

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

Instauration

VOL 1, NO. 7

JUNE 1976

Demythologizing Dizzy

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

**The Hocus-Pocus of Louis Pauwels
Press Lords, Pollsters and Agitpropists**



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

□ In reporting racial clashes where whites attack blacks front page treatment is given by the news media. Photos of the assault, if available, are published. Editorials are written condemning the act. The prosecutor's office and the police affirm their intent to pursue the matter to the fullest extent of the law. Community spokesmen are quoted expressing indignation and disgust. But when blacks assault whites the story is reported on the inside pages of the newspaper. If race is mentioned at all, it's toward the end of the story in as terse a language as possible. It is even sometimes suggested that the incident was triggered by whites from events occurring hours or days before. Furthermore, there have been enough books published, purporting to describe how it feels to grow up black in America. If the same amount of energy were expended on case studies and novels describing the plight of whites living or working in black neighborhoods the American Majority would be horrified. A white rage would spread throughout the land.

482

□ Rhodesia has brought her problems on herself. She is a victim of the age-old and fatal white yearning for cheap colored labor. For decades Rhodesia has deliberately encouraged a high birth and survival rate among blacks, so as to ensure a plentiful supply of fieldhands, housekeepers and nursemaids. I've had "conservatives" (including those who know the facts of race) tell me that it's okay to have illegal Mexicans flow into California because "they just want to work." If the white race is to survive, reactionary sentiments like this must give way to concepts where economic class lines are drastically reduced and the humblest Majority worker is respected, even honored, and not disparaged by money-minded conservatives as simply an irritating cost of production. Without a comprehensive societal viewpoint, today's racial thinkers are just playing an intellectual game that will lead nowhere.

920

□ A second thought about Marx, who seems to be taking up a lot of space in your periodical. When Marx, Hegel's pupil, realized that Hegel was a defender of "Spirit," and therefore a defender of Christianity's right to exist, he fled in horror to the camp of atheist-materialist philosophers. Marx was emotionally dedicated to the destruction of Christianity which he regarded as the basic cause of the anti-Semitism from which he and his people suffered, through the centuries, in Christian Europe. What he retained from Hegel's teaching was merely the system of reasoning, the dialectic of thesis, antithesis and synthesis (e.g. Hegel would say: The infinite, in knowing itself, becomes finite in thought, and then, in exploring the fullness of thought, becomes Infinite again). History thereby becomes the autobiography or odyssey of Spirit—mind manifesting itself as matter. For Marx, history is the odyssey of mindless matter . . . and leaves no room for error, God or religion, and eliminates all justification for anti-Semitism.

119

□ What Socrates was saying was the "beginning of the end of the Greek civilization." What Christianity was saying 2000 years ago was the beginning of the end of the Roman civilization. What Berkeley, Kant, Hume, culminating in Hegel, were saying, produced a whole new idea of how we know the world or a new idea of existence. Now add Gregor Mendel. You have the beginning of the end of Christianity and the Western World. A civilization's religious self-consciousness is the highest self-consciousness that it ever reaches. Religion, at its base, always goes to existence. A superior idea of existence will surpass the old idea of existence and the civilization will fall.

333

□ The resentment of some readers toward your policy of anonymity accents one of the principal causes of our racial deterioration.

112

They want to hang onto their egos at the very time all of us must submerge our individuality and join together in a great collective. Organized groups make short shrift of unorganized loners, as the times clearly demonstrate.

□ Let us all join together and support Mo Udall for the presidency and assist him and his Zionist cohorts to bring about complete collapse of the republic. Maybe then we can seep out the garbage.

328

□ You know what my feelings are on busing, but over the long haul might it not really be a blessing in disguise since the results are so obvious by now—increased segregation? Busing is accomplishing what could never be accomplished overtly and deliberately: the turning of our central cities and surrounding suburbs into quasi-Bantustans with enough *Lebensraum* for blacks of all income levels to chart their own course. Busing, together with crime and affirmative action, is accelerating the movement of whites away from the congested big cities and nearby suburbs toward the small to medium size towns and the countryside. This migration has been verified by the U.S. Census Bureau. It is a migration full of intelligence and light and may be compared to the Voortrekker movement in Southern Africa in the middle of the nineteenth century.

591

□ I sincerely believe that if the morality and racial consciousness that I've developed since my imprisonment would have been instilled in me during my youth in a manner that a teenager could easily comprehend, then I would say that I would not be here for a criminal act against my race but I would have been working for them and with them.

166

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Contents

The Hocus-Pocus of Louis Pauwels	3
The Mediocracy	4
Inklings	6
Cultural Catacombs	8
Demythologizing Dizzy	10
The Game and the Candle	11
Stirrings	Back Cover

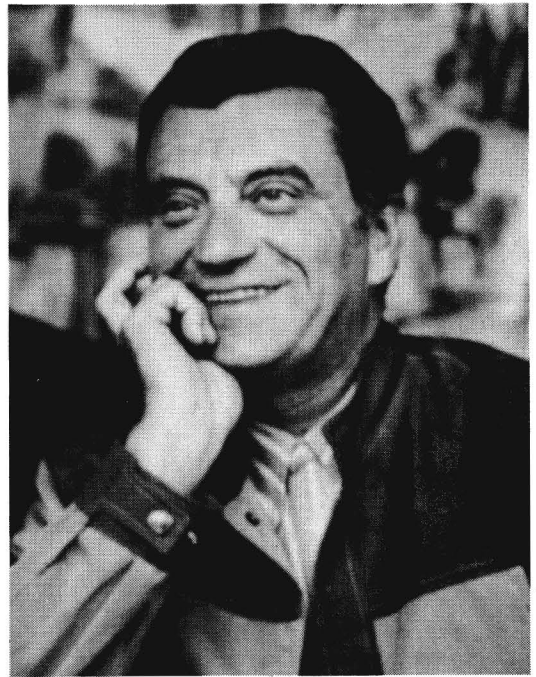
THE HOCUS-POCUS OF LOUIS PAUWELS

**He and his ilk profit
from the Left's snowballing hatred for science.**

Louis Pauwels is best known in this country for two very popular and, no doubt, extremely profitable books that he wrote in collaboration with Jacques Bergier. Translated into English under the titles *The Morning of the Magicians* and *The Eternal Man*, they appear perennially on the stands of almost every vendor of paperbacks together with the current crop of wonder books that they distinctly surpass in quality and always outlast. Both books are primarily an odd mixture of sound common sense with a recital of curious facts in archaeology and anthropology, many of which have not yet been satisfactorily explained and can therefore be served up with sensational speculations about "lost secrets of the universe" and putative visits to this planet by "astronauts" who arrived in "flying saucers" from the hypothetical planets of stars only a few light-years away. All this is harmless entertainment combined with some cerebral stimulation for readers who may need it.

There are, however, some other important ingredients. One encounters occasional gobs of the stale lies that were so frenetically circulated the last time it was desired to run a herd of white cattle into Europe to destroy more of Western civilization, but readers who know some of Pauwels' other work usually attribute those spots to the co-author, Bergier, who is admittedly a member in good standing of the Self-Chosen people. Much more significant—and, to a judicious reader, alarming—are the excursions into an incoherent and disorganized mysticism that, whatever the authors' intent, whets the appetite of immature or naive readers for the marvels of modern fairy tales and the occult hocus-pocus that is industriously promoted by the press and radio to push our moonstruck population a little farther toward unmitigated lunacy.

The talk about darkly mysterious metaphysical forces may, of course, be no more than shrewd appraisal of the market for wonder books, but it is both puzzling and perturbing, if you have come to respect Pauwels on the basis of his eminently sober and rational articles in two of the intellectually best French periodicals, *Éléments* and *Nouvelle École*. It is with great interest, therefore, that we turn to the volume that Pauwels has now contributed to a



*Louis Pauwels, coauthor of *The Morning of the Magician*, that best-selling mishmash of marvels, malarchy and mephitic Mephistophelianism, is currently overwhelming the low-impedance minds of the drugstore literati. Although he knows the score, he keeps most of it to himself. Only the most suspicious occultists gnash their molars about his "neo-Nazi mythmaking." The irony is that Pauwels appeals more to the liberal than the conservative nut, more to the Hippy Right than the Serious Right. Who else would buy his weird tales of Himmler, a Roman Catholic, taking orders from the Ben-Po Shamans of Tibet, and his SS men being acolytes of the "Dark Lords of Shamballah"?*

series of books, all entitled *Ce que je crois*, published by Grasset in Paris, in which various French writers, few of them as noteworthy as Pauwels, give supposedly candid accounts of what opinions they really hold, as distinct from views they may find it convenient or expedient to express in journalism or fiction. Assuming that Pauwels is not writing this time with an eye to the market, and that he believes what he says he believes, we find ourselves confronted by an intellectual paradox that is both significant in itself, since Pauwels is not to be dismissed as one dismisses the "Liberal" babblers whose fatuity he exposes, and an excellent example of the inconsistency that characterizes so much of contemporary thought.

The first thing to be considered about a book is the author's identity. Pauwels' name, which is presumably that of the father whom he never saw, is Flemish. His photographs suggest Alpine ancestry with a probable admixture of Celtic. The stepfather, whom Pauwels describes as a saint, was obviously a Jew. Whether Pauwels' mother was a Jewess is not clear from what is said in this book, although the facts are doubtless well known in literary circles in France. We must therefore leave open the question to what extent his mentality, which is certainly of no mean order, was formed by heredity and by the atmosphere of the home in which he grew from childhood.

Continued on page 15

THE MEDIACRACY—PRESS LORDS,

NEWHOUSE POWER

The Newhouse media cartel may be third in gross sales (\$750 million is the 1975 estimate), but it is first in profits. According to *Business Week* (Jan. 26, 1976, p. 57), the Newhouse chain "nets far more than either Time, Inc. (1975 estimate \$43.4 million) or the Times-Mirror Co. (1975 estimate \$46.9 million)."

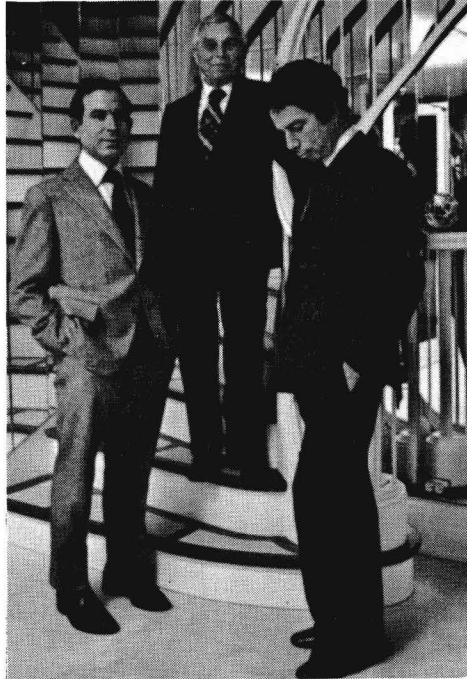
Samuel I. Newhouse and family don't have to reveal their profits because unlike some other media emperors they own all the voting stock of their enterprises, which consists of twenty-two daily newspapers, five magazines, six television stations, four radio stations and twenty cable TV systems.

The Knight-Ridder and Gannett chains have more daily newspapers, thirty-three and fifty respectively, and both Knight-Ridder and the Chicago Tribune-Daily News combine beat Newhouse in gross sales—\$3.6 million and \$3.1 million to \$2.9 million. And, of course, the *New York Times* group (ninth in circulation with ten newspapers) wields much more influence. But who can dispute the media clout of such Newhouse properties as the *Cleveland New Dealer*, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, *Portland Oregonian*, not to mention *Vogue*, *House and Garden* and *Mademoiselle*.

Affirmative action does not seem to apply to the Newhouse operation, which is run by the old man, now eighty, and fourteen relatives. The lawyer son of a suspender maker from Russia, Newhouse has a fortune that runs into the hundreds of millions, a fortune which he is now busily sharing with his two sons. Whereas rival news chains have to borrow money to pay for expansion, Newhouse is so rich he is able to pay cash on the barrelhead for new acquisitions.

POLL POWER

There is such overwhelming bias in the media that the press lords and their bylined minions hardly bother anymore to deny it. The question is, however, what kind of bias are we talking about? Conservatives describe it as liberal bias, but per usual conservatives are dead wrong. The media support the racist state of Israel and the non-Aryan fascism called Zionism, neither of which could be called liberal



Donald, Sam and Si

except in the Mad Hatter's lexicon.

Media bias, in the final analysis, can best be defined as pro-minority bias.

Since minority racism is acceptable and even praiseworthy, presidential hopefuls who show the faintest signs of actual or potential Majority racism are the enemy of both the front and the editorial pages. Wallace and Reagan are semi-contemptible; archhypocrite Jimmy Carter, in spite of his sycophantic behavior toward blacks, is feared because of his *Southernity*; Black Africa is favored over White Africa; and Israel, of course, is *über alles*.

Pro-minority bias naturally seeps into the manipulative and predictive polls that the press and networks put out before and during election days. Whenever mistakes are made, you may be sure they are made in favor of the candidates who scratch the backs of minority racists.

In the April North Carolina Republican presidential primary Reagan was neatly buried by the analysts and pundits of the national press in the days just preceding the voting. The *New York Times* announced on the morning of election day, "President Ford is given a decided . . . if not overwhelming, edge in the unofficial predictions . . ." Tom Wicker, certainly the most finkish scalawag on the media

payroll, announced in his *New York Times*' column on the same day, "Reagan appears to be on his last legs . . . he has lost every primary so far and is favored to lose this one too." James J. Kilpatrick, a Southern Conservative who turned into a Buckleyite, wrote a column that added up to a Reagan obituary.

When Reagan easily won, did any of the doomsayers apologize, eat crow or creep off shamefully into the night? None. They were back at the old stand a day or two later telling us what and how to think about some other event or subject. In an age where a preternatural ability to lie is the best qualification for reportorial advancement—lie, that is, for the wrong people against the right people—false predictions are swiftly forgiven or beautifully ignored, even though intended to produce a bandwagon effect in favor of the minority or pro-minority candidate. If, on the other hand, the pollsters or the pundits had predicted a Reagan victory and Reagan had lost, there would have been thunder on the Left. The margin for error always favors the minority-oriented candidate.

In the Wisconsin primary a few weeks later, two of the three networks and many newspapers actually **announced** a Udall victory, with some papers printing headlines to that effect. When all the returns were in, it turned out that Carter had won. Both candidates, of course, had been making a humiliating display of vote-begging from the minorities, with Carter wooing the prosperous Jewish middle class and the lower-class Blacks. Udall tied himself to the professional and super-rich Jews, the labor bosses and the black intelligentsia, all of whom have boondoggled the media beyond all possibility of objectivity and truth in racial matters. Accordingly, the biggest and most persuasive crystal ball was put to work for Udall.

It's the old, old story. When Carter came in behind Wallace in Massachusetts, it was just one of those things that needed little or no news slanting or comments. Just the bare facts. When Wallace lost to Carter in Florida, it was touted as the greatest victory since Hannibal surrounded the Roman legions at Cannae. The slanted predictions extend to polls in England. In the 1968 British elections, when every newspaper and TV station in Britain and America predicted a smashing Labour victory, just the opposite took place.

POLLSTERS AND AGITPROPISTS

In the mid-1930s the Literary Digest poll was influenced by its conservative leanings to predict a Landon victory in an election that Roosevelt won by a landslide. In the 1948 presidential elections, one of the closest in history, Dewey was the polls' favorite over Truman. This was the last time the Republican Eastern establishment's wishes were father to the thought. After that minority bias took precedence over liberal bias in the media and in the polls.

The fact is that, since Franklin Roosevelt and perhaps long before, Americans seem to choose their presidents on the basis of their smiles. Roosevelt certainly outgrinned Hoover, Landon, Willkie and Dewey, with the last-named definitely outsmiled again by Truman in 1948. The ever-grinning Ike easily won a doubleheader from Stevenson. There was no comparison between Kennedy's and Nixon's smiles in 1960. Even Johnson had a heartier laugh than Goldwater and McGovern's funereal physiognomy gave Nixon's mechanical face the smiling odds in 1972.

The smile poll predicts an overwhelming victory for Jimmy the Tooth in 1976.

MEYER POWER

The *Washington Post*, nemesis of presidents and voice of the capitial's political junta, has assumed such extraordinary power over American life that we believe it our duty to release some counterintelligence about its origins and its inner workings.

During the Great Depression the *Post* was just one of many newspapers in Washington and a money-losing one at that. Then in 1933 it was bought by Eugene Isaac Meyer for \$825,000 at a public auction. The purchase was accomplished under cloak and dagger circumstances, with Meyer operating through a lawyer, while hiding out in Washington and traveling under a false name.

Who was Meyer? Born on Halloween in 1875, he was the son of a French Jew named Marc Eugene Meyer who had migrated from Strasbourg to Los Angeles, where he operated as a merchant before moving to San Francisco and the more rewarding job of running a bank. The family later shifted to New York, where father Meyer was made a member of Lazard Frères.

Meyer fils went to Yale, while being care-

fully groomed to follow his father in the profession of international banking. He served for a time with Lazard in Paris, but then shocked his family by striking out on his own. At the age of 26, he made \$50,000 speculating in stock options and bought a seat on Wall Street. In almost no time he had amassed a fortune which, depending on the mood of the market and his luck, pendulumed back and forth between \$30 and \$80 million. He was in on the financing of railroads with Harriman, copper mining with the Guggenheims and automobiles with the Fisher brothers. When America entered World War I his good friend, Justice Brandeis, got him one of those dollar-a-year jobs in Washington, where he ended up working for Bernard Baruch.

Herbert Hoover made Meyer governor of the Federal Reserve Board, a position he resigned after Franklin Roosevelt moved into the White House. Meyer was against many of the New Deal measures, particularly the court-packing plan, but he was all for Roosevelt's machinations to get the U.S. into World War II. As publisher of the *Washington Post*, into which he pumped untold millions, he was probably as responsible as any man for the lies, deceit and propaganda which in the late 1930s subverted American neutrality. Now so famous for its exposure of the Nixon coverup, the *Post* actually took a leading part in the coverup of the gigantic series of presidential crimes that included shooting German submarines on sight, freezing Axis assets, convoying British merchant ships, engaging in acts of piracy on the high seas, herding America's Japanese population into concentration camps, using the FBI to frame and harass anti-war groups, removing mailing privileges from anti-war publications, ad infinitum, ad nauseam. If Nixon should have gone to jail for his lawbreaking, Roosevelt should have been hung and quartered for his.

After the war, perhaps as a reward for doing more than almost anyone to establish Stalin as the most powerful dictator of modern times and to hand over most of Eastern Europe to the Russian slave masters, Meyer was made head of the World Bank. He died of cancer and other complications in 1959. None other than Earl Warren officiated at the memorial service.

Meyer was married to a pretty, vivacious and independent young German-

American named Agnes Ernst, a descendant of generations of Lutheran preachers. He paid off the heavy debts of her father and gave her a life of luxury well beyond the average American's dreams, including her own. There was never much love lost between them and Agnes managed to hold on to her self-esteem by sporadic romantic attachments to such luminaries as the sculptor Rodin, whom she met in Paris, Paderewski, the Polish pianist-politician and Paul Claudet, the French poet-diplomat, whom she feted in Mt. Kisco, and Thomas Mann, whom she entertained in Princeton. She also, over the years, did some solo entertaining with the bottle.

By 1954 the *Washington Post* had become an impregnable liberal-minority institution, Meyer having bought out the rival *Times-Herald* for \$8.5 million. The only remaining problem was how to keep his media empire (eventually to include *Newsweek* and several radio and television stations) in the hands of his family. His only son did not want to inherit the job, preferring medicine and psychiatry. Of Meyer's five daughters only Katharine showed any interest in the publishing business. But she had married a non-Jew named Philip Graham, a summa cum laude from Harvard Law who, following the usual line of least resistance, had clerked for Justice Felix Frankfurter.



Meyers and Grahams celebrate the purchase of the *Washington Times-Herald* (1954).

With some misgivings Meyer finally handed the voting stock of his publishing business over to the Grahams, and soon Philip was playing the role of kingmaker at Democratic party caucuses and conventions. But as time went on father-in-law

Continued on page 18

Citizen Dinitz

Let us compare the reactions of two U.S. presidents to similar cases of interference into American domestic politics by two foreign envoys.

In 1793, when France and England were at war, President Washington issued a proclamation of neutrality. Shortly thereafter the diplomatic representative of the French revolutionary government, "Citizen" Genet, arrived in the U.S. By the concerted efforts of Thomas Jefferson's pro-French war party, he was given a red carpet treatment rare in the annals of American international relations. Washington, on the other hand, welcomed the Jacobin emissary with stiff formality. This did not please Genet, a tough hombre from a tough government which had just cut off the head of France's king and was preparing to decapitate the queen. At the urging of his backers he went over the head of the President to the Congress and to the "people." He issued manifestos, organized propaganda hate fests, secretly tried to turn American ports into supply depots for French privateers, and even dabbled in a plot to overthrow our nine-year-old government. When all this came to light, Washington ordered the French government to recall its preposterous ambassador.

More recently, Simcha Dinitz, the Israeli ambassador to Washington, at a convention of B'nai B'rith women went far beyond the bounds of diplomatic protocol—and good manners—by openly criticizing the Ford administration for supporting the sale of six C-130 military transports to Egypt—not bombers or fighter planes, mind you, merely six large transport planes, together with a few helicopters and some electronic equipment.

As the Associated Press report stated: "Dinitz's speech marked an escalation of his government's attempt to pressure the Ford administration into pulling back from the Egyptian arms arrangement . . . State Department officials had mixed reactions, some saying it was dangerously close to interference with American domestic matters."

In so many words Dinitz was urging his listeners to lobby the government and Congress to overturn the agreement. This is not the first time he has threatened to cash in the IOU's of American politicians to Jewish financial supporters in order to force Congress and the White House to pursue a foreign policy more to Israel's liking. During the 1973 Yom Kippur war, Dinitz warned the State and Defense Departments he would go directly to Congress if more and more military aid was not immediately forthcoming. The two "Sinners," Schles and Kis, resonated geneti-

cally and quickly caved in. In March of this year Dinitz issued another warning to the government when William Scranton, the new U.S. Ambassador to the UN, made a statement on the Mideast that was not rabidly pro-Zionist. Scranton had just replaced the Zionist mouthpiece, Patrick Moynihan, an ex-bartender who still acted like a bartender in order to prepare for a political career in New York or to return to the plaudits of the Harvard faculty. Scranton was the butt of so much criticism that he partially "redeemed himself" a few days later when he vetoed a UN resolution against Israel.

Like most of his affluent racial cousins, Dinitz holds his winter court in Miami Beach. There, just before the Florida primary, he summoned Jimmy Carter, the peanut farmer, to one of those glittering \$250,000 beachfront condominiums where, to quote an undiscovered poet, "neon palms illuminate Jews in Cadillacs rushing their peroxide blondes to dog tracks." Jimmy, according to the *Miami Herald*, listened intently to what Dinitz had to say and when he emerged from his audience announced his "total support of Israel." He also promised that he would continue to "consult" Dinitz. It was just about as humiliating a performance as George McGovern's public kowtowing in the 1972 presidential campaign to assorted Jewish leaders in New York. "Just tell me what to do," he pleaded desperately. This was too much even for the *New York Times*.

When Citizen Genet came to America he sported the tricolor hat of the French revolution. Jimmy Carter, after his audience with Citizen Dinitz, donned a yarmulke and addressed a Jewish fund-raising group.

They say history repeats. It didn't in this case. Citizen Genet was given his walking papers. Citizen Dinitz still remains our unofficial Assistant Secretary of State for Mideastern Affairs.

A Note from the Civil Service Underground

Conservative organizations are always talking about how hard the Middle American works and how the bureaucrats and welfare weasels are walking off with the fruits of his labor. The truth of the matter does not fit either the conservative or liberal party line. While young Jews are Bar Mitzvahing and planning all kinds of academic, legal, political and financial horrors, young Majority members are toying, tinkering with cars, chasing girls or cultivating some esoteric hobby like kit gliders.

Many Majority members manage to endure four years of college so they can get

a job in industry where one of their most important duties will be planning party bashes. A career in a big corporation can be so time-consuming that one is hardly aware of what is going on in the outside world. When brains are needed, some academic is hired. The executive suite has become almost purely ceremonial, with management spending its time and money on cross-country flights. The company brass sees to it that not much is left to pay dividends to those heartless capitalists, the stockholders.

As for bureaucrats, top-level posts go to political appointees. Below them is a great chasm in the bureaucratic pecking order. There is, by law, a salary gap between the top civil servant and the faceless mob of Civil Service employees. Informal differences, however, are more important than mere salary and rank. Appointees are mostly lawyers with some political activity, though this class rarely seeks elected office. The civil servants are mostly specialists with a college degree or training in some discipline directly related to the agency's function. Ph.D.'s have some advantage in getting high-ranking jobs. The typical journeyman bureaucrat has a GS-13 rating (on a scale from 1-18), a Bachelor's or Master's degree and is largely an overpaid clerk. Most bureaucrats work fairly hard, contrary to popular image, at least as hard as their counterparts in industry. What they loathe to do is think. Also they are extremely conservative in regard to change, though very liberal with the taxpayers' dollars.

The truly sinister bureaucrats of conservative song and story are the appointees. Overly typical is Elliot Richardson, a smooth-talking liberal Republican famous for Cabinet job-hopping. The duty of this class is to implement the will of the special interest groups. The most effective guardian of our vestigial freedoms is not that abused and faded piece of parchment, the Constitution, but the friction between the appointees and the career civil servants. The appointees, being trained as sophists, do not understand the real-world functions of the agencies. The civil servants resent their unworthy masters and adamantly stand on their mountains of regulations to protect their right to do what they please. If civil service employees were other than incompetent and stubborn, things would be much worse. The constant reshuffling of agencies or agency tasks is mostly an attempt to make them more responsive to the wishes of the politicians and special interest groups.

Until recently most Majority males were perfectly happy to accept their irrelevant sinecures from government or multinational corporations. Naturally, they did not want to go to Vietnam and get shot at, when a happy, busy, but do-nothing career was waiting at home. Now, however, Majority males are the last to receive consideration for a post in the paper-shuffling establishment. Even when they do get a

job, their depreciated salary is too low for them to get married, keep a wife at home and pay off a mortgage while buying another car and a color TV set.

While they are very young, the Majority males may blow off steam with drugs and promiscuous females, but as they pass thirty, a deep sense of dissatisfaction overtakes them, at least those not invalidated by alcohol and marijuana. Having escaped death or mutilation in the Angolan civil war, they can still look forward to an untimely grave in the Middle East. *Dulce et decorum est* . . .

This brief communication was begun in the mood of 1950. It will end in the spirit of 1976. The sons of the happy Middle Americans of the 40s and 50s are beginning to discover they are members of a submerged class, in which their second-rate station is fixed by sex and race. Their antecedents made fairly good freedom fighters a couple of hundred years ago, when their liberties were far less limited than they are today.

The question is, have Majority members lost their taste for freedom? Will there be another Tea Party, this time in the Israeli embassy, in the luxurious offices of the Ford Foundation, in the labyrinthine corridors of HEW? Will the magnates of the NAACP and the ADL be given the same short shrift as the Tories of the Revolution? Or will the Majority come to accept its new job category as hewers of wood and drawers of water for minority racists?

Renegade's Roost

Anyone with just a glimmer of understanding of the world scene has known for years that Israel had atomic bombs. The bomb, lest we forget, was largely a Jewish project from the start. Einstein huckstered it, Oppenheimer built it, the Rosenbergs stole it and Teller hydrogenized it.

Recently *Time* came out with an exclusive story to the effect that Israel now has thirteen Hiroshima-size bombs. Nothing mind-tripping about that. Newspapers and TV reporters have already revealed the Israeli atomic stockpile to be a "few," "eight," "more than ten," and so weiter. What is new about the *Time* story, however, is the account of how Israel got the bomb. It puts the blame, or rather the praise, on France, which in 1957 "gave Israel its first nuclear reactor."

Time, of course, omits to mention America's part in the nuclear arming of Israel, one of those news taboos which the Woodwards and Bernsteins have no intention of leaking and the details of which the Ellsbergs have no intention of stealing. Let us merely whisper that in the 1960s a nuclear company in Apollo, Pennsylvania, was suddenly found to be short of enough plutonium to make several A-bombs. The FBI rushed about the country checking everyone in sight. The Jewish chief execu-

tives of the company soon decamped and the company was later sold to Atlantic Richfield.

The plutonium, of course, was never found and the story never rated any headlines. Is it wildly irresponsible of *Instauration* to suggest that the missing plutonium may now be packed in one or more of Israel's atomic baker's dozen?

Time also reveals that the Israeli air force was given the order to shoot down a U.S. SR-71 Blackbird reconnaissance plane which had spotted the bombs during the 1973 war. Apparently Israel was getting ready to use them, and apparently Russia was preparing to send some bombs to her Arab allies to scare the Zionists into not using them.

The report of these insane activities, if only ten percent true, signals what the Middle East has in store for the world as both sides prepare for their next military go-around. A minuscule nation that could probably be reduced to a smoking desert by a few megaton nukes was actually getting ready to launch an atomic first strike.

Let us agree that these neurotic flyboys could manage to wipe out two to six million Arabs in Damascus, Cairo, Bagdad, Alexandria and Beirut. Even so, the nuclear-tipped Soviet rockets could do much more *relative* damage to the much more concentrated Israelis. And what would happen after the Arab nuclear counterattack? Would our Israeli-controlled Congress order the President to retaliate against Russia, the supplier of the bombs?

Meanwhile, an amazing story appeared in the May issue of *Penthouse*, a Playboyish magazine put together in London but also printed in the U.S. The author, Anthony Pearson, a onetime *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, stated that the 1967 Arab-Israeli war was actually concocted by the Israelis and the CIA to cut Nasser down to size. It was agreed in advance, however, that it was to be a limited war against Egypt. When the Zionists expanded the war to seize large segments of Syrian and Jordanian territory, Washington had no way of knowing about it, since in Israel the CIA relied on the Israeli secret service for all its information. The nigger in the woodpile was the U.S.S. *Liberty*, which eavesdropped on the Israeli high command. It was to stop this flow of independent information to Washington that the Israelis attacked the *Liberty*, in the process killing 34 Americans and wounding scores of others.

Any nation worth its salt would have immediately gone to war against the perpetrators of this loathesome deed—all the more so since it was perpetrated by a reputed ally. Instead our high government officials, our leading senators, our Pentagon brass and, of course, our coverup-hating mediocrats participated in a revolting

coverup that makes Watergate look like a minor traffic violation.

Worst of all, in planning for the 1967 war the CIA was willing to work hand in glove with Ephraim "Eppy" Evron, the Israeli secret agent who headed the Zionist gang in Cairo in 1954 that attempted to blow up the American Embassy and blame it on the Egyptians. The history books, when they mention this sordid frame-up, call it the Lavon Affair, but Evron was the stage manager.

It seems the more Israelis do to us, the more we do for them. And the more we do for them, the more they wipe our noses in it. We went to war against the sinkers of the *Maine*. Today we are being prepared to go to war for the sinkers of the *Liberty*.

Arab Buy-In

A favorite Majority fantasy is the organization of a secret consortium of rich regenerate Wasps to buy controlling interests in the networks and the most influential newspapers.

In a recent book *The Arabs*, author Thomas Kiernan indicates certain Saudi Arabians are actually toying with this idea and have even produced charts and cost figures to demonstrate how much money would be involved.

According to the calculations of an unnamed Saudi deputy minister, it would cost \$395 million to buy fifty-one percent of CBS, \$825 million for RCA (the parent company of NBC) and \$143 million for ABC. The majority interest of the *New York Times* could be bought for \$45 million; the *Washington Post*, \$36 million; *Time, Inc.*, \$165 million; the *Los Angeles Times-Mirror Company*, \$155 million. Control of the two largest independent newspaper chains (unspecified) could be obtained for \$135 million; control of Dow Jones (*Wall Street Journal*, etc.) for \$270 million.

The total outlay would come to just over \$2 billion. To this should be added another \$400 million to pick up the motion picture industry and the leading highbrow magazines, plus another \$50 to \$100 million for legal and accounting fees. The whole transaction would amount to \$2.5 billion, which according to the supposedly nonfictional Saudi official is "even less" than five percent of Saudi Arabia's dollar surplus. Asked if the Arabs were really serious about this, the minister smiled, "You don't think we make up these things for our own amusement, do you?"

There are, of course, some distortions in the Arab shopping list. The recent Wall Street bull market has raised prices substantially. The cost of fifty-one percent of RCA, for instance, was based on shares selling at \$11.00. At this writing they have more than doubled. Secondly, the purchases of such large blocks of stock as en-

The Cultural Catacombs

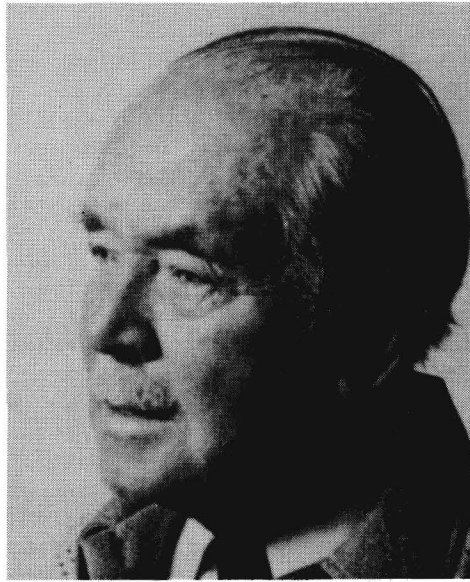
Let's Not Go Overboard

Scotch anthropologist L. A. Waddell, whose book *The Makers of Civilization in Race and History* was recently reprinted by a small West Coast publishing firm, has had quite a fad of late. Waddell purports to show that all the early Near Eastern civilizations, including the Sumerian, were Nordic in origin. He even claims that the first great king of the Sumerians was an early Goth named Dur, who later became the mythological Thor of the Scandinavian Eddas. Here is what an eminent British scholar has to say about Waddell:

I look upon him as essentially an archaeologist, with deep knowledge of language and ancient symbols for speech (his work on *The Aryan Origin of the Alphabet* is excellent), but with very little understanding of physical anthropology and especially of the principles underlying the classification of man. In both of his big books, *The Phoenician Origin of Britons, Scots and Anglo-Saxons* (1924) and *The Makers of Civilization in Race and History*, he equates the Aryan race with Nordics and considers that Sumerians were Nordics; but he tends also to equate the Nordics with Caucasians, as though there were no subraces of Caucasians. He overlooks the work of the joint British and American expedition to Mesopotamia, which studied a large number of Sumerian skulls in 1927. It is not possible to say with certainty to which modern subrace of the white race these skulls should be referred (if any), but it is clear that at that time (nearly 2,000 years B.C.), there were people in Sumeria showing general resemblances to Nordics, Mediterraneans and Orientals (Arabs) in somewhat primitive form. These three subraces do resemble one another rather closely in the structure of the skull.

Further Waddell insists that the Hittites, of all people, were Nordics, whereas in fact they show marked resemblance to modern Ashkenazi Jews, i.e., essentially to the Armenian subrace of the Caucasian—the least similar to the Nordics, perhaps of all the Caucasian subraces. If only Waddell had stuck to languages and symbols for vocal sounds.

Some day archaeology and physical anthropology may bear out Waddell's extravagant and so far unfounded claims. Till then, let us not go overboard. Of all the people of the earth, Majority members have the least need to exaggerate their racial history.



Douglas Reed

Disinterment Of A Truthteller

Hundreds of moons ago there was an honest journalist who worked for the *London Times*, the once great newspaper that is now hardly to be distinguished from the *New York Times*. His name was Douglas Reed. He wrote a number of fairly important books on the world scene in the era between World Wars I and II.

Then all of a sudden, as if impelled by an otherworldly demon or angel, he authored in 1951 a volume called *Far and Wide*, which spoke frankly about the overwhelming Zionist influences at work in Europe and the U.S. His publisher, Jonathan Cape, almost immediately underwent a change of management, while the author, in spite of his journalistic standing, became a non-person.

Today, after a literary exile of more than fifteen years, Douglas Reed, now in his eighties, has been disinterred by a small South African publisher. The second half of *Far and Wide* has been reprinted as a 93-page paperback entitled *Behind the Scene*. The gist of the book is that the U.S. is in the grip of three different slave masters—the Zionists, the Reds and the Mafia. The last-named, Reed states, is the least dangerous since it has no pretensions for world rule.

Reed's brilliant revelation of Zionist power in the 1950s stands up even better today. But since Russia has turned, at least temporarily, its back on Israel, his theory of a Red-Zionist alliance, which did exist in the days when Russia voted in the UN for the partition of Palestine, seems a little

faded. On the other hand, his absorbing recount of the Hiss trial and the machinations on his behalf by Justice Frankfurter, Eleanor Roosevelt and the Old Red Guard rings truer than ever.

In his preface Reed tells how his book was prompted by a trip to America in 1949, to "find out how American state policy and the power of the American war machine had been diverted to serve the ends of spreading Communism and leaving the Communist Empire a great step nearer to its goal of world dominion."

Let us hope that some day history will remember and honor the few journalists and historians of our time who understood the dynamics of Communism and Zionism and were not afraid to speak up about them. Till now they have been rewarded for their honesty and perspicuity with revilement, oblivion and penury. Meanwhile, the rest of us, corrupted with materialism, terrorized by the thought of damaging our respectability, more interested in ourselves than in our race, looked the other way.

Behind the Scene may be ordered from the Dolphin Press, Box 332, Pinetown, Natal, South Africa. The price is \$2.00, plus postage.

Raising the Majority Young

Nowhere in America is the liberal-minority coalition more entrenched as a de facto army of occupation than in those institutions which most affect the thinking and behavior of the Majority young. From the first day their children begin to watch television, Majority parents sense—dimly or keenly, depending on their awareness of the forces involved—that they are engaged in a protracted battle for their children's minds against an enemy superior in tools, persuasive skills and in unremitting ideological dedication. These parents will feel increasingly besieged as their children are exposed to other assault teams of the grand alliance of schools, churches, government bureaucracies, popular and high culture, and social organizations whose pet fancy is our deracination.

One of the most pernicious accomplishments of this grand alliance is the educational force-feeding of Majority children in subliminal but lethal doses that they are members of a monstrous and degenerate race which, in retribution for its inexpiable sins against humanity, is doomed to drown in a rising tide of melanin. Thoroughly intimidated by this and other harsh "realities," most Majority young people will conclude they have no choice but to

suppress rebellious, "white racist" instincts and accommodate themselves to the inevitable future. Only the brightest and bravest will seriously question the liberal-minority dispensation which accords them the status of probationers in their own homeland.

Given the oppressive circumstances, Majority parents who commit themselves to preserving and fostering their children's racial morale will have, in most cases, a formidable task before them, one demanding patience and realism—as well as a large component of self-reliance, since they can expect little guidance or support from outside quarters.

In planning the tactics of their fight-fire-with-fire homeopathy, they are well advised to bear in mind the normal tendency of growing children to question their parents' authority in the realm of abstract concepts and general ideas. This tendency is severely aggravated in Majority children who grow up in a culture ruled by liberal-minority dogma. ("My teacher set me straight on this Jensen you think so much of. He's just another racist.") Parents attempting to instill in their young a healthy racial *élan* should therefore take care not to allow deductive carts to precede empirical horses.

It is the unwise parent who informs his children, without preamble, that their textbooks and television fare are the poisonous agents of an anti-Majority race war. Chances are that the parent who sees dark forces at work where his children perceive none will strike them as crankish and paranoid, one of those reactionary objects of media fulmination, and they will be all the more resistant to his proofs and demonstrations.

The thoughtful parent realizes that Majority children are the virtual captives of the big lies, cant and double-talk of their enemy. He knows that until they are taught to decode this language and recognize its essential duplicity, they will not be able to comprehend the larger patterns behind it. Consequently, his first step is to start his offspring thinking about the specifics of what they read, see, hear and are told.

Ideally, he or she, or better yet, **and** she will guide their thinking in as subtle and objective a fashion as possible. He will avoid making an issue of his own beliefs by focusing on the particulars at hand. For example, he will express a reasonable doubt as to the scale of the minority contribution to America proclaimed in the history texts. He will wonder in mild tones about the savage caricature of "whites" on a television program. (The distinction between "white" and "Majority" should be drawn only for minds ready for it.) If he has the gift of sharing humor with his children, he will subject liberal-minority absurdities to low-keyed irony and satire. (Especially

vulnerable to mockery are the double standards of grading and discipline in "integrated" schools.) He will encourage his children to test the various premises of liberal-minority rhetoric against their own experience and discover for themselves the disparities between precept and example. (They can hardly miss the disparity between equalitarian theory and practice, since they are the chief victims.)

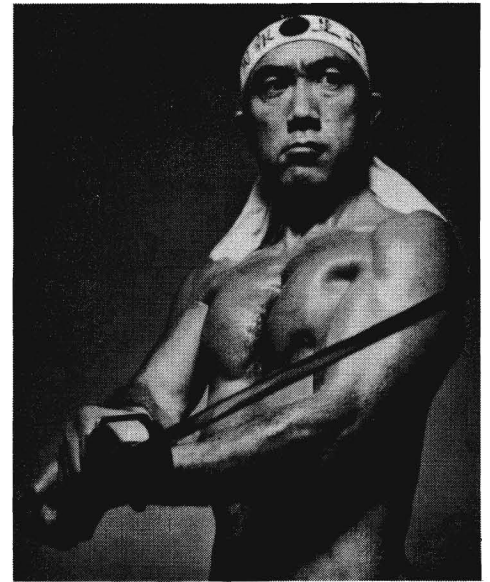
Beyond this point, parents will have to deal with each child according to his individual capacity and temperament. A good many young people—the unreflective, the hopelessly extroverted, the fearful—will balk at, tune out, or shrink from any serious consideration of the Majority cause. In such cases, parents should not push their youngster too far. Instead they might work at sustaining his low-level awareness of the duplicity of the enemy's language. Other young people—self-despisers, hyper-idealists, the impressionable—will succumb, no matter how hard their parents try to immunize them, to the contagion of the *Zeitgeist*. In these cases, parents can only pray for an eventual recovery.

Finally there will be young people ready and willing to believe in the logic and justice of the Majority cause. Guided by parents, reason or emotion, or most likely all three, they will do their homework; they will read and reason and lucubrate and make the inductive leap to conclusions that reinforce and extend the Majority rationale. Some of them will be followers, limited in their initiative and foresight. But there will be a happy few: a cadre of young people with good minds and independent spirits committed to leading their fellows out of the dead end of second-class citizenship.

If their numbers are not **too** small, if enough Majority mothers and fathers have done their best to truly raise and liberate the younger generations, the happy few should be equal to the challenge.

Literary Kamikaze

On November 25, 1970, early in the afternoon, Yukio Mishima knelt quietly in the office of a Japanese army general. With calm deliberation he drew a gleaming, razor-edged dagger from its sheath, held it in the air a brief moment, and then plunged it sharply into his muscled abdomen. Quickly he drew the blade seventeen centimeters across the width of his stomach, spilling his intestines onto the floor in front of him. The pain gripped; he lurched forward; and a disciple standing behind him instantly lopped off Mishima's head with a samurai sword. The disciple then knelt beside Mishima's body on the blood-soaked carpet, ripped open his own mid-section in similar fashion, and was neatly beheaded by another of Mishima's



Yukio Mishima

followers. In the few moments needed to enact the ritual *seppuku* suicide, Japan had lost its most gifted writer and his most trusted lieutenant.

Mishima and four young followers had, hours before, seized a garrison of the Japanese Self-Defense Forces, placed its commander under house arrest, and then lectured the assembled troops on the "spinelessness" of the Japanese constitution. The troops responded with catcalls and jeers. Mishima's last words before disembowelling himself were, "I don't think they heard me very well."

Whether they had or hadn't made precious little difference. Mishima had apparently decided to end his life that day regardless of his reception. David Brudnoy argues that Mishima died because he believed he had reached "the height of physical and literary development and was determined not to see his body decay, or his imagination wither." Earlier in the day Mishima had sent to his publisher the final manuscript of a four-volume masterwork, *The Sea of Fertility*, an ironic apocalyptic vision of Japan's cultural dissolution.

A physical fitness enthusiast with a taste for Western vices (scotch and cigarettes) and virtues (Renaissance art, Classical architecture), Mishima was nevertheless thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Japan, a spirit he believed was being slowly destroyed by the triumph of modernism in his country. His love for Japan's ancient traditions, symbols, and mores finds compelling evocation in many of his books—perhaps most apparently in the delicately-woven love story, *The Sound of Waves*, in which the corrupting influence of the city is thrust home time after time. Like Faulkner, Mishima records the passing of a once-vigorous culture, its denigration and decline. But the vitality of description and insight into the spirit of that

Continued on page 19

DEMYTHOLOGIZING DIZZY

In an age of minority rule, it is only natural that minority public figures should be overblown and the old Majority "greats" deflated. Einstein has become the greatest modern scientist, if not the greatest scientist in history. Kissinger has been acclaimed as the greatest Secretary of State. The Rockefellers become increasingly evil, but the Rothschilds are compassionate philanthropists and are eulogized in second-rate movies. Nineteenth century English statesmen like Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel have been more or less forgotten, while the star of Disraeli glows ever brighter in biography, film and TV.

To shoot a few holes in Disraeli's halo, we offer excerpts of articles written more than a hundred years ago for *The Economist* by Walter Bagehot, a contemporary of Disraeli and one of the sharpest-eyed political essayists of his or any time.

... Mr. Disraeli has never quailed beneath the difficulties of his arduous career, and never failed in that self-possession, which knows how to turn every error, every false step into the materials of a future success. Beginning without rank, without connection, without wealth,—with every difficulty in his path which the prejudices of race could conjure up,—without entering into the convictions or understanding the political traditions either of the party he was to defend or of the party he was to assail,—wholly destitute of the kind of practical sagacity which most easily inspires Englishmen with confidence,—with an ill-regulated literary ambition and a false melodramatic taste that were well calculated to increase tenfold the existing prejudices against him, it is difficult to conceive a greater marvel than the brilliant success which Mr. Disraeli has achieved, singlehanded, in a sphere of life usually thought singularly exclusive and inaccessible to unassisted adventurers.

The success of this great party-leader is, we believe, traceable to two principal gifts—a very sensitive and impressible, but extremely unoriginal imagination, and a dexterity seldom equalled in working up all the impressions he receives into materials for personal attacks. Had Mr. Disraeli been a man of deeper and more original imagination than he is, he could not have surrendered as he has done, at every crisis in his career to the ascendant influence of the hour. He has never had a political faith,—he probably does not know what it means. No man has invented so many political theories. No living politician's fancy has been half so prolific of suggestions for new bases of political creed. No statesman has ever been so "viewy". . . . there probably never was a statesman so unoriginal as himself. His efforts at originality—whether political or literary—have ever been of that excessively theatrical kind which seems, as it were, to be always gasping for breath; and he is never successful except when he desists from such efforts, and simply adopts or delineates what he sees in the actual life around him. Whether as a novelist or as a statesman, his efforts at original construction have always been rhapsodical. . . . The same unsound imagination which filled Mr. Disraeli's novels with the most flimsy and eccentric theories of history, society, and political organization . . . has been equally visible whenever Mr. Disraeli has attempted to win the admiration of the House of Commons by any proposition of a directly constructive nature. No politician has ever shown, in the bad sense of the word, so *romantic* a political imagination,—in other words, a fancy so little imbued with the laws of real life, so ready to revolt against those laws, and put feeble idealities in their place. His ideal measures, like his ideal heroes, have always seemed the inventions of a



Benjamin Disraeli in his December years.

mind on the rack to produce something grand or startling instead of something true and life-like; there is no trace in them of the genius which breathes in his criticisms of actual measures, and his delineations of actual men. Nothing has really impeded his progress more than his efforts after originality. His mind was made to receive impressions and to interpret the tendencies of others. When he has limited himself to this he has been marvelously successful. When he has striven to engrave something new upon his age, he has fallen far below the standard of even average English sense. . . .

... In short, Mr. Disraeli owes his great success to his very unusual capacity for *applying* a literary genius, in itself limited, to the practical purposes of public life. Had his genius been really deeper than it is, it would have absorbed him, and he would have devoted his life to the exercise of an imagination which, as it is, he has principally valued as a formidable political weapon. While his combative instinct has been strong, and so determined him to seek a fair field for its practical satisfaction, his literary insight has been only of that depth which irritates and fires the intellect without absorbing it. It has not been deep enough to engross his powers; it has been quite deep enough to give him the sense of power. . . . When we read his speeches we feel, by a kind of instinct, that there is nothing very real or very deep,—nothing which seems to him of essential importance. . . . He has nothing of the statesman's power of imaging forth the actual effect and operation of the measures he advocates,—nothing of the statesman's power of penetrating to the heart of a deep national conviction.

It is usual to say that he attained [success] by fraud and deceit. And we certainly are not about to defend his morality. On the contrary, we have attacked it often, and, if need were, would attack it now. But a little study of human affairs is enough to show that fraud alone—fraud by itself—does not succeed; it is too ugly and coarse for man to bear; it is only when disguised in great qualities, and helped on by fine talents, that it prospers.

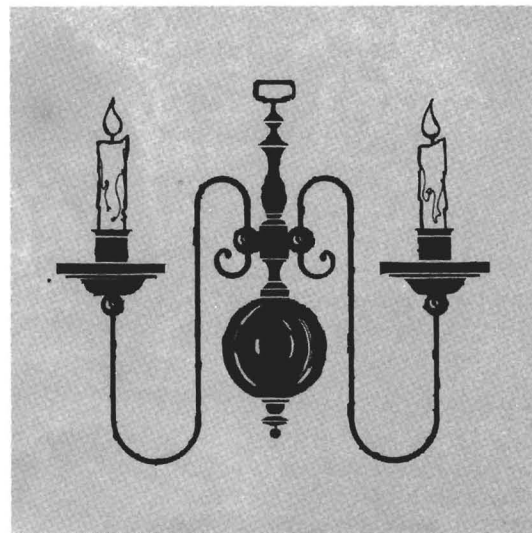
... On all minor Parliamentary questions, Mr. Disraeli has simply no conscience at all. He regards them as a game—as an old special pleader regarded litigation, to be played so as to show your skill, and so as to win, but without any regard to the consequences. Indeed, Mr. Disraeli, at bottom, believes that they have no consequence. . . . and that it is simple pedantry in such things to be scrupulous. And still worse than this, which is an amusing defect after all, and excusable—(for there are many deeper issues and causes than are dreamed of in Parliamentary philosophy)—Mr. Disraeli often showed in Opposition a turn for nonsense, which was *not* amusing. He has many gifts, but he has not the gift of thinking out a subject, and when he tries to produce grave thought he only makes platitudes. . . . Drearier hearing, or drearier reading, than Mr. Disraeli's Opposition harangues, when they were philosophical, can hardly anywhere be found.

If we may be pardoned the metaphor—though his chaff is exquisite, his wheat is poor stuff.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

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



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Mid-western oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. In return for a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil, the Old Man puts the U.S. in World War I on the side of Britain. Twenty years later his oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. Money, lots of money, is passed into the hands of a Long bodyguard.

PART ONE, ACT IV

Scene 1: Sometime later in Harry's library. Harry is talking to the Colonel of Act III, who now sports the star of a Brigadier General.

BRIGADIER GENERAL. Since you alone advised the President not to appoint me Chief of Staff, I felt in fairness to both you and myself that we should have a frank and private conference. I don't understand your opposition. If you could explain, we might uncover some misunderstanding that I could easily clear up.

HARRY. General, military appointments are very much out of my line. I'm already so busy with presidential matters that I have very little time for extra work in areas outside of my competence.

B.G. Yet you took it upon yourself to advise the President not to appoint me.

H. If the President asks me what I think about a particular man for a particular post, whatever the post, I naturally cannot refuse to answer him..

B.G. And in my case you answered him adversely! May I ask why? So far as I know we have never met.

H. General, I just don't wish to discuss the matter. It can lead neither of us anywhere.

B.G. (angrily) On the contrary. I have every right to discuss it with you because it is only your advice to the President that prevents my appointment. I just won't be put off with a rather silly statement that you do not participate in military appointments. In this case, quite obviously you did. You admit it, so I would like to know on what basis you feel yourself qualified to have an opinion on a military appointment?

H. (annoyed at himself for talking too much) General, let me ask you something. Are **military people** seeking to have you appointed Chief of Staff? Are **they** qualified to make military judgments? Is it your **military** talents they seek to have available to them in the office of Chief of Staff?

B.G. So that's the point. You want to delve into my political beliefs!

H. General, as far as I can tell, you have no political beliefs whatsoever.

B.G. (at a loss to understand) Then . . . I fail to follow you. Why are you opposed to me?

H. Let's drop it.

B.G. No. I refuse. It's not fair to me. My career is at stake.

H. It's not as badly at stake as it was a year or so ago. That's why I don't wish to discuss the matter. I know the circumstances, though not as well as you do, of course. But enough to know that any discussion of them would only be embarrassing and embitter our future relationship. My work for the President includes maintaining harmony in his Administration. I

can hardly do that by quarreling with you over your Army career.

B.G. (superficially relieved) I knew the root of the trouble flowed from a misunderstanding on your part. What you must be referring to is my victimization at the hands of the West Point clique. Perhaps you didn't know I wasn't a West Pointer. I'm a VMI man.

H. How tedious can this get? Yes, I know that. I also know enough about you to be astounded that anyone would believe they had a chance of getting you appointed Chief of Staff. Do you think a man whose only military distinction was his summary removal from the single command he ever held, would be offhand a very logical candidate for Chief of Staff? Do you think your vast military experience as instructor in the Illinois National Guard is a suitable preparation for the top command of the American Army? You know, General, your fame as a distinguished soldier is so great that the only time in your life that your name has appeared in the newspapers was that little episode a while ago when the Soviet transpolar fliers took it upon themselves for no known reason to land at your post in Oregon.

B.G. The landing was a pure accident. So far as the earlier troubles existed at all, they were as I said, the result of the hostility of the West Point clique.

H. But it was the West Point clique that got you the command you flubbed. That would have been the end of you except you suddenly found through the CCC crowd a road to promotion you hadn't known of before. They got you your star. Now they tell you they're going to make you Chief of Staff.

B.G. (stiffly) There is no "they" as you

Continued next page

The Game and The Candle

call it. They are just men and women who think well of me.

H. Five persons have urged me to support your candidacy. To my personal knowledge, one of them is an unstable semi-hysteric and four of them are members of the Communist party.

B.G. Why that's absurd and slanderous. Unverified charges! Unverifiable smears!

H. We're not in public, General. You know very well I wouldn't hold the job I do unless I knew what is really going on in this town.

B.G. You deal with those people all the time yourself.

H. Of course I do and I'm going to continue to. We see eye to eye on quite a number of things. To me, they're a necessary and useful element in the democratic rebuilding of world society. Maybe you think that sounds pompous. Perhaps there's no simple way to express just what I mean about them. They've been in there pitching for the things I believe in long before I was born, so that gives them a few privileges and the right to some short cuts I wouldn't be willing to grant to anyone else. But that doesn't make me their man. I never have owed my position to their favor and I never will. I owe my position to a lifetime spent assisting President Roosevelt in carrying out government policies that in my judgment, and I think in his, were and are necessary to preserve the life and welfare of this Republic. Now let's take you in your fancied role as Chief of Staff. To whom would you owe your eminence? To your professional colleagues? To any segment of public opinion in any state, represented by any faction of the Democratic or Republican parties? To a following in Congress? Obviously not. Only to one group. You would owe your entire military importance to it. Would you think it fair to the President to advise him to appoint a man with so little political equilibrium?

B.G. But the last thing in the world I am is a Communist!

H. I know. But that's not the point. They're your only political backers. We have to have a broadly based team here if we aim to keep the country from falling back into the hands of the Wall Street crowd. If the job's not going to be given on a strict military basis, on the presumed military capacity of the man, then it's political, and you just don't have the balanced political support that would be helpful.

B.G. Well, I'm not going to let it stand here. I might take the same position myself if I were in your place and owed the President the political care you feel you owe him. But I'm still going to force this fight all

the way.

H. In that I can't stop you and, if you can swing more powerful support than you have now, I'm a practical enough politician to change my position. If you can convince me it's in the President's interest to give you the job, I'll try to help you get it. I just don't see it at the moment.

Scene 2: *Harry's library a few days later. Dex and Harry are in an animated discussion.*

DEX. Damn it, Harry! Won't you change your position on the General. I'm sure it's you who are keeping the President from appointing him.

HARRY. That's absurd, Dex. There isn't a single general officer in the army that favors the idea.

D. But that speaks well of him, don't you see. He's not infected with the promotion bug.

H. Can it, Dex. He's just as badly infected as every other professional soldier. The only difference is that, since he's been a failure as an officer, he's totally dependent on you for his future. Don't you think, however, he cares a damn about what you and I care about. He cares about himself. At the moment you boys are the only ones who will give him the time of day. That's why he's got a social conscience and is all for the international struggle against war and fascism. He doesn't believe in any of that. He just wants a big promotion. Why you of all people can't see that is beyond me.

D. Oh, we see it all right. But it doesn't make any difference. We're sure he'll turn out fine.

H. What an absurd thing to say! Once he's in he'll drop you like a . . .

D. No, he won't.

H. What did you do? Get him to write you one of those silly letters like those you got out of the dopes in the Triple A? Sheer nonsense. You know perfectly well that if "your victim" ever got really important later, you wouldn't dare let anybody know about such a letter. It would harm you people a lot more than it would him.

D. (*grinning*) I know. But the letter writer might not. (*seriously*) Anyway it's nothing like that in the General's case.

H. What is it? Did you find he has a little love nest somewhere? He doesn't seem like that sort.

D. Oh no, nothing like that.

H. Something nasty, I suppose. Does she know about it?

D. Don't be silly. Of course not. Why, she wouldn't even believe you if you told her about this conversation with me. She

believes in worthy things, Harry, you know that. Nothing so unspeakably sordid could possibly be true. Any man who told her such a slanderous tale would be finished with her forever. You know that.

H. I know, but . . . the President?

D. Of course he would believe it. But then he's sure anybody he appoints is already on some one's hook. Why else would anyone ask him to make the appointment?

H. Well, it's absurd. Why all the insurance? No American general is going to rush off and make a private deal with Hitler or Mussolini.

D. They're all capitalist hirelings . . .

H. Don't be ridiculous! I've known scores of generals. Not one of them has the faintest notion about politics. If you elected Stalin President, they'd command the army for him without a qualm. Dex, why don't you leave this thing alone. I've got enough problems.

D. No. We want the appointment. We have to have it. As a matter of fact it's now a direct order from Moscow.

H. Moscow? What the hell are they doing in this?

D. Well, he pressed it. He really wants the job. So we asked Moscow about it and, boy, we got an answer. It's the top priority must.

H. (*appalled*) Dex, for God's sake what have you been up to? How could Moscow dream of such a thing? Are they out of their senses? We're not going to take orders—or even suggestions—from Moscow on high appointments in the American army. They're crazy.

D. Harry, you've got to look at it from their point of view. They don't see Roosevelt the way you do—and the way maybe I partly do. They see Roosevelt the same way they see Mussolini and Hitler.

H. How in the name of Marx can they make comparisons like that?

D. They do, and from where they sit it's a fair comparison. Both Mussolini and Hitler talked up socialism and held themselves out as friends of the masses. Il Duce even ran a Socialist Party newspaper. You see how insincere they were and understand Roosevelt's sincerity, but Moscow doesn't. So far as they're concerned, he's just another rabble rouser that they don't control. They've no more idea of where he is going to be next week than they did about Mussolini. After all he went up and down Italy, denouncing the rich, and Hitler did much the same in Germany. The people in Moscow just don't trust anyone on the left who isn't their own man. Look at the mess in Spain. We thought we had everything under control, Harry. You

The Game and The Candle

know that. We had a good liberal democratic government with our own men in the key places. We were sure they would be able to take complete control in six or eight months. And then the god-damned military command entered the picture. They were supposed to be loyal to the Republic, as you say the American generals will be loyal to their republic. After Spain you'll be a long time convincing Moscow that the high-ranking officers in any Western Country can be considered as politically neutral. That's why they're so insistent on the appointment we've been talking about. They consider it the test of the sincerity of the Roosevelt administration when it says it wants harmonious relations with the Soviet Union. And you can't really blame them, Harry, when you think of all they've been through in the Russian Civil war, including American and British supported invasions, and now this mess in Spain. They have a point. You know they do.

H. Dex, all that has nothing to do with it. We're simply not going to be dictated to by any foreign power—even the Soviets—on an appointment like that. You can tell them I said so if you like. The answer is no!

Scene 3: *A few days later. Harry and a well-dressed, middle-aged Publisher are in an office whose furnishings indicate great wealth. At first glance the man bears a vague resemblance to the Young Man who prayed for the death of his partner in an earlier scene.*

PUBLISHER. Harry, you've been a shocking long time in coming to see me.

HARRY. Hadn't anything I wanted to see you about.

P. Suppose I had something I wanted to see you about?

H. You know where my office is.

P. That creates talk, if I were to come see you in Washington.

H. It's merely an Alphonse-Gaston problem. Who kowtows to whom. Well, I'm here, so I must be kowtowing to you. But don't bank on it. My reason is that I won \$140 on the third race at Aqueduct and then they scratched the two horses I wanted to bet on in the sixth and ninth so I had time on my hands. "The Great Publisher", I said to myself, "will be annoyed if I drop in on him unannounced and unexpected, but I will parley my \$140 that he will still see me." So who is the kowtower?

P. (*laughing*) You win, Harry. I ought to know better than think I could outfinagle a leading New Dealer.

H. What do you want?

P. What do I want? You came to see me. What do you want?

H. (*getting up*) Nothing. I just wanted to see whether I'd win my bet. I did. Too bad I had to make the bet with myself.

P. All right, all right, Harry, you win all down the line. Come back and sit down like a sensible fellow. I do want to talk to you. Why do you have to fly off the handle?

H. What do you want to see me about?

P. Nineteen forty, of course.

H. I don't want to talk about it. You might say the subject is premature.

P. I thought so.

H. Then why bring it up?

P. To find out whether you'd made up your mind what you were going to do. I think you have. You've decided to support your boss for a third term.

H. (*bit surprised*) How did you figure that out?

P. Simple. If you were trying for the nomination yourself, as I know you were some months ago, you'd have told me all about it "in strict confidence." I'd be worth a lot to you. You'd need me and you wouldn't really be spilling anything. But since it's going to be Roosevelt again, obviously you're out and equally obviously at this moment it wouldn't do for you to talk about it. If I take it in absolute confidence, can you talk about it? Just a word or two?

H. Well, you've figured it out for yourself. Obviously, I'm not going to make an announcement that the President has made up his mind to seek a third term.

P. Of course you're not. Suppose we just say that you and I are canvassing the problem of the 1940 Democratic nomination. Who has the Party got? You, first of all, but you tell me you don't wish to run. Wheeler?

H. Don't be silly.

P. He takes his chances very seriously.

H. (*quite indifferent*) I know he does.

P. I gather some of your friends keep whispering in his ear that he'd be the natural candidate.

H. I know the people you mean. Why do you say they're my friends?

P. You work with them.

H. I work with their superiors in the little organization those fellows have. I work with everyone who has political power.

P. You know, it's a good thing Huey Long is out of the way. If he had lived, I'm afraid he could have taken over the whole Southern wing of the Party. Your genteel New Deal Southern tabby cats like Jimmy Byrnes couldn't have stood out against him. They don't have the brains or the guts. And he had a big underground fol-

lowing in the North and Middle West. I'd guess it would have grown bigger, too, as time went on. It was a good thing for all of us he was shot. Curious no one could ever find any sort of reasonable motive for why that fellow did it. You almost wonder whether he didn't just feel himself an instrument of destiny and just go ahead and shoot Long, because so many important people wanted him to. Do you think there are mystic forces that move men to commit such deeds?

H. I wouldn't know. That's quite out of my line.

P. Well, if there aren't, there ought to be. It's too bad in a way we can't put up some sort of monument to that fellow who shot him. There ought to be some sort of order or posthumous medal you can confer in cases like that. "Hero of Democracy, so and so." What the hell was his name?

H. (*Whose mind hasn't really been following the Publisher's monologue*) I don't remember. Sam, I think.

P. No, it began with W I'm pretty sure. Walter or no Carl, that's it. Carl Weiss, MD, Hero of Democracy.

H. He was a doctor, wasn't he.

P. Well, thanks to him your boss can get the 1940 nomination if he wants it.

H. Perhaps.

P. My guess is he wants it. There is only one thing I think all you people are overlooking. The nomination is Roosevelt's, I grant you. But as things look now I would say he has almost no chance of carrying the election.

H. No? Who do you figure the Republicans will run?

P. It hardly matters. Vandenberg, even Dewey. Their candidate won't matter at all. It will be the unity of forces behind him and the division behind Roosevelt, plus the terrible extra burden of being the first President running for a third term. It can be pretty rough, Harry.

H. I agree. What do you want me to do that will make it smoother?

P. I want you to get a war going in Europe.

H. (*surprised*) How's that again?

P. Get a European war going. Then you won't have any trouble winning the election.

H. Let's slow up a little. Since when are you an all-out Roosevelt supporter?

P. I'm not. Neither in public or in private. In public, of course, I have to consider the intelligent, sincere convictions of the millions who read my magazines—and also the money calculations of the business men who advertise in them. Of course, as an independent, outstanding and utterly fearless publisher I pay only

Continued next page

The Game and The Candle

such attention to them as I deem expedient and profitable. Kidding aside, I do think a continuance of the Roosevelt Administration is desirable. (*detecting a look of suspicion on Harry's face*) Now don't look at me as though I were the Barney Baruch of the next war, with all my money judiciously invested in the companies that are going to profit from it. I may do some of that later—a man has to make a nickel where he can. But that's not what is really important. It's politics that impels me to want Roosevelt in for another four years.

H. Well, I'm certainly not going to try arguing you out of it. Glad to have you aboard whatever your motives. May we expect to see your papers suddenly booming the third term?

P. You wouldn't want them to. You'll want them to do just what I'm going to have them do: back in reluctantly, grudgingly, but sincerely, after ponderous consideration. You forget my papers are all written for the man who thinks for himself. We never fail to point that out to our readers. Our readers' opinions are their own. All we supply is the clear objective facts, an unbiased, conclusive interpretation and commentary, and an estimate of the opinion of all smart, successful and important people in the field in question.

H. And you think you need a European war as a sort of hammer to beat the third term into your readers' brains?

P. In a sense. I do think a war is essential for Roosevelt's success. But there's the other side of it. I figure Roosevelt's success is essential to a successful war.

H. What sort of war do you want?

P. Obviously I want a war against Germany. I want the German state destroyed and Hitler is a wonderful excuse for doing it.

H. I'll agree to that.

P. Then why don't you get to work on it?

H. Good grief, we're doing everything we possibly can to injure the Germans. We're hurting them badly with our trade policies. We give diplomatic encouragement to all their enemies from Russia on down. We can hardly intervene more openly in the Spanish Civil War, what with the Loyalists openly recruiting in our cities and our enforcing the embargo against the Fascists. Good grief, what more can we do short of asking Congress for a declaration of war.

P. You can shift your policy in Spain and make sure the Loyalists are defeated by Franco.

H. (*even more surprised*) Are you out of your mind? Roosevelt join Hitler and Mussolini against the Russians and the

Spanish Loyalists?

P. Not openly, of course. Openly you remain the undying opponent of fascist aggression, etc.

H. (*angrily*) Lots of people have told me they think you're a tricky bastard. Maybe they are right.

P. You want to succeed, don't you? You want to re-elect Roosevelt? You want to overthrow Hitler? Of course, you don't want to do those things just for themselves. You have high goals. You want to reduce poverty and misery, and bring an end to war, and terminate once and for all man's injustice to man. No, I'm not being sarcastic. I know you mean those things sincerely and care about them. The point is you can only do them by re-electing Roosevelt and overthrowing Hitler, and as practical work-a-day political operations, both of those steps require certain, shall we say "arrangements" that far from reducing poverty, misery and war, may for a time increase them all. But the increase will, of course, be only for a time and then a better future will supervene and more than compensate for the brief time of trouble and misery. That's how it works, isn't it?

H. It's an ungracious way to talk about it.

P. All right. All I'm saying is that when we consider the practical roads to overthrow Hitler and re-elect Roosevelt we keep remembering that we are dealing with the tactics of the matter, where what counts is its success towards the ultimate goal, not its momentary conformation with some popular idea of public virtue and vice. Franco is a bad man, therefore, we must oppose him at every point. That's all you were really saying a moment ago. If you stick with that, you'll never overthrow Hitler and you'll never re-elect Roosevelt.

H. All right, spell it out.

P. I thought you'd wake up sooner or later. Harry, the key to your problem is England and France. You're in no position now or in the foreseeable future to make direct war on Germany. I don't mean from the point of view of arms. You could easily build the type of military machine that could reach Germany—if you could only develop some political excuse to build it. But you can't. That's why you're dependent on France and England. They've got to start your war against Germany for you. Then in time and with the kind of management you fellows know how to handle so perfectly, in time you will bring the United States in just when and where you want it. But first you've got to get England and France to move.

H. That's the rub. Neither of them shows any stomach for war with Ger-

many at all. We've quietly pointed out the dangers of a German-dominated continent. . . .

P. And they quietly point out the dangers of a Soviet-dominated continent.

H. Yes. They can't see the essentially defensive nature of Soviet military purposes. They can't see that however bellicose the surface of Soviet operations may be, still a Socialist state in its very nature can't possibly be aggressive. Not in the long run. The dynamic forces within a socialist state sooner or later would destroy militarism and colonialism. They don't see that and so they temporize about Germany.

P. If you'd revise your policy about Spain you might find them more willing to stand up to Hitler.

H. I don't see why.

P. Look at it from the professional viewpoint of the British and French military. You can despise such people all you like, but they carry weight in any government, even ours. Faced with a Soviet-controlled Spain the French and English military will simply make no move against Germany. None at all, and I'll tell you why. If they attack Germany, then so does Russia, once it looks as though the Germans are losing. And then the French and the British find the Russians in Central Europe and on the Pyrenees. Would they like that? Do you think England even now likes the idea of Soviet control of Gibraltar, which is what a loyalist victory in Spain will mean? It would be the end of every pretense of British power in the Mediterranean. How long would it take for the Russians coming overland to be in Suez? Not long. It's the nightmare of Soviet Spain that paralyzes the English and French, Harry. I don't care what the street sentiments of the leftists and the well-to-do liberals in London and Paris are. When it gets down to do or don't behind closed doors, it's the Russian thing that checks their going along with you.

H. Why haven't Paris and London told us so?

P. I suppose for the same reason you haven't directly asked them to attack Germany. You have to feel your way in delicate matters of this sort. Besides they can't be sure how deeply committed Roosevelt might be to the Russians. There's no sense to their asking you to do something Roosevelt's already promised the Russians he won't do.

H. The Russians really worry them that much?

P. Absolutely. Yet as matters now stand the Russians are the only people worth dealing with about Spain. Your own help in Spain is morally worthy and all that, but I

The Game and The Candle

don't think it weighs much in the Civil War. It's the Russians who're winning it, if it's going to be won. And if it's got to be lost, they're the people who are going to have to lose it. That's what I want you to talk to them about. I figure you must know roads to Moscow.

H. I do. But I'm not sure they're the right ones and I'm not at all sure I agree with you that the Russians ought to throw away all the bodies and heroism they've invested in Spain.

P. The trouble with you, Harry, is that you'd like the world to be a nice place. You have a real object in life to try to make it so, anyway to make it what seems nice to you. I'm sure you thought back before you had anything to do with politics, that it was only the evil will of the rich and the powerful that made all the misery of the world. And here you are, a man of good will in a powerful position, with a whole great government that you can sort of twist this way and that, and by God, no matter how you twist and turn the problem of making the world

a nice place seems almost as impossible for decent guys like you as it was for the stupid businessmen Republicans. That's what gives you ulcers and why you can't sleep well at night. Get tough like me and you'll sleep better.

H. I'm afraid I'd sleep worse if I thought of things the way you do.

P. Let me show you the advantage of thinking the way I do. Let's go back to the election. With a third term candidate and a disgruntled South you can't win. But if a European war starts, Roosevelt would be doing everything short of open war to help England. Now what does that do to the magnates of business? If you'd think for a minute with your brain instead of your emotions you'd see right away. First of all, the Jewish interests—big, little and tiny—would swing over for Roosevelt. They'd know he was against Hitler while they could only hope the Republican would be against the Fuehrer. The Republican candidate would have to confine himself to denouncing unprovoked aggression and

deploring racist extremism, which wouldn't be quite as good as seizing ships, arresting agents and whatever else an intelligent administration can always dream up. Second, there's still a Morgan crowd—battered, bloody and god-awful shrunk, but still a powerful factor in Republican politics. With Roosevelt supporting England they'd be supporting Roosevelt. Maybe in a quiet under-the-rug way, but believe me it would play hell with the Republican organization in lots of places. You have no idea how it would dry up contributions to the local Republican machines if word got around through the business and banking higher-ups that the Morgans felt maybe after all this time we'd better stick with Roosevelt because of the European crisis? Those things together would elect him, Harry. Without them he's a cooked goose and you know it. So get in there and force the Russians to abandon Spain.

(To be continued)

Louis Pauwels *Continued from page 3*

The most remarkable thing about Pauwels' *Ce que je crois* is the fact that, aside from a few references to recent events, it might have been written in the 1920s and even in the United States. His French contains many locutions that would have been avoided by a respectable French author then, but it sounds like the French that might have been written by an American who was cultivating the style of Mencken's *American Mercury*. What is more, the author's underlying and irrepressible optimism is precisely what buoyed up most of the writers for Mencken's periodical—an optimism shared by almost all of their educated and intelligent contemporaries.

One aspect of this optimism, proper to an era in which the vulgar believed that everything was automatically and inevitably becoming bigger and better, is the careless acceptance of the myth of "all mankind." This could be so generally accepted in the 1920s because no one really believed it. In that euphoric and hedonistic period, men could speak of "humanity" as they spoke of "mammals," recognizing a biological category determined by what the different species included in it had in common and with no implication that those species were identical or equal. The implied disregard of the facts of race was corollary to an assumption that the innate

differences were too obvious to be mentioned explicitly. In the 1920s not even the Christians, who still claimed to believe that Congoids had immortal souls that would, **post mortem**, become decorous white angels equipped with wings and a yen to listen to harp music forevermore, imagined that the progeny of slaves could ever have political importance in the United States or be regarded with more than the kindness that it was proper to show inferior and morally irresponsible creatures. No one imagined that the natives of Cochin-China would ever cease to obey the French government, because after the First World War it had come to seem unlikely that the British Empire would take over the French colonial possessions in Asia. Except in Japan, the only nonwhite populations that were nominally independent had that status only because the reciprocal jealousies of the civilized nations prevented annexation, and only a few alarmists thought it possible that the Japanese could be so foolish as to risk by aggression the rather amused toleration they had won by taking advantage of wars between European powers. The world of 1920, men thought, was still the world of 1910, the white man's world, in which other species could never become so rash and mad as to challenge the manifest superiority of the white race and the tech-

nologically powerful and insuperable civilization it had created. Even expressions of more or less romantic sympathy for, e.g., the Hindus under British rule, were like giving a dime to a beggar with no thought that he might then knock you down and take your wallet.

Pauwels has learned nothing since 1920. He ignores the facts of race as blandly as he might have ignored them fifty-five years ago, and there is nothing else of importance in his discourse that he need have learned subsequently. The appearance of modernity, which may impress persons who have not read extensively in the literature and journalism of what was called the "post-war" period, is illusory. In the 1920s intelligent persons did not fail to perceive that the psychoanalysis then coming into vogue was, as Pauwels says, "un magisme," and that the Freudian practitioners, like the Christian Scientists and the Theosophists, were merely vending a psychic panacea that was distinguished from others by a novel flavor. Everyone knew that Russia, and with it the territories of the former Russian Empire, had temporarily reverted to barbarism under the control of a bloodthirsty pack of degenerates, many of whom had been shipped in from the East Side of New York City and subsidized by alien bankers in the United States, England, France, and Sweden and

Continued next page

Louis Pauwels

also by the government of Germany, which had resorted to a kind of germ warfare in 1917 to eliminate Russia as an antagonist, and it was thought likely that the ferocious criminals might be able to maintain themselves in power for several years before their insane tyranny collapsed in anarchy. But although only alarmists thought of domestic Communists as more than nuisances, objective observers in the 1920s were well aware that the persons who took Marx seriously (as distinct from apple-cheeked college boys, who might profess Satanism, Communism, Cubism, or Dadaism to attract attention) represented only a recrudescence of epidemic Messianic hallucinations: they saw that as clearly as does Pauwels, and they even noted that the disease is principally carried by Jews, a detail that Pauwels overlooks. And they also saw that the vapid humanitarianism that is now called "Liberalism" is fundamentally anti-scientific.

When I remark that the fact was known in the 1920s, I am aware that much that was clear then was subsequently obfuscated by intensive propaganda and the public schools' success in inculcating ignorance. I certainly do not mean to deprecate the value of Pauwels' observation that the hysteria of the "Left" today springs from a belated perception that their dogmas are a religion that is as much opposed to scientific knowledge as any other. It is quite true, as he says, that until recently the middle-headed "Liberals" had a faith, based on the myths manufactured by the pseudoscientific "social sciences," in Progress, which was to be magically produced by the steady advance of scientific and technological knowledge accompanied by a mystical Paraclete, who would transform human nature in preparation for a Utopia of righteousness on earth. But that blind faith, like the superstitions it supplanted, is incompatible with objectively observed reality, and our "Liberals" are now undergoing a crisis such as the Christians underwent when they discovered that the earth was not a flat pancake of mud floating on waters that had been miraculously created out of nothing on Sunday, October 23, 4004 B.C.

When they can no longer ignore relevant facts, the majority of the sectaries in any cult normally close their eyes tightly and shout hysterical denials, demanding that inconvenient facts be suppressed as wicked. That, of course, is what is happening in the "Liberal" cults today. We are witnessing, as Pauwels says, "un retournement bizarre." The votaries of the Left, if they have any intelligence at all, now have their doubts about the Progress that their faith took for granted. The Millennium has not come, and the woe-begone Leftist who is able to think about that distressing fact inevitably suspects

that Science is not, as he fondly believed, his servant—and, as Pauwels neatly phrases it, "s'il est encore plus intelligent, *il le hait*." This is the most significant development of our time—and the best, perhaps the only, basis for a hope that our befuddled race may yet survive.

Given the recent inversion of the "Liberals'" *Weltanschauung*, with the result that the less stupid ones now understand or, at least, feel that they hate science (i.e., facts), it is only natural that "Liberals" and other habitually irrational persons, including some who fancy themselves "racists," have now contracted the occultism that, I need not say, is an epidemic that is being induced and propagated by our inveterate enemies. Although the peddling of mystic revelations to suckers has always been a very profitable business, more than the normal exploitation of ignorant gullibility must have produced the flood of occult hogwash that inundates the bookstands and is promoted by the newspapers of largest circulation. It cannot be merely a coincidence that the hallucinogenic verbiage is now produced in all flavors, from "Bible prophecy" and witches' handbooks to pseudoscientific drivel about astral Teachers located on remote planets that sizzle with "spiritual values."

Pauwels is undoubtedly an educated and rational man. It is no small accomplishment in our time of clamorous confusion to perceive clearly the nature of the now dominant Marxian superstition and of the other messianic cults that have called themselves "Liberal." He understands and affirms the strict dependence of our civilization on the methods of empirical science and the power of the technology derived from research that is exclusively concerned with the nature of the physical world. He is aware, as many of our less intelligent contemporaries are not, that attempts to alter ascertained facts to make them conform to humanitarian sentimentality can lead only to madness. It is therefore disconcerting to find him also talking about an "other universe" of which the existence is attested by the immemorial "spiritual tradition" that lies behind all religions and mystery cults. He even recommends a "mystic path" that will lead us gladly to "die to ourselves" so that we may be "reborn, transformed into another state of being, ordained by God, in which *all knowledge* will be ours."

While we may sympathize with Pauwels' yearning to become an angel or a bodhisattva, it behooves us to notice that when his fancy soars aloft from this imperfect planet and he adduces from the "immemorial tradition" evidence for his "other universe," as he does briefly in the present book and more extensively in the two that he wrote in collaboration with

Bergier, he confuses himself by failing to recognize four well-known phenomena that account for all of the scenery along the "mystic path," videlicet:

1. *The rarity of common sense and the innate irrationality of the majority of human beings.*

This is sharply to be distinguished from ignorance and superstition, with which it is often confused. The example which first occurs to my mind is the most famous trial for witchcraft in the annals of Scotland, which led to so unusual an event as the publication of a book by a King of Great Britain. What is noteworthy is that trial and the subsequent executions of the accused is not the superstitious belief in occult powers. The belief in supernatural beings, gods and devils, was merely a function of the general ignorance of the times—an ignorance from which few men could escape even in their secret thoughts, for, like ignorance about social realities today, it was highly vocal, stridently assertive, and democratically fanatical. The belief in the existence of witches and warlocks, which is now so glibly censured, was not really a superstition: it was based on an imperfect observation of facts, since there were at that time many persons who possessed a knowledge of botany and elementary chemistry sufficient to prepare very effective poisons, abortifacients, and nosogens, of which the use was then formally and legally classified as witchcraft. One may add that the people of the Sixteenth Century, being less stupid in this respect than our contemporaries, knew very well that there are numerous persons who have no compunctions about killing or otherwise harming others, not merely for profit or vengeance, but for the sheer joy of making others suffer. (This, by the way, accounts for a great deal of "Liberalism" and other "social reforms" carried out under a pretense of concern for the "underprivileged." Today no one seems to have wit enough to ask *against whom* a "do-gooder" is eager to do good.)

What is noteworthy about that trial (and many others, *mutatis mutandis*) is the mental incapacity shown, not by false premises, but by inability to reason from them. Granting that there is a mighty god of evil named Satan, so powerful that he established and maintained the Roman Catholic Church for twelve centuries in spite of all his rival could do, and granting furthermore that great Satan is determined to prevent a King of Scotland from marrying a Protestant princess, who but a nitwit can suppose that the Son of the Morning and Prince of the Air has to enlist the services of a few silly women and equip them with a magical boat (made of sieves) so that they can cross the North Sea and conjure up storms to sink Princess Anne's

Louis Pauwels

ship? Or that when the witches prove themselves too incompetent to raise a really good storm, the Monarch of all the Powers of Hell is at the end of his resources and can do no more? Belief in the supernatural was merely ignorance, but belief that Yahweh's great competitor would resort to such paltry and futile devices was sheer fatuity.

For millennia men were able to believe that a power that had created the universe or was contending for mastery over it could do no better than clandestinely reveal itself to a few simple-minded peasants or to a skulking sorcerer. That proves how uncommon is common sense.

2. *The human and very common practice of lying for no purpose other than to attract attention.*

All mammals have a basic need to affirm their individuality. Everyone has observed that, for example, if you have two dogs that are on the most friendly terms with one another, and you pet one of them, the other will immediately try to nuzzle aside his or her companion's head to make you recognize that he or she is also an individual. The same mammalian instinct in children makes them invent the most arresting stories they can imagine to obtain attention they would not otherwise receive. (This relatively innocent instinct must, of course, be distinguished from both jealousy, which begrudges benefits to others, and the calculated mendacity of politicians, holy men, and other professional liars who are in the business of preying on the gullibility of the majority.) The mammalian instinct also accounts, e.g., for the fact that after Arthur Machen, at a loss for a good plot for the short story he had to supply for the *feuilleton* of a London newspaper, published his silly tale, "The Angels of Mons," there soon appeared a considerable number of British soldiers and even some officers who swore that they had seen with their own eyes St. George and a passel of archangels float in the sky and slay with bolts from celestial crossbows the devilish Germans who were impiously about to surround and capture British troops that were, of course, fighting for God and Democracy. Since few of the voluntary witnesses can have been insane or can have hoped to cadge sixpences from their listeners, most of them, at least, must have lied to distinguish themselves from their comrades.

3. *The seemingly innate and insatiable human appetite for marvels.*

The psychic need, which educated and rational men satisfy with poetry and other forms of imaginative literature, can become in less cultivated individuals so

strong that they can believe in the reality of what they have simply imagined when they heard or read some plausible or even implausible story that appeals to their emotions. (This is, of course, to be distinguished from the hallucinations that can be induced in any consciousness by drugs or botanical simples, such as *Amanita muscaria*, that have been used for at least forty centuries to induce "cosmic consciousness" and "divine revelations"; and also from the hallucinations that the weak-minded can have without pharmaceutical assistance.) The yen for marvels accounts for faith in religions and other forms of magic, which appeal to the will-to-believe, but its effects are not limited to the supernatural. Charles Carroll, in *The Great Chess Automation*, recently published by Dover, notes with some astonishment that although the working of von Kempelen's (later Maelzel's) famous hoax was fully explained many times before Edgar Allen Poe's well-known article, the general public insisted on believing and gawking just because they had an urge to believe in something wonderful and, in the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, a machine that could play chess and usually win was much more marvellous than the commonplace operations of angels, demons, and other spooks.

The will-to-believe also accounts for a good deal of "Liberalism," which often takes the form of convictions implanted in unreflecting minds. One frequently encounters today individuals, most commonly female, who have emotional fixations about "world peace," "brotherhood," and similar figments of Utopian fancy. The fixations may also be centered on what are really imaginary beings, that is to say, the imagined personalities that are associated with known actors, usually holy men or world-saving politicians who know how to charm female voters. Older readers will undoubtedly remember women, supposedly educated and rational, who would go into hysterical frenzies at a suggestion that Frankie Roosevelt was not a saint, although admittedly they had never met the great war criminal and knew nothing about him personally except what his press agents planted in the kept press; they attributed to him what they imagined when their glands reacted to his voice as he cooed over the radio in the "Fireside Chats" to which his own entourage gave the more accurate description of "hog calling." Younger readers will recall females who tore their hair and howled at the demise of Jack Kennedy, whose well-practiced grin and boyish stare, seen on the boob-tubes, had excited their ganglia and imaginations. It may be significant that women thus strongly affected are usually without settled religious notions, and it may be that since their education prevents

them from communing with Jesus, their consciousness craves a surrogate for them to adore.

The will-to-believe is deplorably inherent in human nature, and only a minority of human beings can keep it under control. That is a fact with which any rational man must reckon whenever he considers the feasibility of inducing salutary action in a large number of persons.

4. *There are certain psychosomatic phenomena that have not yet been satisfactorily explained.*

As we all know, the shamans and witch-doctors of even quite primitive tribes have the dexterity to perform quite clever tricks to impress their innately stupid customers, while from the very beginning of civilized societies priests and thaumaturges have labored to improve the art of prestidigitation and to supplement it with increasingly elaborate mechanical devices engineered to reveal the will of God to man. But when we have made the necessary deductions for falsehood, hallucination, and fraud in the aetiology of the "other universe" and the "spiritual tradition" that so impresses Pauwels, we are left with a small residue of phenomena that have not yet been satisfactorily explained in terms of physiology and (genuine) psychology. It is, for example, not impossible, though certainly not demonstrable, that one individual's brain waves, which can be detected and measured by extremely sensitive instruments, may in some way impinge on the consciousness of another person. That could possibly be the cause of the contagion of emotions in large crowds, and it is not inconceivable that some few instances of "extrasensory perception" are not merely hoaxes or faulty mathematics in the calculus of probability.

The most impressive phenomenon that is yet unexplained is the very large number of "miraculous cures" that almost all gods have performed since the dawn of recorded history. Innumerable inscriptions and ex-votos, set up by persons who gratefully record that they were healed of specific diseases and injuries, prove that miraculous cures were affected by not only all the major gods from antiquity to the present, but by many quite minor deities; for example, the Gallic goddess Sequana was virtually unknown until the chance discovery and excavation of her temple two decades ago disclosed a large number of ex-votos that prove that her therapeutic powers were as great as those of her eventual successor, the Virgin Mary. It seems that many maladies, evidently physiological, can be cured by the emotions excited by religious faith, perhaps operating in conjunction with the *vis medicatrix naturae*. Although some tes-

Continued next page

Louis Pauwels

timonials to the power of gods are doubtless arranged by professional holy men to promote their business, I cannot, for example, doubt the good faith of a slave who was blind for ten months, was miraculously healed by a poor little rural goddess whose name, otherwise unknown, he abbreviated as "Felic.", and then spent a good part of his savings (thus postponing the time when he could purchase his freedom) to attest on stone his gratitude to that obscure divinity. It is plausibly conjectured that the thousands of instances of "miraculous healing" of almost every type of ailment show that strong emotions can dissolve nervous blocks that cause "psychosomatic" maladies, but until the neurological mechanism of the malady and its cure is ascertained and empirically demonstrated, the phenomenon will remain mysterious. Such apparent miracles understandably impress persons who experience them, were regarded as proof of supernatural forces in unscientific ages, and influence uncritical minds today.

Unexplained quirks in the functioning of

the human organism and uncertainty about the precise relationship and interaction of the cells that form the brain and the cells of the rest of the body (of which the chemical and genetic constituents, the nucleic acids, were identified only a few years ago) are not evidence of an "other universe." There is no known fact that indicates or suggests the possible existence of a "mystic path" to "another state of being," other than the fact that, like Pauwels, most human beings hanker for a life without pain and toil and have imaginations that can depict many pretty improvements on reality. Many of these fancies are undeniably pleasing and alluring, and they are good material for dreams and reveries, but they tell us nothing about the real world in which we must live the only life that we can reasonably expect to have; and there is nothing whatever to connect them, as do Pauwels and Bergier, with the recent discoveries in archaeology and anthropology, which have unsettled generally held assumptions by showing that civilization, at least in the sense of settled urban

communities, is much older than Sumeria and Egypt, and that species that may be called human may have developed much earlier than was commonly supposed. It is, of course, entirely legitimate for the authors to base on these discoveries romantically sensational speculations, which, like the perennial story of Atlantis, at least provide mental stimulation, a high level of entertainment, and a wholesome reminder of the present limitations of human knowledge. What is not legitimate is to pretend that unsolved historical and scientific problems are in some way preternatural.

A man of Pauwels' abilities should not be providing comfort and sales talk for the swarm of charlatans and dervishes who are now peddling to the suckers every kind of occult hocus-pocus, from astrology to the stultifying auto-hypnosis that is vended as "transcendental meditation" or the pseudo-Buddhistic amphigories called Zen. That is why we have devoted to him an amount of space that may seem at first sight inordinate.

Press Lords *Continued from page 5*

and son-in-law began to fall out. After the former's death, the latter went from the bottle to the psychiatrist's couch to the psychiatric hospital to the shotgun blast in the head. Was it remorse and disgust for betraying his own kind? Was it a fortuitous removal from the scene, à la Forrestal, of a man who was throwing a monkey wrench in the works? *Quién sabe?*

So everything came out all right in the end—for Meyer. The great and colossal propaganda machine is now safely in the hands of daughter Katharine, with grandson Donald Edward Graham the heir apparent. The newspaper's high command, entirely non-Jewish when Meyer took over, is now almost entirely Jewish with the exception of Benjamin Bradlee, a degenerate Majority newsman who has made a good living out of fronting for Zionism. (He was close enough to President Kennedy to be invited to attend pornographic movies with him.) Larry H. Israel is president of the *Washington Post* empire, Howard Simons is the *Post's* managing editor and Harry Rosenfeld is the metropolitan editor. The *New York Times*, incidentally, went through the same editorial de-Aryanization at about the same time.

Katharine is proud of her paper, which branded Watergate on the public consciousness, and is now being glorified by the movie *All the President's Men*. Since the Hate Hitler campaign gives no sign of relaxing thirty years after Der Führer's death and the hate McCarthy campaign is

still going strong twenty years after the Senator's death, we may expect the *Post* will continue to smear and defame Nixon for the next half century at least.

It is a sad state of affairs when Majority Americans have to see their country and themselves through the eyes of a stranger. By religion, by culture, by tradition, by history, by genes, the Meyers are foreign to our thinking processes, our view of life and our sense of fair play.

The Meyer fortune was built not by hard work but by speculating on the work of others. Now additional millions are rolling in from preaching hatred, liberalism, false humanitarianism, Zionism and anti-Majority racism. Next on the *Post's* agenda is a confrontation with Russia and the Arab world over Israel. Eugene Meyer helped push us into two World Wars and no doubt his daughter will do her part to push us into a third.

It's a pity America's most powerful woman could not exert a positive influence in the land which gave her and her family such undreamed-of opportunities. But apparently she has cast her lot with that side of her, that fifty percent of her, which belongs to a people renowned for destroying what they cannot create.

EYE POWER

We were talking the other day to a moving picture cameraman whose father had worked for Fox Movietone News. In those

not-so-freewheeling newsreel, New Deal days cameramen had orders never to photograph Franklin D. Roosevelt in his wheelchair. He was only to be shown sitting comfortably in a chair or car, standing erect behind a podium, or on rare occasions swimming in his pool at Warm Springs, Georgia.

Bound by no such strictures in this year's presidential primaries, CBS television cameras lingered long and sickeningly on the evidence of George Wallace's paralysis: the sequences at the airport when he was lifted on and off planes or shown wheeling himself down a special ramp; the sorry scenes when he was propped up at the speaker's table like a broken doll.

People have the habit of believing in a camera. It is like having an additional eye—and eyes seldom lie. The commentator, yes, the anchorman, yes; but not the cameraman. Only the very skeptical—or the very intelligent—don't believe what they see. Which is why we have been shown the corpses of Buchenwald, but not the corpses of Dresden; the bodies of those slain by Arab terrorists, but not the bodies of the thirty-four Americans slaughtered on the *U.S.S. Liberty*. Which is also why the man who faked the newsreel of Hitler dancing a jig after the fall of France was given a friendly obituary in the *New York Times*.

Most of us gulp down the visual and psychological contents of a picture as

Press Lords

quickly, obediently and unquestioningly as a minor Russian bureaucrat tosses off a jigger of Vodka at a state reception in the Kremlin.

Your camera eye, like your real eye, opens and shuts; but unlike your real eye, it does so at another's command. The men behind the men behind the television

cameras open your eye when they want you to look and shut your eye when they don't want you to look—by turning the camera away or off, or shunting you back to John Chancellor. Of course, they can permanently blind you by never turning the camera on.

Awesome is the power of controlling the

most important of the five senses of an audience that runs into the tens of millions. From control of the eye to control of the mind is only a couple of steps—about one turn of the wheel of Wallace's wheelchair.

Cultural Catacombs *Continued from page 9*

culture which fill Mishima's novels raise the hope that, perhaps, all is not lost.

So intense was his disgust with modern Japan that he formed a paramilitary group, The Shield Society, to inculcate in selected university students the samurai virtues extinguished with the coming of the modern era. It was four members of this group who participated in the raid which led to

Mishima's suicide.

If waste is the essence of tragedy, Mishima's death was tragic. But it was, as well, heroic. His was the sort of "consummating death" commended by Nietzsche's Zarathustra, which becomes "a stimulus and promise to the living." Mishima had spent his entire adult life affirming Japan and her ancient symbols, and his death

proceeded from the same spirit. Shortly after news of his suicide reached this country. Mishima's translator Donald Keene remarked that "the manner of his death associates Mishima with the deepest Japanese ideals." Mishima intended nothing less.

Inklings *Continued from page 7*

visioned by the Arabs might send the market soaring to new peaks. Thirdly, the concentrated buying campaign would hardly escape the notice of Jewish organizations and Jewish congressmen. Before the Arab plan was fully underway there would certainly be legislation passed to stop it cold. Fourthly, author Kiernan and his Arab spokesmen don't seem to understand the tenacity of the Jewish hold over the media. The Sulzbergers of the *New York Times* and the Grahams (Meyers) of the *Washington Post* protect their media domain by the device of voting stock. This would permit them to control their empires even after the sale of most of the common stock to outside interests.

Melting Pot Camelot

*Some Englishmen must wonder—should they not?
Why certain Celts and Jews seek Camelot.
Can Celts and Jews enhance King Arthur's race?
Or do they dream they can usurp its place?
O sirs! Let Celts be Celts and not too rough.
And let the Jews be Jews, and that's enough.
And let the Blacks be Black, with no disgrace.
And let no other race disclaim its place.
Each racial group is part of Nature's plan;
And has its worth within the life of Man.
Each race, by instinct, can perceive its role,
And then with wisdom cultivate its soul.
Each race with virtue can uplift its heart,
And then with honor play its proper part.*

Safety Valve *Continued from page 2*

□ *The Dispossessed Majority* had an especially profound, even seismic impact on me, because I came to it as a refugee from the camp of the rabid armchair liberals. The blatant anti-Majorityism which had driven me out was, I still wanted to believe, a transitory phase that would end one day soon. Your book—with its impressive marshaling of fact and argument and its lucid, fresh, trenchant prose—disabused me of this and a good many other illusions. (The perfect-pitch mastery of your expository style was a revelation to me. I had not believed there were any real writers left on "the far right." I thought the very best they could offer would be some perennial sophomore who, mistaking manner for matter, took Buckley for his model.)

660

□ The Army's Race Relations program is very low level. It consists mostly of games and problems that leave the participant with two choices: total integrationist equalitarianism or frothing white racism. I filed a complaint in the questionnaire at the end of the class. I only drew blank stares, however, when I mentioned Carleton Coon, Jensen and Shockley and asked about the scientific viewpoint of racial differences. Happily, however, in certain parts of the class I was able to use some of the arguments from *The Dispossessed Majority* and you will be pleased to note that it stonewalled the instructors. They had no replies whatsoever to remarks about reverse discrimination, media monopoly and the political clout of minorities.

666

□ I have found that discussing the contents of *The Dispossessed Majority* with acquaintances is not a rewarding undertaking. It is my belief that if people are not astute enough to recognize the jeopardy the Majority is in without having someone point it out to them, then little can be expected of them. They will only be awakened from their slumber when the cities begin to burn and their lives and welfare are directly threatened.

326

□ What our cause needs, if it is not to be just a hobby, is an appeal to the white working classes.

589

Athens, Georgia: William F. Buckley, Jr., came to town in April and *Instauration* stalwarts were ready for him. After holding forth mightily on his particular brand of conservatism (it has the U seal of approval) before an audience of University of Georgia students, it was time for questions. Almost at once Buckley was asked why, since he and *The National Review* profess to favor free speech and free expression, his magazine refused to accept ads for *The Dispossessed Majority*. Buckley pretended he had never heard of the book, though we know for certain that it was handed to him personally by one of his friends. When Buckley got around to answering the question, he explained his publication was not intended to serve as a forum for "invidious" books on race relations, and he was under no obligation to sell advertising for books he did not like. Somehow he made it look like *The National Review's* pages were never contaminated by any form of book advertising. Buckley's witty rebuttals and hammy intonations, needless to say, provoked tremendous applause. He really should go on the stage and, in fact, has appeared on comedy TV shows. There was a ripple of applause at the mention of *The Dispossessed Majority*, which was quite gratifying since every clap counts. Later, another *Instaurationist* asked Buckley about Shockley. The answer was pat and quaintly ultramontane. Even if Shockley were right, Buckley asserted, holding on tight to the subjunctive, even if the Negro IQ were lower than the white, it would make absolutely no difference. Buckley's accents, if not his words, conveyed the thought that Shockley was a rabid bigot. There is no question that Buckley is a master of the art of repartee and the quick putdown. Nonetheless, our supporters showed a great deal of presence and a sort of needling restraint that obviously touched a nerve. The author of *God and Man at Yale* has come a long way since those frumious days in the late 1940s, when he had the courage to take on the all-powerful American liberal establishment almost singlehandedly. But he never took on the minority establishment, and eventually for all intents and purposes joined it, when he proposed making Israel the fifty-first state. Rich, respectable, the life of Marion Javits's parties, the sponsor of Dr. Kissinger (he, not Rockefeller, introduced him to Nixon), Buckley prefers the intellectual fleshpots of Fun City to the hunted existence of the truth-teller. Someday when he grows tired

of acting, tired of the rat race and that race, tired of Kis and Schles and that dope of a pope, he may come back and join us.

Buffalo, New York: "I have seen the number of white youths who are aware of Zionist influence go from a handful of rightwingers and jocks to include as much as half of the total number of intelligent whites on campus. In our Viet-Vets club we recently discussed the minority problem, and everyone of the twenty members present expressed his indignance and outrage. It was a great occasion and several of my closest buddies and myself agreed to begin to join other campus groups—like the Christian Athletes Association, Crusade for Christ, YAF and the race car and rifle clubs. There is also a Wallace for President group to which I belong that, needless to say, has not a single minority member. I read *Instauration's* endorsement of Wallace as my precise point of view to the group, which approved it unanimously.

So mostly I want to let you know, whoever you are, that I wholeheartedly and enthusiastically applaud your work and your (our) cause. And I want you to know that you have a lot of secret support from college-educated young men and women who see what's happening firsthand."

Canada: A small nationalist group in Ontario, after praising *The Dispossessed Majority* to the skies in its newsletter and having sold many copies in the last three years, has now banned it from its list of approved reading on the grounds that it is "anti-Italian." Since the most favorable review of *The Dispossessed Majority* ever written appeared in the *State of the Nation*, a newsletter edited by Professor Henry Palucci of St. John's College, other gentlemen and scholars of Italian descent seem to evaluate the book differently. Something similar happened a few years ago in the South. The editor of a rightwing publication announced in print the *The Dispossessed Majority* was the best book he had ever read, urged all his readers to buy it and ordered many, many copies of the book for resale. Then about a year ago the book was suddenly withdrawn from the publication's book list and all advertising in the organization's newspaper was stopped. The assistant editor had suddenly discovered that *The Dispossessed Majority* was "anti-Christian." We bear these organizations no ill will for their sudden

change of mind. We continue to wish them well. However, the very same month *The Dispossessed Majority* was chased out of the ad columns of the Southern organization's paper for being "anti-Christian," Howard Allen received an order for 50 books from a Presbyterian church in Alabama and an order for 100 books from a Baptist minister in South Florida. Happily, none of us thinks identically about God, devil or man. If we agree with a person 90 percent, however, should we consign him to the flames because we have a 10 percent disagreement? It is true that in times of crisis, we have to "collectivize" our thoughts. But we will get nowhere if each of us insists on total allegiance to his own still unperfected world view.

Cape Canaveral: The printer delivered a new run of 10,000 softcover copies of *The Dispossessed Majority*, bringing the total number of hardcover and softcover copies printed to 37,500. The new edition, incidentally, has about 500 more updates and revisions. The price of \$4.95 remains the same. On May 3, 5,000 *Busing Coverups* were printed and sales are going at a pretty good clip, considering that although review copies were mailed out last November, not one mention of the book appeared in the mass media, except for a brief story in the Boston *Herald-American* which, unfortunately, neglected to include the publisher's address.

Next Month in *Instauration*

What About Jimmy the Tooth?

The meteoric but shabby rise of James Earl Carter, Jr.

Flexibility

They have it. We need it.

Marx Liked Ike*

Louis, not Karl, liked Eisenhower so much he spearheaded the General's presidential boom long before it boomed.

Philosopher Giovanni Gentile*

Murdered by Leftist bigots in 1944.

*Originally scheduled for the June issue.