00 a.m. — talking in his office with Deane at 10:00. Marshall changed the route of his ride later to help out fable makers. His "original" ride was entirely in Rock Creek Park, where a motorcycle courier could have located him in ten minutes. Charles Sweeney in his booklet *Pearl Harbor*, published in 1946, points out Rock Creek Park "is a narrow gully running through the heart of the residential district of Washington. At no place is it more than half a mile wide. Every mile and every detour of its entire length is clearly under observation from its ridges." It is impossible for this ride to have taken place as late as Marshall and Pogue say, without being in direct conflict with the sworn testimony of McCollum and Deane. All in all, Pogue's is one of the poorer establishment blackout jobs on Pearl. His chapter should be reprinted as *A Child's History of How the Pearl Harbor Attack Came About*.

After digesting the above material, the editor decided to send a summary to the man who had launched the controversy, the retired army intelligence officer. In spite of the ex-news service exec's demands about identifying the officer, even an editor as unqualified as *Instauration's* knows better than to reveal his sources. The retired army intelligence officer replied as follows:

I not only stick to my story; I will expand upon it. I have heard from a man I have long known, a high-ranking army officer on General Marshall's staff during Marshall's visit to China in 1946 (the sorriest diplomatic fiasco in American history), that the General went on two drunks right in the middle of his delicate negotiations with the Chinese Communists and the Chiang Kai-shek forces. My friend also told me that the staff officers at the time questioned which side they were supposed to be supporting. As for Rufus Bratton, it was he who was the main source of information about Marshall's Bacchic thirst. I suppose that Rufus kept quiet about the matter until he realized that Marshall was going to block all his attempts to get his Brigadier General's star. That is probably why he wasn't talking about it to the ex-news service exec when the latter met him in Berlin in 1945. The fact that Marshall hit the bottle a few times when he had tough decisions to make is a common enough mistake. I have done it myself a couple of times — to my lasting regret. As for the ex-news service exec's rather frenetic charges that I am not who I said I am, I served in the U.S. Army for 27 years, many of them in the intelligence service, and retired with the rank of Lt. Col.

Adventures In Testing

Continued From Page 8

Klineberg and Montagu, and cultural items should have been revealed as unfair and discriminatory. It is interesting to observe that McGurk refrained from denoting either his own special test or the nationally standardized IQ tests as measures of "intelligence," preferring to speak neutrally of "psychological-test performance" (1956, p. 94); of "psychological tests . . . as predictive of differences in scholastic achievement" (1959, p. 55); and simply of "psychological test scores" (1967, p. 368). Certainly up to 1960 McGurk never even suggested a genetic alternative to the environmentalistic viewpoint. Of course, his enemies did just that, and they projected that notion on him (e.g., Klineberg, et al., 1956; McCord & Demerath, 1958); his rejections of the imputations are a matter of record (McGurk, 1958, 1959).

The outcomes of McGurk's research were manifestly inconsistent with what Otto Klineberg (1944) and Ashley-Montagu (1945) had led us to expect in the name of the Culture Hypothesis. An increase in SES ought to have decreased the mean score differences, according to Klineberg and Montagu, and cultural items should have been revealed as unfair and discriminatory. It is interesting to observe that McGurk refrained from denoting either his own special test or the nationally standardized IQ tests as measures of "intelligence," preferring to speak neutrally of "psychological-test performance" (1956, p. 94); of "psychological tests . . . as predictive of differences in scholastic achievement" (1959, p. 55); and simply of "psychological test scores" (1967, p. 368). Certainly up to 1960 McGurk never even suggested a genetic alternative to the environmentalistic viewpoint. Of course, his enemies did just that, and they projected that notion on him (e.g., Klineberg, et al., 1956; McCord & Demerath, 1958); his rejections of the imputations are a matter of record (McGurk, 1958, 1959).

After 1960 McGurk began referring to biological factors in connection with racial, ethnic, mental, and psychic differences, but he maintained an operational stance *vis-à-vis* IQ until his latest essay (McGurk, 1975), in which he finally relented and wrote of "racial differences in intelligence" (p. 219), "intelligence test scores" (p. 219), "intelligence levels" (p. 234), and "relative intellectual status" (p. 235). Back in 1956, however, the country was in the throes of a serious social revolution. It was dangerous to contemplate the possibility of linkages between genetics, race, and intelligence. Nevertheless, despite his innocuous language Professor McGurk was harassed and threatened. Newspaper and magazine editorials (e.g., *Boston*

Globe, *New Republic*) condemned his conclusions. He drew heavy fire from civil-rights and other political pressure groups. Two of these organizations (reportedly the B'nai B'rith and the NAACP) demanded that Villanova fire him. The Catholic administration of the University declined to go that far, but the hierarchy did officially silence him for 2 years, with an implied threat of excommunication should he disobey. These unsettling facts I have gleaned from the muzzled victim himself.

Eventually McGurk was forced out, only to find that numerous academic posts were closed to him. For example, I am told that the Chairman of the Department of Psychology at the University of Massachusetts rejected McGurk's job application on the grounds that he could not possibly hire anyone who had written such a controversial dissertation. A noted professional society (the American Association of Physical Anthropologists) allegedly refused to admit Dr. McGurk because his controversial views might offend certain members of that organization. At first pilloried, he was eventually ignored by psychologists; citations of his work ceased. He had become a pariah in the land of the free.

Frank McGurk was down but not quite out. As a practicing Catholic he obeyed the Church's gag order, but when the sentence expired he resumed his teaching and research activities. A book chapter appeared 10 years ago (McGurk, 1967), in which he reminded behavioral and social scientists that the Culture Hypothesis was still unconfirmed, and that there had been no serious attempts to test it. Then, two years later Jensen burst upon the scene with his indictment of compensatory education programs. In the storm of criticism that followed, McGurk's research was conveniently forgotten; a virtual conspiracy of silence nullified his data and conclusions. Excellent books on the topic of intelligence and race like those of Baughman and Dahlstrom (1968), Baughman (1971), Miller and Dreger (1973), and Loehlin, Lindzey, and Spuhler (1975) do not contain a single reference to McGurk's scholarship. Tyler (1965), Shuey (1966), and Jensen (1973) are notable exceptions. Such selective mutism is a remarkable phenomenon in American psychology. Some of us consider it deplorable (Osborne, Noble, & Weyl, 1977).

Recently, however, Dr. McGurk published an important essay up-dating his earlier work and reviewing all the research between 1951 and 1970 on this topic (McGurk, 1975). I shall not spoil your intellectual pleasure by revealing the quantitative details of that 20-year survey. Suffice it to say that the Culture Hypothesis remains incapable of handling the explanatory burden placed upon it by its advocates. Scientists are indebted to McGurk for initially testing the Klineberg-

Montagu idea in an objective manner. Now he has gone beyond this in reviewing the subsequent findings of 80 other investigations. The net score: *disconfirmation*. Weighted mean Negro overlapping of Caucasian means amounted to only 16%, exactly what would be predicted on the basis of normally-distributed black and white IQs averaging 85 and 100, respectively.

In one critical passage of his Discussion section McGurk (1975, pp. 232-234) clears up some of the confusion about the intelligence test scores of Army recruits collected during mass testing in World War I, as correctly reported by the National Academy of Sciences (Yerkes, 1921). These data (i.e., Alpha, Beta, and Combined Scores) have been widely misrepresented and often erroneously quoted by environmentalists; such as the falsehood that Northern Negroids were of higher average intelligence than Southern Caucasoids in 1917-1919. Regional variations did occur (e.g., the trivial fact that black Alpha medians in the four highest Yankee states were above white Alpha medians in the four lowest Dixie states), but it is not true that the *typical* scores of Negro soldiers in the North were superior, statistically speaking, to those of white soldiers in the South. Nor was this true of representative military personnel from the two races who were examined with the Army General Classification Test (AGCT) during World War II and the Korean War; nor even of those administered the Armed Forces Qualification Test (AFQT) in the Vietnam War (Jensen, 1973, pp. 60-66; Loehlin, Lindzey, & Spuhler, 1975, pp. 141-145). Quite the contrary, in comparative terms there has been a *widening* rather than a narrowing of the racial gap in standardized psychological test-score averages over the period covered by our last four major wars. Not only have American blacks not gained in average intelligence since World War I *relative* to American whites, but also the dramatic rise in blacks' mean SES since 1918 has failed to produce any significant increment in their *absolute* IQ levels.

So McGurk (1975) concludes. It is an extremely unpopular conclusion that will be vigorously challenged (as it should be) by the environmentalists. Nevertheless, that appears to be the scientific balance sheet for 60 years of research on the IQs of blacks and whites in the United States. Doughty Frank McGurk, who became a scientific martyr in the prime of his career, has no intention of playing ostrich any longer.

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Continued On Next Page

Adventures In Testing

Continued From Page 8

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Mengelberg

Continued From Page 9

Mengelberg made his first records in 1922 and his last ones about 1942. From time to time, some of these are reissued as LP transfers. A few are unlisted because they are so poorly dubbed onto LP. The reissues are more likely to be stocked by large shops in the largest cities. In the event the local dealer does not stock them, the name of the American distributor is given. The price, when specified, is the list price. The orchestra is the Concertgebouw Orchestra, unless otherwise stated. All of the performances are fascinating for their strong individuality and extraordinary imagination and sensitivity. The mechanical accuracy of the playing has never been surpassed.

German News Co., 218 E. 86th St., New York NY 10028.

- Beethoven: Symphonies #5 and #9, *Philips 6701 031*, two LPs, recorded from broadcast concerts of 1940. Excellent sound.
- Tchaikovsky: Symphonies #5 and #6 (Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in the 5th), *Telefunken*, 6.48014, \$9.95, two LPs.
- Brahms: Symphony #4, *Past Masters PM 5*.

Beethoven, Liszt, J. Strauss, Weber, etc. (New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra) RR-501. These 78 rpm records are extremely rare and sound poorly, probably because of a blunder in copying from the masters.

Peters International Inc., 619 W. 54th St., New York, New York 10029.

Brahms: Symphony #3 and Academic Festival Overture, *Electrola da Capo*, CO53 1453, \$7.98.

R. Strauss: Ein Heldenleben (New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra), *Victrola SMA 7001*, \$5.98.

Discocorp, Inc., P.O. Box 771, Berkeley CA 94701. These records are \$7.00 each. Can also be ordered from the German News Co.

Bach, Weber, Suppe, Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, etc. RR-443, two LPs.

etc. RR-443, two LPs.

Bach: Concerto for Two Violins (Zimmerman, Helman); Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Beethoven: Symphony #1 (New Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra) RR-501. These 78 rpm records are extremely rare and

sound poorly, probably because of a blunder in copying from the masters.

Bruch: Violin Concerto #1 (Bustabo); Mahler: Songs of a Wayfarer (Schey); Ravel: Daphnis and Chloe Suite #2, RR-506. Guila Bustabo's performance of Bruch, recorded from a broadcast concert of Oct. 27, 1940, surpasses any other.

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto #2 (Giesecking) IGI-353, recorded from a broadcast concert of Oct. 31, 1940.

Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto #3 (Giesecking); Frank: Symphonic Variations (Giesecking) IGI-358, recorded from broadcast concerts of 1940.

Schumann: Piano Concerto (Emil von Sauer) Opus-78, recorded from a broadcast concert of 1940.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony #4 and Romeo and Juliet Overture, RR-424.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony #5 and String Serenade, RR-425, recorded from broadcast concerts of 1938 and 1939. The opening measures of the Serenade are missing.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony #5 and "Waltz" from the String Serenade, RR-421.

Whirligig

Continued From Page 10

It is not inconceivable that this Leviathan (in the Hobbesian sense) can be maneuvered to dispose of those of us who "teach that there are no Gods on Olympus," and thereafter go swimming off into oblivion singing hymns all the way. It is almost as if they are operating with half minds. This is a condition peculiar to the Protestants of the British group and I, for one, see no solution to the problem.

Moreover, most of them, because of old ingrained resentments against the English, stubbornly maintain that they sprang full blown from the soil of this country and that calling themselves "Americans" is enough to establish full identity. It is enough to make one sympathize with those who think to bypass the problem by calling all of them Nordics, which, if it would work, would certainly be better than having them told they are "British Israel," and that the Queen, in being anointed was "thereby placed in the tradition of the kings of Israel."

If *Instauration* is at all serious about the question of survival, the editor had better prod his bright young writers into applying their minds to the unsolved problems of race and religion as they apply to survival. The vital factor, as I see it, is temporal power. (Our power may be without limit in heaven but I have in mind the earthly kind.) We no longer have any; at least we don't control it. Therefore, anyone who does not realize the importance of Russia in our hope for redemption and ultimate salvation is refusing to face reality. The article "Race and Foreign Policy" (June) is probably what I have been searching for — but never expected to see. It is better than I could have hoped for, considering that the author had to make the usual concessions to those of us who are still conditioned to regard Russians as sub humans and their system of government as tantamount to Devil Worship. I won't even mention Zhukov whose genius had to be attributed to American tanks (Feb.)!

However, the author does give some

less than lucid answers to questions such as: "Why are the Russians aiding the blacks against our people in Rhodesia and South Africa?" Can't it be true that Stokely Carmichael told it "as it is" when he said there is a "Tel Aviv/Pretoria/capitalistic axis" in operation there? Of course there is, and the men who pull the strings of the puppets sit in New York and London and other money marts of the world where control of governments supplies them with the temporal power they need to achieve their aim of world domination. In our world, only Russia is left to stand in their way.

On page 21 is this sentence from the article above: "At present Russia has two principal enemies, world Jewry and China." On page 3 (June issue) a letter states: "one-third of the members of the City Council of Johannesburg are Jewish."

The Russians fear, rightly, that the Cabal may unleash a nuclear war against them, or that it may build up China (which seems to have lost its collective wits) to fight

world Jewry's war against Russia. Who can deny that this dreadful situation has come about because we failed to keep control of our own country?

The author makes such farsighted statements as this: "The dream of a Northern European Federation, the only way to prevent the endless bloodletting which has damaged North Europeans so grievously in the past, will never come about until both Western and Russian leaders are imbued with a Northern European racial consciousness." The Russians have always had it, I think. The most awful mistake of the century, this far, was the assumption in certain circles that Germany was the last natural barrier between the West and the rising tide of color. Thus anointed, the Germans ruined the British, French and Dutch Empires, unloosening a horde of coloreds to be used against us. Europe and Germany itself were left in shambles; and Russia, the true natural barrier, seriously weakened. The only gainer from that war among racial affinities has been world Jewry, and we are now paying the stunning price of the mistake.

Then, the author goes on to say that the way to bring about this desired Federation is for us, the Majority, to regain control of our lost military potential and to threaten the Russians within an inch of their existence after which we can form a friendly union based on racial affinity. I doubt it, but the writer can try. Or do I misunderstand him? Grant that we do regain control and proceed as he envisions. What makes him think the Russians will know we shall be threatening them out of brotherly love and a sincere desire for a union based on racial affinity? If they do know it, our threats will be in vain. If they don't, they may retaliate in a way that will solve all our Majority problems on a permanent basis.

I simply fail to follow the author's logic. Having cowed the Russian people into admitting that we are "kissing cousins," we and they would form an exclusive nuclear club, and the Russian "threat" would lose its bite. (Egad, if I were a Russian in eminent danger of losing my bite I'd come over here and give the author a hearty nip first). What threat? All the Russians are doing is to try to protect themselves against world Jewry and China, and we are being hurt because, willy-nilly, we are being forced to assist the enemy.

Anyway, the author bases his premise on an accomplishment impossible of realization — regaining control of our lost country. It was nonetheless an outstanding article, a milestone of some sort. Rapport with Russia with the aim of a Northern European Federation, which would naturally include Great Britain, is the only solution I have been able to come up with and I have mullied over it for years. And why shouldn't this Federation be allied with other European Federations based on common danger and mutual respect rather than on racial affinity? I

should like to see the question pursued further.

Most of this has been written in temperatures approaching the hundred mark, with the air conditioning out and a storm threatening. Neither love nor money could have sustained me, only anger, sheer rage that we, who claim to be of superior stock should have allowed ourselves to become the lackeys of a race not fit to lick our boots. It was not my aim to write the editor into a coma, nor to generate controversies beyond peaceful settlement, but to offer my opinions, pro and con, and hope that these may somehow assist those who are in the vanguard of the fight.

Unlike you, I do not believe that this country can be regained for use by us in a friendly pact with anyone at all; never with Russia! The mechanism of government, which controls the actual power, has passed irretrievably from our hands. But if a miracle were to restore it to the Majority tomorrow, they would drop the bomb on the "Godless Reds" the day after — and the next time they were dispossessed, which would be immediately, there would be no hope at all.

Unlike you, I do not believe that the Majority can be rallied for any sensible purpose, not even to save themselves. Unlike you, I do not believe in unlimited time to make things right . . . never a twenty-first century . . . not even a tomorrow. For our British-Northern European civilization here the time is already yesterday.

The best that we can do is to try to fight a rearguard action while doing what we can to arrange a safer — note the qualifying word — place for those of our composite race who will represent us hereafter. And where could that safer place possibly be except in a Northern European Federation? Such a Federation would be based on Russia and her chosen; the German Democratic Republic; and, who else but West Germany? It could not be otherwise. I have reason to suppose that the East Germans, under Russian protection, are their usual German/Prussian/French Huguenot selves. Of them I cannot do better than to quote (loosely) the Lord Advocate anent the Campbells after Glencoe: "Ah, yes, they are indeed unpleasant fellows, but they are unpleasant on *our* side." What he really said is something else again, but the same sentiment applies.

But what of West Germany? Is it as bankrupt — mentally, spiritually, and morally — as the Majority here? Can it be motivated to free itself and rise to the need? What can be done to help? Of course, the Six Million thing is a myth; I refuted that with facts and figures long ago. (But is Professor Butz wise to exonerate them just now? Some people have felt it was the greatest thing the Germans had going for them).

Unfortunately, however, there were

uncounted millions of British, French, Russians, Poles, and other very desirable human beings who were killed — and some of them quite barbarously — by the rampaging Germans. That is not a myth. So where do we go from there? In my humble opinion, it has been an error to try to resurrect Fascism in any of its forms. Whatever its original intrinsic merit, it is forever tainted by the deeds of its adherents; and by nature it could never accept the give and take necessary for a successful Federation. On the emotional side, it would be past all dishonor to try to absolve the monsters who served those regimes of their own free will. Those still living seem to have retained their pathological hatred of Russia and that would automatically disqualify them even if past crimes did not.

But what if an effort is made to tell the whole truth? How the German peoples were used, who used them, and why? A very different picture would emerge, and we and our British kin and others might come to know that there are sins of omission as well as those of commission, that ignorance and apathy are also crimes. This is a Witches' Brew, and if Mr. Butz thinks he has troubles now, he should try his hand at this one. I am sure he knows it all.

Actually, I was impelled by a dire foreboding, a sense of the urgent need to have done with such self-evident things as "Who are we?" and the like, and to get on with charting a course for action. If this does not show through, then I failed in my purpose.

You will know that most of the subjects I write are, of necessity, oversimplified. For instance, Germany. What I say is true; it is apropos to the point I am trying to make, but it is not the whole truth.

There is nothing that I can discern in the letters from your readers to make me think they have been prepared to accept Russia as a friend, not even as a condition of their salvation. On the contrary, the articles which might have helped have had a mincing effect of "After you, Alphonse", or perhaps "We will now take one step forward and two steps back." The drama *The Game and the Candle* has simply appalled me. It is well done, plausible, erudite — the only thing wrong with it is that it is sheer nonsense written in the tones of pure reason. How can a publication which has run that drama, and equally invidious material, for a year or more expect it's readers to be receptive to such a letter as mine? (I can only assume that the drama is a hangover from the original intention to rally all of us to the Falange and kill two birds with one stone, one of the birds being those dirty Reds.)

I get the impression that your readers, especially the apparently young, expect immediate deliverance. Will they accept that America's foreign policy role should be a relatively passive one, that its ultimate purpose should be to effect a union between Russia and Germany?

Boston: Michael S. Dukakis, a Greek-American with a Jewish-American wife, is the governor of the only state that chose McGovern in the 1972 presidential election. Dukakis had a brief flurry of nationwide publicity a few years ago when he operated as the liberal-biased moderator of a TV "issues" program. Recently he has been getting much more publicity as the result of a new twist he has given Anglo-Saxon law — posthumous pardon by executive fiat.

Dukakis, who plays the voting game as wilyly as any other minority racist, decided to win a few points with Massachusetts McGovernites by declaring, five decades after the event, that Sacco and Vanzetti were denied a fair trial. This, in spite of the fact that the two murderers had been found guilty after one of the fairest, most appealed and most reviewed and re-reviewed trial in the history of criminal justice.

Dukakis's act helps to narrow the Constitution's three branches of government to two. If the executive privilege of pardon can be used so recklessly and so long after the crime, where does this leave the judiciary? We hear almost every day that Dreyfus was innocent, that the Rosenbergs were innocent, that the two Filipino nurses recently convicted of poisoning twelve patients in a VA hospital were innocent, so why shouldn't Sacco and Vanzetti be innocent? The Sacco and Vanzetti myth of innocence, it might be recalled, was inaugurated by Felix Frankfurter when he was a young, up-and-coming Harvard Zionist. Frankfurter, like Dukakis, couldn't have cared less about the murder victims, the Majority member Frederick Parmenter, and Alexander Beiardelli, the Italian guard shot to death by the two Italians.

Since Dukakis's "proclamation" implied that the judges and all the state officials and special commissions of private citizens who participated in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial were misguided and bigoted, there was some backlash. But nothing that should cause Dukakis any real worry. He did his thing and his supporters got the message. He knows where the votes are.

Dukakis has also used other means to play up to the Italian minority in his state. There are two principal Italian areas in Boston — the North End and East Boston. Strangely, there has been no busing to the East Boston High School and there will be none next year. Black sailors who walk through East Boston to get to the Navy Yard stand a very good chance of being waylaid and robbed by the locals. In the North End twenty-five Chinese children have been bused to a grammar school to show "Italians are not prejudiced." Blacks, who for the past fifteen years have not dared to appear in the North End, might disagree. In East Boston, Italians have driven every single colored family out of one housing project.

When asked why there is no busing of blacks to the North End or East Boston, Judge Garrity, who ordered busing to schools in the Irish areas, won't say a word. Could it be that Dukakis and Garrity are not afraid of the Irish, but are afraid of Italians? Is putting the fear of God — or the Mafia — in the hearts of the bussers the only antidote for busing?

So far there has been no comment on these matters from the hero of Chappaquiddick or House Speaker Thomas (Koreagate) O'Neil, who represents his Irish constituency in Massachusetts by helping to defeat every anti-busing measure brought up in the House.

Argentina: Practically every Western European nation has race relations laws, which means that minorities can bad-mouth majorities, but not vice versa. Fortunately, only a few countries in the Western Hemisphere have as yet been forced to put on the racial muzzlebag. The latest news from Argentina, however, indicates that that nation is going to join the ranks of the free speechless. The scenario was well prepared, though somewhat old hat. Two synagogues were bombed. The spectre of gas chambers floated through the media, and the well-coordinated lamentations were deafening. While the Argentine government gave as one reason for its anti-anti-Semitism the protection of its "international image," its ban fell heaviest on Federico Rivanera Carles, a rightwing Peronist. The 300,000 Argentine Jews, the largest Jewish community in South America, rejoiced mightily and, of course, kept churning out their own racist sheets.

Black Africa: Both the island of Fernando Po and Equatorial Guinea on the mainland are under the thumb of dictator Francisco Macias Nguema, who has changed the name of his country to Francisco Macias Nguema Diyogo. He is wiping out the intellectuals and sanitation is going to hell. There is no security for anyone. The dictator stays in power with the help of the cannibal Fang tribe who patrol the borders and are still eating as many people as ever. Meanwhile, Salah Bokassa, the autocrat of the Central African Republic, has proclaimed himself Emperor Bokassa I of the Central African Empire, which has a population of 2,000,000 blacks and 6,000 whites. In 1969, when an army colonel tried to oust Bokassa, the latter slashed his face with a razor before the assembled cabinet, then had him dragged out in the street and shot before a hastily assembled crowd of Bokassites. Affairs in the Central African Empire have somehow escaped the notice of Andrew Young, who is busy paving the way for the coronation of future Bokassas and Emperor Joneses in Rhodesia and South Africa.

Germany: *Our correspondent writes:* The Russians fooled the Jews completely during the Stalin era. But whether or not they will fool them a second time remains open to doubt. As soon as Western credits begin to dry up, the Russians may be in for considerable trouble due to their idiotic economic system. The Jews must be well aware of this. And they would be fools indeed not to make the most of it. In other words, no surrender, no credits, no wheat. I frankly don't see just how the Russians can avoid getting the short end in this deal. There is even a possibility that under certain circumstances they might panic into war. In any case the Human Rights campaign is growing ever shriller and our press czar Axel Caesar Springer is the number one German lickspittle of Israel. A staunch "conservative," of course, and a gallant defender of our capital Berlin (where he has his offices), he is so patriotic it is almost painful. By way of comparison a socialist — or in American terms, a liberal — such as Schmidt is an extremely likeable guy. (Incidentally, I have heard it said that Schmidt found Carter naive when the two met in London.) When William Schlamm quit his job as Springer's chief columnist in the *Welt am Sonntag*, Hans Habe took over. Habe's real

name is Janos Bessy and he is a Hungarian Jew. As an ultraliberal "American" press officer, Habe once played a very important part in the reconstruction of the German media in the early post war years. Today he might be described as the Grand Panjandrum of German kosher conservatism.

London: *Our British correspondent writes:* Both in the National Front and the National Party there are strong Orange elements. John Tyndall had a paternal ancestor in the Royal Irish Constabulary. David McCalden, who edits the NP's *Beacon*, is from Belfast. I yield to none in wanting the survival of the Protestants in Ireland. But I think that this would be best assured by cutting off the Catholic Nationalist areas near the border, and removing the Irish Nationalists from Belfast to the Republic. No state can survive with thirty-eight percent of the population in permanent opposition. Similarly, the imposition of London's will on Scotland and Wales, against the wishes of the growing nationalist movements in those countries, would bring us into conflict with people who might otherwise be sympathetic. We have quite enough minority enemies without antagonizing our neighbors needlessly. The very survival of England depends upon repatriating the alien racial elements. A young NP activist recently put it to me this way: "Even if we suffered under Communism for 500 years, we could always rise again, provided we remained the same people. But if we allow ourselves to sink into a miscegenated mass, there is no hope for us ever." Incidentally, C. D. Darlington, one of the world's great biologists, has just written another book *The Little Universe of Man*. His publishers have delayed publication pending a lawyer's opinion as to whether the contents might violate Britain's Race Relations Act. Censorship, even the state censorship of leading scientists, is already a fact of life in Britain.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

Many subscribers have asked for copies of back issues of *Instauration*. Unfortunately, we are out of many of them, but we do have the following issues available at \$1.00 each, postpaid.

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