

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

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MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

The Safety Valve

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

America, universal dumping ground for the dregs of society! And the music plays on!

038

Since the Vietnamese government is supplying the boats and is charging \$2,500 in gold to let them leave, are they truly "refugees?" Also, most of the boat people are ethnic Chinese, many of whom helped the Viet Cong kill Americans in the recent war. Why should we take them in? If they cannot be sent back to Vietnam or to China, where they belong, there is lots of space in Sumatra.

606

Whenever I have ambiguous feelings about news reports, I take the view that if the media is for it, I'm against it.

327

Boas, Marx and Rousseau were neither scientists, economists nor even philosophers. They were neurotic, superstitious, Lysenkoist witch doctors. More than Nobel prizes or Pulitzer prizes, they deserve the fickle finger of fate award once given out by "Laugh In." Their inane and ludicrous attempts at social engineering will inspire more laughter in future generations than ever the Three Stooges did in ours.

561

Let whites rule in America, blacks in Africa.

333

We have had in this century, up till Carter, four Democratic presidents and four wars, seven Republican presidents and no wars. Such a succession of coincidence (eleven) under the laws of mathematics and gaming (odds) could happen once in 2,048 times. These wars broke out respectively in the fifth year of Wilson, the ninth year of Roosevelt, the fifth year of Truman and, while there is no specific date for the start of the Vietnam conflict, either Kennedy or Johnson must take the blame for it. Mathematics and logic clearly suggest that the behind-the-scenes leaders of the Democratic (war) party have a strong predilection for solving their problems by armed conflict.

731

Your article, "No Correlation Between Education and Crime," (*Instauration*, Sept. 1979) was interesting but I wish that you had ended it by saying there is a correlation between race and crime.

811

Cholly's predictions are dire. Horrendous in detail. He tells us our total demise is a foregone conclusion. My eyes are dry with tears I cannot shed, emotions frozen. But what decent individual wants to learn to live with it, "flow with it and overcome it by accepting it"? Such utter hopelessness, never!

333

The very plausible idea that, since there has been little physical evolution in the past 100,000 years, most evolution during this time has been cultural has unfortunately led to the false conclusion that racial differences don't matter.

200

I was very disappointed in Cholly. His thinking, or lack of it, is what I would expect of a "bureaucrat liberal" who knows little of history. I thought the first part of his September column, the analysis of where our society is today and why, rational. But the second part, in my opinion, was irrational. I cannot agree that "there is no need at this point to fret about what will be done; it will all happen in good time." In my opinion nothing just happens. Something causes things to happen, either an overt or covert action. We are in this deadly mess today because too many good people are sitting back and waiting for something good to happen and hoping something bad won't happen. We have to make things happen. Cholly's saying that a "carer" is a minority of one will be approved by all our sit-back-and-wait people. The idea of all carers keeping their mouths shut and waiting for a sign is self-defeating.

274

On the CBS evening news (Saturday, Sept. 22, 1979), Dan Rather, the dark-skinned, dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-hearted commentator from South Texas, ended his half-hour show with the salutation, "Happy New Year." Rather, who hosted the notorious TV sermon against IQ some years ago, does not list his parents in his *Who's Who* entry.

220

For "Majority Renegade of the Year," who else but Jimmy Carter?

208

My reaction to seeing my pieces in *Instauration* can best be expressed in German:

Ach, wie schön dass Niemand weiss
Dass ich Rumpelstilzchen heiss!

763

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□ There are some ethnic racists (Italians, Ukrainians, etc.) who are quite bitter about WASPs and what they see as a pro-WASP bias in *Instauration*. I don't see it. What I see is a Beyondist thesis of making new races out of the best material we have. A very good world would begin with something like 75% Nordics, 10% German Catholics, 5% or 10% Slav, and 5% or 10% Celts, Irish and French.

358

□ The contentions in Throckmorton's article, "Human Nature" (*Instauration*, Sept. 1979) that one should concentrate on one aspect of the truth has a lot to recommend it. But whether one is promoting the Palestinian cause, undermining Einstein, or attacking the environmentalists, I think the whole Jewish picture should be in one's mind. I also like his distinction between racialism and nationalism, though they usually overlap to some extent.

661

□ One cause of augmented interracial couplings (W.F./B.M.) is the imbalance of white males to white females. It is now possible to determine the sex of a fetus by amniocentesis, which is used for that purpose by some prospective parents. If an increased number of white male children could be fostered, the hemorrhage of race mixing would be partly staunched.

018

□ I think the motto of every Instaurationist should be: "I may not be able to tell you the whole truth, but I can, and will, avoid telling you any lies."

619

□ I taped a TV "discussion" on a local talk show on the subject of illegal aliens. My opponent was a Spanish-born professor. More interesting than my feeble efforts as a public speaker was the reaction of whites I talked to after the taping. They uniformly said, in jest (?), "I hope no Mexicans can find you...better be careful to see that a bomb isn't planted in your car." They always laughed. But I wonder if they really aren't physically afraid of nonwhites. At least, my white friends correctly see what value nonwhites place on freedom of speech.

603

□ One drawback of a rightist philosophy is that it's not very appealing to the females of our species. The leftist on the other hand, with his mouthings of love, humanity and equality, has an easier access to naive females. Ours, unfortunately, is a harsh credo.

606

□ If the Jews and professional liberals get the idea sociobiology is a lot more threatening than Wilson says it is, a big crackdown may come, not on us but on the field of sociobiology. In a darkening world, timing is not unimportant.

014

□ Your Bilderberger column supplies a fitting answer to the question, "Why then publish *Instauration*?" I also appreciate your British Bilderberger, although I should like to know just how much Glen Livet it took to give him the idea that "primitive Indo-Europeans did not distinguish between the sexes."

618

□ I'm not sure which section of *Instauration* I like best. Wish it could be issued weekly.

232

□ What is more pathetic than South Africa with its galloping integration trying to ingratiate itself with the outside world by means of mixed sports teams? What on earth does it hope to achieve? The Portuguese had total integration and where are the Portuguese today? And sure enough the racially mixed South African sports teams are not being accepted in the West -- presumably because they're not entirely black. More ominously there is now government talk of sharing power, as if power could ever be shared without being surrendered first.

South African subscriber

□ A remarkable thing happened last evening. My wife was reading *Newsweek* when she looked over and said, "You're right, we have to do something." While she has come to share most of my views over the ten years we have been together, she has always been afraid to get involved. I asked her why this sudden change of heart and she pointed to articles on South Africa, the Panama Canal, Mexico, the illegals, blacks, Arabs, Israel and inflation. She said time was running out; blacks, Mexicans and the other mud people would want more and more until the end. Another Instaurationist is born!

413

□ Why don't the Instaurationists, whom I think are above-average whites, understand that their bitching, complaining and permissiveness must stop? They must act, must organize, must unite, must attack, must pledge their lives and their fortunes in this fight to survive and to regain what we have lost.

902

□ Last year I heard a black call in to one of our radio talk shows. He was a slick talker, intelligent in his way, and not reluctant to call a spade a spade. He denounced black male students who go to Harvard to pick up white girls -- while the black sisters are home weeping for a black man. Even though some blacks hate some whites, they tolerate this miscegenation because every child that springs from such a union means the race itself is lifted a notch higher.

021

□ White capitulation isn't enough. Rhodesia has accepted majority rule or black misrule, but it has satisfied nobody. This is because the new constitution safeguards white rights, the rights of those upon whom the country entirely depends for its well-being. But human rights are not for whites, except for Jews in Russia for whom they were designed. The whites have to be utterly crushed and enslaved. The West insists upon it. Incidentally, I am still not absolutely certain what caused Rhodesia to capitulate. The unspeakable human butchers of the Patriotic Front represent a high nuisance value, but nothing more. The Rhodesian forces can strike at will at their bases deep in Zambia and Mozambique. Miraculously the country is still functioning well and the economy is good. It could only have been Kissinger and Vorster between them who scuttled the heroic little white enclave.

Rhodesian subscriber

□ Cholly seems to have followed the initiative of Ayn Rand in *Atlas Shrugged*. In it our best men go into hiding while civilization goes down in flames. Their plan is to come out and rebuild in about fifteen years. But there has been a rapid change of conditions in the 32 years since "Who is John Galt?" was first uttered. Since we are now faced with more unassimilable aliens than we can possibly control, the thesis of *Atlas Shrugged* and Cholly is horribly outdated. How many mud people will give a thought to your carefully guarded racial secrets when your skin spells out your genetic code with utmost clarity? Will they murder you, castrate your son, rape your wife and daughter? Who needs to ask? Nevertheless, the lost cause is the only one worth fighting for.

972

□ Every copy of *Instauration* allowed in these walls is not gazed upon by glazed, trembling eyes of the nine to five class that are worried about losing their jobs or prestige. Quite the opposite. We here have nothing to gain by the continuation of the U.S.A., and everything to gain by its fall.

Prison inmate

The Safety Valve

□ As the Bakke case intensified, supporters arose from the right and, not surprisingly, from the Jewish sector. After all, the medical schools are their domain. The Supreme Court was correct in the Bakke decision because entrants into medical school should epitomize quality. The Weber case concerned a blue-collar worker. The unions, blacks, women, and the Jewish sector rallied against an ordinary working man who wanted to better himself à la Bakke. Seniority was not an issue by prior agreement between Kaiser Aluminum and the United Steelworkers, making *race* the only issue. On this point the Supreme Court upheld a company's right to discriminate so long as it was voluntary and in the right direction. The result is a caste system in the United States -- one standard for professionals and another for the common working man. It was ever thus -- only the colors have changed!

150

□ Recently my store was robbed of \$600 by two young black thugs. This problem with the lawlessness and degeneracy of the black race is still being ignored by most politicians. Even Reagan won't mention the race issue. Do they think it will go away?

078

□ The reason for the sudden prominence and attention given to gays has nothing to do with human rights or tolerance or a decent respect for human differences. It has solely to do with the fact that this is the Age of Slime. Anyone who has ever come within ten miles of a fairy knows how disgusting and filthy homosexuals really are, how their primary interest in life is to pick up a new young man (preferably not a homosexual) each night in some seedy bar. The preponderance in the arts does not prove their artistic worth. It proves only that the arts no longer exist. We step on cockroaches. Are we to step over their human counterparts?

321

□ For the past few weeks I have been pondering Heidegger's definition of man as "the being who cares," and the carelessness of the present epoch. After reading Cholly, I feel I have found a new companion along a very solitary path.

046

□ Cholly's column (September) parallels my feelings and outlook toward what-is and is-to-be as nothing else I've ever read. Unbelievably so!

719

□ I do not consider the blacks' overrepresentation in the armed services a sound policy for a nation which is more than 80% white. General Mark Clark in his report on his World War II experiences found that the black troops under his command were not as reliable as the whites.

340

□ Did you see it? Did you see it? A neat, full-page ad in the September issue of *The Conservative Digest for The Dispossessed Majority*. I was considering letting my subscription expire, but believe I'll subscribe for another year. Maybe the "respectable conservatives" are becoming dimly aware of what's happening to us and who's doing it to us.

299

[Editor's note: Since The Conservative Digest is run by Richard Viguerie, who in the past has refused to rent his mailing lists to Howard Allen and who had not replied for months to a Howard Allen order for a full-page ad in The Conservative Digest, we assumed we had been turned down again. Then, suddenly, it appeared. Harper's has also accepted and carried the same ad (Nov. 1979). But Time, Newsweek and the U.S. News and World Report still refuse to touch The Dispossessed Majority either in their advertising or their editorial columns. The Wall Street Journal indicated it might consider taking an ad, but first demanded a plethora of financial statements and personnel data which added up, in our opinion, to a gross invasion of privacy. We refused. Nevertheless, the ad appeared in the Journal's eastern edition on November 1. The next day a Journal official called and said the ad's appearance had been due to "a mistake."]

□ My nomination for Majority Renegade of the Year is James Earl Carter, Traitor.

299

□ I stopped off in Birmingham, England, for the first time in twelve years. The change is even worse than I expected. I talked to a young London cabbie, after he brought up the subject, about the new racial elements in Britain. I asked him why the National Front did so poorly in the recent election. His answer was one that always comforts Englishmen, "We English are conservative and never support fringe extremists, neither left nor right." Pressing him a little further, I asked which description fitted the National Front. "Fascists," he replied. I asked, "What are Fascists?" "Same as Communists. They both rule by a privileged clique." The poor fellow didn't observe that a "privileged clique" is already ruling him.

381

□ Once we solve the problem of our own making and build a quite new society, there just won't be any room for Jews. Perhaps we should be thinking about how to move around this stumbling block or rise over it rather than how to win a better confrontation. It is interesting that the French New Right does not, as far as I know, mention the Jews at all, except indirectly in criticizing Christianity.

313

□ I find the articles on the Holocaust extremely worthwhile, not so much for this particular nonevent, but for the larger issues about the problems of historical knowledge. There isn't much I would cut from *Instauration*, but I might warn against excessively environmentalist articles, like the one condemning junk food, unless you can also get an opposite view.

200

□ Being one of those individuals (a carer) of whom Cholly speaks and a hater of the humanist society, I will not be sorry to see the grotesque system under which we vegetate go down the drain.

440

□ Bilderberger's October piece is just superb. The author has a rare talent for transfixing theory and principle in the amber of glistening personal observation and experience.

803

□ Begin refuses to see Arafat. He refuses to talk to Negro leaders. The great European democrat Thomas G. Masaryk once said, "Democracy is discussion." On the other hand, we often hear the slogan that Israel is the only democracy in the Near East.

021

□ Despite the *Christian Science Monitor's* claim that the price of oil has only increased 35%, it really has not risen a cent since August 14, 1971 -- the day Secretary of the Treasury Connally repudiated our obligation to redeem Federal Reserve Notes (dollars) for gold at the set rate of \$35 per ounce. He did this at the behest of American bankers, not the sheiks, who were horrified. On that date oil sold for \$2.33 a barrel and as recently as July 19, 1979 (the last time I bothered to check both figures), gold sold for \$301 an ounce and OPEC crude for \$20.04 per barrel. Consequently, an ounce of gold has bought about 15 barrels of oil for the last eight years. When inflation forces those nasty Ay-rabs to charge us \$30 a barrel, then gold will hit and hold at \$450 per ounce.

077

HAMILTON JORDAN — MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

What manner of man, human, primate, vertebrate or thing is Hamilton Jordan? We know he was born in 1941 into a middle-class, middle Georgia family with a Confederate general in the ancestral offing. We know he has grey eyes, jet black hair, and wore braces on his legs and corrective shoes until he was thirteen. We know he almost flunked out of the University of Georgia, not the hardest place in the world to obtain a bachelor's degree. We know he was physically unacceptable to the army during Vietnam, but went anyway as a noncombatant field worker with some conscientious objector groupies. We know he was originally "agin" Martin Luther King and the civil rights movers and shakers, whom he called his "enemies" and "a threat to my life and my life style." We are aware that he worships Johnny Carson, plays Bob Dylan records over and over again, spits ice cubes at people he doesn't like, and takes a drink now and then, although compared to Teddy Kennedy he's a teetotaler. We have been told he hangs around bars where he gets slapped by women, that when feeling good at a Washington dinner party and seated between the Israeli ambassador's wife and the Egyptian ambassador's wife, he poked and peered into the latter's décolletage and announced, "I've just seen the twin pyramids of Egypt." His unerring political instinct prevented him from making similar archaeological discoveries on the person of Mme. Vivian Dinitz.

Everyone admits, who knows both of them, that Jordan is a more complex creature than his nominal boss, Carter. We say nominal because it's quite possible that without his youthful, slobbish political Pygmalion, Carter would be back selling peanuts with Billy.

Jordan always wanted to be the governor of Georgia. He was cut in the mold of the on-the-make Majority member who prefers a career with quick rewards to the slow, painful ap-

prenticeship required to become a physician, physicist or astronaut. None of that for Hamilton. There are riper and faster fruits to pluck in commodity speculation, television, rock music, pimping -- and politics.

But Ham didn't have the charisma to make it on his own, to be a Colonel House and Woodrow Wilson all wrapped up in one. So he moved into the brain of Jimmy the Tooth and started

whispering, cajoling, wheeling here, dealing there, speling where, and dreaming up an unending outflow of memos and scenarios. The most famous of the latter -- the one in which he uncannily spelled out Carter's trek to the White House four years before he got there -- contained such instructions as:

1. Cultivate a rich man like McGovern's Henry Kimelman. [Carter chose another affluent Jew, Morris "Wipe-out-the-right-wing" Dees, who signed on as Teddy's chief money raiser last November.]

2. Cultivate and get to know the Eastern Establishment press, Wicker, Reston, Graham, Broder. They have undeniable power. If they take your candidacy seriously, they can influence others.

3. Read the *Times*, the *Post* and *Wall Street Journal* every day. The *Atlanta Constitution* does not have everything you need on international affairs.

4. Hire a speechwriter immediately. You need to say things of substance.

5. Get to see Senator Kennedy. He may tell you inexorably he is not going to run. This will help you know where he stands.

6. Cultivate Kennedy smile.

Eventually Ham found himself sitting in the very same office where once sat the jailed and Watergated Bob Haldeman. But unlike Nixon's chief of staff, he hired an exotic Negress, Edie



Poe, with a balloon-size Afro to be his appointments secretary.

Yes, Ham had once been against Negroes and civil rights, women's lib and all the rest. But like Lyndon Johnson he heard the sirenic screech of power from the opposite side of the political spectrum and switched in the nick of time. Now a man can metamorphize his political philosophy, but it's more difficult to change his feelings and instincts. So we have the not uncommon spectacle of someone who dislikes Negroes, advancing Negroes, someone who is condescending toward females, turning out to be a self-proclaimed foe of sexism, someone who likes white Southerners, preferably ex-Baptists like himself, taking jobs away from white Southerners and giving them to Northern women, blacks and Jews.

We don't believe for a minute that Jordan sniffed or snorted or whatever you do with cocaine. He's too enamored of beer and 80-proof elixirs. We think the cocaine charge was dreamed up by members of the very same race that he falls all over himself to appease. On the one hand, Begin praises him for his part in the Camp David agreements -- for his ability to keep the Palestinians dispossessed. On the other hand, Stan Rubin, Ian Schrager and various pro-Kennedy Jewish pols in California are now trying to frame him to make things easier for Teddy.

Jordan has been quoted by the press as saying, "We have to

get the California Democratic party back from the Jews." He has desperately and vehemently denied this. The fact is that he has had some rather close personal relationships with Jews. He shared a Washington apartment with Jerry Rafshoon, Carter's imagist, after separating from his wife, a very dark-complexioned school teacher named Dorothy Konigsmark.

We think we have Jordan pretty well tagged. He is a cultureless Majority vulgarian with high-pressure brains and high-vacuum morality. As he told an interviewer once, he is not wildly interested in issues. What the voters are for or against hardly matters. What matters is the number of votes. If the devil promised Carter he would be renominated and reelected on a platform calling for a Constitutional amendment giving Florida to Castro, Carter would hesitate before he accepted the deal. But Jordan would not.

Faust sold himself to the devil, but in doing so he only betrayed himself. Judas, Cassius and Brutus occupy the lowest and hottest seats in Dante's hell because they betrayed their leaders. When Jordan makes his deals with the evil one, he betrays not only himself, but his race.

We believe Mephistopheles would agree that Jordan's is by far the greatest crime -- so great that it qualifies him as Majority Renegade of 1979.

Before and after the *Camp of the Saints*

THE UNTRANSLATED WRITINGS OF JEAN RASPAIL

It is rather more pathetic than contemptible, the desperate struggle of William Buckley's *National Review* coterie of tame Tories to win acceptance by the Establishment as "responsible" conservatives. In the magazine's endorsement of George Ball's (incorrectly identified as George Will's) proposal to "send an armada of rescue boats" to save the Southeast Asian refugees, Ball is quoted as asking:

What could more elevate our national spirit than participation in a great human enterprise? What could more lift our hearts -- and evoke world admiration -- than the spectacle of a flotilla of our own ships embarked on the most spacious operation of mercy ever undertaken?

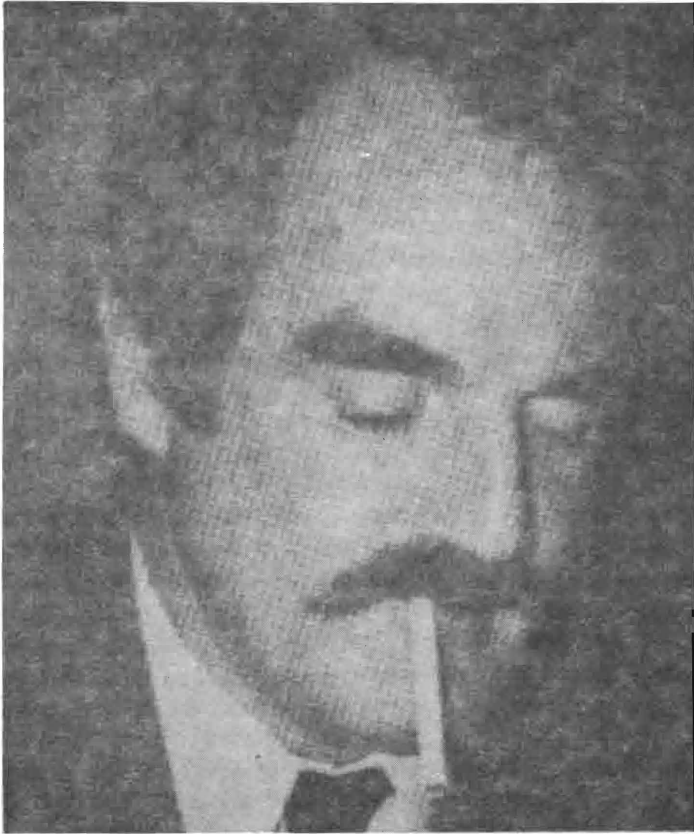
Armada? A "Last-chance Armada" perhaps? Reality overtakes fiction and becomes a grotesque parody of itself. The mocking laughter in the background is that of *Camp of the Saints* author Jean Raspail. The boat people, the demographic equivalent of an oil slick, lap at our shores today, ready to foul our already murky gene pool tomorrow. Raspail saw it all yesterday. But even Raspail, plumbing the depths of Western weakness and degeneration, did not imagine that the West, far

from being paralyzed by such a spectacle, would in fact send out its own vessels to speed the Asiatic invasion.

English-speaking readers know Raspail only as the author of the brilliant tragicomic novel *Camp of the Saints*. Though unquestionably the most remarkable of Raspail's works, he had already won an Academie Française prize for his writings. The main corpus of his literary output, however, has not been translated.

To read *Camp of the Saints* and then go back and read Raspail's other works in the order they were written is a fascinating and exhilarating experience. The themes which came to fruition in the author's literary masterpiece are present from the beginning, ripening with time and becoming more complex and more profound in the mind of a man gifted with both a most acute perceptiveness and the ability to communicate and share his understanding.

In 1949 Raspail and a small group of companions paddled the route of the 17th-century explorer La Salle, from Montreal to New Orleans by canoe. For almost anyone else this would have been the adventure of a lifetime, but for Raspail it was only one episode in a succession of fascinating travelogues.



Jean Raspail

He and his French companions (he voyaged with no multiethnic crews like Thor Heyerdal) next set themselves the task of being the first to motor from the tip of South America to the terminus of the Pan-American Highway in Alaska. Like good French patriots, they used only French equipment. The story of this trip is told in *Terre de Feu — Alaska* (Réné Julliard, Paris, 1952.)

Raspail's scathing and very French satire is in evidence from the beginning as he describes the advice he received from a local on his arrival in Juan Peron's Buenos Aires:

Put a photo of Evita in your windshield and the government will give you gasoline for free...say that the government of Peron and the Señora is the best ever created for the poor...you will be received as kings.

Raspail mixes his acrid comments on contemporary Argentina with historical anecdotes, such as the story of a 19th-century French adventurer who ruled Patagonia as a self-proclaimed emperor.

From time to time, white women being rare, the aforementioned emperor and his henchmen would rape all the Indian women in a village, to assure, they said, the future of the empire.

Or the account of the modern "King of Patagonia," a ruthless landowner who, faced by the problem of recalcitrant Indians, invited them all to a feast in their honor: "The menu consisted of poisoned whale meat from which none recovered and the lands changed hands."

Raspail tells of getting "well and truly lost" in the grim Chilean desert, of churning through the mud of an equatorial rain forest when "the life of the expedition depended strictly on the strength of the chains" on the rear wheels of their vehicles. Many of the images, as the banana republics roll by, are familiar to the point of being clichés: an Ecuadorian settlement where "our arrival doubled the traffic in the village"; a Colombian town out of a John Ford Western with twenty-three saloons on the main street and the priest and the school teacher the only men without guns; the Costa Rican navy, consisting of "two picket boats which had their days of glory during World War I"; the Nicaraguan war on illiteracy promoted by Managua placards saying "Learn to read." At a Honduran border post a sergeant had to talk personally to the Minister of War before allowing the expedition to leave. At the Mexican frontier, a Mexican customs official "glances at the vehicles and without preliminaries asks, 'how much will you pay for fast work?'" Raspail's keener remarks indicate the direction he will take in future writings. Discouraging on Costa Rica, he admits:

Our greatest surprise was to find that this strong country has few mulattoes, Indians or blacks. The Costa Rican population is over 75% pure white and the nation tries to preserve the homogeneity of the race by all means.

By the time of *Secouons le Cocotier* (Let's Shake the Coconut Tree) in 1966, Raspail was a veteran author, having written several travel books dealing with the Old and New Worlds as well as two novels, *Le Vent des Pins* (The Wind of the Pines) and *Les Veuves de Santiago* (The Widows of Santiago). *Secouons le Cocotier*, his observations on the Caribbean and its inhabitants, is the produce of a more mature and developed writer. The sardonic tone which makes *Camp of the Saints* so enjoyable is almost fully developed.

A true world traveler and a man with considerable powers of insight, Raspail despises the facile superficiality of tourism and tourist literature of the "sun-filled days, fun-filled nights" genre. His own descriptions of and conclusions about the tropical paradises he has visited are of a different nature. In the opening to *Secouons le Cocotier* as he tells how he is being tormented by mosquitoes he recalls that in Léopoldville every night spraying machines would lay down insecticide, making it possible to sleep peacefully with the windows open. "That was before independence, under the rule of the infamous colonialists, the Belgians. In Léopoldville, the mosquitoes have come back. Pointe-à-Pitre (Guadeloupe) they never left."

As in *Terre de Feu*, Raspail cannot resist sharing with his readers some of the more conventional images. He roars at the absurdity of the divided island of St. Martin, an "illogical island" shared by France and the Netherlands. The 7,600 inhabitants are divided by an undefended border into two colonies with separate laws, courts, currency, educational systems, police forces and civil services. One side is governed by a French sous-préfet, the other by a Dutch lieutenant governor. Telephone service from one side to the other is routed through Paris and Amsterdam. There are two road systems (with different surfaces) and two power systems -- the Dutch half is 220-volt; the French half 110. Raspail imagines the situation of a

French business group constructing a luxury hotel in the Dutch sector with American capital, crossing the border in trucks with Dutch license plates, but French spare parts, with French workers being paid in Florins at French union rates, enjoying Dutch social security benefits and French hours of work. The inhabitants of the island, Raspail adds, are all English-speaking.

In a more serious vein Raspail writes of Americans "stuffed up to their throats with dollars." Tourist dollars, he insists, do nothing for the poor of the Third World, only for their elites. "Don't forget Haiti, there the population starves beneath the banners which proclaim, across the avenues of Port-au-Prince, 'Prosperity through Tourism!'" Cuba under Batista he characterizes as "the brothel of America." He advises the French Caribbean tourist industry to forget the Americans and welcome French Canadians "without forgetting the lonely French Canadian woman, hungry for black lovers."

One of the most delightful stories in *Secouons le Cocotier* explains why the Third World will be coming beggar bowls in hand to Westerners until we have beggared ourselves trying to fill them. The fishing industry on St. Martin, a modern, efficient operation entirely out of place in the Caribbean, is worked by Japanese labor. The sous-préfet who is showing Raspail the operation, asks him, "Do you know where they take the thousands of tons of fish?" Raspail replies, "To Japan, I suppose. A nation of cat people who eat nothing but fish. One hundred and twenty million mouths to feed..." "No, they sell their catch to Italians." The title of the chapter describing this incident is "Alas, The Japanese Aren't Black." Raspail then goes on to demolish the myth of the "rich idle planter," with a drink in one hand, a cigar in the other and yet a third on the bottom of a Negress. The fact is, Raspail notes, the planters keep the economy, such as it is, going. They work harder than any of their black employees, often as much as seventeen hours a day, Sundays and holidays included.

Hilarity of *Camp of the Saints* intensity bubbles up in Raspail's fanciful advice to the few remaining pure-blooded Carib Indians. To impress the tourists, Raspail tells an old chief, you must have a wooden idol of a horrible-looking god. The chief objects that his people don't know how to make an idol. They are all Catholics and the priest would not permit it. Tell the priest it is a joke, says Raspail, and he promises to send photographs of totemic figures from other cultures. "Give your god a long red throat, two black holes for nostrils and big pointy teeth. Place a couple of fearsome-looking savage warriors in front of the idol to sell tickets." The chief denies that his people are savages. Raspail advises him to let them be savages for eight hours a day, instead of going to the factory, fields or whatever. Then in the evening, thanks to the tourist dollars, they will be able to live in fine homes hidden behind a hill, eating steaks and watching television. For the tourists, however, there must be primitive huts occupied by naked children, scantily clad young girls and old women smoking pipes. At night as drums beat, Indian men should stand immobile, arms raised to the sky, while their bare-breasted women move in a circle with small rhythmic steps and prostrate themselves before the great god Caiman, whom no tribal member has worshipped for

generations. In gratitude for all this counsel, the chief offers Raspail his niece, a virgin of marriageable age. The girl is fourteen, slight, graceful, golden-skinned, with long black hair and almond-shaped eyes. Why not, Raspail wonders, after a thorough medical examination?

Almost as amusing is Raspail's account of the French dialect spoken by the Caribbean blacks. While Guadeloupe has been French longer than Nice, Savoy, Corsica or Lorraine, Raspail observes, the language of the Guadeloupeans remains incomprehensible. Other Francophones, such as backwoods French Canadians, are almost impossible to understand but "no one arms them with a microphone" and gives them hundreds of thousands of listeners. While radio broadcasts contribute to a standard French of some quality elsewhere, the inhabitants of the Antilles encourage their miserable dialect for pseudonationalistic reasons. "Creole," Raspail asserts, "isn't a language; Creole is noxious." When the French headmaster of the Pointe-à-Pitre lycée tries to have his students speak proper French, he is accused of wanting "to disfigure the black soul."

Raspail defines Black French as child's language in its simplifications, abbreviations, absence of number or gender, suppression of propositions and conjunctions -- all of which, it might be noted, are more important in French than English. To render atomic bomb in Creole, which independence-seeking forces want to make the official language of the Antilles, one would probably have to say *bom un pile zombies*.

The black elite never speak Creole, except to the common people. Among themselves they speak "in waves of florid eloquence, lyrical torrents...in French bristling with the imperfect subjunctive, adjectives ending in *ism*, abstract nouns ending in *ion* or *ism* with at least five syllables that one must look for in the dictionary." The black and mulatto upper class consists of dentists, lawyers, doctors, notaries, pharmacists and businessmen. "I always ask myself why the black upper crust has so few engineers, physicists, architects, pilots or master mechanics, but that's another story."

The serious and pensive Raspail comes to the fore as he expresses his concern over a few hundred desperately poor and oppressed white Guadeloupeans, descendants of refugees from the French Revolution. Raspail composed "two useless letters" on their behalf, one to the French Ministry of Overseas Departments and Territories suggesting they be repatriated. The other was to Prince Rainier of Monaco. Rainier, according to Raspail, has historical grounds for claiming to be Lord of Matignon (the white region of Guadeloupe), and is urged to take some action to ameliorate the condition of his subjects. "It is somewhat heroic, the racism of 300 isolated people which hasn't been compromised in two centuries."

Secouons le Cocotier contained other Raspail musings:

I don't know if I like or dislike the art of the Antilles, for one very simple reason -- it doesn't exist...I like those who preserve the purity of their race, one beside the other, for everyone has the right to favour his own skin and to pass it on unmixed.

In 1971, five years later and five years closer to *Camp of the Saints*, Éditions Robert Laffont published a collection of five Raspail novelettes under the general title *Le Tam-Tam de Jona-*

than. If *Camp of the Saints* had not been written these short works would have been sufficient to establish the author as one of France's most able satirists. Significantly, all of the novelettes are on racial themes.

The first work in the collection, *L'Ascenseur du Président Césette* (President Césette's Elevator), deals with a black Caribbean dictator, an Idi Amin type with intellectual pretensions, "a philosopher and theoretician of Transcendent Blackness, whose works completely fill two rows in the library under the general title of Essential Works of President Césette: discourses, laws, memoirs, essays, theses, studies, etc."

Césette's aide-de-camp describes himself as "a humble servant of the greatest thinker of our times, finest head of state in the world, and the incarnation of Transcendent Blackness."

As the tale begins, President Césette's ridiculous excuse for a nation is falling apart. For fifteen long hot days there has been no electricity in the capital "because of the traitorous and illiterate imbeciles" of the National Power Company. Earlier, similar problems with the National Telephone Company had resulted in the execution of its officials and technical personnel, and their replacement by Japanese. Césette orders the execution of the National Power Company officials and promises each member of the firing squad three cups of rum, a cigar and a signed portrait of the President.

Césette's black Caribbean republic only exists because the Belgians are running the postal service, Americans are in charge of public works, Germans operate the bus lines, the French supervise the mills, Cubans work in the sugar factory, and Canadians are responsible for the water purification facility. In short, the country is the deformed, helpless progeny of black nationalism, kept alive in an iron lung of white expertise. For Césette the situation is intolerable. He calls the foreign technicians to his office to tell them, "Gentlemen, you are my friends, but I wish with all my heart that you will leave as soon as possible." He orders all top posts to be filled by blacks within three weeks -- in time for the national anniversary. The technicians tell him it is impossible, out of the question. But there is a ray of hope. One "technical" position in this nation-sized chronic care unit is filled by a black man. He operates the one elevator in the country, a creaky four-occupant Otis in the three-story National Hotel (the highest structure in the land). During the last six months, however, it has broken down five times.

The President announces the founding of the National Elevator Company, appointing the hotel elevator man the Director General. Two weeks later the elevator breaks down. Césette cancels all appointments and heads for the National Hotel with three jeeploads of soldiers as an escort. Wonder of wonders, the elevator is repaired and the President proposes to eliminate one more vestige of colonialism by changing the name of the elevator from Otis to that of the operator/repairman, Agenor. Six days later, with the anniversary of the republic imminent, the elevator fails once more, this time killing Agenor. Césette slips over the edge into outright madness and calls out the presidential guard for a general massacre of whites. A difficulty presents itself, what do they use for transport? The last three jeeps and the presidential limousine have

broken down, so off they go on horseback. The novelette ends with the occupation of the shambles of Césette's republic by an international military expedition.

When Papua New Guinea became independent on September 16, 1975, only those whose minds had been totally rotted out by liberalism could suppress a cynical grin. The situation was absurd -- 178,000 square miles of jungle, 750 languages spoken by the mutually hostile, semicannibalistic tribes, an illiterate education minister, and other political, social and economic horrors too numerous to mention. It was anti-imperialism gone crazy. Written years before the event and once again proving that reality follows Raspail's art, the second of the author's novelettes, *La Lettre de Papou* (The Letter from Papua) took a Papuan request for nationhood as a comic excuse to slip a mocking stiletto into the gut of the U.N. He tells of two white diplomats greeting each other in a black-packed U.N. headquarters bar with the classic, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Raspail also takes a casual but well-aimed swipe at "sentimental exhibitionists who adopt orphans in every corner of the world, taking care to vary the colors."

Papua's demand for independence, written by a retired French diplomat as a practical joke, purportedly came from a primitive New Guinea chief and was addressed to the U.N. Secretary-General, who read it aloud to the General Assembly. To allay any fears about his character, the chief gives the formal assurance, "It has been over twenty years since I ate anyone." The head of the Indonesian delegation becomes apoplectic at the chief's suggestion that Indonesians taste funny. As Raspail puts it:

Everyone at the U.N. knew, down to the last idiot in the Yemen delegation, that the Papuans are the most backward savages in the world and they would need another hundred years of colonization by civilized people. But in the name of the dignity of man, national self-determination, racial equality and respect for the culture and genius of each nation, this truth would never be spoken.

Nowhere did Raspail come closer to *Camp of the Saints* than in his third novelette, *Sur la Ligne No 7 Bis (Louis-Blanc — Pré-Saint-Gervais) Noirs Sont les Tunnels du Metro*. (On Line No. 7A, Louis-Blanc — Pré-Saint Gervais, the Metro Tunnels are Black). He presents the problem of migrant workers from French Africa in the Paris subway system in the form of a rhapsody:

Blacks of all countries, blacks of all tribes, blacks and blacks, in such numbers that the Prefecture of Police hesitates to publicize the statistics for fear of waking people up.

The story concerns an Africanized Paris subway line of the 1980s, staffed 80% by black "guest workers." The tunnel is as black as an African river, the train is a dug-out canoe, the stations are riparian villages. At the end of July, in prime Parisian holiday time, the white employees go on vacation and the line reverts to Africa, replete with improvised jungle drums. "A hundred years of Westernization is wiped out in ten seconds." A black stationmaster cum witch-doctor couples with a black ticket-seller in an orgiastic initiation ceremony. White passen-

gers, observing the goings on, think it is publicity for a visiting African folklore troupe. In the end, on the demands of the African diplomatic corps, the whole affair and its accompanying carnage is covered up by the media.

Une Étrange Exploration dans la Forêt Africaine en L'an 2081 (A Strange Exploration in the African Jungle in the Year 2081), the fourth novelette, continues the attack on one-world internationalism. It imagines a situation a hundred years hence, in which the earth is ruled by the U.N. and the white population is 50% mongrelized. Though all is peaceful and things are not too bad, life is rather dull. In a moment of boredom, it is agreed to mount an expedition to a hitherto unexplored region of Africa, perhaps the last *terra incognita*. What the multinational safari stumbles upon is a comical black military despotism boasting such political dignitaries as the Ministers of the Bananas, of the Moon, of Birds, Hunters, Plants and Rivers. The story ends in what is by now almost Raspail's literary trademark -- a general massacre of whites, with the "civilized" blacks of the expedition lending a helping hand.

The final short novel has the telegraphic title *Suis au Coeur du Combat dans Japon Païen et Lubrique Stop Christ Vaincre Stop Angelica* (Am in the Thick of Battle in Heathen and Lustful Japan Stop Christ Conquers Stop Angelica) deals with a cultural clash of a different sort. Angelica Burke-Simson, the principal character, is a stupid, bigoted but very wealthy American spinster, the pillar of her Baptist Church. She has just been hustled for \$5 million by an impoverished rajah who claims he has converted all his Hindus to the Baptist creed. When Angelica arrives in Japan to conquer for Christ like a modern St. Francis Xavier, the American ambassador dispatches an embassy staffer to meet this "vice-president of the DAR, honorary president of the South Dakota Democratic party, etc." Her misadventures are humorous if predictable. Angelica explains to her Japanese interpreter that the Word of God is as necessary to man as bread and pure water. The Japanese, who drinks only tea and eats only rice, politely agrees.

Raspail calls the writing of *Camp of the Saints* "fifteen months of creative exaltation." Much could, indeed much should, be said about this extraordinary work. But since it is available in English it lies outside the scope of this article. Following its publication, Raspail returned to nonfiction. Drawing upon his tremendous store of travel experiences, he produced in 1974 *La Hache des Steppes* (The Ax of the Steppes), a collection of essays on forgotten peoples, "peoples of the shadows." It is an intensely personal and often moving work. The ax is a magnificent artifact of black stone given to Raspail by his father, a symbol of the physical link with the rich heritage of European man. In the book's first chapter, "The Broken Thread," the alienation and shallowness of contemporary man are identified with lack of awareness of his cultural inheritance. Raspail counts back through his ancestors, "in only fifty generations we have rejoined Charlemagne and his immediate successors...and we are no longer French." In his daily life the average person is likely to come in contact with fifty people whom he knows by name, yet he knows perhaps but two or three of the fifty ancestors.

La Hache des Steppes deals with such peoples as the alle-

gedly Caucasian Ainos of Japan, "our white brothers the Ainos from whom we have been separated since the Neolithic gloom." A veteran of the LVF, the French volunteer force which fought on the Axis side on the Russian front in World War II, tells Raspail of coming across a village of the French descendants of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. On the basis of this discovery, the veteran asserts, "I would like to be able to explain to the Marxists that it is not economics but race which is the master of history."

As shown by both his early and more recent literary output, Raspail's world view is complex. He decries the impact of the white world on the nonwhite. "The Christian missionaries have always cut off native peoples from their origins." Then again, when discussing the Caribs, he explains he "learned the unbreakable law: every Indian woman who marries a black must leave the tribe." In this manner

the Carib people assure their survival. Rejecting any alteration of their blood, which is impermissible, they are saved by their faith in race...One comes down to the conclusion that the will to survive, hatred and blood consciousness will serve as a similar defense for other races in peril, the white race especially.

To term Raspail a racist, a white supremacist, does not agree with the literary evidence. More accurately, Raspail is a man convinced of the importance of the concept of race in human affairs. In championing diversity of types and rejecting the notion that mankind is united or should be united, he has placed himself squarely within the circle of the growing and intellectually vigorous New Right in France. While he sympathizes with other peoples who have lost their roots, he is more concerned about the future of his own race. It has often been remarked in the pages of *Instauration* that the 20th century is witnessing the decline and possible fall of the white race. Raspail stands in the great tradition of Lothrop Stoddard and Madison Grant as one of its prophets and chroniclers of this looming tragedy.

Should He?

(To be sung to the tune of *Dem Herzen Jesu singe*)

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
Two units of the biomass
Obeyed the sexual call.
But should he still be left alive?
Why, that's another thing,
He's learnt to whine and whimper,
But has not learnt to sing.

YESTERDAY'S PHILOSOPHY, TOMORROW'S RACIAL POLITICS

Schopenhauer and Darwin

Germany and England moved in separate and often opposing ways toward a concept of instinct. The characteristically English strength of Charles Darwin was in his purely descriptive study of instinctive behavior. Schopenhauer, on the other hand, was not a scientist but a philosopher. His approach to the same subject matter was to come directly to grips with the purely ethical problem, which he did by meeting the ethical philosophers on their own ground. The same critique that Kant had developed to question the existence of God, Schopenhauer directed against Kant's own "transcendental" ethics. He reasoned that if there is indeed such a thing as ethics it cannot stand above life and instincts, but must emanate from them.

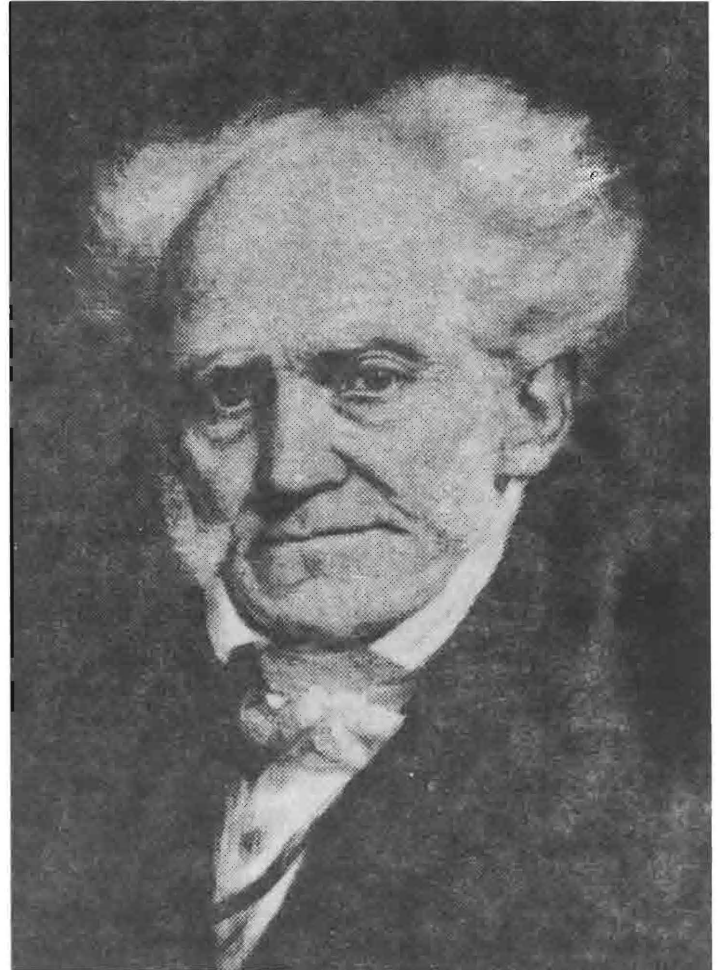
Schopenhauer proved more dangerous than Darwin to the public order. While Darwin and the Social Darwinists appeared to uphold society by giving it the sanction of instincts, Schopenhauer knocked out the props from under society. He showed that the will to live, or pure instinct, would periodically destroy even the most sacred human values and creations.

Schopenhauer and Kant

Must ethics be grounded in something other than ethics? If so, do ethics take their justification from that something outside themselves? These were the focal issues in the dispute between Schopenhauer and Kant.

Kant is falsely assigned to the school of naturalism on account of his view that morals are "innate" in the human being. Morals are not derived from God, whose existence Kant throws into doubt. But in bringing morals down from the sky he does not convincingly make them a part of nature, which has to do with what is, not what ought to be. Kant succeeds only in changing the physical location of morals, not in depriving them of a transcendental and even sacred character. He locates morals in the abstract or universal intelligence of a person, without, however, making them a part of the person. For Kant virtue was transpersonal and transhuman, the collective possession of all men. Men perhaps differ in the shapes of their heads or the color of their skin but not in the inexorable conscience, the "call of duty" implanted in the brain. Kant thus allies himself with the priesthood of his time, both sacred and secular. He takes the initiative in establishing right and wrong from the individual and leaves the priests, if not in the role of creators of value, then in the role of sole interpreters and agents of virtue, thus reinforcing their caste privilege.

It was not upon the sacred character but on the transcendental character of morals that Schopenhauer chose to dwell. He saw no revolution in simply bringing down morals from the heavens so long as they remained suspended over individual



Schopenhauer

instincts and inclinations. Virtuous actions cannot be imposed on the individual but must spring spontaneously from his in-born inclinations. While at times Schopenhauer talks almost as though there were such a thing as virtue in itself, his general view was that virtue was entirely an individual matter.

Virtue, like genius, is to a certain extent innate, and...just as all the professors of aesthetics with their combined efforts are unable to impart to anyone the capacity to produce works of genius, i.e., genuine works of art, so are all the professors of ethics and preachers of virtue just as little able to transform an ignoble character into one that is virtuous and noble. The impossibility of this is very much more obvious than is that of converting lead into gold.

Schopenhauer characterizes Kant's position as adherence to an abstract law entirely independent of all personal inclina-

tion. This law may condemn certain self-seeking and violent actions that are also prohibited by society, but theoretically it can also override and prohibit certain acts of felt compassion or "tender-hearted sympathy." There is no room in this moral law for any biological instinct or impulse, which can vary from person to person and race to race. There is only the theoretical calculation of good and evil according to its own standard. Hence while Kant professed to have challenged traditional proofs for the existence of God, who was regarded as a source of virtue, he set up a new god for whom, when the individual does not listen, there is also no evidence.

Ultimately says Schopenhauer the sanction of morals is in fear. If they are violated, it is feared some physical punishment will follow. By rejecting the notion of an avenging God, Schopenhauer explains, men lose any notion of transcendental virtue. Kant's transcendental ethics lacks this authority and fails to inspire respect. It can succeed only where implemented by a human agency.

For Schopenhauer what "ought" to be is purely a thought of a living organism regarding what is best for itself. This position opens the way for a society whose guiding principle is the will of the strongest elements. He removes the transcendental power inhibiting the activities of special interest groups. Indirectly he also overturns the notion of rule by law where such law is opposed to the interests of life. One man's law is as good as another's, and the outcome can only be determined by force. This is Schopenhauer's final position. In a society tired of conflict this view, true though it is, might in fact be contrary to people's best interests. In a society such as our own, oppressed by peace itself, the view is liberating.

Schopenhauer often claims to admire Kant as the greatest German philosopher. But his criticisms of Kant are by no means directed at a peripheral or incidental aspect of his philosophy: he strikes at the heart. Kant's real love was morals and he put them above the instincts of family and race. Schopenhauer casts out these morals as so many diverse demons and provides a philosophical and moral foundation for human groups to recapture their original unity.

Schopenhauer and Hegel

In accord with his Selective Idealism, Kant locates morality within the human mind. But since morality "transcends" individual and personal inclinations, such a law is by no means subject to personal whim or mental changes. Hegel carried this train of ideas one step further. He removed both ideas and morality from the locus of the brain, putting them in a sphere of their own where they constitute in themselves a logic of existence which the individual has no choice but to obey. Hegel does not raise these laws to the level of God so much as bring God down to the laws. But the important practical implication is that the laws stand above men. Men do not so much have morals as they act to realize a moral purpose higher than themselves. Kant had fallen into the danger that, placing morals within men, they could be confused with other individual inclinations and instincts. With Hegel this danger no longer exists.

Hegel concedes the family and race's right to exist only in so

far as they fulfill the purpose of objective reason. Only presumably departing from Kant in speaking in praise of family and race, Hegel in reality subordinates them to something outside themselves. Put in practical terms, instincts and instinctive groups would fulfill themselves only in producing an abstract bureaucratic state, since he sees no ultimate contradiction between instincts and government. The tension between specific instincts and between institutions is only a phase in the logic of the development of the state. Hegel joins other philosophers in praise of individual freedom, but Hegelian freedom is only the choice of the individual to produce and support, or not to produce and not to support, the state.

Hegel's major intellectual achievement was the idea of alienation. Through the labor of his hands and brain man produces a world *other* than himself. But this world, although man's creation, is also his greatest adversary. Estrangement occurs when the product is set up against its own maker. This idea, which Hegel developed at the high point of his thinking, could be described as a pessimistic trend since it belies the notion of a smoothly developing objective reason. Needless to say, the notion of alienation has contributed greatly to understanding modern society.

The Young Hegelians

The final *coup de grâce* to moral authority and its priestly agents and "representatives" was given paradoxically by thinkers who professed to admire Hegel and had scarcely heard of Schopenhauer. Calling themselves Young Hegelians, they attacked their master just as Schopenhauer had struck savagely at Kant. Perhaps without being aware that they had re-introduced into the discussion the notion of instincts and individual inclinations, they set these instincts against one another. Hegel had recognized contradictions between certain instincts and also between instincts and institutions. The Young Hegelians stressed these contradictions, while trying and failing to reconcile them.

At the crux of the dispute between orthodox Hegelians and the Young Hegelians was the word *aufheben*, which can mean both to suspend or annihilate and, conversely, to retain or conserve. Hegel's failure to clarify this word and to use it in its two contradictory senses without resolving the contradiction constitutes, paradoxically, much of the interest in Hegelian philosophy. Orthodox Hegelians who had inherited Hegel's university chair and had support from both church and state, insisted on the meaning "retain." In the dialectic or tension of opposites (Hegel's famous formula), opposing forces to not destroy one another even while they transcend themselves. Their destruction consists only in passing over into something new, though still being contained in this transformed condition. Speaking in concrete terms, the state which overcomes and supersedes individual parties also conserves them. This is not to overlook the fact that the center of value and purpose is now a new phase of objective reason whose physical expression is the existing church and state.

The radical party, the Young Hegelians, were impatient with this unresolved ambiguity. Attacking the family among other institutions, they were seemingly bent on pulling down every-

thing in sight. While observing the dialectical formula of Hegel, they also said that *aufheben*, the third movement in the dialectic, can only mean that one party or force destroys the other and replaces it with itself.

Hence the individual, family or race at war with the state must either destroy the state or die in the struggle. If this is indeed the historically necessary struggle of the time, it must have this absolute outcome. But the primary attention of the Young Hegelians was directed at religion. They held that the greatest struggle of the day was religious. Their assertion was that man having created God in his own likeness now saw himself oppressed by that same God. The outcome could only be the destruction of the notion of God. But the Young Hegelians were not entirely stuck on the religious issue and saw the implications regarding the existing German state. They saw the state as the idea of God "separating man from himself." To reunite himself man must rise up against all these abstract ideas.

In the view of the young Hegelians, freedom of man from his own creations -- his gods and institutions -- would mean that man, instead of comprehending himself indirectly through the thing that enslaved him, could be aware of himself directly. Man would know man as man. But who is this man? The Young Hegelians, preoccupied as they were with institutions, never came to terms with this issue. Nevertheless, in the turmoil of the future they believed the answer would become clear. Man is a creature of instincts. He is a creature of family and race. Free from restrictive and inhibiting institutions, these instincts would now rule -- not to produce a lasting chaos but an order based on a new principle.

Stirner and Bauer

Max Stirner, nom de plume of Kaspar Schmidt, a Berlin girls' school teacher, was one of the Berlin Hegelians of the 1850s. Author of *The Ego and Its Own*, he formulated the idea of pure and theoretical anarchism. Going further than even the writings of professed activist anarchists, he asserted that the individual lives ultimately only for himself. The locus of all value, the individual has no use for society. Stirner's prescription was not actively to destroy society but simply to withdraw from it. As individuals and egos are born society is drained and passes away.

Such a radical statement makes sense only in a society -- such as our own -- in which the person seems totally dominated by abstract institutions that violate and humiliate instincts and personal inclinations. But is the present-day American ready for an anarchist revolution? Does he know what kind of life lies beyond the death of society? What can be expected when the ego is freed from its constraints?

Today some important clues about the ego can be understood now through a careful study of instincts. The ego, it turns out, is not a disorderly creature, but at least in most people is peaceful and cooperative.

Bruno Bauer was a friend of Stirner and a Young Hegelian. He was the one who coined the famous phrase "terrorism of pure theory" and subjected all institutions, in particular the church and state, to a devastating criticism. Like other anar-

chists he thrashed about and attacked almost indiscriminately. In his later writings, however, certain latent instincts welled up within him and dominated his philosophy. These were instincts of race. His anti-Semitism led to his rejection by academia and the press.

Bauer's real and lasting contribution was that he was able to distinguish between the *religious* problem and the *racial* one. Germans of his age, like many fundamentalist Christians in America today, conceived the distinction between European and Jew as one of religion. Bauer identified the religious distinction as superficial. Behind it were factors of race.

Engels

Bauer was the object of the polemics of Friedrich Engels, who had established some personal associations with the Young Hegelians and in many respects resembled them. Engels accepted Hegel's conflict or dialectical formula. But in applying the Hegelian method he was more clearly aware than Hegel of the actual social forces of the modern age. While Hegel was certainly cognizant of the importance of technology and technological social organization, Engels made it the central problem.

Engels' social awareness was stimulated by an American thinker, Lewis Henry Morgan (see *Instauration*, January 1977). Morgan held that man's unique mode of adaptation, technology, is central to understanding human society. Itself a new creation in the history of organic life, technology in turn creates new kinds of social groups and also destroys old groups. In particular, the reproductive unit, the family, must retreat before the social organization imposed by technology. The tension between a rising material order and the ancient social order makes up what is properly called history. Engels accepted this idea and developed it further.

In Engels' mind technology occupied a position vis-à-vis organic life and instincts roughly equivalent to Kant's transcendental conscience and Hegel's objective reason. It could be called the objective materialization or embodiment of this abstract principle but was nevertheless historically real and immediately tangible. Still, the value basis wherein Engels overrules instincts in favor of the objective order is pure metaphysics.

Engels was a professed atheist who in the tradition of Young Hegelians regards God as the self-created likeness of man which "separates man from himself." But, just as this criticism extends, as Schopenhauer showed, to the transcendental mind of Kant, it extends as well to the entire objective order. Technology can be seen as separating man from himself. Morals in these terms are detached and removed from instincts.

Racial politics

The playwrights who wanted to liberate instincts from the tyranny of the social order were German philosophers like Schopenhauer and Bauer. But the theater of the final drama will be late 20th-century or early 21st-century America. Germany itself in the '30s was a sort of prologue. Engels in his time could not have foreseen racial politics.

Engels was right in one thing. The proletariat would be one

combatant. But its adversary will not be a handful of capitalists. It will be the entire instinctive order which antedates all the social orders Engels had studied, personally had seen come to existence and then pass away. Instincts are in rebellion against the established order. Any previous anarchism was simply isolated individuals whose instincts were out of step with the rest. Now there is an anarchism of the masses. If

this anarchism has a name, it must be called the racial movement.

The outcome can only be the destruction, in Young Hegelian fashion, of the proletariat as the social expression of the objective order, and the subordination of technology to the instincts of life.

An interview with Robert Lenski of the Human Conservation Movement

NEW RHETORIC FOR NEW TIMES

Robert Lenski, who has written extensively in the fields of psychology and demography, believes that the global situation of the white Northern European community is now so critical that narrow, sectarian appeals in its behalf are outdated. Only a broad coalition of men and women of good will -- liberal, conservative and socialist, and of all racial, national and religious backgrounds -- can arrest the precipitous decline of these endangered people. The political model which Lenski recommends for their defense is a mixture of ecology ("save the whales") and civil rights nonviolence. To give Lenski's views maximum exposure, *Instauration* has reprinted in its entirety a recent interview with Lenski by a person who has no connection with *Instauration* and who wishes to remain anonymous.

Questioner: Why a Human Conservation Movement? Isn't the world being overrun with people?

Robert Lenski: The world is also being overrun with animals, such as rats, mice and cockroaches. There are more deer in America today than when Columbus landed. But numbers aren't everything. Variety also counts -- and many species are in bad shape. And they aren't just any species. They are frequently the largest, the most unusual, the most valuable ones. I would much rather lose, say, ten kinds of antelopes than the gorilla. And right now all of the great apes are fighting to survive.

How does this tie in with people?

Well, obviously all people belong to one species. But there is nothing magical about the concept "species." Man has done everything in his power to increase variety in the dog and other domestic animals because he loves variety in his environment. Today people are fighting to preserve variety in a thousand other ways. Look at the preservation of historical monuments. The fact that the world is being overrun with houses doesn't stop us from protecting unusual ones. The only field in which it is not respectable to advocate the preservation of diversity is when it has to do with human appearance. Here we're all supposed to become a drab, look-alike brown.

Liberals would violently disagree. The liberal ideal is not human sameness. It is a city like New York or London or Paris or Berlin where you walk down the street and everyone has a different shape or color.

This view illustrates a total lack of perspective -- global, historical or any other kind. The liberal's choice of cities gives away his near-sightedness. He didn't say Tokyo or Calcutta or Nairobi -- where over

90% of the people look alike racially. The liberal who likes present-day London is forgetting that the only reason all those types exist is because their ancestors were segregated in different geographical regions in the past. Even without any further input of nonwhites, London will become a "brown town" almost as boring and uniform as Calcutta in just a few generations.

Isn't a similar race-mixing process bound to occur in the Third World as it advances economically?

Conceivably, but the impact would be entirely different since it would happen there after the nonwhite population explosion was under control. In 1915 Nordics reached their all-time peak in numbers, 15% of the world's population. Today they account for under 5% of the world's live births. Beyond all doubt the figure will fall well below 2% before the Third World manages to reduce its birthrate, if it ever does. Even 1% might be too optimistic. Worse, this one in a hundred will not be geographically concentrated. The surviving Nordics will be mixed in with many other races wherever they are. So, when other races finally bring their fertility under control, it won't help the Nordics one bit. Massive interbreeding will place them beyond help. Under such conditions, they would be bred out over a few generations unless there is an organized campaign to instill racial consciousness. Look at Hawaii today. One-third of all whites marry nonwhites. California is right behind. Remember the "California girl" stereotype of the late '60s? Tall and lean, with blond hair and a tawny body. Well, *Newsweek* ran individual photos of the graduating class at Bakke's medical school in California, and of some 100 students, only five or six had blond hair! What we are seeing is the utter transformation of states and nations, not in a century but overnight. And hardly a peep of protest. Yet they delay a dam project to save the snail darter.

How about the Indians? Aren't they being equally threatened?

First, they were never a major culture-bearing race in the sense that the Nordics were. In 1492 they were less than 3% of the human population. Second, they have made an extraordinary comeback. Sometime next century, the amount of Indian blood in the New World may again surpass the amount of white blood. They will soon be back where they were before Columbus, in terms of percentage. In absolute numbers, there may already be more Indians than in 1492.

Let's concede that the Nordics become extinct. But how big is humanity's loss really? There will still be many whites in the world.

This is precisely where the Human Conservation Movement comes in. Our esthetic loss alone would be incalculable. You can

take almost any physical trait of the human species which has any real esthetic significance, and categorize all of the races by their expression of that trait, and you'll find Nordics at one end of the scale. Obviously, this is true of pigmentation. The world's fairest skin is centered in Sweden, the bluest eyes are in parts of Norway and Ireland, the grayest eyes in the Baltic region, the most red hair in Wales, the most golden-blond around the North Sea, and the most ash-blond around the Baltic. In contrast, most of the world's people have black hair, nearly black eyes and brownish skin. But what few people stop to appreciate is that the Nordic physical condition is every bit as extraordinary in *form* as in *color*. When you ride a big-city bus in America, look at the people's faces. Those of many races have a rather blobby, nondescript appearance, whether they're black, Mexican, Oriental, or -- for that matter -- many white groups. Then look for Nordics: if they're young, they're likely to be about the only cleanly chiselled faces around. And there are other ways they stand out. The world's finest hair and finest skin texture are in Scandinavia. Some of the world's tallest statures, largest body sizes and most massive heads are also found in Northern European regions. Sexual dimorphism -- or the difference between the sexes -- is unusually pronounced there. If you took, say, a typical Southern Italian and a typical Swede, the overall appearance of the Italian could logically be placed in sequence *between* that of the Swede and most of the world's people with regard to virtually all physical characteristics. To the degree that body and mind are linked, the same would be true of mental characteristics. In no remotely comparable sense could a Swede's appearance be placed between that of the Italian and most other groups. In other words, the Northern Europeans are one of humanity's three extreme esthetic types. The only others are the Negroid and the classic Mongoloid of northern Asia. Everyone else, including American Indians, is of intermediate appearance. Since humanity has only three esthetic extremes, it is essential that all three be protected.

Granted Nordics are an unusual looking bunch. But if variety is our criterion for saving rare groups, aren't the rare Pygmies, Watusis and others even more unusual?

Not at all. Their coloring is entirely common -- that's half the picture right there. And other than their stature and the steatopygia of the Hottentots, their forms are not very remarkable when compared to other Negroids. Besides, they were always rare in historic times, so there has been no change in their status. We are speaking of the death of a *great* race, happening right before our eyes.

People like yourself are disturbed to see nonwhite communities springing up all over in the midst of once Northern European countries. But isn't it a two-way street? How about all of the Anglo-Indians in India, for example?

They're a drop in the bucket. I saw one recent estimate of their total numbers as 150,000. That's out of 600 million Indians, or one in every 4,000. It's equivalent to a mere 15,000 people in Britain's population of 60 million. Actually, there are more than a million, perhaps two million, nonwhites in Britain and leading government officials have confessed that they have regularly fudged the numbers. The same thing has occurred in France and elsewhere.

But the original population of Britain is already racially mixed. A darker element has always been present.

You are right about $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{3}$ of the British population. But most of those individuals have close relatives who are fair. In other words, Britain has always had many borderline Nordics. But by mixing in only a few very dark elements, the entire precarious balance is shift-

ed. The fair element goes into eclipse. Of course, in a country like Sweden, where 96% of the people traditionally had light eyes, the change is far more dramatic. Now they are saying that even Sweden will be $\frac{1}{3}$ non-Nordic by the year 2000. Mix these aliens into the population and, sure, you'll still have plenty of individuals with blond hair or with blue eyes or with ultrafine complexions or with classical facial features or with lithe, clean-limbed bodies, but you'll rarely find an individual who combines them all and looks like our image of a Swede. The *gestalt* of the race will be shattered. There won't be any more Greta Garbos, except as rare freaks. It will be the same in every other Nordic country. Every individual Swedish physical trait is found in a large minority of Italians, but real Nordic types have become as rare in Italy as hen's teeth. That was not always true. And consider what will happen when the new mixed Swedish population does produce a Garbo. The famous and wealthy individuals will now be largely of other races. So she can choose between hundreds of short, swarthy millionaires or a tall, ruddy, handsome blond house-painter. Unless she's incredibly altruistic, she'll go after the money, and her race will die a little more. Already in America, there is a frantic male rush after the fast dwindling supply of really Nordic women. You see it all around you in the urban areas and on TV. Today there are hardly enough blonde beauties in all Scandinavia to satisfy the appetites of a few Arab shiekdoms. Believe me, the time is only a few years off when every attractive blonde woman in the world, in Shakespeare's words, may "fall in love with that she fear'd to look on," and have the chance to marry a dark millionaire -- one usually made rich, incidentally, by the inventions of her own Northern European ancestors.

How would you counter these trends?

I take the civil rights movement as my chief political model. We in the Human Conservation Movement share fully the great dream of Martin Luther King. He once said, I have a dream that in the future little black boys and little white boys would play together in the red clay hills of Georgia -- or something to that effect. *We agree completely.* It is our fervent hope that in 200 years there will be little white children -- or, more particularly, Northern European types -- **left to play with anyone!**

King felt that it was crucial that blacks have the right to sit down in restaurants. How much more crucial is it that the other great American group have a right to sit down at all, that is -- to exist! We must never forget that it is Nordics who are the tiny, pitiful, leaderless minority struggling everywhere just to survive, with their backs to the wall.

Blacks frequently oppose such things as interracial adoption because they feel that their survival is endangered.

Many blacks may sincerely feel this way, but they have their facts all wrong. Their race will soon be a far higher percentage of the world's population than ever before in historic times. But again, that's not what's most important. What's vital is that virtually all of these blacks will be in countries where nearly 100% of the population is black. Their racial future is assured. If you see a black and a white walking arm-in-arm, you'd better realize that it poses no threat whatsoever to black survival. Only in America and Brazil are large numbers of blacks integrated. But Northern Europeans almost everywhere are already living in racial checkerboards. Even the Soviet Union has a large Mongoloid minority. But most of the world's brown, black and yellow people live in nations which are almost 100% of their own race.

It would be an enlightening experiment to pick 100 whites of Northern European ancestry at random from around the world and

examine their daily racial interactions. Then do the same for 100 swarthier whites and 100 Orientals, and so on. You would find, in all cases but one, that most of the people were interacting exclusively with their own kind. Perfectly natural. This is man's way since time immemorial. But a typical Northern European works with an Oriental, his kids go to school with blacks, his sister married an Arab, his cousin is dating a Filipino, etc., etc. In short, his whole life is one big picture of a race being dissolved. It could be argued that he *hates* himself, because if he continues living as he does, hardly anyone will look at all like him in 200 years. But those around him, the so-called "minority groups" -- from a worldwide perspective a totally inaccurate designation -- will have countless racial descendants. Of course, I don't really think it's self-hate. Only a handful of Bill Waltons* are totally warped. It's ignorance.

When you walk down many city streets in America, you still see many groups that are all-blond and Northern European-looking, but far fewer that look, say, all-Oriental or all-brown or all-whatever. It seems to me that the Northern Europeans are preserving their identity as well as anyone.

Their physical identity, perhaps but only for a few more decades. Their psychological identity is already fast disappearing. Look at the imagery in TV shows like *Chico and the Man* -- the young wave of the future versus the narrow old past. We're being deliberately conditioned in a thousand subtle ways to accept a brown future. We live and breathe this propaganda -- all new since 1960. I've made quantitative studies of this conditioning. Blacks are to remain blacks, yellows yellow, browns brown -- but whites must turn brown.

One of the chief forces of racial integration is school busing, which you obviously oppose. George McGovern said it was the only way to pay for the "ancient regime of fascism."

McGovern has defined the very *existence* of an entire race -- his own -- as fascist! But let me try to answer him. Take a school that's one-third black, one-third white and one-third yellow. That school isn't in the middle of the ocean, it's located right in the heartland of one of the races! Meanwhile, the heartlands of the other two are still 100% pure. Remember how the press jumped on Carter because he dared to breathe the words "ethnic purity"? Many nonwhites said that this showed "WASP insensitivity." Yet, in every case, most members of their own race live in settings just as pure as ever. Their futures are guaranteed. They can afford to be miserable hypocrites

* The basketball star who once said that whites had been so cruel to blacks that any black was entitled to attack any white, including himself. Since he stands about seven feet tall, this is hardly a courageous statement.

like Reverend Moon. He claims he's a Christian, but all he ever talks about is how it's God's will for America to turn into one big brown melting pot. The man doesn't know a word of English! But he never preaches a word to his countrymen in Korea, who remain to this day some of the world's biggest racists. Children of mixed race in Korea are stoned. Their own mothers abandon them so they have to be fobbed off by the thousands of naive Swedes in Minnesota. White people are applauding Moon when they should be screaming at him in rage.

One final question. What is the first priority of the Human Conservation Movement?

Education. It has to be. Giving people the simple, tragic facts. Drilling them into the heads of grade-school children. Nordics are already so far down the road to destruction that the solutions will not be easy. Nonviolence is essential. What Northern Europeans fail to realize is that all they have to do is speak up in their own collective behalf for once, *with the facts*, and all of the self-righteous opposition to their survival will begin to crumble. Do you really think that the typical black or olive-skinned Sicilian or anyone else wants to live in a world without a healthy number of blond types? I don't. To believe that would be real racism. I think *haters* are in the minority in every group. The Human Conservation Movement wants to get people of every race and creed together to find workable solutions for their stricken neighbor. I recently counted 21 books on the fate of American Indians in a book store. So why not 21 books on the fate of the Nordics? They're more threatened today than the Indians were at their lowest ebb. When you go in a library, all the black kids are reading books about blacks: black poets, black musicians, black this, black that. All at public expense. How tragic for any people to be so utterly self-obsessed. Why not interest them in the fate of other, less fortunate groups? Of course, the blacks are in bad *economic* shape. But any healthy spirit knows that "man does not live by bread alone." Black pride, black spirit, and all that have never been higher. But the Northern European way of life is being crushed, the Nordic spirit being broken down, as was the spirit of the Chicanos before they learned to speak of "La Raza." The more intelligent Nordics go running off to every obscure corner of the world to study every little tribe, but they hardly know what a Viking is. And they're too scared to ask. So let's get everyone concerned about the poor Northern European, and together find a solution. Let's do everything in our power to preserve the few pitiful pockets of Northern European purity which still survive!

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MODERNISM

"Modern" can refer to the latest gadget, e.g., a computer or drug less than ten years old. It can also refer to a period of history. As a process, modernization can describe what happens when Oxford-educated Indians try to push high technology onto backward coolies. In literature, it can refer to the experimental as opposed to the heroic or romantic.

By bringing in the racial aspect, I want to argue that the modern is foremostly Nordic. I want to argue that the modern

is a stage in our evolution from which there is no hope of going back but much hope, if we come to grips with it, of moving on to the next. Of all treatments of the modern, I would most recommend Joseph Wood Krutch, *The Modern Temper* (1926), to readers of *Instauration*, who presumably already know a thing or two about race.

Most historians divide European history into ancient, medieval, and modern. Spengler, Toynbee, and other macrohistor-

ians have argued, however, that ancient Greece and Rome belong to a different civilization, the Classical, and not to Western history. Whatever view one holds of the influence of the ancients upon the West (my own is that the West emerged more in spite of than because of such influence), the evolution from the medieval age of faith to the modern age of science must not be lost sight of. Most so-called civilizations never got out of the age of faith, and the reason the Classical peoples never fully developed science must surely be that they died out genetically. Since Spengler was more or less ignorant of race, he saw scientific and modern developments as the beginning of a decline rather than as a new stage requiring an intact race.

It was the great German sociologist Max Weber who characterized history since the Reformation as modernism, in the sense that concepts and categories of thought and social action became more refined and differentiated. For example, categories of thought which were once fused, such as value and fact, became distinct. Categories of social action such as home and job (the word economy comes from the Greek for household management) also were differentiated and separated. So were church and state, *Gemeinschaft* and *Gesellschaft*, and form and function. The separation of management from control was noted by Gardiner Means and James Burnham.

Rather than describe each of these dualisms in detail, I shall focus on the creation of trinities, as this is felt to be uniquely Indo-European. That triads pervade Indo-European religions as well as social classifications has been observed by George Dumézil in particular. (In contrast, the Levantine religions are dualistic and their societies have only masters and subjects.) But as time rolls on, yet more conceptual trinities have been established. The differentiation of fiction from fact on the one hand and fabrication on the other occurred around the time of Edmund Spenser. The concept of a neutral stranger was added to those of friend and foe. Montesquieu added the judiciary to the legislative and executive branches. Charles Peirce, who noted the "threeness" of things, added the formation of concepts (retroduction) to the scientist's deduction and induction.

Whether "threeness" is part of the objective nature of things or deeply characteristic of the Indo-European mentality, I do not know, but it is an improvement over dualistic thinking. I would be inclined to regard "threeness" as a potential existing in Indo-European thought, whose realization is still being accomplished. Perhaps too much can be made of this, but I have often found it helpful to look for a third element. For instance, a great deal of effort has been put into searching for an ideal set of laws for an economic system. Capitalism has been criticized for producing too unequal a distribution of incomes. Proposals to modify the rules of the game to generate a better outcome have been advanced. Adam Smith, it is said, felt that inside every man is a Scotsman; but the game of capitalism is no longer played only by "Scotsmen." Until account is taken of who is allowed to play the game as well as of rules and outcomes, the whole ethical discussion of economics and every other social matter founders.

Modernization comes at a price. For every further refinement, the emotional security of a simple world is endangered. The age of faith gives way to the age of confusion. We could best think this out in terms of supply and demand (a dualism, I



J.S. Bach -- first jazz improviser?

am afraid). If one race has a greater mental capacity to supply more differentiated categories of thought and action, it will. But the members of a given society will also demand different levels of refinement. Some will embrace further modernization; others will want to retreat. In other words, the temperaments of the members, as well as their capacities, need to be considered.

Fortunately we know something about temperament, and that something we owe to the great psychologist William H. Sheldon. If we consider the psychic economy of an individual, we can see him torn by making a distinction (e.g., keeping church and state apart) that would give him cerebral satisfaction but would not be satisfying emotionally. Each person would draw for himself the degree of separation best for him. Sheldon observes that it is the introverted person, whom he calls cerebrotonic, who can best sustain these distinctions. Such persons tend to be thin of body build (ectomorphs) and we see that the separation of church and state has gone further in Protestant lands, which are racially more Nordic and ectomorphic, than in Catholic lands. I would expect there to be similar differences along the other dimensions, in particular the ability to separate present from future gratification. Although I can't say for sure, my guess is that these differences are more due to differences in temperament than in ability.

Cerebration -- I'm thinking of temperament, not IQ -- can only thrive in a hothouse environment. This is not the best analogy. Animals, with their muscles and motor energy, are the real hothouse plants, as it takes a vegetative backdrop for animals to survive. Refined cerebral activities require that someone first stake out the territory and solve the struggle for existence. Evolution goes from the vegetable to the animal to the cerebral.

Once a society can support genetic introverts (ectomorphs), good things begin to happen. The refinement or differentiation of concepts such as value and fact make for a better understanding of the world and hence more power over it. An introvert can pay the emotional price more cheaply. He can also "repress" (because for him it *isn't* a repression) the need for gratification in the present in favor of greater future rewards.

This is what lies behind the frugal Protestant Ethic. The economy booms and *then* the problem becomes one of keeping out the lesser races.

Still, the dynamic element has not been accounted for. The supply and demand equations of individuals haven't changed as much as the historical movement of the society. A third factor must be sought, and this factor, I think, is the feedback upon individuals of the society created by a specific population. Once it becomes clear that restraint pays, social pressures will arise to provide it. This is more than breaking up fist fights. It is more than indoctrinating with the virtues of thrift people who are prone to be wasters. It has also meant the wholesale destruction of emotional and moral certitudes, because the introverted, self-reflecting personality goes so far as to question everything. Militant atheism becomes the only intellectually respectable (and hence moral) position to take and profligacy instead of thrift the only moral behavior, since no good reason for *not* wasting one's life can be advanced.

The matter seems to have gotten out of hand, especially when college students are complaining about being pushed into sexual liberation. Yet no one, least of all conservatives, is trying to give good reasons for not wasting one's life. There are more than enough people who deplore the situation, but their solution is to bring back Jesus, corporal punishment, the gold standard, or the White race. At least 99% of the discussions of these four items are based not on objective arguments but on appeals to Tradition. Once Christianity has been questioned, the only way we can become a Christian nation again is to breed down to the level of Latin Americans.

Racism won't get off the ground, except momentarily, by appeals to tradition. The reason is that upper classes the world over, from Europe to Japan, are ectomorphic and introverted. It is a mark of leisure not to have to have a barrel chest, but the connection between beauty and refinement has been observed long enough that some fundamental principle has to be involved.

Of course, the whole business of skepticism can get carried away, just as the Puritans apparently got too carried away, even for them, with their enforced joy (a prominent word in their speech). A revolt of the less ectomorphic masses might bring back Jesus or some other Tradition, but the ectos will rise to the top once more and question Jesus to death all over again. The only hope is in some proof of Christianity that will satisfy almost everyone, a hope that is not likely to come.

But for the restoration of the race there is hope, not on a traditional basis but a new one. And this will call for more modernization if not (in some of its senses) a postmodern world. The trend toward increasing introspection seems to be continuing, but there is something of a reversal in the strict separation of concepts. Thomas Hobbes was already in the seventeenth century a great introspector when he formulated theories of perception. (This was an improvement over medieval syllogisms and Aristotle, to be sure, but it was not until around Darwin's time that physiology started taking over.) David Hume propounded his introspective proof for the separation of fact and value in the eighteenth century, and indeed the twentieth century school of linguistic analysis relies mostly on the speaker's self-understanding of how he uses words. Indeed, philo-

sophers have turned ethics into something of a mediators' racket: they are the high priests of words and merely by taking one's ethical problems to their courts, one has surrendered a great deal.

The whole Darwinian revolution, whose impact in America I have described, is slowly starting to do away with this pat distinction between value and fact. On the one hand, we can appreciate how the moralities erected by dominant institutions (such as the current liberal-minority ethics of the human betterment industry) have to have survival value; and on the other hand, the prospect of an ethics based upon evolution shows that a higher synthesis of value and fact is in the making. (What I am speaking of is a trinity: value, fact, and synthesis. I'm not sure whether Hegel thought of trinities but rather of a replacement of two by one.) It is through such a synthesis that our race has hope.

Syntheses without the destruction of the old are going on regularly. Both physicists and opinion pollsters have to deal with the interactions of observer and observed. The distinction between form and function that reached great heights in the Bauhaus school is being reversed, without in any sense reverting to pre-modern days when the distinction was unknown. Melody and emotion are creeping back into music, after having been kicked out in the early twentieth century. I understand that rhyme is coming back into poetry. Painters are picking up something of the biological basis of perception as they are turning away from the strict separation of object and representation that culminated in abstract art and threatened to be the death of art.

These syntheses, which may be termed "postmodern" as compared to Weber's "modern" distinction-making, are the result of the continued tempo of introspection. *Tristram Shandy* was the first experimental novel and J.S. Bach the first jazz improviser. Bach's greatest work, the *Goldberg Variations*, based its variations not upon the melody of the beginning section but its rhythm. Beethoven, too, was a great experimenter. His *Diabelli Variations* has been exceeded in loftiness only by his late quartets, but it contains a complete microcosm of musical forms.

The postmodern syntheses in the arts are a product of almost hyperconsciousness. There are countless new experimental schools, with a recognition that art of the old, self-assured variety is no longer possible but that art must go on anyhow. Of course, there is plenty of room for fads and phoniness, and it will take time for the worthwhile material to get separated out. For me, the best postmodern art is to be found in the recordings of old Bach (who would have approved) by the Scotch Canadian pianist Glenn Gould. Here is the hyperconscious synthesis of old and new works!

The common man rightly senses that much of modern art is a put-on, and does not appreciate being told that he lacks the highbrow equipment to understand. Conservatives might well join in with robust ridicule, but their reaction is often one of profound ideological loathing, a reaction not devoted to, say, the foolishness of fashion design. But rarely, if ever, is the basis of this loathing, a rejection of modernism, ever consciously articulated.

No amount of loathing, however, will shut Pandora's box.

No revolt of the masses will long suppress the intense introspectiveness of all our sciences and arts. Only a destruction of Nordic ectomorphs can accomplish that. The charge that I am making, that conservatives are at the bottom antimodern and hence anti-Nordic, is grave. There is a dilemma, to be sure, that our society has outrun its present genetic ability to get along in a postmodern world (though some, like myself, think it is not nearly postmodern enough). The obvious solution, to breed more Nordics, may result in the dilemma appearing all

over again at a higher level. One synthesis appears to be on the way, that of a new evolutionary ethics. Raymond B. Cattell has made a major beginning in *A New Morality from Science: Beyondism*. (Isn't it significant that Herbert Spencer called his life work "synthetic philosophy"?) But a full solution to the dilemma calls for an approach combining the biological and social dimensions. Conservative moaning won't do.

ROBERT THROCKMORTON

The Irish Trouble Comes to Santa Rosa

The city of Santa Rosa, California, recently became the unlikely focus of a campaign of subversive intimidation. About a year ago the city fathers wrote to the International Sister Cities Organization asking to be "twinned" with an "English-speaking" city of about the same size and situation. A short time later the city council was informed that Santa Rosa had been twinned with Craigavon in County Armagh, Northern Ireland. The councillors of Craigavon took the twinning a little more enthusiastically than their American counterparts. They decided to organize a trip to California for the city's dignitaries, so that proper contacts could be made. All went according to plan until a few months ago when a group in San Francisco called the Irish National Caucus decided to get into the act.

The Irish National Caucus, an organization which supports the aims of the IRA, has from time to time been under Congressional investigation in Washington. The INC wishes to see the overthrow of democratic majority rule in Northern Ireland and the forcible amalgamation of Northern with Southern Ireland. It has organized several anti-British demonstrations in this country, including one that ended up in a riot when demonstrators attacked Americans visiting Royal Navy ships in San Francisco.

The INC did not approve of the visit of the Craigavon councillors on the grounds it would be tantamount to recognizing the existence of majority government in Northern Ireland. An INC delegation from San Francisco paid a visit to the mayor in Santa Rosa (30 miles away) and made it quite clear that, if the Craigavon councillors did visit the city on their goodwill mission, there would be vigorous demonstrations all along their way.

One of the delegates, Father Sean O'Hara, pointed out that a previous confrontation in Santa Rosa between the American Nazi party and Communists had cost the city \$40,000 in extra police pay. Certainly the city fathers could not afford

another round of such expenses. To make the cheese more binding, a smart young San Francisco attorney by the name of Michael McDermott chimed in that the Craigavon council discriminated against Catholics.

Santa Rosa Mayor Jack Healy -- of Irish extraction himself -- quickly gave in to what he himself later described as "intimidation." So did the city council.

When he was informed of the cancellation Craigavon Mayor Alan Locke made several transatlantic phone calls to try to persuade the Santa Rosans to change their minds. Craigavon had gone to great trouble to prepare for the trip. Several gifts of an official nature had been collected, among them a set of Tyrone crystal engraved with the two cities' emblems and the Craigavon city motto, "Together We Progress." When all his efforts failed, Mayor Locke described the outcome as "most unfortunate." "It shows,"

he ruefully concluded, "what we in Ulster are up against when we part-time politicians are confronted by American professionals in propaganda."

The capitulation was also condemned by mainstream republican (Catholic) circles in Ulster. Republican members of the Craigavon city council joined in a unanimous council vote expressing regret and disappointment at the outcome. No one in California had bothered to contact the Craigavon republicans for their views, but had just assumed that the extremist Irish National Caucus was their bona fide representative. No one had pointed out that the Ulster delegation would have *included* republican representation, in the person of the Catholic deputy mayor of Craigavon.

Mr. Brendan Moran, the consul of the Republic of Ireland in San Francisco, also condemned the snub. He stated that the visit

Some Background

The Republic of Ireland, also known as Eire or Southern Ireland, has a population of 3.2 million. As the recent mass outpouring for the Pope demonstrated, Ireland is the most Catholic country in the world. Divorce, contraception and abortion are illegal and Irish scissors work busily on doubtful books, films and TV shows.

The northeast part of the island is called Northern Ireland or, less accurately, Ulster and is part of the United Kingdom. Like England, Scotland and Wales, it elects MPs to the parliament in London. Until 1973 Northern Ireland also had its own provincial parliament for local affairs. No more. Today the country is ruled by representatives of the British government.

Northern Ireland's population of 1,537,000 is about two-thirds Protestant and one-third Catholic. The Protestants regard themselves as British (since their ancestors originally came from the mainland) and generally wish to remain within the United King-

dom. That is why they are called Unionists or Loyalists.

The Catholics regard themselves as Irish and generally wish to break off the union with Britain and unite with Southern Ireland to create an all-island Irish republic. Hence they are described as Republicans.

The Protestant Unionists do not wish to be drawn into an all-Ireland republic, since they would then cease to be a majority and become a minority. Inevitably their culture would be altered by Catholicism and Irish nationalism.

For the past ten years Northern Ireland has been subjected to the terroristic forays of the Irish Republican Army. The IRA (no connection with the regular Irish Army in the south) seeks to reunite Ireland by force against the wishes of the Northern Ireland majority. British troops were sent onto the streets in 1969 to maintain order and have been dying there ever since.