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

Instauration

A literary flight of equalitarian fancy.
In keeping with Instauration's policy of anonymity, communications will only be identified by the first three digits of their zip code.

☐ My husband and I want to tell you how much we enjoyed the feature article of your December edition. And how very true it is, more the pity. All we have to do is go out into Main Street — not by night, mind you — and see all these parasites strutting about as if they owned the world (which they practically do). They don't work, are luxuriously dressed, drive expensive new cars and buy out the food markets with their food stamps. And all this on our tax dollars. However, there is one thing I want to add. If we whites will not put up a fight against this state of affairs, then I suppose we deserve to be in this predicament.

070

☐ I'm considering several possibilities when I get my M.A., but a lot depends on the still unresolved question of how important is my devotion to the Majority cause, and how important the security and love of a stable, middle-class life. Is the conflict between personal and political life only an illusion, or does it really exist?

674

☐ I think that all this talk about synthesizing Hegelian dialectics with the biological world view is bound to lead nowhere. Hegel is precisely where we went off course. What sense does it make to say that one edge of the table is the dialektische Widerspruch of the opposite edge of the same table? The two edges are, at least for any person whose mind is not warped by Hegelian dialectics, the two sides of one and the same thing, and there is no logical "contradiction" between them whatsoever. Constructing "contradictions" such as these may lend itself admirably for building up propagandistic strawmen (the historical process: capitalism, exploitation, socialism), but I can't see it as an approach to truth. Basically, dialectics is merely a narrowing of our field of vision to the exclusion of all the grey tones that go to make this world. Dialectics should be left where it belongs — to the world of prescientific scholasticism. If we add Hegel to the biological world view, it will be to the latter's detriment. Let's continue the rational emancipation of our race that started with Francis Bacon and proceed with our political emancipation.

888

☐ Relativity seems to be following the evolutionary path trod by most highly speculative theories, eventually reaching a state of manifest absurdity before its final demise. Currently the relativists (in the sense of Einstein) are holding all the face cards and, because of this, I believe that anything other than a very cautious criticism of these ideas can only serve to further isolate us from the general community of Majority intellectuals. In my opinion a more productive approach is to study Einstein the man as an example of minority racism in action. Einstein is a fascinating example of Jewish traits — an overachiever, a closet racist and a borderline psychopath. His enthronement as the central figure of high intellect is also a good example of minority collective efforts. There are many lessons in human relations that can be learned from such a study.

300

☐ Renegade of the year? Retire the title! Jimmy Carter already has it sewn up for all time.

100

☐ Regretfully, I will not be able to renew my subscription to Instauration due to lack of funds. I have enjoyed reading your magazine for the past year, but did find it a bit pro-Zionist. In spite of that it is still the best magazine of its type I have seen on the market. Good luck in your endeavor.

950

☐ Don't care to renew subscription. Agree with a lot of your philosophy, but it is too biased for my taste.

550

☐ The article 2084 in the December issue of Instauration was smashing! I'm going to cut it out, xerox it and mail it around a bit.

221

☐ Instauration is really shaping up into a fine journal. Your pieces on Western culture heroes — Jung and José Antonio — are most valuable. In the future you should have articles on: Charles B. Davenport, A. Hrdlicka, Arthur Keith, Grafton Smith, Eugen Fischer and Egon von Eckstedt.

394

☐ Among all the great philosophers, to my knowledge, there has never been a black person. How about having your staff conduct some research and print an article on this? I would predict interesting reading!

211

☐ Not too sure my blood pressure can stand your mag, but sounds interesting. Enclosed is my subscription.

899

☐ Has decay, legislated mediocrity and dilapidation gone far enough to justify rebuilding? I feel we have to end government by crisis with bureaucrats-at-law making themselves heroes by saving us from emergencies they create as political entrepreneurs.

441

☐ Your article "Conservative Twaddle" reveals the ingenious coverup and cant that will send us to a premature grave. In time of stress and need, physical fitness, not saintliness, is our salvation. As for Billy Graham, "hell and damnation" for the hordes bending an ear to such a charlatan.

038

☐ Success, good health to a fierce, versatile editor. There has to be two of you, father and son.

983

☐ I have read The Dispossessed Majority and I am amazed. It's really startling to read about all the facts that I never would have heard of if it weren't for your book. I'm fifteen years old now and in all my life it is the only truthful publication that I have ever read.

600

☐ I wish you well with your projed and hope that you instill or at least awaken the racial instinct so heavily suppressed within the whole European race. I hope you succeed before it is too late.

New Zealand subscriber

☐ I very much liked the bit about Bruno Bauer. There is some real meat in this article, and being a German, I must confess to my shame I just didn't know anything about him until I came across your article.

Bavarian subscriber

☐ Was delighted to see you hit upon Gustave Le Bon as one of our intellectual founding fathers. First read The Crowd when I was a prisoner of war, and felt it was a revelation.

German subscriber

☐ I especially like your intention of putting biology above theology. I learned to do that the first day I went to work as a Sheriff's patrolman.

900

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Your naming of a Majority Renegade of the Year is an excellent idea. The minority interests would get none of it, without the collaboration of the upper-middle-class white degenerates.

If the white soldiers I talk to here are any indicator, a tremendous backlash is building, aimed almost exclusively at Negroes. The best thing the government can do for us is to continue busing and quotas and press for open housing (i.e., building government slums in the suburbs). These things only add fuel to the fire. My only fear is that they will moderate and let things die down.

Armed forces overseas

As the New Year begins, I see many new developments and openings for a Majority effort. Let me state here that I agree with your premise that it will take many years for our brand of thought to take over the nation's diseased body politic. However, I see a joint effort of continued education and effective and selective political action as being the real long-term solution. On the political scene a Reagan-Wallace coalition seems more possible than ever, with or without the help of the Alabama governor. There is simply too much of a liberal atmosphere surrounding Carter and his cabinet appointees to suit hardcore Wallace supporters.

Can a short, fat, dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned German-American girl find happiness reading your journal? I shall miss it, especially the letters from your readers, and if my loss becomes too keenly felt, I'll resubscribe, even if you prefer only the tall, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon types.

In regard to your Inklings' article on Hamilton Fish's fishy new book, I might refresh your reader's memory with a statement made by Fish when he was defeated for reelection to Congress in 1944, after saying that a majority of Jews always voted for Roosevelt, words which Fish when he was defeated for reelection to Congress in 1944, after saying that a majority of Jews always voted for Roosevelt, words which Thomas Dewey characterized as "Un-American." Said Fish: "Since when is it Un-American to tell the truth, or to mention the word 'Jew' anymore than the words 'Christian,' 'Irish,' 'Italian,' 'Pole,' or 'Negro.' If it is, then free speech, the essence of Americanism, ceases to exist." Too bad Fish's courage failed him twenty-eight years later.

Some tourists have all the luck. While the Fimbul winter was causing Zionists to shuffle in their hundred-dollar-a-day rooms in Miami Beach (they even had to make their beds because their Cuban maids were out on strike), Robert and Michael Meripol were enjoying a hundred-dollar-a-day rooms in Miami because their Cuban maids were out on strike. Wrote Fish when he was defeated for reelection to Congress in 1944, after saying that a majority of Jews always voted for Roosevelt, words which Fish when he was defeated for reelection to Congress in 1944, after saying that a majority of Jews always voted for Roosevelt, words which Thomas Dewey characterized as "Un-American." Said Fish: "Since when is it Un-American to tell the truth, or to mention the word 'Jew' anymore than the words 'Christian,' 'Irish,' 'Italian,' 'Pole,' or 'Negro.' If it is, then free speech, the essence of Americanism, ceases to exist." Too bad Fish's courage failed him twenty-eight years later.

I liked your book The Dispossessed Majority and I bought about fifty copies to distribute to most of the libraries in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and except where they had been stolen or lost, all but one of the copies had been removed from circulation by librarians.

Your piece on the decline and fall of Princeton hit the spot. But did you know that unimpressed by the death of Anne, a momentary service for the oriental despot was held in Princeton's Third World Center. Preliminary to the service adulatory ads appeared in the Daily Princetonian: "Chaiming Mao... Live like him... Dare to struggle... Dare to win." During the celebration twin speakers extolled Mao's contribution to Marxism-Leninism.

I have found Instauration to contain certain ideas and philosophies absent from other publications. I might note one objection. I think your approach to the Jewish question is inappropriate. The probability is quite high that the Jews are one of the most gifted genetic strains. They are anything but stupid. They have developed for themselves that strong sense of racial-genetic pride that those of us in the vanguard of the Majority wish we had. The United Nations General Assembly took the right approach in defining the Jewish movement as the highest form of racism. Many of us wish fervently for the expression of their declaration wildly, privately and frankly admitted it was 100% accurate. Let us recognize their right to a culture which is an articulation of their genetic predispositions. For thousands of years the Jewish people have actively resisted not genetic assimilation. Let us call for competition not elimination. Any implied call for hatred of the Jews is not the correct approach to anything; it is only an indication of our intense jealousy. It may well be that the race that for thousands of years has proclaimed itself to be the chosen race can teach us a thing or two about racism. Competition between the Northern Europeans and the Jews may one day result in two superpowers with incompatible philosophies destroying each other in some unprecedented holocaust. Hitler's attempt to eliminate one of the combatants in the 1940s may then appear to be the greatest attempt at humanitarianism the world has ever known. But then again competition may result in a highly developed civilization wherein many diverse philosophies exist at one time on this planet.

The article on José Antonio Primo de Rivera was excellent. The author is easily the best informed of any I have ever read on this bracing idealist, a young Spanish patriot. If he had not been shot by the Reds, there is no telling what he might have accomplished as Spain's Caudillo, for he certainly would have assumed the role of head of the government. I personally do not agree with the author's article on José Antonio Primo de Rivera. On the contrary, without being an ideologue or theoretician, Franco incorporated José Antonio's goals into the constitution of the new Spanish state. I believe that when an objective history is written Franco will emerge as one of the greatest men of the twentieth century. His ascendency in history will not diminish one iota the special position that José Antonio will occupy in the hearts of men who esteem love of country, Christian charity, loftiness of mind and soul, and personal courage of the highest degree.

Good news! The movie Birth of a Nation is required viewing for freshmen students in cinemaphotography at the University of Southern California.

A recent Safety Valvist wrote: "More and more I'm coming to feel that only an all-out assault on Christianity can destroy what has become, unfortunately, an emotional and intellectual pillar of Jewish power." That is a conclusion to which I have been forced over the years—a grim conclusion, since it makes the task of recovering our country vastly more difficult, but one that, on the basis of many years of observation and experience, I now regard as inescapable.

A thought engendered by your piece on José Antonio and the Falangists and partition of Prussia-Germany, Spain became the chief spiritual carrier of the Western culture. It can be said with truth that Spain is now the soul of Europe. In the Spanish Civil War, Marxists and Jews from all over the world, including thousands from America, volunteered to fight in Spain. On the other hand, in the midst of a depression there were numerous young Coughlinites, Klansmen, Silver Shirts, etc., roaming the streets. Yet an authority such as Hugh Thomas is able to record that only one American volunteered for the Nationalist side. That is a disgrace. If war should come to Spain again the victor this time will likely be either Moscow or the Money Power. Still, the fight must be made, and this time I am hopeful there will be an American contingent to fight on the side of the West. At the very least, the survivors of the next Spanish war can put their experience to good use in the American Civil War of the 1990s.

Was the recent "touching scene" in the Senate of Barry Goldwater warmly embracing a wan Hubert Humphrey, a compassionate welcome to a fellow solon that had undergone a severe physical trial or a studied racially motivated gesture of respect and affection for a deserving politician who had received the privilege of settling a $150,000 debt for $6,000 from a prominent multimillionaire Zionist, one Meshulam Riklis?

I believe if you'd publish all the installments of "The Game and the Candle" in a separate booklet, it would sell very well. It's a tremendous story.

Patriotism has been foully murdered, and with it has been destroyed the public appetite for and interest in the deeds of men of America's marvelous yesterday.

I haven't written at any length to remark favorably upon Instauration, but I enjoy it — every word of it. Hill was a fine job, but it's rather like swimming up Niagara Falls, isn't it?

When we met years ago, I was a Constitutional Conservative, dedicated to a government of laws. Now I find myself with strange bedfellows — the radicals and the illuminists. While I shudder at the prospect of a new and bloody American Revolution, I would applaud it wildly if it became excessive enough to cleanse the Augen tabies.
An outsider speaks out

THE U. S. RACIAL PICTURE

We have been holding forth at great length on race in this magazine. Perhaps at too great a length. And all the holders forth have been Majority members. Lest the subject get too stuffy, it’s time to open the window and let in some air. The writer of the following article is a self-proclaimed “outsider,” an Italian-American who admits to little more than formal and legal ties to the U. S. and no ties at all to the Majority. From this neutral vantage point he is able to provide us with an Olympian view of the racial situation, a view which can only broaden and deepen our own vision of the matter.

I find Instauration interesting because it lets us into the world of above-average Anglo-Saxons as they speak their minds, more or less freely, about the “timebomb problem” known as the race issue.

From my personal experience with New York City and Newark, along with what I’ve read about the conditions in Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, St. Louis and Atlanta, I would say that at least a dozen cities are in serious trouble and may soon reach the point of no return. This means, I suppose, that they will eventually collapse into bankruptcy, riots and brigandage. Then military rule will be necessary.

In recent decades the federal government has so mismanaged things that some large cities have actually become decaying non-Western communities. They look more and more like various rundown urban areas in Africa, Latin America and the Middle East.

As an Italian-American, I speak as an outsider, though a friendly one, about your Nordic rehabilitation or repossession movement. It’s impossible for me to feel like a Nordic, as it is impossible for me to feel like a Jew, Puerto Rican, Negro, Irishman or Pole.

I “feel” Italian. I don’t think of myself as an American, but simply as an Italian citizen of the U. S. What’s more, I have never been able to regard any of my fellow citizens as “Americans.” To me, Jews are Jews, blacks are blacks, Irishmen are Irishmen, Swedes are Swedes, Wasps are Englishmen and Indians are merely Indians. I can’t classify any of them as “Americans.” What I concede is that they are fellow citizens.

If someone refers to himself as an American, I am likely to ask facetiously, “What kind of an American are you, sir?” But imagine my asking a Japanese in Japan, “What kind of Japanese are you?” Or take Ireland as another example. Can Englishmen, Jews, Germans or Frenchmen, though born in Ireland, call themselves Irishmen?

The point I’m making is obvious. In the U. S. no one, not even an Indian, can identify himself racially as an American, for that title can be claimed by every racial or ethnic group that lives in either North or South America. The sad truth is that in the U. S. each race is an “outsider” in relation to all other races.

To feel “at home” with blacks, you must be black. To feel “at home” with Italians, you must be Italian. And to feel “at home” with the Irish, you must have the map of Ireland on your face and a name like Kelly, Riley or O’Brien to back it up. Need I go on with this racial litany?

This nation is not a racial melting pot. It is rather a racial crossroads where various races come near one another to learn that they must go their separate ways, either voluntarily or by necessity.

Integration, as the late Jewish social worker Saul Alinsky put it, is that period of time, long or short, in a neighborhood when the first black family moves in and the last white family moves out.

We can add to this observation a similar one about every other race. For example, when Jews move into a Gentile neighborhood the Gentiles move out. When the Irish move into a Wasp neighborhood, the Wasps move out. When Italians move into an Irish neighborhood, the Irish move out. When Puerto Ricans move into an Italian neighborhood, the Italians move out.

The various races play a game of hide and seek, flee and follow. This game will go on and on because the chaotic racial situation calls into play the Darwinian so-called “law of natural (racial) selection.” Operating on both the instinctive and rational level, this law causes men to realize that their physical, mental and social status can be “demoted” if they mingle with certain races, or raised if they mingle with certain others.

When one racial or ethnic group chases passionately after a different racial group, which persistently flees, the message is clear, at least to those who flee. Of course, those who follow are either unwilling or unable to admit that the “flee and follow” routine marks one group as being superior and independent and the other group as being inferior and dependent.

No racial group can have dignity and respect if it perpetually seeks integration with another race.

Saul Alinsky

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No racial group can have dignity and respect if it perpetually seeks integration with another race.

Continued On Page 20
The IS and the OUGHT

If poor old Pontius Pilate could reassemble his ashes, revisit the earth and once again ask the unanswerable, his historic quiz would fall on dearer ears than before. It is not the fact of the matter that counts these days, (has it ever counted?), but the morality of the matter. It is not “What Is,” but “What Is To Be Done?” That’s the $128,000 question.

Let us take a not uncommon case. That of a very ill professor of biology. If he grinds all his pills into dust, smashes his medicine cabinet and turns to a two-bit swami, a $100-an-hour shrink, or a ten thousand dollar automated alpha wave computer monitoring system, he may get a friendly write-up in the Washington Post for “expanding his consciousness.” But let him try to investigate the inherited nature of his disease, let him seek to “biologize” his problem and his laboratory may be bombed, his lectures broken up and his life threatened.

As is becoming more apparent every day, there are accepted and distinct ways of treating a man who researches racial differences in intelligence and a man who believes in osteopathy, astrology, ESP and the mental life of plants. In the present-day academic community it is easier to pass a resolution condemning Shockley than psychokinesis.

To search out, analyze and restructure the moral basis of all the fabrications and perversities of this off-its-rocker age, to examine a little more closely and clearly the ethics of the day (which often seem to be promoting unethical rather than ethical conduct) has been a life-long project of two very eminent and uncensorable academicians — Raymond B. Cattell, a British-born empirical psychologist, and the late Jacques Monod, a geneticist whose mother was an American and whose father was a Parisian painter of Huguenot descent.

A pioneer in the study of human abilities, personality and group dynamics through the use of rigorous experimental and statistical (as opposed to intuitive) techniques, Dr. Cattell in his masterful opus A New Morality from Science: Beyondism attempts to build a new moral system upon the findings of modern biology, with particular emphasis on behavior genetics and evolution. Surveying the various moralities now in vogue, he notes that they derive from one of two sources: (1) a revealed religion or tradition; (2) rationalism. The Decalogue is an example of the former, the UN’s Universal Declaration of Human Rights an example of the latter. For all their faults, traditional moral systems possess the appealing property of working. Cattell notes, as does Edward Wilson in his Sociobiology, that behavior patterns are just as subject to natural selection as physical features — perhaps even more so. Consequently, while appearing somewhat silly in their claim to divine inspiration, societies following such otherworldly guidance can at least be credited with having survived.

Rational ethical systems do not represent behavior patterns that work, but rather behavior patterns that someone thinks should work. While created by some of the world’s most brilliant minds (Locke, Aristotle, Plato, Voltaire, among others), such systems have not been tested in the evolutionary crucible. As Cattell observes, rationalism has proved more capable of destruction than of construction. While the wise man may take some comfort that in twentieth century America few of his less intellectual fellow citizens shake and quake in fear of spending eternity in a fiery hell as punishment for their sins, the fact remains that he himself is more susceptible than ever to an equally painful, if less enduring, intellectual mugging by his agnostic brothers.

Since rational systems are usually built upon assumptions about human nature and society, viz., all men are inherently good, rationalists are likely to believe that education and good intentions can abolish war, poverty and injustice. Cattell notes that because of such assumptions rationalist morality rests on “subjective, a priori premises surreptitiously imported from the religions they seek to outmode” (p. 63). A further complication is that when reason dictates the content of morality, people have difficulty in agreeing on what kind of behavior is moral or immoral. Rather than subject their moral system to the test of natural selection, rationalists rely on man-made selection in the form of world wars, genocide and totalitarian thought control.

Continued On Page 21
Preying upon the Majority (II)

THE MANY REINCARNATIONS

His Imperial Highness, Czarevich Aleksei . . . funny farm candidate . . .

A lone man’s struggle to remain afloat for a little while in the welter of the shoreless sea of life often seems to us pathetic, for ours is the sentimental race. That is why we normally extend even to scoundrels, if they are amiable and not malicious, a charity that we refuse to the pretentious individuals who profess a wisdom that entitles them to be leaders whom we must devoutly follow.

A recent episode, involving an immigrant for whom many may feel a certain compassion, would be too trivial to mention, were it not a datum of great significance in a psychological study of the contemporary American “right wing,” a motley saraband of anxious, confused, and frightened men and women who, in groups that range from a few dozen to thirty thousand, follow a hundred self-appointed messiahs, each of whom is bawling out his claims to be the unique savior of our benighted nation.

In January 1961 there arrived in the United States a Pole who had apparently been an officer of high rank in the Secret Police of the Bolshevik province of Poland, and who had defected after having served for some time as a double-agent for an American espionage agency, presumably the C.I.A. He bore the name and title of Colonel Michael Goleniewski and established his identity with an evidently genuine certificate that recorded his birth in Poland, to parents who bore the slightly different name of Goleniowski, on August 16, 1922. The date, at least, was supported by his features and physique, which made it obvious that he was a healthy man of Slavic ancestry about forty years old.

“His Imperial Highness, Czarevich Aleksei”

The defector was certainly well informed about the networks of spies and saboteurs that the Bolsheviks maintain in all civilized counties they have not yet annexed. Very reliable American sources aver that all the verifiable information given by Goleniewski was found to be strictly accurate, and he is credited with having caused the flight or suicide or arrest and conviction of at least fifteen Soviet agents who were ensconced in strategic positions in the intelligence services of England, Sweden, and Germany, notably George Blake, Kim Philby, Colonel Wennerstrom, and Kolon Molody (alias Gordon Lonsdale). That he was solely or principally responsible for the exposure of those traitors is universally admitted.

According to two American civilians who were able to meet Goleniewski while he was hidden in an apartment in New York City under an assumed name, his knowledge of Bolshevik operations was even more extensive, and he, on his arrival in this country, had been dismayed and terrified to find among the high officials of the C.I.A. several men whom he knew to have equal or higher rank in the Soviet K.G.B. This was entirely plausible and even probable, for reasons that could not be set forth here without a very long exposition of the organization and operation of modern intelligence agencies in general and of our monstrous C.I.A. in particular, in which what amounted to a civil war began the day it was organized.

For three years the presence of the defector in this country was kept secret, and the few persons who knew him at that time agree that he was subjected to a kind of persecution by the C.I.A. The income promised him was never paid. Money for his support was doled out so grudgingly that he and his newly acquired American wife were often left penniless, desperate and without needed medical care. He was even deprived of the revolver given him to defend himself from Soviet agents who might carry out the death sentence that had been imposed after his defection. He also required protection, his friends believed, from an arm of the C.I.A., which intended to murder him inconspicuously to protect the Soviet agents whom he had recognized. If such were the facts, Goleniewski’s life was saved by two men who ripped open the curtain of official secrecy.

Mr. Guy Richards, one of the ranking editors of the now defunct New York Journal-American, devoted a long series of ably written feature articles to Goleniewski, recounting the defector’s great services to the United States and the Western world, and intimating that he had much more to tell, if given adequate protection and allowed to do so. The Journal-American at that period had a circulation of the more than 600,000; some of the articles were picked up by other Hearst papers; and the substance of the story was reported, more or less extensively, by a number of independent newspapers. Mr. Frank Capell, who operates a kind of private intelligence service for American “conservatives” and is highly esteemed for the scope and accuracy of his information, espoused Goleniewski’s cause in his Herald of Freedom, a newsletter small in bulk and circulation but read by Americans of prestige and influence, including members of both houses of the Congress. This publicity on two levels won for Goleniewski not only the strong sympathies of many Americans of patriotic inclinations, but forced his
appearance before a Congressional committee, where he
gave testimony, some of it published in the Congressional
Record, while parts of it are reputed to be “dynamite”
were consigned to yet unreleased “executive” files.  
Goleniewski, furthermore, was paid the high tribute of
formal praise and a vote of thanks by the House (Eighty­
Eighth Congress, H. R. 5507). He had been made a public
figure who could not be suicided or otherwise murdered
by technicians of the C.I.A. without precipitating a public
scandal and possible inquiry into that ambiguous agency’s
multiplex operations. If his life had been in danger, it was
effectively saved by Messrs. Richards and Capell.

So far, so good. And in those halcyon days, patriots
waited anxiously for the detonation of the dynamite that
would blast the alien agents from their positions of control
in the intelligence and paramilitary agency that is
financed by American taxpayers. It is said, however, that
surreptitious persecution by the C.I.A. was soon resumed,
and that Goleniewski was covertly threatened with
ejection from his apartment, together with his wife and
little daughter, and given hints that he was likely to be run
over by a heavy truck when crossing a street. If true, that
may explain a great deal.

Soon Goleniewski — the defector himself, according to
men who knew him personally and insist they could not be
decieved by even the most clever substitute — began to
tell his friends a story that Van Wyck Mason or Helen
MacInnes would never have dared to imagine for one of
their sensational novels of espionage and international
intrigue. He disclosed to Messrs. Richards and Capell his
tremendous secret: he was the son of Nicholas II, the last
Czar of Russia, and therefore himself the legitimate
monarch of all the Russias and heir to the vast personal
fortune of the Romanoffs.

Now everyone knows that after the Bolsheviks captured
Russia by progressive application of the usual technique of
humanitarianism and terrorism in 1917-1918, the Czar, the
Czarina, their four daughters, and their one son were
imprisoned at Ekaterinburg, where they were subjected to
various hardships and humiliations, until the White
Russian Army under Admiral Kolchak advanced to rescue
them. They, and the four faithful retainers who had
remained with them, were brutally murdered on the night
of July 16, 1918, the corpses vilely abused and hurriedly
cremated, and the remains thrown into an abandoned
mine. Their killers, having no stomach for a real fight,
decamped across the steppes. A few days later
Ekaterinburg was occupied by the army of Admiral
Kolchak, who conducted a prompt and thorough
investigation of the massacre. The incontrovertible
findings are clearly stated by Robert Wilton, special
reporter of the London Times, in The Last Days of
the Romanovs (London, 1920; recently reprinted by photo­
offset in this country). Persons who desire even more
details may go to the report of the magistrate who
interrogated the eyewitnesses: Nicholas Sokolov, Enquete
judiciaire sur l'assassinat de la famille imperiale (Paris,
1924).

Now everyone knows that when a person of high rank or
other distinction dies and the body is not publicly
displayed, as surely as the flowers come in the springtime,
there will be a crop of impersonators. Several issues of
Instauration would be needed merely to list the
impersonations that have left some mark on history since
one of the Magi impersonated the murdered brother of
Cambyses and ruled the Persian Empire for a time. In the
decade that followed the death of Nero, who was as much
beloved by Orientals as he was hated by Romans, three
successive impersonators were able to attract large
followings in the Eastern provinces, and one of them,
heralded by Jewish prophecies, almost precipitated
another civil war. The list is endless.

Continued On Page 21
A literary flight of equalitarian fancy

OF HORSES AND MEN

EQUINE EQUALITY

A new wind blew through the stables when Harold Horatio Higgins took over from old uncle Thaddeus, who kept only the position of Honorary Racing Adviser. Actually it was pretty big-hearted of Horatio to keep him at all, even though he had built up the Higgins racing stables, considering that uncle Thad was doddering into senility; always babbling about the good old times — by which he meant the Nixon administration. This shows that aside from being an Old Fool, he might have been also a Reactionary and a Bigot.

No one could say that of Horatio. Harvard graduate, lifetime ADA member, he always saw his letters published in full in the New York Times, without a comma missing. The Times printers kept his name set in type, so that it could be speedily affixed to protests against any atrocity perpetrated anywhere in the world, so long as it was not done in the name of Progress. In that case, Horatio would look upon it as a painful but salutary surgical procedure, requiring no anesthetic.

GUILT

Looking with pardonable pride at the vast paddocks and stables of the Higgins ranch, and at the medals and prizes won in a thousand races, Horatio felt a twinge of guilt. All this glory belonged to a privileged caste, and — what is worse — a ruling breed, the blooded horses with pedigrees going back to uncle Thad’s youth. As he thought of the plain, ordinary, common farm horses barred from achievement by Prejudice, Horatio’s heart bled profusely.

“He must have loved the common horses,” he observed. “He made so many of them.”

“He must have loved cockroaches even more” — growled uncle Thad. Horatio decided to abolish and utterly eradicate the Discrimination against ordinary farm horses, so rampant in racing circles in the barbaric past of which uncle Thaddeus was a melancholy remnant. “Environment’s the Thing!” — he cried, “If young colts, of whatever origin, get proper training from their earliest days, they will be every bit as good as your pampered, snobbish thoroughbreds or Arabs.” In any case, Horatio felt that raising Arabian horses smacked of anti-Semitism.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Favoring some breeds over others is nothing but thinly veiled Racism, than which nothing could be more depraved, argued the Liberal Sportsman. “It is an insult to the essential equinity of all horses,” he said, holding the lesser racetrack performance of some to be merely the result of the servitude of their ancestors at the plough.

To study the problem further, Horatio founded the Institute for Equine Equality, enlisting the help of his Harvard classmates in a research program financed by a three hundred million dollar grant from the Ford Foundation.

FEELING INTO FACT

The scientific research at the Institute was guided by the Sherlock Holmes dictum: “When the impossible is eliminated, the improbable is the answer.”

The notion that there could be a genetic, hereditary difference of capabilities between different breeds is clearly impossible, and any toying with such ideas would amount to Racism. No wonder that the Institute came up with some not very probable answers, but at any rate they eliminated the impossible.

Published in fifty-eight volumes, the preliminary report of the research group fully confirmed what Horatio had known all along deep in his heart. And that was exactly what it was intended to do. What all people Sensitive to the feelings of the Deprived had known to be the truth now became established Scientific Fact.

The traditional, antiquated division of horses into various breeds was demonstrated to be the root of the evil.

INTEGRATION AT LAST

The time had come for action. Horatio was determined to wipe out the errors of the past, by raising a new kind of all-American horse, gloriously unconcerned with blood lines and all that racist nonsense. “I will run an Integrated
stable,” — said Horatio, “where every horse will look toward the future, not back into the abysmal dark ages of Segregation.”

All breeds mingled happily thereafter on the paddocks of the Higgins estate, sharing the same stalls and the same fodder. Horatio was particularly proud of his integrated Palomino-Shetland pony community, a Demonstration Project financed with Federal assistance (the third Kennedy administration was sympathetic to his endeavors).

A solemn ceremony of burning all stud books and pedigrees symbolized the break with Prejudice and the beginning of a new era of Progressive horse breeding, inspired by the latest findings of Behavioral Science. After a while there was new equine Dignity on the farm, no longer did stallions of ancient descent lord it over their brothers of humber ancestry, no longer was a string of race victories deemed worthy of family pride. Some thoroughbreds were severely kicked by the other horses — a very understandable expression of well-founded resentment over previous privilege, which Horatio encouraged as conferring Dignity on the kicker and much needed humility on the kickee.

EQUALITY IS NOT ENOUGH

Of course it was necessary to accelerate somewhat the wholesome evolution toward the total brotherhood of the equine race, by granting compensatory advantages to those previously Deprived. Members of the former aristocracy were put to the plough to raise oats for the those previously Deprived. Members of the former aristocracy were put to the plough to raise oats for the benefit of all. Psychologists discovered that deep-seated feelings of inferiority were the real cause of what might appear to the uninitiated to be an actual difference of capability. “And what if they’ve got something to feel inferior about?” — muttered uncle Thaddeus, relegated by them to a straw litter behind the stalls, where he subsisted on turnips and rough grain unfit for horse consumption.

THE TRUE FAITH

Three times a day, at dawn, noon and sundown, the entire staff of the Higgins ranch went on their knees, facing East. As Horatio intoned in a high pitched chant, like a muezzin calling the faithful to prayer: “Educati000” — they answered in chorus: “Integrated for ever and ever” — and then went through the remaining ninety-seven responses of the Liberal Litany.

When Horatio entered some of his new breed in races, they did very well. It was necessary, of course — only during the transition period — to make the other horses competing against them carry a few hundred pounds of extra weight to compensate for the injustices of the past. The race stewards, mostly Horatio’s fellow alumni, saw how unfair it would have been to deprive the common horses of the sweet smell of victory, which they had been so long denied. It was also sometimes found advisable, on grounds of social justice, to give pep pills to some spies from the competition would sneak behind hedges to note the form of future champions. All this was rather mercenary and degrading, besides smacking of Discrimination against slower horses. Horatio decided to abandon such reactionary practices. His first step was to invite the counsel of those best qualified — the yearlings about to enter training. “What could be less Democratic than to place the Education of horses in the hands of two-legged creatures who never even jumped a fence, except on the back of their betters?”

COMMUNITY CONTROL

Under Community Control the morning canters were replaced by the Daily Stampede, open to all horses regardless of breed, condition or color. As the herd of hundreds of horses surged pell-mell across the fields, some of the trainers were thrown off and trampled under the hooves — a risk well worth taking for the sake of Academic Freedom, according to Horatio.

The Committee on Curriculum, led by some frisky young colts, introduced a new course, to replace the antiquated and boring practice of jumping over a bar that gets higher at every round. The new credit course in Rolling-in-the-Hay was found to offer not only Relevance, but also Meaningful Self-Expression. Enrollment at the Equine Academy soared and Horatio expressed himself greatly heartened by this evidence of the growing enthusiasm of our youth for Higher Education. Expenses tripled, because of the high cost of educational aids required for seminars in Rolling-in-the-Hay, but Horatio declared that he would rather go broke than deny an Equal Opportunity to anyone aspiring to a full Development of his Abilities. Besides, there was still money left in Higgins coffers from prizes won in past races, though regrettably by caste-conscious horses of the old breed.

PROGRESSIVE HISTORY

A staff of Harvard historians assembled by Horatio was hard at work compiling new record books, in which the achievements of dray horses ranked equal to those of Derby winners. It is true that they were slightly handicapped by the total absence of recorded data, since in the unenlightened past no one bothered to write down the valorous deeds of farm horses, perhaps because their masters of that day mostly could not write. This minor snag hardly discouraged the industrious writers, hired for their powers of imagination as much as their expertise in horse lore. Every book of New History they produced was assured of a sale of at least a million copies, because their purchase by all libraries and schools was made compulsory.

SOCIAL JUSTICE IN ACTION

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the Higgins horses and tranquilizers to their rivals. Some militants of Progress suggested hamstringing the thoroughbreds — "That really amounts to giving them all an equal chance." — they said "and isn’t that what Democracy is all about?"

LET US LOOK AT THE RECORD

The racing public, seeing the all-American Higgins horses at the finish line — but unaware of the creative social engineering behind the scenes — became fully converted to the Progressive theory of horse-breeding. "How could we have been blinded by Prejudice for so long!" — they cried, and placed their bets on the Higgins colors. Incidentally, Horatio had changed the old family racing color of true blue to a rather deep shade of pink.

Of course some pedants, poring over old record books which escaped the bonfire, noted that the time for the mile seemed to have grown by a minute or two. A little adroit adjustment of chronometers and of track measurements dealt with that attempt by Bigotry to raise its ugly head again.

ASININE ACHIEVEMENT

Elated by success, Horatio and his friends looked for new fields to conquer. "What about Equinus Asinus?" — one of them asked. "As the name implies, he also is an Equine Being, worthy to share in Equine Equality."

When uncle Thaddeus, in his carping, senile manner, said something about the lack of fertility of mules, he was shouted down. "There is nothing sacred about procreation per se. Racial integration is our sublime aim toward which every endeavor should be directed, regardless of cost or consequences."

Donkeys joined the happy community at the Higgins ranch and a few mules appeared at the starting gates. "What will it serve us if horses prosper and multiply at the cost of Racism and Prejudice against their asinine brothers?" — cried Horatio. "Better to see the end of the equine race than tolerate Discrimination and Bias!"

UNITED NATIONS TO THE RESCUE

While such encouraging progress was being made on the domestic scene, the international situation was growing steadily worse, as usual. At any rate it did until the United Nations justified at last the childish trust placed in it by generations going all the way back to uncle Thad’s youth.

The world organization had grown by then to a membership of 237 fully sovereign nations and its offices occupied most of the east side of Manhattan. Americans were admitted to the exterritorial United Nations enclave only with valid visas, obtained after passing a six-hour examination in Progressive Liberalism. As an added precaution, however, they had to wear on their backs large yellow patches with the letters Y. I. (Yankee Imperialist), to protect the innocent U.N. officials against possible contamination by inadvertent bodily contact.

It was the delegate from Ireland, Captain Patrick Muldooney, M.F.H., who happened to be the President of the Assembly at the time, that was responsible for the epoch-making plan. He was immediately awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and his equestrian statue was erected at the United Nations Plaza in New York City, which extended from the East River to Times Square (the offices of the New York Times were included in the enclave and its staff enjoyed full exterritorial privileges). As with all great ideas, everybody said: "Why haven’t we thought of it before?"

THE RACE FOR PEACE

"All the trouble stems from the super-duper powers jockeying for the front position," said the Irish delegate, "and threatening to blow us sky-high in trying to jump one ahead of the other. Why not settle the whole matter in a horse race?" Loud hurrays greeted this speech, and the Assembly, by the first unanimous decision in its history, resolved to assume the stewardship of the "Race for Peace". Simple ground rules were laid down: the loser to disband all its armed forces, hand over to the winner all its
armaments, and send the men over to the winner as a labor force, to be augmented — if required — by voluntary civilian workers. The loser to pay to the winner a tribute of a hundred billion dollars a year for fifty years. The winner to assume the loser's conduct of foreign affairs. There were a few other provisions, but no one bothered about the small print, since the deal seemed eminently equitable and fair to all. Both super-duper powers promptly signed the compact of wager, cheered by the rest of the world. The Pope invoked Divine blessing for this first true step toward Peace on Earth, and gave his benediction to both sides.

A SURE BET

The Dow Jones went up 387 points on the announcement of the news, breaking for the first time the magic 3000 barrier. Wall Street was discounting in advance that hundred billion a year tribute, which might go some way to reducing the payments gap. There was, of course, not the slightest doubt in anyone's mind about the outcome of the race. National confidence in our racing men, the most Progressive in the world, was solid as a rock.

THE PAY-OFF

"This country has never lost a horse race yet!" — declared the famous sportsman, Mr. Harold Horatio Higgins.

"Starting half way down the stretch in the big ones helped some," quivered uncle Thad from his litter of straw, which he shared with some asses.

The place and date were set: Epsom Downs, England, on July 4th. Our entry was the finest product of the Higgins farms, an all-American horse of entirely unknown origin. The other side, still wallowing in Bigotry and Prejudice, entered an old-fashioned racehorse, such as has not been seen in this country for years.

The story breaks off here. Unfortunately it could not be completed, because of shortage of paper in the Siberian salt mines, where the author is currently employed (voluntarily, of course). It seems that there was in the small print of the compact something about victory going to the fastest horse.

POSTSCRIPT

Every cloud has a silver lining — thought Horatio, reflecting on his horse-breeding career. It was true that the race did not turn out quite as expected, but then liberals of Horatio's stripe never looked upon victory for one's own side as desirable, rather the opposite. On the other hand, Horatio was happy to see the high ideals of absolute racial equality — which he placed ahead of anything else — realized at last by the New People.

All the horses, regardless of breed, color or origin, were taken to Integrated slaughterhouses and impartially butchered, without any Bias or Discrimination. While vaguely deploring that event, Horatio found comfort in the fact that no Prejudice was shown, and he praised the New People for their Progressive outlook, free at last of Racism and Bigotry.

Besides, with meat rationed to three ounces per week per person — as a result of the hundred billion a year tribute going to the winners — horse steak was selling briskly even at the going price of $10 a pound.

Despite his deceptive appearance of befuddled benevolence, Horatio seldom lost money through the practice of the lofty principles he preached to others.

Of Horses and Men has been spiral bound in a twenty-page, 8½" x 11" booklet, on quality paper with additional illustrations, and may be obtained for $3 plus 25¢ postage by writing Howard Allen, Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.
**The Cultural Catacombs**

**Mother America**

Last January, after Miss Lillian had recovered from a holiday flare-up of arthritis which sent her to the hospital, she returned to her home in Plains and received a distinguished visitor. Was it the Shah of Iran, Governor Milton Shapp, Barbra Streisand, Martin Luther King, Sr., Hua Kuo-feng, Senora Salvador Allende, John W. Dean III or Linda Lovelace? Not quite. The visitor was Mr. Wrestling II.

The forty-minute audience accorded Two, as he is affectionately known in the grunt and groan trade, disclosed that Miss Lillian, who is converging on eighty, has an interesting history. Way back in 1951 she developed a rapt interest in professional wrestling and regularly attended wrestling matches for many years. According to Georgia promoter Fred Ward, even unto this day she reserves every Saturday afternoon for the TV mat shows. In the complimentary opinion of Two, who calls her a “real fan,” she has a profound knowledge of the “sport’s” history. This may seem a little out of character to those who have been led to believe that the highly simpathico (to the media) Miss Lillian is a sort of Mother America, a Florence Nightingale of the media) Miss Lillian is a sort of Mother America.

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**Adrenalin History**

Alex Haley’s bestseller Roots, which purports to trace the lineage of the author back to the African bush, has been given the publicity splurge of all publicity splurges, including twelve nighttime hours on Leonard Goldenson’s ABC television network and pages upon pages of coverage in the “national impact” media. As one might surmise, it has served as the prime conversational piece at cocktail parties during one of Two’s bloodiest bouts.

The most immediate effect of this tasteless, confabulatório chorale of anti-Caucasian contumely has been an uptick in Negro violence, a violence which is already accounting for perhaps 200 white deaths a month and which, if the present rate continues, may amount to as many as 500 white deaths a month in the year 2000 (Instauration, Sept. 1975). A hint of what is in store for us was underlined by one ardent Roots rooter, a black psychiatrist’s son, who said by the time Roots had reached the Middle Passage sequences, he “wanted to knife any white he met” (Washington Post, Jan. 28, 1977, p. B 11).

As racial incidents flared up in schools in Harrisburg, Pa. and Hot Springs, Ark., black students at Detroit’s Ford High School yelling “Roots, Roots” properly celebrated the occasion by severely beating four whites.

There was some poetic justice, however, in the Roots epic, which often seemed to focus more on the book’s success than on the book’s content. Doubleday, the publisher, and the minority and Majority booksellers who touted the book so lavishly, were encountering difficulties in the sales department. In Washington, D. C., blacks picked up armloads of the $12.50 book from retail counters and walked out the door. In New York the display window of the Doubleday Book Store on Fifth Avenue was broken and all copies of Roots removed. Those few shoplifters who were apprehended announced they were getting even for “white exploitation.”

There is no use fighting a communications system which has long ago been lost to the Majority. But we might mention that the greatest of the many great historical “liberties” in Roots was the portrayal of life in an eighteenth century African village as a heady mix of the Garden of Eden, Shangri-la and Arcadia. Understandably no sorcerers, witch doctors or cannibal chiefs were featured in this Golden Jungle Age. Watching it, we were reminded of the American Du Chaillu, who received a formal visit from the king of the Apingi in the 1850s, during which the latter handed him a bound slave with the words, “Kill him for your evening meal; he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry.” We were also reminded of Samuel Baker, the English explorer, to whom a powerful African chief complained in the 1860s that the English were the cause of the stagnation of the slave trade. After his extensive experience in Africa, Baker wrote: “... the institution of slavery is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and has not been taught to the African by the white man. [It] has ever been the particularity of African tribes.” For these and other reports as to what Africa was really like in the good old days, see John Baker’s Race (pp. 364-400) and Carleton Putnam’s Race and Reason (pp. 77, 80) and Race and Reality (p. 169).

There were other moments in Roots, both the written and the televised version, which deserve a passing footnote or two. The author or the producer might have salted the fiction with enough facts to point out that Negro slaves brought to America were first rounded up by Negro chieftains, not whites... that for many Negroes slavery in America represented a higher standard of living and a freer way of life than their sickle-cell existence among the tsetse flies... that, most unfortunately, not one American Negro out of 10,000, given the choice and a free first-class ticket to the mother country, would return to Africa... that many of the black actors in Roots were not Negroes at all, but mulattos, that is, they were from one-quarter to three-quarters white (the average African Negro is 30% white), so a considerable number of their ancestors were slaves, not slaves. Mulattos, by the way, are generally recognized as a separate breed in heavily populated black areas, such as Haiti and the Windward and Leeward Islands. But as the term tends to dilute and divide the powerful antiwhite bloc in America, the media carefully ignore it.

Interestingly, at the very moment Roots was making such an electronic splash in the U.S., American blacks in Lagos, Nigeria, who were more actively in search of their ancestral moorings, were attending the second World Black African Festival of Arts and Culture. The Washington, D.C., delegation was installed in an apartment building without electricity and with practically no transportation to and from the festival. Members of this delegation said they were shocked to see so many Nigerians sleeping in the streets. They were even more
shocked by the “incredible bureaucracy” which made their lives so miserable that at one point the whole group threatened to quit and take the next plane to Dulles. Although the entrance of American blacks at the festival produced more applause than accorded to any other delegation, it was accompanied by a certain amount of disorder in which, as the news reports obliquely stated, “bodies crashed down from high balconies.” One black journalist delayed sending stories back home until, as she explained, she had time to “restore her perspiration.”

Before Doubleday cashed in on Roots, another American publisher, Random House, released a book by Ivan Van Sertima, a London anthropologist, entitled *They Came Before Columbus*, which flatly contradicts millionaire Haley by claiming that the first blacks to arrive in America did not come as slaves, but as gods. These pioneers, according to Sertima, introduced the native Indians to the zigzag or stepped pyramid, surgical procedures, certain animals and plants (including tobacco), embalming, and a long string of other goodies. One king of Mali, Aburakari II, sailed west from Africa with a fleet of 700 vessels in A.D. 1210 and landed on the Mexican coast a year later.

On the basis of all these racial high hopes, we estimate that by the next century Columbus will have been reduced to the status of a New Immigration steerage passenger. And European history will be treated as a relatively unimportant barbaric offshoot of the more glorious history of the African super race.

One wonders exactly what purpose all this daily rattling of historic ghosts in the Majority closet serves, unless it is to feed the fires of minority racism, which are already at white heat and which can only lead in the end to a bloody denouement that may actually revive slavery.

And while minority aggressive drives are being revved up by racist movies, books and TV shows, we find that white fears of aggression are being deliberately fueled by Madison Avenue. According to James D. Royalty, director of the Langley Media Center of the University of Maryland, “Throughout the entire advertising industry, black males are subliminally matched against the form of the sweet all-American blonde to stimulate white fears of black aggression. . . .”

Massive doses of hate on one side, massive doses of fear on the other. Racism, racism everywhere, but hardly a word of truth. Perhaps we can be forgiven for being bearish on America, and for wondering about the future of what was once known as domestic tranquility.

Envy is certainly a powerful stimulus to action, but among Negroes it never seems to lead anywhere. A people boasting its victories, not of its defeats. A great people concentrates on what it does, not on what others do. Envy may seem to be the cause of the Negro’s growing hatred for whites. But it also explains the growing hatred they have for themselves. Only self-hatred and self-contempt can produce the infantile upside-down, adrenalin history that is currently preemtping our channels or, should we say, our sewers of communication.

Integration pours on the self-hated because it demonstrates to Negroes almost every waking moment of their lives that they can’t begin to keep abreast of a dynamic Western technological society. The more integration, the more dramatic and irrefutable the lesson that the fastest runners on earth are the slowest learners on earth. Total segregation, the total physical, political, economic and cultural separation of Negroes, has to be the solution. Men are not envious of what they don’t see and of what they don’t know.

Isn’t there one Majority politician in America decent enough and sensible enough to come out openly for the only solution that will allow American Negroes to be themselves, to free themselves and to stop pulling someone else’s house down over their own heads?

### Play That Funky Music, White Boy!

In the race for Majority Renegade of the Year, perhaps separate categories in various fields of endeavor would be more appropriate. Music, which exerts a powerful influence on the minds of the Majority young, should not be ignored.

In the past two years the phenomenon known as “disco music” has achieved national prominence. Disco is merely a variety of soul music which, except for a few hit records by a few Uncle Tom or Aunt Jemima singing groups, has long been the sole possession of blacks. What has occurred then, to promote such a boost in popularity of this foreign “art form” among youthful Majority members?

The answer to this question lies in the efforts of a British vocal group, the Bee Gees (Brothers Gibb), our nomination for the musical Majority Renegades of the Year.

The Bee Gees first became notorious in the mid-60s, when they were the tail-end of what was then referred to as the “British Invasion.” Some of their golden hits were “New York Mining Disaster, 1941,” “I Started a Joke,” “Massachusetts” and “Lonely Days.” These haunting ballads were the trademark of the group and their sound might have been classified as the mood music of rock and roll.

After some years of popularity, the Brothers Gibb fell by the wayside in the rugged competition of the popular music scene. But they were not to be counted out. Lo and behold, a new phoenix of Bee Gee sound arose, from the ashes of the early 70s. In 1975 the Bee Gees were back with a number one record “Jive Talkin’,” soon to be followed by “Nights on Broadway” and “Fanny Be Careful.” Their latest “You Should Be Dancing,” is a continuation of the changed sound of the Brothers, a mixture of the blackest soul music with white lyrics, in other words, “disco music.” This “sound” was soon played by many white and mixed rock bands like K. C. and the Sunshine Band, the Average White Band, Wild Cherry, et al, and had come to dominate the air waves. Soul music had left the ghetto and invaded suburbia.

Along with soul came the night-life “disco scene,” with a form of dancing that could best be described as standing intercourse, often exhibited by black-white couples. Not only did terpsichorean miscegenation become acceptable, it was almost a prerequisite if one wanted to be known as “hip.” The mixing almost always involved white females with black males. The random white male who had the audacity to escort a black girl to a discotheque was lucky to escape the premises unscathed.

The Bee Gees have made the disco scene acceptable and largely respectable. As one of the founding groups of Anglo-Saxon rock, they decided the profits and the limelight were worth more than honest music, and when the ballads would come no more, they cashed in on windfall profits from a borrowed form of syncopated negritude. The Who, perhaps the last group remaining today of the “British Invasion,” have refused to do this, and concentrate on their diehard core of fans who have followed and supported the Who Sound. They must now rely on endless tours to supplement their handsome royalties of yesteryear. It must be said, however, that some authentically Nordic bands are having a modicum of success in today’s pop music scene. Abba, from Sweden, and the Bay City Rollers from Scotland are two examples. But even Abba’s best music remains unheard on radio, while their mediocre music, such as “Fernando” obtains the number one spot, which shows how good they really are. As regards the Bay City Rollers, their style is more pop and roll, British style, that their predecessors of the first British Invasion made popular. However, if it was not for the mania of the young girls who wait hours in line at their concerts (reminiscent of Beatle mania in the mid-60s), they would never receive as much airtime as they do.

So the situation grows more galling each time the radio is turned on and we are commanded like any other degenerate disco-goer to “shake our booty.” (“Shake Your Booty” was the #1 hit of 76.) Even more galling is the exhortation from a flash-in-the-pan-white group, which makes sounds like tribal screechers with bones through their noses, that we “Play That Funky Music, White Boy!” It’s one more call to cultural obliteration.
Profiles in Ungallantry

We have already mentioned in Instauration (August 1976) how John F. Kennedy "left the scene of action without firing at the enemy" in his first encounter with the Japanese and how "in a second encounter . . . [Kennedy's] PT 109 was insufficiently alert and as a result it was rammed." The above was taken from The Search for JFK by Clay Blair, Jr., a friend of the late president and onetime editor of the Saturday Evening Post.

Now we find another presidential "war hero" has an even weaker claim to the title. On June 10, 1942, Navy Lieutenant Commander Lyndon B. Johnson climbed aboard a Martin B-26 Marauder and took part on a bombing run to New Guinea. But MacArthur promptly awarded Johnson the "hero" has an even weaker claim to the title. On June 10, 1942, Navy lieutenant Commander Lyndon B. Johnson climbed aboard a Martin B-26 Marauder and took part on a bombing run to New Guinea. But MacArthur promptly awarded Johnson the Silver Star, America's third highest decoration for valor, for "a gallant action . . . [that] enabled him to obtain and return with valuable information." No member of the bomber's crew received a medal for what to them was a routine flight.

Johnson wore his richly undeserved decoration during his days as a segregationist congressman from Texas, as the liberal majority leader of the Senate and as the desegregationist president who presided over a lost war in Asia and Negro uprisings in many of America's largest cities.

There is probably nothing more ungallant than accepting a medal for a gallant act dreamed up by the recipient. Johnson only took part in one brief aborted mission in a war in which millions of ordinary GIs who received no citations for bravery at all had to face death or mutilation every hour of the day and night for months at a time.

Any man who lies about his prowess in war or allows such lies to be circulated is a man whose only citation, military or otherwise, should be universal contempt. Instead such men become our presidents.

Now It's Out

The following is an excerpt from a letter by Paul Novick, editor of the Jewish Morning Freiheit, which recently appeared in The Nation (Jan. 8, 1977).

[AL]most all of the Polish Jews who fought in the war in Spain had to leave Poland during the upsurge of anti-Semitism there in 1968-69. Now they live in Israel, France and other countries and the Polish Government has deprived them of the pension which they, as Spanish veterans, are supposed to receive according to Polish law. When will the Polish Government resume its pension payments to these Polish Jewish veterans of the Spanish Civil War who deserve and badly need these pensions now?

In addition, a large number of all the International Brigaders in Spain were Jews, between 15 and 20 per cent of the total, or about 6,000 to 7,000 men. Perhaps as many as half of the men of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade were Jews. Should there not have been some recognition of this fact?

Our answer to Mr. Novick's question is a resounding YES!

Jews and Capitalism

Talcott Parsons, a mighty panjandrum of modern American sociology, has avowed that Max Weber's The Sociology of Religion, translated from part of a massive tome entitled Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft, "is the most crucial contribution of our century to the comparative and evolutionary understanding of relations between religion and society, and even of society and culture generally." After reading the following paragraphs from pages 248-251 of Weber's book, any Instaurationist in good standing would be hard put to disagree.

What were the distinctive economic achievements of Judaism in the Middle Ages and in modern times? We can easily list: moneylending, from pawnbroking to the financing of great states; certain types of commodity business, particularly retailing, peddling, and produce trade of a distinctively rural type; certain branches of wholesale business, and brokerage, above all the brokerage of stocks. To this list of Jewish economic achievements should be added: money-changing; money-forwarding or check-cashing, which normally accompanies money-changing; the financing of state agencies, wars and the establishment of colonial enterprises; tax-farming, naturally excluding the collection of prohibited taxes such as those directed to the Romans; banking; credit; and the floating of bond issues. But of all these businesses only a few, though very important ones, display the legal and economic forms characteristic of modern occidental capitalism in contrast to the forms characteristic of commerce in ancient times, the Middle Ages, and the earlier period in Eastern Asia. The distinctly modern legal forms include stock corporations and business organizations, but these are not of specifically Jewish provenience. The Jews may have introduced these forms into the Occident, but the forms themselves have a common oriental (probably Babylonian) origin, and their influence on the Occident was mediated through Hellenistic and Byzantine sources. In any event they were common to both the Jews and the Arabs. . . .

Above all, one element particularly characteristic of modern capitalism was strikingly — and perhaps completely — missing from the extensive list of Jewish economic activities. This was the organization of industrial production (gewerbliche Arbeit) or manufacturing in domestic industry and in the factory system. How does one explain the fact that no pious Jew succeeded in establishing an industry employing pious Jewish workers of the ghetto (as so many pious Puritan entrepeneurs had done with devout Christian workers and artisans) at times when numerous proletariats were present in the ghettos, princey patents and privileges for the establishment of any sort of industry were available for a financial remuneration, and areas of industrial activity uncontrolled by guild monopoly were open? Again, how does one explain the fact that no modern and distinctly industrial bourgeoisie of any
Hush Money

The Rockefeller Foundation recently gave $493,000 to the American Jewish Committee's Institute on Pluralism and Group Identity. The Ford Foundation recently gave $854,696 in four separate grants to the American Jewish Committee's National Project on Ethnic America.

Since the Rockefeller Foundation grant was for the purpose of studying "everyday problems of working class citizens," and since Jewish representation in the working class is conspicuously low, some leaders of genuine working class groups let loose a cry of protest. As the Most Reverend Basil H. Losten, auxiliary bishop of Philadelphia for Ukrainians, complained, "Here we've got an Anglo-Saxon foundation that gives money to the Jews to study ethnic Catholics in America."

We look upon these huge grants, which are by no means the first to be given to affluent Jewish organizations by the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, as a form of hush money. Nelson Rockefeller, it may be remembered, was elected governor of New York for several terms and has always been given rather respectable treatment by the New York media.

Also, there has been a noticeable lack of agitation on the part of Jews against these two big foundations, which are repositories of the nation's largest caches of non-Jewish wealth. Certainly if the foundations had ignored Jewish requests for help and if they had supported rightwing instead of leftwing causes, the Jews had no help and the politicians would have been howling for their dissolution.

The foundation heads are not deaf and dumb. They want to stay in business — and they know what they must do to stay in business.

Clerical Error

Our present immigration laws, which favor nonwhites over whites, limit the influx of future American citizens to 290,000 annually.

Nevertheless, official government figures show that in 1976 386,194 legal immigrants (not to mention millions of illegals) poured into a country which already has 74,300,000 unemployed. The overage, due largely to congressional exemptions, is just one more instance of the American social contract with the Negro.

The country hardly noticed the second immigration for 1973 had amounted to a paltry 17,000.

Later, however, it was revealed that because of a clerical error the actual figure was 86,000. For 1974, after a similar error had been found, the revised immigration figure turned out to be 89,000. A total of 175,000 largely nonwhite immigrants in an economically chaotic state like Britain, in a period of two years, is not likely to dispel the chaos. In the first three-quarters of 1975, the number (this time with no clerical errors) was 75,000.

In the light of the British experience, what are Majority members in America to think of the "official" immigration figures handed out every year by the Immigration and Naturalization Service? How do we know that clerical errors, similar to those made in Britain — and with the same motivations — have not occurred in the U. S. and that we, too, will eventually be told the true immigration count has been five to six times higher than stated?

Richmond's Fate

Last March, as the result of a court-ordered antwhite gerrymander, more blacks than whites were elected to the Richmond City Council, even though fifty percent of the city's population is white. Next step? The exodus of business, white administrators and home owners to the suburbs. Next step? Another crime-sodden welfare sink like New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, St. Louis and points south and west.

Richmond fell to General Grant's army on April 2, 1865, and there was great rejoicing in the North and great consternation in the Confederacy.

The country hardly noticed the second fall of Richmond.
explains that Henry Wallace should be of the following year, the unholy team of Russian-German Non-Aggression Pact and presidential nominee in Chinese Communists, while Harry, the is even more appalled when the Publisher General Marshall is appointed Chief of confused and disoriented resistance, FOR, Stalin, litvinov, Comintern Spy reluctantly agrees to go along, provided only way to start World War II, which they displayed no terror of high American society and you did not unduly ogle the beautiful American women. Did you notice how strikingly good-looking the rich American women are, Anya Ivanovna? A. No, I did not notice. S. Andrei Feodorovitch, I think, noticed. A. He is too scared to look. You might report him for inattention to duty. S. That would not be inattention to duty. If he can seduce the wife or daughter of some great capitalist lord, perhaps he can worm out of her secrets of inestimable value to the Soviet Fatherland. A. I do not think the beautiful American women would take him to bed with them. They do not look to me like the bed-going kind. S. No? A. Does all the hair doing and painting and whatever they do allow them to be better in bed? You have been here many years Boris Alexandrovitch. They make love always in the dark, no? So what difference does all the cosmetics make? If I were a man, I would study the curve of their hips, not the shading of their eyebrows. Winking plays a small role in love making. G. They take more pains than the women of Moscow. There must be some reason and the reason can only concern men. S. You have no idea, Anya, how important what they call make-up is to these rich capitalist women. Do you know that each woman has maybe ten or fifteen colored girls who do nothing but take care of them and their house and their good looks? G. It is so that they exploit the Negro people! A. I have seen these blacks in the streets from our car. There are so many of them! It was certainly cruel of the imperialist Americans to conquer them and seize this country away from them. But the truth is, Boris, they are not so pretty to look at. G. That is because they have been the victims of capitalist imperialist exploitation. S. You find them unappealing, Anya Ivanovna? Does that mean you find them exploitable? A. Not at all. I did not say they should be exploited. I said they were not appealing. S. You would not like to go to bed with one of them and maybe have a nice little black baby just to tease Andrei Feodorovitch? A. No. I would not like that. I would like to leave that pleasure to the beautiful American women. S. (laughing) We sit here joking, while over there we are losing China. (turning brusquely to Cromyko) What did he say? (Cromyko points at Anya to indicate he does not wish to talk in front of her.) What! A high Soviet official has a wife whom he dare not trust with state secrets! G. It is not that. I simply prefer that she should not know something I know. It might some day be safer for her. S. You imply that the Soviet Government might do injury to some one merely because they knew something, not because they had committed some antisocial act? G. Knowing certain things is itself an antisocial act. S. I see you are stupidly stubborn. Very well. Anya Ivanovna, you had better leave your distinguished husband alone with his tormentor. A. You do not torment him, Boris Alexandrovitch. It is just that he is ambitious and an ambitious man must be careful dealing with military captains. S. You are so right. As they so truly say, true rank is truly hidden. (She leaves.) So. What did he say? Will he arrange things as we wish? G. You are very nervous about it.
DEX. They think it's your responsibility.

L. Dex, a year ago we specifically discussed right in this room, if I remember correctly, the question of China and we all agreed it would be pointless and possibly undesirable to discuss the matter with Truman.

D. I agree. But that still doesn't change their minds. Boris himself. ...

L. I am not going to get into personalities. If you want me to do something constructive, I will try my best. But so far we have found nothing worth trying. There is your problem, as I see it. Can we approach it on some reasonable basis, without personalities and recriminations about the past?

P. We have tried but you...

L. If you mean by trying that you insist I attempt to get from the President what the General has failed to get from him, then I refuse. It's absurd. As a matter of fact, the General is the one who said that the bomber. Let the Colonel mention it later. We do not have to worry. (cooling off)

At least not so much. We know now he will try. What we do not yet know is how far he will succeed with this new naive president of theirs. (even cooler) And even if we get everything, will it be enough to help. Did he object? Offer countersuggestions?

G. He said nothing except that we must kill Constantine Solovitch and he would be glad to supply a big American bomber to fly his body back to Moscow. He said we must kill him in Mexico. He said he'd send a plane because he would not believe any story that came out of Moscow.

G. Do you agree with him about the reliability of our press?

G. Of course not. The People's News Service would never tell anything but the truth unless a lie would serve better for the welfare of the Soviet Fatherland, in which case all should believe the lie.

G. (more or less to himself) The bomber. That is the Chicago touch. Apparently nothing is too good for the funerals of murdered men.

G. You have no objections to his proposal?

S. To killing Oumansky? None at all. He is one of those men who knows that he is just a little smarter than the consensus of his comrades. Unfortunately in his case that knowledge is correct, which makes him useless after a time. To tell you the truth I have been saving him for some useful purpose like this.

G. You expected such a... 

G. Nothing so precise. It is like trumps at cards, my dear Andrei. You have a few trumps, you do not know precisely where and when you will find it expedient to play them, so you keep them in reserve and bide your time.

G. How will you arrange it?

S. That is not your concern. But when you read in the American papers about the tragic death of our old friend and colleague, Constantine Oumansky, go at once to see the General or, should I say, Colonel. Don't tell him you have come for the bomber. Let the Colonel mention it first.

PHIL. That's simply asinine.

LEON. I don't regard it that way. You assume the responsibility is mine. I don't consider it asinine to try to determine just wherein lies my responsibility.

S. (angrily) Stupid, overstuffed clown! Everything, everything is at stake, decades of work, centuries of hope. And you answer that I am nervous. What did he say!

G. He insists that we kill Oumansky for him.

S. (immensely relieved, throwing his arms around Gromyko in an affectionate embrace) Oh, my good Andrei, my faithful little Ambassador, that means he will do it. We do not have to worry. (cooling off) At least not so much. We know now he will try. What we do not yet know is how far he will succeed with this new naive president of theirs. (even cooler) And even if we get everything, will it be enough to help. Did he object? Offer countersuggestions?

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Scene 6: Dex's living room a few days later. Dex, Phil and Leon are present.

PHIL. That's simply asinine.

LEON. I don't regard it that way. You assume the responsibility is mine. I don't consider it asinine to try to determine just wherein lies my responsibility.

L. If I understand the final decision, it is that the Japanese are to surrender either to Chiang's troops or to American troops?

P. Correct.

L. There would, therefore, be nothing in violation of any agreement or understanding if just to help along the surrender the U. S. government ordered troops into Tientsin next.

J. I wasn't thinking of asking Truman to send arms through. I was thinking of the great humanitarian needs that would be taken care of by the United Nations.

D. (puzzled) The United Nations?

L. Especially that branch of the United Nations in which I have some good personal friends -- UNRRA, an organization set up to alleviate human misery without regard to politics, race or creed. My friends there are usually willing to take advice, without inquiring too deeply into the reason why they are given the advice.

D. What on earth are you talking about?

L. My dear Dex, if U. S. troops held Tientsin and the railroads running west from it, don't you suppose Truman would instantaneously authorize these troops to permit the passage of humanitarian material shipped to the interior of China by UNRRA?

D. Of course.

L. Of course. So our only problem is to arrange the proper contents of the humanitarian packages that reach Tientsin. There is a great deal of war matériel already in the Pacific. Depots of it on islands, in the Philippines. Everywhere. Lots of it belong to the navy, of course, but army stuff like machine guns, light artillery, weapons carriers, all sorts of useful items, are just lying around out there. We simply ask the General to declare certain material surplus and turn it over to UNRRA. Food, clothing and medicine will also be included to justify the humanitarian nature of the effort. It might even be a good idea to use army transports, if possible, to move the stuff to Tientsin. I would just as soon not involve Jim Tientsin in it. Though after all, come to think of it, it might not be such a bad idea to involve Jim in a very special role. Why not have Tientsin and that area surrender to the Marines? The prestige would please Jim and the UNRRA label on the package will, I am sure, protect them from his prying eye. He is a firm opponent of the Soviet government, but so far he lacks the depths of suspicion that would make him a dangerous enemy.

Continued On Next Page
The Game and The Candle

P. (dubiously) It might work though it’s fearfully complicated. But there’s one big worry. Some of those American weapons are sure to be captured by Chiang’s troops. When that happens, how do we explain to Chiang how the Chinese Communists got them?

L. We tell him he must have some corrupt generals who sold them to the Communists.

P. But where did Chiang’s generals get them?

L. Haven’t we given Chiang any arms?

P. Not the kind of modern stuff that’s lying around the Western Pacific.

L. Well, we signed an agreement with him to give him arms, didn’t we?

P. We did.

L. Let the intention stand for the deed. Obviously if we said we were going to, we must have. So if anyone finds American arms in the hands of the Chinese Communists it will be unanswerable proof that Chiang’s army is corrupt and untrustworthy.

Scene 7: A dining room in the home of James Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, a few days later. Three men are finishing their dinner with port: Forrestal, Harry, and the Earl of Halifax, British Ambassador to the U.S., who bears a faint family resemblance to the English lord who visited the Old Man during the First World War.

FORRESTAL. Your point isn’t valid, Harry. There are economic reasons or, to put it more accurately, economic facts why England can’t have socialism. Russia and the U.S., yes. But not England.

EARL OF HALIFAX. We seem to have moved a pretty penny in that direction, Jim. And the next election? Just between us I personally have the gravest doubts of Winnie’s chances.

F. I don’t say you can’t have a socialist government. The point I’m trying to get Harry to concede is that only a country with a self-contained economy, that can grow and manufacture everything it needs, can afford the luxury of socialism.

HARRY. To get out of the exploitation of one man by another, why do you call that a luxury? It seems to me a basic virtue of their long-range social goals but more or fewer consumer goods, more or less idleness.

E. H. You make the market sound so comfortably impersonal. But for a fact, Jim, the market itself is a collection of boards. The Wall Street chaps, the bank chaps and all that sort of thing. And those who compose your boards are only people, too, like your accredited bureaucrats. And you’re a bureaucrat yourself. I would insist the Secretary of the Navy is a bureaucrat.

F. The market may be just bureaucrats, too, if you like, but at least it’s not one homogeneous mass like a government bureaucracy.

H. Now you know very well, Jim, the government is full of groups and factions pulling and hauling this way and that.

F. Yes, but there’re pulling and hauling inside the government to get the power to do the single thing that’s going to be done. The General and I argue and wrangle to get the President to do this or do that. I don’t just go off and run a private war in the Pacific in competition to his private war in Europe. I admit you couldn’t have that kind of competition in the operations of a government, but I do think you should have it in economic affairs.

H. You’ve gotten way off the point of socialism as a luxury. From your own comparison socialism actually sounds more efficient. If you and the General each fought your private war, wouldn’t it be far more wasteful of our national resources than the present bureaucratically organized conflict?

E. H. Now, Harry, that’s unpermitted cruelty to our host. He simply can’t say that, if he’d been left alone with his naval playthings, he would have won the war a lot quicker and in a lot more satisfactory fashion than the General managed to do. He thinks it, but decency and proper loyalty to his chief forbid his saying it, even to us who are so nearly his partners in crime.

F. It’s not exactly like that. It’s true I’ve always felt that the wise long-range policy was to re-establish the old Anglo-American control of the seas, not just aim at the total destruction of the German government. But that’s an old story now.

H. It would never have worked, Jim.

E. H. Out of the question. It would have been as bad, now, as having Monte meet Zhukov in Warsaw or your chap Patton finding himself accepting the surrender of the German armies in Hungary.

H. The Russians made it quite clear they didn’t want anything like that.

F. Of course, if all were sweetness and light and the world were made of sugar and spice, the Russians wouldn’t have objected. But they’re too realistic for that. I wish we were, too.

E. H. You are a man of exemplary courage who wish to emulate the Russians. Are we not rather supposed to admire the virtue of their long-range social goals but gently deplore their crude, aggressive directness? I hasten to add, of course, that they are not to blame for this unfortunate tendency. It results from the untold deprivations they so long suffered under the inhuman oppression of the Czar.

F. You can joke as much as you please, but actually the Russian way of operating isn’t too different from mine. Look how they insist we refrain from bombing the parts of Germany they want to occupy even when it means delaying the final victory.

H. That’s only because they need the production from those areas to take the place of the enormous damage the Germans have done in Russia.

F. I’m not disputing the necessity of their reasons. I’m only pointing out that they judge the purposes of the war with an eye to their own interests. They’re to get and keep the industrial East and we’re to dismantle the stub of the West and start it raising sheep or something. We seem to think of war just as something to win and of Germany only as a proper field for the exercise of our God-given right to judge and punish sin and wickedness. To hell with our interests!

E. H. It’s not so important to us. We’re so rich and strong we don’t have to worry.

F. Thanks, of course, to many generations of our devotion to the virtuous efficiency of socialism?

H. To me, that has no bearing. Jim. To me it isn’t primarily an economic system. I’m not even sure that I know or care much about the economic aspects of socialism. To me, it’s a sense of human rights and human dignity and above all the sense of a solid community. I mean almost a friendly community. The poverty that capitalism produces is bad enough, but what is much worse is the whole set of false and horrible values that comes from that poverty. I remember in the first job I ever had with the Christodora House on New York’s East Side there was an example of that that struck me so hard at the time that I’ve never gotten over it.

E. H. Tell us about it.

H. I don’t believe you know the case, but I guess Jim would as a New Yorker. Remember the Rosenthal-Becker affair?

F. Vaguely. Something to do with a gambler.

H. Rosenthal had been blackmailing a police captain named Becker. Becker hired four gunmen to shoot him.

F. Now I remember. Gyp the Blood, Leftie Louie. Who were the others?

H. Dago Frank and Whitey Lewis. I had a boys’ club that year. Thirty-five kids about fourteen to sixteen. The day those four were electrocuted the boy who was president of the club stood up without a word to me about what he was going to do and moved that the membership stand in silence for two minutes in honor of those four gunmen. Every kid rose and stood absolutely silent for two minutes. I still keep wondering what kind of a society makes thirty-five normal teenage boys admire four murderous gunmen.

E. H. Did you ask for an explanation?

H. Their answer was that the gunmen
"we disagree?"

H. I don't think all three powers can always agree, no.
F. But you think two of them can always agree and that will deter the third?
H. Well, there are problems in that direction too.
E. H. He is too polite, Jim, to say that he thinks agreements can always be found between Russia and the U.S. and that we English will therefore have no choice but to go along without strenuous objection.
F. (laughing) Harry, maybe I said more than I meant to when I said socialism was possible in the U.S. and Russia. Is that your sort of subconsciously organized of the postwar world, the two great socialist land powers dominating the remnants of the once great British Empire?
H. I am reminded of the old truism that Secretaries of the Navy never went to sea. Iwo Jima must have got in your blood. You think in terms of vast strategic consequences like a Mahan or a Clausewitz.
F. Actually, I wish I could do more such thinking. Somebody around here has to. When the Russians do it, everybody says what a fine man old Joe is. He comes right out and asks for the real estate and ports he wants. If any one talks about the strategic requirements of the U.S., why he's an imperialist war monger.
H. In a way he is, Jim. The situations aren't comparable. Socialism inherently cannot be aggressive. Its strategy is inevitably defensive even if in certain tactical situations it assumes a local offensive.
E. H. Is that why in your view a Russian-American entente will dominate the United Nations because both countries being inherently defensive in outlook... F. Not to say socialistic, at least as time goes on.
E. H. (continuing his sentence) both countries will make the UN function as the guarantor of world peace.
H. Seriously, I do feel that something like that is possible. It's what we've fought this war to achieve.
F. Harry, let me ask you just one thing. Supposing events develop in such a way to convince you that Russian intentions are not defensive, that however you twist and turn and try to interpret things you become convinced that the Soviet government is not just tactically but strategically offensive. What then?
H. Then I would be convinced that socialism was dead in Russia.
F. But Harry, since Roosevelt's death, no living man is in a better position to judge that than you. You're just back from arguing with Stalin himself. With your long dealings with the Russians in war, and now in victory, if anybody on earth should be able to answer that question it should be you. Did Stalin act to you as though he were a nonaggressive devotee of world socialism or as a man who intends to conquer the world and is building a practical engine to do it with?
H. Jim, I'm convinced that socialism is inherently and unavoidably nonaggressive. It is sweeping the whole world we can't possibly afford to oppose it just because it's on the march towards success. But it's not inherently aggressive, in a military sense, and it wins because it's convincing.
F. Not because the leading nation of world socialism is a great military power?
H. I sometimes wonder about that 'connection, but on balance I don't think it's too important a factor.
F. That means, then, that you're convinced that socialism isn't dead in Russia, or anyway not dead yet. But if you became convinced that it was dead in Russia, would that change your view of international events?
H. Yes. I should try to see if there were any way to revive socialism in Russia.
F. And if events convinced you there was no way?
H. Then maybe I would agree with you, Jim, that the Soviet Empire is a deadly menace to the existence of the U.S. (looking at Halifax) and of England (looking down into his empty wine glass) and I guess of all the civilized people of the West.
F. Of the world, Harry, of the world. Don't forget the Chinese.

(To Be Continued)
As for plans by which compatible races may be made independent of one another in a geographic sense, we should first consider what is happening as they shift positions by force of circumstance and instinct.

Most Italian-Americans, for example, as I know by long experience, prefer to live among their own kind. Yet they dream vaguely of someday becoming real Americans by a strange evolutionary process that bypasses social intermingling and intermarriage with other races. In spite of this dream a certain amount of interracial mixing takes place all the time.

As for the “Mafiosi,” I can’t speak for them because I never met any. But I suspect that within another hundred years or so education and embarrassment will cause them to disappear gradually into more respectable vocations.

Do the Irish dream of becoming real Americans? At present I get the impression that they want to be Irish forever, if becoming a real American means taking on an Anglo-Saxon type of character. Then, of course, there is that fragmented Protestant religion serving as a barrier of broken glass for pious Irish knees and feet. However, when the young Irish intellectuals reject the divinity of Christ, they tend, like the sceptical young Italian intellectuals, to defy Karl Marx.

Recently I have been watching crowds of Polish-Americans in church. From staring at the backs of their heads, I have learned that at least 50% of their young people have blond hair. But their parents remain distinctively Polish and their religion remains firmly Roman Catholic. Do they dream of becoming real Americans? Well, I would say that a young, blond, blue-eyed American-born Pole, above average in height, is as real an American in appearance as anyone could possibly be.

The Jews, I notice, have their own neighborhoods, chosen by themselves and avoided by the Gentiles. But the Jews need servants for the maintenance of household chores. Since white Gentiles tend to shy away from menial work for Jews, blacks and Puerto Ricans out of necessity must do it, but not without smoldering resentment. The dark Gentiles do not like being dominated by Jews any more than do the light Gentiles. When the day of reckoning comes, there will be a wailing and a gnashing of teeth.

It is obvious that the race problem is too big and too complex for the government to handle. Civil rights laws may serve as temporary pacifying panaceas, but in the long run the races will find and are finding their separate places by use of the moving van. The whites can run and hide from the blacks, and they are doing it.

The right to preserve the racial identity and culture of one’s own racial group is no small thing to be sneered at with the charge of “racism.” It is a natural instinct which grows stronger in any racial or ethnic group threatened with invasion by any distinctly different group.

Honest judgment of what is happening in regard to the racial problems of America must come not by declaring what observers feel ought to happen in a moral sense, but rather by describing factually what is actually happening.

When a city that was almost totally white in population gradually becomes predominantly black, talk of the need for racial integration in that city becomes outrageous nonsense.

What can Majority members do about the enormous racial problem of their nation? Well they can talk about it in journals such as Instauration and wait for the cities to collapse so that the dark people can learn that they cannot handle the cities that the white people built and deserted. Then perhaps they may be ready for separation and independence on a rational basis.

One well-known but generally ignored aspect of the Negro problem in America is the claim made by some Darwinian psychologists that blacks have a desire, consciously or unconsciously (most of the latter), to become white, preferably an Anglo-Saxon blond, blue-eyed type of white. This desire, which is said to be instinctive, is confronted by an equally instinctive desire, which exists in all whites, especially in the blond, blue-eyed types, to want to remain white.

The blacks, it is said, react to their racial rejection by whites with a “sour grapes” attitude. They vilify the whites as being devilish racists who must be fought and reformed so that they will eventually accept blacks in their midst and even love them enough to want to marry them.

The black man’s sour grapes attitude is reflected in the familiar “We Shall Overcome.” What is to be overcome, it seems, is the white man’s hatred of the black skin.

Thus, for blacks the ideal of racial integration is seen to be merely a preliminary stage in a long journey to intermarriage. How else but by intermarriage can the blacks become white?

Unfortunately, such miscegenation produces brown rather than white offspring. “But no matter,” says the instinct of the black man, “a brown skin is better than a black skin, for it is a step toward whiteness.”

The black man’s evaluation of a brown skin as being superior to a black skin is proved, say the psychologists, by the fact that mulatto types are called “high yellow.” Many mulattoes have become Muslims, as if to demonstrate that they are brown Arabs rather than black Africans. Pertinent to the mulatto situation is the rhyme occasionally recited by black comedians on television: “If you’re black, step back, if you’re brown, stay around, if you’re white, all right!”

Some of the psychologists who dabble with the theory of the black man’s instinct for whiteness have dared to ask some difficult questions for America.

Do blacks, they ask, have a moral right to try by integration to darken whites against their will? And, on the other hand, do blacks also have the moral right to try to preserve their blackness by keeping themselves apart from whites whenever they so desire?

Most Darwinian psychologists shrug off questions dealing with moral rights of any kind. They merely point out that the law of natural selection will have its way in due time, regardless of the wishful thinking of the one-world, classless, egalitarian ideologues who now dominate the news media and the political and educational systems.

Regardless of the slow but inexorable functioning of the so-called law of natural selection, when the racial showdown comes, the racial group or groups whose leaders have control of the best military force — the one that wins — will control the nation and make its laws.

During the riots in Petrograd (1917-18), the Czar’s troops mutinied rather than shoot down the rioters. Too many of them were women clamoring for bread and fuel.

The Bolshevik chieftains, some of whom were referred to by the Czar as our “alien Russians,” were able to reorganize the mutinous soldiers and other “strays” from the front lines into a disciplined, efficient people’s army. They even forced Czarist officers to come out of hiding (by withholding food from their families) and help lead, along with General Leon Trotsky, the Red army to victory over the forces of the Allies and the Czarists.

Instauration might do well to study the condition, quality and ideology of America’s military establishment, for in that establishment lies either victory or defeat for the dispossessed Majority.
Cattell concludes his argument by proposing that moral systems be evaluated by their survival value. In so doing he advocates removing the bathwater of Revealed Truth without simultaneously ejecting the baby of a viable society. But for natural selection to stimulate human evolution and not human extinction, it must operate on diversity, both cultural and genetic. Cattell therefore pleads for "the right and duty of every society to pursue its own culturo-genetic experiment."

Jacques Monod

The British philosopher Antony Flew in Evolutionary Ethics attacked all moral systems such as Cattell's on the grounds that they commit the naturalistic fallacy of determining what ought to be by basing it upon what is or has been. It is to this point that Jacques Monod's brilliant Chance and Necessity speaks most forcefully. Winner of the 1965 Nobel prize in Physiology and Medicine for his study of the mechanism of gene replication, Monod argues that life, including human life, has arisen solely through the chance action of mutation and the necessity of natural selection. Such a view, he contends, is the only one that can be defined as objectively consistent. By this he means that statements about anything are meaningful only to the degree that they are testable. Denying "that 'true' knowledge can be got at by interpreting phenomena in terms of natural causes — that is to say 'purpose'" he insists, "it is obviously impossible to imagine an experiment which could prove the nonexistence anywhere in nature of a purpose, of a pursued end." (p. 21)

Western society owes both its power and its wealth to its adherence to the postulate of objectivity, which has put men on the moon, split the atom and cured a myriad of diseases. But unfortunately, Monod tells us, objectivity has won men's minds, but not their hearts. The profounder message of the principle of objectivity is its declaration for a revision of fundamental ethical premises, remains unseen or ignored. He notes that the liberal societies of the West have built their moral systems upon "a disgusting farrago of Judeo-Christian religiosity, scientific progressivism, belief in the 'natural' rights of man and utilitarian pragmatism. The Marxist societies still profess the materialist and dialectic religion of history; on the face of it a more solid moral framework than the liberal societies boast, but perhaps more vulnerable by its inherent very rigidity that has made its strength up until now..." After surveying the dangers threatening modern society — overpopulation, destruction of the natural environment and depletion of natural resources, thermonuclear war and genetic deterioration through survival of the unfittest, Monod asserts that it is the divorce between objective scientific knowledge and contemporary ethical systems that "embits" and tends that conscience of anyone provided with some element of culture, a little intelligence and spurred by moral questioning" (p. 171). He concludes that this schism constitutes the greatest danger to our continued evolution.

How does Monod specifically respond to Flew's criticism of deriving an "ought" from an "is?" Accepting the postulate of objectivity as the condition of true knowledge itself "constitutes an ethical choice and not a judgment arrived at from knowledge, since according to the postulate of its own terms, there cannot be any 'true' knowledge prior to this arbitral choice." (p. 176)

Knowledge, then, and morality itself arises from an initial choice. The "ought" of traditional and rationalist ethical systems all claim to be based upon either immanent or transcendent truths which force themselves upon man. But as the ethic of knowledge is chosen by man, Flew's argument dissolves into emptiness. hoisting high the banner of objectivity, man becomes free to build his own ethical system and societies become free to pursue their own culturo-genetic experiment.

Goleniewski

The Imperial Family was not murdered at Ekaterinburg — far from it. King George of Britain and Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany cooperated to rescue their kinsmen, and their secret services, by use of lavish bribery, effected the escape of Nicholas II, the empress, and their five children, who were taken eastward across Siberia to Vladivostok, where they embarked (incognito, of course) on a steamer that brought them to the United States. Crossing the continent by train, they caught a liner that took them back to Europe. (Later edition: They escaped pseudonymity, they lived in rustic comfort, and where portraits of him and his family had been seen daily by every Pole who was not blind. In that country, which was in a state of virtual anarchy and menaced by a massive invasion of Bolsheviks from Russia, the Czar and his family tranquilly settled down as a family of modest Polish landowners, having accomplished the intellectual feat of instantly learning Polish, a language that differs greatly from Russian. The effort may have made Nicholas somewhat absent-minded, for he forgot all about the next egg of $400,000,000 in gold that he had secretly stored in Swiss banks for use in the event of an emergency abdication. In Poland, preserving their happy pseudonymity, they lived in rustic content. The Czar and Czarina died eventually, and the head of the family became their only son, the Czarevich Alexei, who, determined to smash the international conspiracy that had dethroned his father, became a Soviet agent under the plebeian name of Michael Goleniewski, rose to the rank of Major General in the N.K.V.D./K.G.B., and, having amassed data sufficient to amputate the Bolshevik octopus's international tentacles, defected to the "Free World," leaving his sisters in comfortable residence in Poland under their assumed names. The last detail was quickly amended.

The epihphy of His Imperial Highness appears to have taken place in the dingy...
office of Robert Speller & Son, a luckless and down-at-the-heels publishing firm that was reputed to make ends meet only by issuing the *East Europe Magazine*, a periodical subsidized by the C.I.A. Hoping to hit the jackpot with a "bestseller," Speller & Son had just published the autobiography of the Grand Duchess Anastasia — not the Grand Duchess in Charlottesville, but the Grand Duchess in Chicago. Someone arranged a meeting between Goleniewski and that Anastasia, and, to judge by a new preface that Speller & Son promptly added to their book, a working agreement was soon reached. The Grand Duchess Anastasia (I am still referring to the Chicago line of Romanoffs) confessed that in her autobiography she had lied atrociously about the massacre of the Imperial Family, from which she alone escaped. In return, the Czarevich recognized his long-lost and beloved sister, and the two then prepared a suitable story to account for her separation from the rest of the family on the way to their happy abode in Poland. The loving brother then folded his devoted sister in his arms, and we must suppose that the eyes of Speller & Son grew moist as they beheld that joyous reunion, for the company promptly averred that it had conclusively "verified" the August identity of both Romanoffs, and delicately intimated that if some lover of historical truth would put up the money, Speller & Son would put up the book — a fortune that His Imperial Highness had sworn to devote to the utter annihilation of the International Communist Conspiracy, beginning, naturally, with condign rewards to the sagacious anti-Communists who recognized him when he at last revealed himself. Take pencil and paper. The story, thus completed with an anagnorisis worthy of Menander, is indeed pretty and touching, but what, we may ask, made it seem cogent to veteran journalists and experienced investigators? The only explanation I can offer is the vision of that $400,000,000 in glittering gold, plus interest compounded annually since 1917, which would buy all Swiss banks — a fortune that His Imperial Highness had sworn to devote to the utter annihilation of the International Communist Conspiracy, beginning, naturally, with condign rewards to the sagacious anti-Communists who recognized him when he at last revealed himself. Take pencil and paper. The 20,000,000 ounces of gold deposited in 1917 are now worth, at the average price last year, about three billion contemporary dollars. Now compute the accumulated earnings of those 20,000,000 ounces, assuming the low rate of 4% annually, and remembering that those earnings were also in gold, year after year since 1917. When you have calculated that total, do you not feel a warm glow in your consciousness, if not in your conscience? If you were an embattled anti-Communist, would not your mind's eye be dazzled by the golden corona illuminating the Romanoff cause?

All this is speculation, of course. What is certain is that Goleniewski's friends became True Believers, and, what is more, rushed into print with the Glad Tidings, even after they had been specifically warned by some of their acquaintances that (1) the story was so fantastic that, if published, it would destroy the credibility of all its advocates; (2) the disclosures about Soviet agents and their hirelings in the Western world; and (2) the imposture was so crude that it must eventually cover with ridicule everyone taken in by it.

The editor of the New-York Journal-American, a hard-boiled journalist in the Hearst tradition, devoted himself to research to lend verisimilitude to Goleniewski's claims, and produced a series of three widely sold books to prove that His Imperial Highness was indeed the son of Nicholas II. Mr. Frank Capell beat the Czarevich to the post by the publication of his H history of communism. His Imperial Highness was conclusively "verified" the august identity of His Imperial Highness, and the two were rewarded with a communication from Goleniewski's attorney, a learned legal light who accused them of an offense that he twice spelled as "liable" and for which he demanded $10,000,000 in compen sation for damage to his imperial client's reputation. The faith of Frank Capell earned him an advertisement in the New York Times, in which "Aleksei Nicholaevich Romanoff, The Heir to the All-Russian Imperial Throne" was acclaimed as "the only man in the world who can correctly identify the Czar who escaped from Ekaterinburg." I have neither supplied FRANK A. CAPELL with any information nor were he or other persons authorized to make any reference to said book to my person, my activities, my support of the national security of USA, etc. He misrepresented in his book my person and my activities through distortion of facts and left the impression that I am the source in certain cases, re: the affiliation of various high US officials to questionable circles.

To unmask and denounce the conspiracy of the scoundrels and liars who first befriended him in the United States and publicized his pretensions to czardom, His Imperial Highness founded in 1974 a monthly periodical, *Double Eagle*, written in a language that has many points of similarity to English. It is available from His Imperial Highness, etc. (Box 281, Murray Hill Station. New York City) at $24 per annum. Believe me, it's worth it. From its pages you will learn the saga of the Romanoffs.

The latest version of that saga at the time of writing, which I hope will still be correct when this issue of *Instauration* goes to press, calls for very important revisions in the tale that I summarized above, *imprimis*:

1. Although Kaiser Wilhelm II did have something to do with the escape of the Imperial Family from Ekaterinburg, the real prime mover in their rescue was Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, best known under his alias as Nikolai Lenin, the first Bolshevik ruler of Russia, whose tender heart could not bear the thought of shedding the sacred blood of the Romanoffs, and whose sagacious mind devised the hoax of a purported murder at Ekaterinburg as effective propaganda for communism.

2. The villains who contrived the revolution were not the Jews: they were those awful International Bankers, led by those damned Rockefellers, who are the fount of all evil in the world.

3. It was those nasty British, who under the dominion of the International Bankers, work ceaselessly to establish the "Pagan British Empire" planned by Sir Francis Bacon, who devised the hoax at Ekaterinburg and manufactured the evidence that the Imperial Family had been murdered by Mongolian troops out of two bloodthirsty Jews. On the contrary — very much on the contrary — are the true facts, viz., that the real agents in saving the Imperial Family were two sweet Jews, whose noble hearts were filled with Love of All Mankind, etc., as is normal in God's Own People.

4. That shimmering $400,000,000 wasn't safe in Swiss banks after all; it was in various places, especially Great Britain, where it was embezzled by the International Bankers, etc. One consequence is that His Imperial Highness is the true comptroller of Chase Manhattan Bank in New York City, to say nothing of other banks and property now in the illegal possession of the Rockefellers.

5. The dolorous plight of the world today is caused by a struggle between the True God of the Jews and Christians on the one hand, and on the other, Satan, who inspired Weishaupt to found the "occult Illuminati [sic] order," and inspired his other limb, Sir Francis Bacon (son of Elizabeth I), to concoct "Rosicrucianism (religion and healing)" and "Freemasonry (politics and science)," thus eventually "defying God's decision" by creating the nuclear bomb" to bring about the establishment of the "Pagan British Empire."

Those are the salient points. I resist the temptation to include others, for I must hasten to inform you of the truly world-shaking and mind-dazzling discoveries that His Imperial Highness's profound
knowledge of international conspiracy and cosmic wickedness has enabled him to make, notably:

(a) The celebrated Heydrich der Henker wasn't really assassinated at Lidice in Czechoslovakia by a team of experts hurriedly flown in from Britain to save Admiral Canaris, Chief of German Military Intelligence, from exposure as a traitor. On the contrary, that assassination was a hoax staged by Hitler and Winston Churchill to permit the transfer of Heydrich to the United States, where he became Guy Richards, chief of the vast Nazi S.S. apparatus in this country and editor of the New-York Journal-American, charged with the primary duty of slandering His Imperial Highness to impede His return to the throne of His ancestors.

(b) Nikolai Yezhov, infamous chief of the Soviet Secret Police (then called C.P.O.), was not liquidated by Dzugashvili in Tashkent. That was merely a hoax, staged by Stalin in collaboration with Hitler and Churchill, to permit the Jewish Yezhov to go to England and be elected to the Parliament under the name of Peter Bessell, and later to come to the United States and share with Heydrich, alias Guy Richards, command of the vast Nazi apparatus that is subjugating this country for the Rockefelleres. To be sure, if Bessell is Yezhov, he is now remarkably spary for a man of eighty-three, but that is probably because he has had to keep himself fit to prevent H.I.H. Aleksei II from being recognized as the lawful monarch of All the Russias, to the dismay of the Communists and the Rockefelleres.

(c) That wicked man, Adolf Hitler, weren't no German or Austrian. As his handwriting shows, he was an Englishman, none other than the man who was famous in 1888 as Jack the Ripper, and what is more, he was probably the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of King Edward VII, who provided by a photograph of Queen Elizabeth II, whose features show shock and horror, according to His Imperial Highness, at the mere mention of the dastardly Duke of Clarence. Now if this identification is correct, Hitler was eighty-one at the time of his (faked?) death in Berlin, but, as his Imperial Highness explains, his wickedness enabled him to retain his vim and vigor to an advanced age, so that he could advance Sir Francis Bacon's scheme for a "Pagan British Empire."  

(d) Stalin's son, Jacob, wasn't liquidated after his father's death. That was just a hoax, staged by the Nazi S.S. to permit the scoundrel to emigrate to Connecticut and be elected to the United States Senate under the assumed name of Thomas J. Dodd, and to join the plot against His Imperial Highness.

(e) If you think that Jesse James was just an American bandit, that shows how ignorant you are. He was a high officer of the Rosicrucians' Order under the Death's Head," an early version of the German S.S. Having been taught "second sight" and how to "go out of Body" separating his astral body from his physical body" by a "gifted" Negress owned by his parents, he joined the "British Secret Intelligence Service" and advanced Francis Bacon's "Divine Plan for a Pagan British Empire" by becoming one of the richest men in the world, and living "seventy-three incredible lives" under as many different names, for which lack of space forces me to refer you to His Imperial Highness. I need not add that the assassination of Jesse James in 1882 was just another hoax staged by the International Bankers. Whether Jesse is still flourishing, the Czar coyly sayeth not. Come to think of it, he may be Nelson Rockefeller.

I regret that I must deprive you of other revelations to set your thinking straight. I have given you enough to test your qualifications as a Christian Patriot.
Goleniewski  Continued From Page 23

Ataman of the Cossacks was well ahead of the pack, for the hysterical screaming about the book in the media did not begin until late this January. The Jews can appeal to the new Czar, who, having resided in Poland from 1919 to 1961 and, as a Major General in the K.G.B., having directed the investigation of the nasty Nazi's "war crimes," knows from his own personal observation that six million Jews were killed in gas chambers before they left for the United States and elsewhere. The only thing that remains in doubt is whether Professor Butz is Alfred Rosenberg or Dr. Goebbels. His Imperial Highness seems as yet uncertain, so you will have to subscribe to Double Eagle to learn who the wicked Butz really is. Of course, he may prove to be Charles Darwin, another infidel, who, like Bacon, "defied God's decision."

It must be understood that I write with no animus against poor Goleniewski. I believe that the defector was shabbily, perhaps shamefully, treated by the C.I.A. I know how poverty and anxiety exasperate the minds and souls of men. I am truly sorry that this man did not have the skill of Henri Richemont or Karl Naundorff, who were certainly the best two of the thirty-eight replicas of Louis XVII that sprang up in the early Nineteenth Century. I wish that he had done his home work as well as the famous Tichborne Claimant, who, although only a small shopkeeper, even convinced Lady Tichborne that he was her son. I do hope that some kind soul could use their midst who was disgracing their once fine universite, and who had offered, they added, "a contemptible insult to the dead and wounded." Anguished clarifications overflowed from the Anti-Defamation League's battery of multilingualists, most of them directed at the Northwestern administration for not taking a stronger stand against the book. Newton Minow, a Jewish organization man, an old Kennedy political fixer, a former FCC chairman and a Northwestern trustee, demonstrated what he thought of academic freedom by calling for the tenured Butz's immediate ouster and by voicing some invidious comparisons to another Butz. But the most tearful protest came from Abbot Rosen, executive director of the Chicago Anti-Defamation League. "We've known about it for some time," complained Rosen, "but we didn't want to give it any publicity and help the sale."

We don't know how all this will turn out. Yale University recently pressured an instructor to resign for writing anti-Semitic editorials thirty-four years ago in German-occupied Russia. As of this writing, the hate against Butz, a lonely bachelor, is reaching the fission point. Although the publicity is totally negative, there is a queer media law that states that total negativity always contains a positive component.

The book, published in England, is not available in any large bookstore, in Chicago or elsewhere. Obviously, almost no one among the host of instant critics has read it. But this is the age-old habit of blue noses, whether in medieval Spain or in present-day Chicago. Our fearless, independent academicians have learned long ago that its much safer to condemn a book than to read it. In fact the president of Northwestern University, Richard Strotz, set an alltime low in intellectual curiosity by promising that he would not read the book, and he urged the faculty to do the same.