

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

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W. C. FIELDS -- LAST MAJORITY COMIC?



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

Fabulous rundown on Reagan (*Instauration*, Sept. 1980). Cholly's backroom scenario carries a resounding wallop. There is a slumbering tiger in all of us. Organize and fight now or forever hold your peace.

037

Perhaps the real reason that Russia has become such a great power is that the U.S.S.R. is not an equal opportunity employer.

Irish subscriber

It is a fact that European males tend to be attracted toward physical refinement and, to a lesser degree, toward blonde coloring in females. It is also a fact that European females do not reciprocate to the same degree in these tastes -- and they never have. The evidence is everywhere that the female pattern of attraction is far more ambiguous, and for good genetic reasons. In particular, fineness versus coarseness in the male is a more complicated matter for the female evaluator. In *The Middle English Ideal of Personal Beauty*, Curry analyzes such matters at length. Regarding coloring, he finds that the heroines are invariably dazzling blondes and the witches dark brunettes, but that the male heroes, while usually blond, are, in a significant minority of instances, "dark and handsome." This cannot be attributed to Celtic, French or other outside influences, so far as he can tell, but is indigenous to the Germanic tradition.

223

Random violence directed against minorities is counterproductive and strongly contra-indicated. I can understand the frustration and rage of those who applaud such actions, but they are profoundly wrong.

801

To 924 who said that Tom Metzger of the K's was probably no mental giant: He certainly is compared to the utter jackasses that we have right now.

To Zip 304 who takes Sol Roth to task for demanding the exclusion from all Jewish leadership functions of any Jew who marries a non-Jew: I like that. I feel the same way about white Majority members who marry Jews or non-whites.

To 372 who wrote that listening to redneck music can give a man guts: Not only that, but the rednecks can also give him some sense. The big Nashville stars would not dare damage their high-paying careers by singing racial numbers, but some of the songs being sung around town by the unknown little fellows prove that rednecks have just about had all they are going to take. Too bad they're never aired.

To Richard Verrall who wrote that the National Front was appalled by what was written about 'em in the July issue of *Instauration*: A lot of us agree with the article and we are appalled at what happened to John Tyndall.

320

Zip 400 is impressed with Cholly's satire. I'm not. I think he is truly successful only when he writes in his own *persona* -- the cultivated man of affairs who records our collapse from direct experience. Then his touch is sure and often masterful. When he ventures into impersonal lampoon, I sense a loss of focus and control. This seemed especially the case with his "Detroit Psychodrama," in which I found too few shocks of recognition (satire's goal) and too many of overkill. About the only broad-ax stroke missing was a chorus line of sabra Streisands in G-strings and pasties singing, "Springtime for Henry and Israel, winter for goyim and wogs." If my critical remarks are themselves a form of overkill, ascribe them to one reader's eagerness to see Cholly return posthaste to that vein of first-person narrative which has produced so many fine, memorable pieces.

409

I accept all those nasty remarks about the Italians, but only because they were written by a German subscriber. Inefficient allies are always peculiarly irritating. Still, courage shows up all the brighter when one's own side is not doing too well. Think of those Italians who swam under the nets at Gibraltar to blow up Allied ships, or that Italian aristocrat in Barzini's *The Italians* who organised a party of volunteers to blow paths across minefields at Tobruk, and who died fighting merely because he couldn't live with dishonor.

French subscriber

The Might of the West is superb. I love Lawrence Brown's debunking of the Renaissance. Dorothy Sayers does much the same thing in the introduction to her translation of *The Song of Roland*:

But the picture that remains most vividly with us is that of gay and unconquerable youth [Roland]. No other epic hero strikes this note so ringingly. . . . So he rides out, into that new-washed world of clear sun and glittering colour which we call the Middle Age (as though it were middle-aged), but which has perhaps a better right than the blown summer of the Renaissance to be called the Age of Re-birth. It is a world full of blood and grief and death and naked brutality, but also of frank emotions, innocent simplicities, and abounding self-confidence -- a world with which we have so utterly lost touch that we have fallen into using the words "feudal" and "mediaeval" as mere epithets for outer darkness. Anyone who sees gleams of brightness in that world is accused of romantic nostalgia for a Golden Age which never existed. But the figure of Roland stands there to give us the lie: he is the Young Age as that age saw itself. Compared with him, the space-adventurers and glamour-boys of our times, no less than the hardened toughs of Renaissance epic, seem to have been born middle-aged.

824

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□ In the beginning it was the *Jewish Yellow Pages*. Large ads in the *New York Times*. No backlash.

Then it was the *Christian Yellow Pages*. Loud denunciations from the ADL. Uproar in the media. Legal action.

Now comes the *Black Pages* (in Georgia). No backlash. Friendly puffery from the press.

And as always the *White Pages* includes everyone -- white, black, brown, yellow and mauve.

302

□ When Strom Thurmond replaces Fat Face as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, I'll be dancing in the streets.

782

□ Cholly's article was totally fascinating; I couldn't stop reading. Since "Thomas Madison" is obviously Cholly himself, one wonders how many more pseudonyms he may use. Who he is and what he does in real life I hope some day to be privileged to learn. The piece reminded me strongly of Jack London's *The Iron Heel* (in tone, not in political stance).

953

□ In view of Cholly's interest in such a bulky and hard-to-obtain manuscript as *The Second Revolution*, he might be interested to know that a book with a similar theme has in fact been published right here in Washington, District of Columbia, a political jurisdiction in which the Majority is actually a minority, or in which a minority is in the majority, whichever is less confusing. I refer to *The Turner Diaries*, published by the National Alliance, Box 3535, Washington, D.C. 20007. I will not attempt to review the book, but the protagonists do not single out the least offensive of our minorities for special treatment, but rather are scrupulously nondiscriminatory in their application of Majority policies to all minorities.

228

□ Mensa could be a force in helping us drag the West out of the cultural gutters. But until it first purges itself of sexual deviants, bleeding heart liberals and the omnipresent "chosen people," it won't even be in the running.

Australian subscriber

□ Cholly's review of Thomas Madison's account of the Second Revolution made my day. I especially enjoyed the exchange of views on love and hate. I'm reminded of Emerson's opinion on the subject, "The doctrine of hate must be preached as the antidote to the doctrine of love, when that pulses and whines."

Expatriate subscriber

□ Is there a chance that during the next four years the U.S. will get a "race" law like those in Germany, France and other countries? Then *Instauration* and *Spotlight* would have to cease publication. I don't know. The minorities lost the election and will need time to regroup. When the time comes where such a law is being considered by Congress, we can be certain there will be a convenient Rue Copernic incident.

922

□ As a reserve officer myself, I know full well the degree to which the all-volunteer military has become minorityized. This is not something to dismiss lightly. It means: blacks with weapons, and the knowledge to use them. When things come to a crunch, who do you want in control of the M-60 tanks, the .50 cal. machine guns, the hand grenades? Anyone expecting a bunch of black enlisted men (or officers, for that matter) to blithely fire on a rampaging crowd of their own in some urban scene of the future is a fool. There is another angle to the argument in favor of the draft. The military is the recruiting ground par excellence for Majority activists. Thousands upon thousands of white enlistees and officers, who perhaps entered the army with their brains thoroughly raped by equality, leave it -- and reenter society -- with an entirely different attitude. Those who stay in lose themselves in their work and seethe. The military is the supreme demonstration of the truism that if you want to turn someone (even a simon-pure liberal) into a Majority activist, all you need to do is have him join the volunteer army. It will do the trick just about every time.

974

□ For the benefit of Zip 713, no racial strains are ever "totally assimilated." As for the alleged preference of the Gaels for the Normans over the Saxons, there is nothing in it. The Normans were on top, that's all, partly because their heavily armoured knights, mounted on shire horses, were irresistible. There is a mediaeval Irish poem which describes how so many offspring of the clan of Conn the Hundredfighter lay in their bloody graves. They went out against the Normans clad only in their shirts. Like the Saxons in Britain, the Normans were welcomed in Ireland, at first. Notice that the Saxons did not arrive in Britain till after the Romans left, so they cannot have been much affected by them. Also, they avoided Roman settlements like the plague, and evidently regarded them as unlucky.

British subscriber

□ The interesting article on Karl Lueger includes an essential point which I wish more right-wingers fully comprehended: To be effective, nationalist movements must be indigenous in their psychology, style, exemplary heroes, trappings -- everything.

640

□ The article on Spengler (*Instauration*, July 1980) is spot on. It says so much that has been at the back of my mind, especially about his pessimism. One is inclined to ignore the faults of those who are on our side. I also like the bit about his excessive nationalism and his suspicious lack of racism. Of course, the two are to some extent incompatible. German racists are often embarrassingly pro-English and English racists often pro-German to an extraordinary degree. Where I am utterly in sympathy with Spengler is in his celebration of hopeless courage, against overwhelming odds. That is the only pure courage. Shelley's "Ye are many, they are few" is the most ignoble call to battle ever devised.

Scottish subscriber

□ Allow me to contribute to the Irish discussion with an adaptation of "Yankee Doodle."

*Once I had an Orange cat,
It sat upon the tender,
And every time it caught a rat,
It shouted, "No surrender!"
Fenian traitors, watch your step,
Go easy on the whiskey,
Or we will break your bloody necks,
And you won't be halt so risky*

Orange subscriber

□ Many times I have sat around talking to whites who tell me that they support segregation, oppose busing and want nothing to do with blacks. I then asked one of them what he was doing the coming weekend, if he could go with me to a meeting against forced busing. He said he couldn't make it because he couldn't miss his football game. I pointed out that most of the football players were black so why waste the time. He said, "Well, that's different; that's football."

934

□ Reagan must have realized by this time that nothing he says will convince Jesse Jackson that slave auctions aren't going to be reinstated during his administration. I have no doubt, however, that Reagan honestly believes colored folks need only a healthy dose of middle-class values and virtues to shuck off the jungle.

401

□ I have read the November article on "Archaeological Revolution in America" and was especially interested in the section on the Norsemen. Undoubtedly the Norse explored and perhaps colonized a much greater part of North America than was recorded in the sagas. Perhaps they were the fair gods of the Aztec tradition. But they did not build the stone tower at Newport. Benedict Arnold's family always insisted that it had been built as a windmill by an ancestral colonial governor in the 17th century. It was thoroughly excavated and explored by archaeologists in 1948-49, who discovered under the foundations many artifacts of the colonial period but no trace of any Norse habitation. One should be very careful in explaining the origin of artifacts. If my own house is ever excavated at some future time, it might be deduced that Sumerians had been here in 2500 B.C., the Egyptians in 1500 B.C., or the Greeks in 400 B.C. The Norse connection with the Newport tower was started by Longfellow's rhyme, "The Skeleton in Armor." He probably got his idea from an Indian grave containing a plate of hammered copper, which may have been an ornament or even a part of a breastplate.

079

□ My first thought when KKK Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson gushed that the Republican party platform read "like a Klansman wrote it" was that it isn't that good.

164

The Safety Valve

□ You were properly damned for your pro-draft stance because you have confused the draft with universal military training, which can be a very good thing, provided it is properly administered. If high-school graduates were given from six to nine months' military training not more than 100 miles from their homes, so they could go home at least two weekends a month, this would not only give the country a reservoir of good soldiers but would also create a proper mental attitude on the part of the general public. The basis of universal military training is the recognition of every man's duty to defend his family, his community and his nation. Such an awareness on the part of the total manhood of the nation strengthens civilian morale. By no means should we have a draft. We have used the draft in the past to take young men and send them on military adventures abroad. If this country should ever be attacked there would be enough volunteers to make up as big an army as we would possibly need, particularly if the populace were mentally and morally prepared with the help of a program of universal military training.

352

□ My Auntie, who has the unusual name of Seamight (the naval connection, you know), tells me that the astrological journals are predicting the advent of a new Messiah before the year 2000. She predicts that his name will be Shekelgrubber.

British subscriber

□ Zip 953 in the July issue is too hard on American women. Certainly, there are lots of vulgar, vacuous ones, but my experience is that those descended from the earlier settlers are prettier than the average European, and a lot less demoralised than American middle-class men. The women are exploited where possible, but the full weight of the minority attack has been against the WASP male.

New Zealand subscriber

□ The future (rightist) American leader is born already. I believe he will arise from the mass of the betrayed Vietnam veterans. He himself may not yet know that he is chosen.

980

□ Overheard in a radio interview with Klansman Bill Wilkinson -- Black lady: Does you loves me? Wilkinson: Huh? Black lady: Ah say, does you loves me? De Bahble say, you should love yo' neighbor, an' Ah is yo' neighbor! Ah loves you -- does you loves me? Host: I'm sorry, but I don't think this is the proper forum for a theological debate. Next question.

652

□ I fear that many are waiting for some supernatural savior, or the return of our space-voyaging ancestors to rescue the noble Nordic and his friends. This strikes me as a pretentious excuse for not doing what can be done now and generously supporting those who are. It is only one notch better than not having any excuse.

338

□ When the Khmer Rouge drove the entire population of Phnom Penh out to the countryside, it was treated as an unprecedented crime by the Western press. However, Pol Pot did have a precedent: Sherman's order to the citizens of Atlanta.

741

□ In a way, despite Reagan's bumbling good intentions, the minorities are right. With the liberals in eclipse, the conservatives will not be so eagerly sensitive to minority interests. Instaurationists are fully aware that the only solution to racial conflict is ultimately absolute separation (good fences make good neighbors). No matter what the Reagan administration proposes, the problems facing us won't be solved. Still, it's gratifying to watch the minorities suffer apoplexy. Accustomed to blackmailing politicians for free watermelon, they're suddenly faced with the prospect of a government of hard-line conservatives who think in terms of work and jobs and no more handouts.

601

□ I would like to thank *Instauration* for the quality magazine y'all been providing us. As a university student I have been subject to gross absurdities from my professors, who have little regard for objective scholarship. Surely, as a future teacher, I do not wish to emulate my professors. I hope I will be allowed to give both sides of the story to my students. It should be totally up to them to come to the decisions they feel and believe are theirs to make. Freedom of thought and individual expression must be defended. If this right is not allowed in the public school system, then moderation and respect for the basic rights guaranteed us in the Constitution have been truly squelched. If that should turn out to be the case, then I will realize there is no longer a law of the land. The only alternative would be to acquiesce to such mockery or rigorously fight back.

566

□ Afterthoughts on Afterlife? We shouldn't concern ourselves. Be satisfied! Delving too deeply causes havoc, upsetting the equilibrium of mind and body.

566

□ The study of twins reported in *Instauration* (Sept. 1980) reveals that people are much more automatons than even Konrad Lorenz thought. It indicates to me that the media really have little influence on people's behavior and education has even less.

280

□ Western civilization is another Titanic -- a great machine running out of control and taking the Majority to its doom. The passengers on this insane voyage are so paranoid that they cannot man the helm and they will stop any non-liberal who tries. There is no hope for the ship. She and her passengers will be better off at the bottom of the sea. But I wish I could find a lifeboat.

281

□ At the first mention of the Boat People many months ago, I phoned my local radio station and expressed the opinion that these were actually invaders whose presence among us must weaken us racially, economically, politically, physically and militarily. I spoke calmly and objectively, but to be sure, the response came in terms of moral indignation from some and a thoroughgoing smear job from another. The Bible thumpers were easily routed with a few select passages of my own (to which none responded). But one female character assassin said that while I was entitled to my opinion, the station shouldn't give me a platform to disseminate white supremacist remarks. They made her sick. I countered with the observation that having an opinion that could not be expressed was the same as having no opinion at all, and I inquired about her competence to censor me or any other caller. Addressing myself to the audience, I pointed out that this woman undoubtedly supported unlimited immigration to our shores, but how did she present her argument? Openly and factually? No, she called for suppression of speech. I reminded listeners that she had heard my remarks over a radio which was a Western invention and had used a telephone to call the station, another convenience which came to her via Western genius. I expressed my outrage at a person who availed herself of our Western inventions and our Western freedoms to express her contempt for the Western race.

399

□ Someday we should quite legally punish those who transgressed with their phony laws against the people and the institutions of the United States. A judge, for instance, who ordered school busing for tens of thousands of children in a city and thereby brought untold grief to families should definitely be hanged. But it should be done legally.

844

□ From the U.S. we have a much better (clearer) world view than do Europeans. Can you imagine how different Hitler would have acted had he spent some time in this country prior to his ascension to Fuhrerdom? Germany can only be freed from abroad. And by that I mean from the U.S. When I write Germany I have Nordic Western Europe in mind. The U.S. of all large (great) nations has the inborn ability for rapid change (as Germany found out after 1941).

262

□ Women's Lib is not Jewish, according to a lady friend of mine who was at one time active in the movement. She said that some loud-mouthed Jews make a lot of noise, but not many of them are involved.

220

□ As for Reagan's election, I am under no delusion of what he can do. Some weeks ago I received a letter from one of the top Republicans on our side asking if I was in favor of "stopping Kissinger," as he was running up front for Secretary of State. I wrote back, stop him, he's done enough "good" for our and his latest country.

303

Begin, Reagan, ding dong bell,
We won't fight for Is-rye-el.

100

I hope you will not mind me saying that I think the feature "Notes from the Auld Sod" a retrograde step. I am biased of course. My father's family belonged to one of the minor sections of the WASP ascendancy in Ireland and were almost to a man loyal to the Monarch, Union Jack and Empire. Some of them fought against Republicanism and Fenianism as one fights against the bubonic plague. They loved Ireland nonetheless for all that. I appreciate that in America the Irish form a lobby and that this lobby does include some of the best race-conscious whites and are not people to be alienated. However, I would submit that it is consistent with the principles underlying the work of *Instauration* to support the maintenance of WASP power in Ireland and to have no truck with Irish nationalism -- a growth originating in the bogs and the catacombs which has always provided an ally to the forces of subversion against the West. The mainly English and Scottish-descended stock that goes to make up the population of the WASP ascendancy in Ireland is as high a quality of Nordic stock as is to be found anywhere, with an exceptionally high incidence of brilliant and accomplished men considering their numerical insignificance. This stock has supplied a large number of American presidents. It has supplied almost half (if not more than half) of Britain's military leaders of real stature. It has produced a tremendous effervescence of outstanding authors, poets, musicians, as well as a respectable quota of eccentrics! Irish nationalism, on the other hand, has for the most part mobilized and appealed to the genetically inferior elements in Ireland and its victory is their victory: a victory for disorder, dirt, drunkenness, anarchy and bestial violence (although of course the Fenians, as is so often the case, draw for many of their ablest leaders on renegade WASPs). To my mind it is no refutation of this argument to say that, just for the moment, with Britain having become degenerate and racially invaded, Irish separatism is to be supported as a means of protecting Ireland from the poison in the contemporary British bloodstream. Such a view may have its attractions to those who take a strictly pragmatic and ephemeral attitude to things; looked at historically, it is nonsense.

The space given to "Auld Sod," whoever he may be, may just be seen as a typically Anglo-Saxon form of tolerant condescension -- a gesture indicating that the WASP and Nordic feels strong enough in your columns to allow a bit of dissenting blather through the Guinness. But isn't this condescension the thing that has knocked the initial nails in our coffin so often in the past?

British subscriber

Before Churchill died I think he realized what he had done to the West. That is why Graham Sutherland's portrait shows a man in the depths of shame and despair. Douglas Reed described Woodrow Wilson and FDR as looking like that in their last years, too.

British subscriber

Why don't Jews wise up? After all the whites are killed off by coloreds, the coloreds will go after them.

046

I have just been reading *Instauration's* appeal for the return of the draft. Yes, the U.S. military is getting blacker and dumber by the month and only a draft will produce the large numbers of white Majority members who can straighten out the mess. True, our armed forces would promptly flee or quickly get whipped in a conventional war with the better-trained and mostly white Russians. However, here is one Majority member who (whether a draft law passes or not) is simply not going and who will not even consider going until Uncle Sammy gives him and his fellow whites a fair shake both in the military service and in private life. We recently fought one war for the Vietnamese and another war for the Koreans and while we were gone the people in Washington gave away most of our rights and half our country to the minorities. If Uncle plans to do any fighting, he'll just have to do it with the bums he's been petting rather than the citizens he's been shafting all these years.

337

Face up to it and admit we're licked? Swing along, sing along, baby. Things ain't gonna be any different.

923

I went to the Republican victory party at the Hilton Hotel in Washington, along with the other 9,998 invitees. We got into the big ballroom late, where we found some free cheese and pretzels and some overpriced white wine. There were a few pale blacks, including Lionel Hampton, and other minority hangers-on, but on the whole *Instaurationists* would have strongly approved of the crowd. When some of the VIPs talked about building a broadly based coalition with minorities and women, there was some faint applause and no enthusiasm. The young men present, however, were rather shallow lawyer and stockbroker types in pin-striped suits, whose principle exercise seemed to be bending the elbow. They have gone downhill in the last millennium. Once they were fearsome Vikings.

085

People and businessmen can adjust to far less than ideal policies, but they can't adjust if the experts keep changing things.

893

Congratulations on your article on William McDougall (*Instauration*, Aug. 1980), who passed away in 1938. His recommended geographical segregation of races has its South African counterpart, Apartheid (spelled "eid," not "ate"), which my country has practiced for centuries.

South African subscriber

I'll settle for Dr. Tripodi. Dr. Lars Larson (*Instauration*, Oct. 1980) is a wordy, overanalytical Swede. Here we'd call him a "shrink." Take him away.

222

Libertarian principles, if consistently applied, would reduce immigration, not increase it. Wages would tend to sink to a point where it would not be worth the immigrants' effort to make the trip. Government handouts would cease, thereby forcing welfare recipients to take the jobs they now consider beneath them. All the machinery that now suppresses "prejudice" would be junked, and white racism would flourish.

606

I am a 27-year-old, fair-skinned, blonde, blue-green-eyed female. Mostly German, with a little English. I work in a biology laboratory during the day and attend a university in the evenings, at which I will soon receive a B.S. degree. I am vice-president of the student government, involved with the yearbook, and previously with the newspaper. Though I am quite active, I still find it difficult to meet a decent white Northern European male who is on the academic or professional level. I speak for most Majority females when I say that it is the Majority males' fault as far as interracial dating and marriage is concerned. In many cases our men settled for low-paying, nonprofessional jobs. In today's world the professional Majority woman is surrounded by minority whites and blacks. Many of the Majority men do make it into the professional world, but they seem to be liberals and prefer minority women to their own. Depressed, confused, and hurt, Majority women, rejected by Majority males, are then faced with the only alternative -- to date a minority male or abstain from dating completely. Finally, many Majority men do not know how to treat their women. They abuse them and take them for granted. If Majority men became more selective and dated only their own, treated their women as if they were special, obtained an education and got better jobs, we would not be in this position today.

Zip withheld

Articles in *Instauration* reflect a lot of scarcity thinking -- as is traditional on the right. But may this not be wishful thinking? What if we manage to tap the power of hydrogen? Does that not present us with a horrific world in which the population can grow until there is standing room only? With enough energy, anything biological can be converted into food. No, I'm afraid we must insist on a selective world, not because it is inevitable, but because our deepest aesthetic sensibilities are offended by anything less.

783

I received this letter from the publisher of *Pearl Harbor II*: "Wilmot Robertson gave Mr. Taylor's book the best review in *Instauration* that you can get. We received about 800 or perhaps 1,000 orders as a result of it, including foreign orders received from Holland, Austria, West Germany, Sweden, South Africa and Australia."

973

Cholly magnificent. Dialogue devastating.

445

What happened to comedy is not funny

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK

In the movie *International House* (1933), W.C. Fields makes his entrance by crash-landing an airplane into the midst of a large, formal dinner-gathering on the roof-garden of a hotel in China. Emerging unscathed and unruffled, the bulb-nosed, wily-eyed comedian takes instant command of the proceedings. He sneers at the pansyish Franklin Pangborn, "Don't let the posy [in Fields' lapel] fool ya." He leers down the cleavage of the nearest attractive woman and asks her, "Where'll I park it, sweets?" To everyone within shouting distance, he then declaims in his majestic twang that he missed his destination of Kansas City and landed in China "due to a slight error in navigation. Took the needle off my compass to darn a pair of socks. Since that time, I've been flying completely by ear."

In this raucous sequence, as in most of his film performances, Fields mined the deepest and richest vein of American humor: the comic tradition rooted in the frontier and in our national experience of opening and settling the west. The rawness of life in the new territory, the vigorous language and the hardy individualism fostered there -- such elements infused our humor with a native mix of earthiness, hyperbole, and a spirit of rambunctious aggression. A cohesive element, less explicit but always implicit, was the racial élan of Northern European peoples as they coalesced into a national entity.

Fields knew this comic legacy to his very fingertips and was its last great master. Perhaps not coincidentally, he was also the last great comedian, and in the judgment of most connoisseurs, the greatest of all comedians. A genuinely creative performer who originated his own material (his screenwriting credits appear under pseudonyms like Mahatma Kane Jeeves), he left a body of work that remains distinctive, flavorful, and fracturously funny.

As much as Majority members might appreciate Fields in 1981, watching his old films on the television late show and chuckling at the verbal embroidery of the bibulous, bombastic con men he parodies, our general reaction is not what it might be nor what it once was. Our laughter no longer has the confident inflections of territoriality -- the certitude of a people who know the country's humor is very much their own.

When we -- the Majority -- saw Fields' pictures in the movie houses of the Thirties, we shared a strong and proprietary sense of community. We laughed in delighted recognition when the old rogue up on the screen, ringing perfect-pitch changes on our comic idiom, mocked Puritanism, muttered misanthropies, or gave vent to orotund euphemisms for censorable oaths ("Godfrey Daniel!"). And when Fields snarled, "There's a Nubian in the fuel supply" at a gaggle of gape-mouthed Negroes, we felt no constraint in laughing at the



W.C. Fields as Mr. Micawber in *David Copperfield* (1935)

elegant paraphrase of our common saying.

Today a humorous Majority slur on a minority, no matter how intrinsically funny or accurate, is depicted by the cultural overseers of the liberal-minority establishment as a crime to be equated with treason or ax murder. The gravity of the offense was sledge-hammered home in 1976 when Secretary of Agriculture Butz was driven from office for telling, in private be it noted, a joke about Negro pleasures. Presented with an object lesson like this, even the most naive and spontaneous among us turn furtive and conspiratorial -- as do our prospective listeners -- when we offer to share the latest joke about Father's Day in Harlem.

Only a few shades less criminal than our racial jokes, on the mediocrat scales of justice, is our traditional tongue-in-cheek bragging, which has its quintessential expression in Davy Crockett's boast: "I can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, whip my weight in wildcats, hug a bear too close for comfort,

and eat any man opposed to Jackson." This comically exuberant style, charged as it is with a self-esteem that generates racial and national morale, is now proscribed for the Majority humorist. (But not for the superstar Negro athlete.) Forbidden any display of pride in his people's blood and spirit, he is an artist so fearful of committing heresy that he has made himself a bland and increasingly marginal figure in the culture.

Minority funny people, aided by media drumbeaters, have appropriated center stage and they dominate the humor we read, see and hear. Some of these entertainers are amusing and we laugh. But if the timbre of our group laughter at a current typical film comedy is any gauge, there are times many of us are figuratively as well as literally in the dark. In the minority concoction *Airplane*, last summer's second biggest hit, we view a scene of flirtation between two Majority children which ends as the girl squelches the boy with: "I take my men like my coffee -- black." Gagging on the gag, we force out a sickly laugh to exhibit our tolerant good nature. But for a moment we feel perplexed, and a few will wonder what lies behind that groin-kick of a joke. Is it simply the equalitarian excess of someone dedicated to brotherhood for all? Or might it be the fathomless contempt of someone who respects neither black nor white men, nor even himself?

Hollow Men

The Jew, as relatively a nomad, has never produced, and presumably never will produce a culture of his own, since all his instincts and gifts require a more or less civilized host-people for their development.

C.G. Jung

Some years ago Johnny Carson celebrated his birthday in tastelessly impersonal fashion by inviting a few other comedians, all much older than himself, to appear on his program. Among the guests was Jack Benny (Benny Kubelsky). During one of the mirthless lulls, Benny observed, in so many words, "Here it's his birthday, and he's sitting around with a bunch of old Jews." The corrosive remark is revealing, both in itself and in its affinities with a wittier line, Groucho Marx's *mot*: "I wouldn't join any club that would have me as a member." Bearing also in mind Woody Allen's citation of the Marx quip as his favorite, we begin to discern a pervasive psychological stance.

The jokes express what the Jewish magazine *Commentary* (October 1980, p. 70) identifies as the "fierce ambivalence" of Jews "toward [other] Jews and toward themselves as Jews." Under different labels, this phenomenon has been the object of microscopic scrutiny and loud lamentation by Jewish intellectuals. Seldom mentioned in any of the passionate examinations -- though it is usually manifest, as in the Benny and Marx jokes -- is the centrifugal lash of the Jew's ambivalence: he directs it not only inwardly toward himself and his own kind, but also outwardly toward the "host-people."

His fierce nature often finds a physically safe, socially permissible release in the arena of humor, where he has the funnyman's license to give free rein to his impulses and fantasies. In the role of comedian, he is superficially in the Ameri-

can grain when he attacks our folkways and exposes the discrepancies between our words and deeds. What sets him apart from the Majority comedian is the substratum of unappeasable hostility that fuels his comic aggression. This essential difference is nowhere more evident than in the Marx Brothers films of the early Thirties, and its peculiar nature is most clearly isolated against a background of the movie comedy which preceded the Marx brand.

Two decades earlier, comic anarchy exploded on the screen in Mack Sennett's one- and two-reelers, which presented a chaotic universe peopled by cartoon types who were perpetually in flight from, pursuit of, or in collision with one another. Sennett explained his free-wheeling approach to a new employee: "We have no scenario -- we get an idea, then follow the natural sequence of events until it leads up to a chase, which is the essence of our comedy." The employee, Charlie Chaplin, "hated chase. It dissipates one's personality," he wrote in *My Autobiography*. "I knew that nothing transcended personality." Soon enough, Chaplin gave movie slapstick its first truly individualized human figure, his jaunty little tramp. He was to embellish this character with touches of Dickensian pathos, memorably in *The Kid*, *The Gold Rush* and *City Lights*.

Though no rival ever matched his tramp as a dominant screen presence, at least two other silent comedians surpassed Chaplin in the formal artistry of their films. Both Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton were superb stuntmen as well as master builders of carefully structured, visually stunning sequences that are unequaled in provoking, simultaneously, the belly laugh and the gasp of admiration. When Lloyd, the embodiment of the plucky young American of the young century, ascends with uncertain hands and skidding feet the side of an office building in *Safety Last*, we laugh and are thrilled by the authenticity of the sunwashed images: the man in dark-rimmed glasses who encounters a new and funnier peril every handhold of the way up is clearly Lloyd himself, performing near the camera high above an actual city street. When Keaton, in *The General*, sneaks through Union lines to recapture a



Buster Keaton in a scene from *Go West* (1925)



Harold Lloyd in *Hot Water* (1924)

stolen Confederate locomotive and then races it southward, the pictorial blend is evocative and sidesplitting: faithfully rendered period settings that recall Matthew Brady and the epic scale of our Civil War (the story derives from a true incident); and in the center, intent on his mission, his deadpan face like the calm eye of his hurricane movements, Keaton executing comic marvel upon comic marvel of physical timing as he foils his Yankee pursuers and keeps the locomotive chugging homeward.

Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd aided the resonant dimensions of personality and form to screen comedy, transcending by far the genial, haphazard anarchy of Sennett's pioneering efforts.

The Marx Brothers were, in a cinematic sense (and a social sense as well), throwbacks to a more primitive era. For them the concept of form was either a mystery or something contemptible, and the personalities they project -- Groucho the nonstop wisecracker; Harpo the grimacing mute; Chico the dimwitted schemer -- are credible only at a Punch and Judy level. The early-Thirties films the Marxes and their minority gagmen slapped together are little more than disconnected rehashes of the brothers' stock routines. In successive lines, Groucho alternately woos and insults the rich dowager. Chico and Harpo hire out first to one faction, then another -- but serve neither. Rarely is the brothers' urge to destruction compromised by recognizable human motives or goals. The Marxes are consistent only in their unrelenting, autistic perversity, which levels everyone and everything in its path, including even the self-interest of the figures they portray.

Their travesty of politics, *Duck Soup* (1933), is praised today for its anti-authoritarianism and its "purity," that is, its nihilism. In these respects, the Marxes deserve full credit. They deserve little credit for one of the film's best and most truly amusing scenes, which, we learn from Frank Manchel's book *The Talking Clowns*, were the creative contribution of director Leo McCarey. The most famous of these is "the classic mirror scene, in which Groucho and Harpo, dressed in identical white nightgowns, refuse to recognize the existence of each other." Though the scene is more accurately described by saying that Harpo pretends to be Groucho's mirror image, moving when he does, and so forth, Manchel's version is useful for its broader implications.

Behind the Jewish comic's ferocity and at the core of his

ambivalence, there seem to lie questions of identity, of one's self-image and one's relation to others, questions for which he has too few affirmative, bedrock answers. Jerry Lewis manically hurling from padded-cell behavior to a false, sodden bathos; Danny Kaye playing dual roles in one glossy Goldwyn production after another and looking always like a confused, ready-to-flee imposter, despite, or perhaps because of, his rather Nordic features; the half-Jewish Peter Sellers immersing himself in a welter of accents and disguises and then admitting shortly before his death that he had no idea who he was -- these are men without inner moorings. They are the cultureless nomads described by Jung. They are hollow men.

It was such an absence of positive identity that nearly finished the Marx Brothers in Hollywood. For while *Duck Soup* is hailed today for its "surrealism" and its "attack on Fascism," it did very poorly at the box-office in its first release. Ticket-buyers of the era much preferred the earthy individuality of W.C. Fields and Mae West. The Marxes were written off as "washed up" until Irving Thalberg, the minorityite "boy wonder" MGM executive, saved their career. He was shrewd enough as a script-doctor to diagnose for them the fatal flaw in their comedy: "The trouble with your funny scenes is that they never help anybody." He then launched the brothers into the first of a series of movies in which their aggression is enlisted on the side of a pair of young lovers, and this token humanizing of the Marxes was to prove commercially successful.

Prior to the filming of their first MGM picture, *A Night at the Opera*, Thalberg sent the brothers on tour to test their new gags on live audiences. "We weren't like other comedians," Groucho later told his son. "We had to try everything out first. If he had shot *Opera* with the material we opened with in Seattle, it would have been the end of all of us." Marx's confession speaks volumes about the psychic chasm between the unassimilable outsider and the host-culture.

(To be continued)

Ponderable Quotes

I was on the staff of the House subcommittee investigating the television quiz scandals. Perfect for the closet socialist like myself; commercial deceit on a national scale, exploitation of the innocent public, elaborate corporate chicanery -- in short, good, old capitalist greed. And then of course that extra bonus, Charles Van Doren. Such character, such brains, such breeding, that candor and schoolboyish charm -- that WASP, wouldn't you say? And turns out he's a fake. Well, what do you know about that, Gentile America? Supergoy, a "goni"! Steals money . . . Goodness, gracious me, almost as bad as Jews -- you sanctimonious WASPs!

Yes, I was one happy yiddle down there in Washington, a little Stern gang of my own, busily exploding Charlie's honor and integrity, while simultaneously becoming lover to the aristocratic Yankee beauty whose forebears arrived on these shores in the seventeenth century.

Philip Roth
author of *Portnoy's Complaint*

Selection is the key to what we do . . . It's in your allegedly objective news pages that you make your impact.

Henry Grunwald
Editor-in-Chief, *Time, Inc.*

SYSTEM THEORY WORKS FOR RACE

A new weltanschauung is beginning to emerge, suspected by Aristotle and sketched out by such great German thinkers as Leibniz and Goethe. No longer viewed as a Machine or as an accumulation of Chaos, the World is beginning to appear as an organization of systems, as a structure of graduated hierarchical order.

Modern System Theory is traceable substantially to Ludwig von Bertalanffy, born in Vienna in 1901, an alumnus, like Konrad Lorenz, of the Vienna Zoological Institute. His lectures on System Theory, begun in 1937, had to wait until 1968 to be issued under the title of *General Systems Theory*. With the help of a few Americans he founded the Society for General Systems Research in 1954. In several popular books he addressed a wider readership from the coign of vantage of his new-found knowledge, at one time going into the philosophy and politics of Oswald Spengler. Von Bertalanffy, who had taught at Ottawa and Buffalo, died in the U.S. in 1972.

While the physical world with its statistical laws was explored in the last century, and the microphysical world with its characteristic inexactitude was illuminated by the Quantum Theory in the first half of this, System Theory has proved to be the proper method for understanding biological and psychological structures with their distinguishing laws of order and organization. In 1970 von Bertalanffy wrote, "Perhaps you could say the System Theory is in the phase of electrodynamics between Faraday and Maxwell: the intuitive grasp of certain principles whose mathematical formulation awaits a future genius."

The triumph of physics and chemistry during the last century rested substantially on the analytical, isolating method. It was once assumed that the essence of things could be understood once their smallest components were identified. Atoms and molecules seemed to satisfy this requirement, until it turned out that they too were complicated systems. The limits to which this mechanistic-materialist approach could be applied to organic and social questions was soon unmistakably evident.

Much of what had been written off by the technologists as unscientific or metaphysical became accessible through System Theory. This is especially true in biology, medicine and anthropology, disciplines in which only rare intuitive geniuses had previously been able to grasp the greater contexts, as in Ludwig Clauss's racial profiles.

Many social and political misunderstandings in contemporary life are traceable to the fact that the individual, in accordance with the analytical method, is perceived only as an individual, while the context in which he functions -- the

family and race -- is neglected. Not long ago Konrad Lorenz wrote:

The technical-mechanistic method is limited to the analysis of individual components. These seem to be more real than the whole, the totality, because they are more easily definable conceptually and quantifiable mathematically. The wider view necessary to grasp the greater context not only escapes the mechanistically minded, but is fundamentally and ideologically rejected by them because the whole is not readily and exactly definable and therefore does not seem real.

Closely related to this question is the ever widening (since the Enlightenment) gulf between science and the humanities, and the ever increasing tendency towards specialization. System Theory, with its interdisciplinary application, now comes to the aid of those scientists, especially in physics and biology, who have been trying to surmount this dualism. A single cell, an organism, a person, a race betrays similarities in formal structure, and similar laws operate on different evolutionary levels. A recognition of this similarity has opened up new lines of development in the various disciplines. Principles of unity, of organization, of dynamism appear in modern quantum physics as opposed to classical mechanistic physics; in the organic development of biology as opposed to the analytical approach; in psychology in Gestalt as opposed to Association Theory.

Thus does the ancient, characteristically holistic weltanschauung find scientific expression through System Theory. Even in the classical world it was known that the whole is more than the sum of its parts. Just as a forest is more than the aggregate of its flora and fauna, so is a people more than the juxtaposition of its momentarily living souls, more than a pluralistic society. Above all, that which is characteristically human is best understood through the concept of "System."

Generally the synergistic advantages of a System enable it to outperform the unconnected aggregate of individual components. A hierarchical structure is absolutely essential to the achievement of this high performance. Nature has followed this path consistently throughout evolution. Higher forms of life are Systems composed of lower Systems in graduated hierarchical order. Even the chemistry of a single-cell organism is ordered. The health of a State rests on the health of its people, which in turn rests on the family. As viable Systems can be assembled only from tested Subsystems, so can a united Europe rise only from the foundation of its peoples as peoples, not from the unordered conglomeration of 250,000,000 alienated, deracinated individuals.

The running together of several Subsystems to form a viable System, a process denominated "fulguration" by Lorenz, can take place in an amazingly short time. Lorenz has shown that conceptual thought and self-consciousness developed in man through the coincidence of several qualities already present in higher animals in an evolutionary brief period.

Damage to or the loss of individual members of a System results in a general disarray which jeopardizes or even destroys the whole. The more important the member lost, the greater the danger. In the case of human communities this means that the nurturing and advancement of the elite must be the primary task of every society.

The understanding and description of Systems demand concepts which have little relevance to their constituents. Family and social virtues, such as duty, loyalty, devotion, self-sacrifice and love are meaningless to the hermetic hyperindividualist, yet these are the decisive communal binding forces.

A knowledge of its development is indispensable to a living system. A person, a family, a people with no historical consciousness and no historical knowledge is counter to nature.

Life is dynamic. Only in death is there absolute quiet and passivity. When the inner dynamism is extinguished, the Sys-

tem dies. The death of an organism means that the destructive processes of metabolism have outpaced the constructive. The same can happen within a race. If those social elements which should be excreted proliferate beyond a certain point, or if the hierarchical order essential to creative dynamism is eclipsed, the alienated mass society approaches the stable balance of death. The development towards higher and higher order within human populations does not lead to mass societies, but to more strongly unified communities evidencing great inequality among their members.

The modern astronomer Unsöld insists, "A person in the strict sense of the word cannot be understood as an individual Every act and every thought is preceded by a billion-year chain of evolution, and another such chain stretches into the future."

The above is an edited and condensed translation of Rolf Kosiek's "Systemtheorie und Anthropologie," an article that appeared in a recent issue of the German journal, Neue Anthropologie, Postfach 550380, 2000 Hamburg 55, West Germany.

MEXICO: ECOLOGICAL NIGHTMARE

In 1979 Ixtoc I, the worst oil-spill in history, focused the attention of the world on Mexico. With their fingers crossed ecologists everywhere are praying that the accident may not be repeated. But those who are better acquainted with the country realize that Ixtoc was not an "accident" -- in the sense of an isolated phenomenon never to be repeated -- but part and parcel of an underlying pattern. Ecological malfeasance is and has always been the rule rather than the exception in Mexico. The pollution of rivers, destruction of forests, silting over of lakes, erosion of topsoil, contamination of the atmosphere, are daily occurrences so common as to go unnoticed. The oil-spill just happened to attract attention because of its timing and its magnitude. Its real significance is as a dramatic reminder of how dangerous tinkering with large-scale phenomena can be when attempted by underdeveloped nations; it is a foretaste of the large-scale nuclear accident that is certain to occur sooner or later in one of the Third World nations as more and more of them come to possess fissionable materials.

Pollution, wherever it occurs, may be divided into four main types: biological, industrial, acoustic, and visual. Personal experiences south of the border opened my eyes to the existence of all four kinds long before ecology became a popular word in the United States. Going to Mexico for the first time in 1943, I penetrated southward as far as legendary Tehuantepec. Lured by reports of men and women bathing together nude in paradisaical innocence, I made my way to the river that skirts that Oaxaqueyan city, determined not only to photograph these purificatory rites but to participate in them. But the

storied "river" turned out to be a muddy stream two feet deep, and the piles of refuse heaped up along its banks stopped me in my tracks before I got fairly to it. While trying to find a way around these unlovely mounds, I ran squarely onto a line of dead dogs strewn along the gravelly shore, with buzzards tearing at their entrails. Enough was enough. Returning to the town, I wandered up and down its streets for three days, trying to absorb the local color. What I absorbed most was the stench of human excrement rotting in the sun. The smell was everywhere -- all-pervading, inescapable, and suddenly my air-conditioned hotel seemed the only asylum in a sea of universal contamination. Then I discovered my pillowcase to be reeking with Flit and my soup marbled with droplets of the same ubiquitous liquid.

A year later I bought a piece of property in the capital city of Tamaulipas and have been living there off and on ever since. Shortly after the purchase an American chemical company acquired a large plot along one of the main avenues about four blocks away and directly in front of a high school. With the full cooperation of the local, state, and federal governments it built a plant on that site for the manufacture and packaging of DDT. For the next five years or so the odor from the plant hung over the neighborhood permanently, day and night (and with only slightly reduced intensity over the whole city); when the wind blew from the right direction, particles of DDT powder drifted down on us like malignant snow. Repeated complaints to the authorities were ignored. Acquaintances who worked in the plant sickened one by one, their hair and teeth falling out, their skin yellowing, and their appetite vanishing. Although I tried

desperately to sell my property, I could find no buyers. I could not stay, and I could not leave. Finally, the cotton boom in the southern part of the state collapsed, the planters found themselves unable to pay their debts, the chemical company went bankrupt, and suddenly the nightmare was over.

But all that happened 20 and 30 years ago; surely by 1980 things have changed! They have -- and on balance more for the worse than for the better. Granted that all the larger cities now have sanitation facilities, that the luxury hotels rival our own in modern conveniences, that the upper classes are as well-bathed and well-groomed as any people anywhere, that bars of soap can be purchased in even the remotest hamlet, that the NO ORINAR signs have been taken down from most of the central plazas -- granted all this and more, the pollution and sanitation problems are graver today than ever before. Why? Because sanitary practices that are tolerable in small populations suddenly become intolerable when the population density passes a certain point. In 1943 the total population of the country was 25 or 30 million; today it stands at 70 million. And by far the greater part of that large number is made up of the underprivileged, the underemployed, the unwashed, the illiterate, the homeless, and the landless. While the number of washed has increased with remarkable swiftness, the number of unwashed has increased even faster. Official reports that paint a glowing picture of the nation's social and material progress say nothing about the tens of thousands who still live *in caves*, and the millions who live entirely outside the money economy with no electricity, no schools, and no water but that of the increasingly contaminated streams.

Thus personal hygiene and garbage disposal are problems that become every day more urgent. We find it hard to believe that in the Middle Ages Europeans emptied their chamber-pots into the streets from their overhanging upper windows while pigs roamed up and down day and night cleaning up the filth as it fell -- but what are we to say when we discover that in the more primitive regions of Mexico people still empty their chamber-pots into the street (often dispensing with the window and not infrequently with the pot), pigs still roam the street gobbling up the product, and trichina-infested pork still appears regularly in the marketplace? The simple truth is that in the villages and smaller towns the street is, and has been from the beginning of things, the common dumping ground. To "throw something away" means to fling it into the street. If the streets were all Venetian canals, the water would obligingly carry "away" all unwanted objects, but since they are not, the Mexican depend on the "blessed pigs" and their auxiliaries, the buzzards, rats, and cannibalistic stray dogs, which among them devour all the dead dogs, cats, poultry, and cattle that come their way.

Buzzards and pigs are replaced in the larger cities by fleets of trucks, American-made, which do what they can to keep the central areas navigable and presentable. But however fast the fleets expand, the garbage, malevolently, uncooperatively, piles up even faster. Cans, pails, boxes, and barrels of it are always in evidence, the containers invariably uncovered, swarming with flies, honeycombed by rats, picked at by day

by human scavengers, and overturned at night by prowling dog packs. Soiled toilet tissue blows freely about. Hospitals, located in the most populous sections of town, incinerate refuse of every kind, including slops, bandages, and amputated members, letting the stench blow where it listeth.

Human cadavers are buried, by law, within 24 hours. In communities where everyone knows everyone else, burial is taken care of by friends and relatives, but in the impersonal metropolises many burials become, perforce, the business of the government. For like Calcutta, although providentially on a much smaller scale, Mexico's urban conglomerates have their sidewalk-dwellers who live and die anonymously and in total destitution. The problem is worse in Mexico City than in the nation's other metropolises because of the normal number of derelicts, drawn from every social layer, is superadded a large indigenous element. Trickling into the capital from mountains and valleys come the Indians, lured by rumors of the city's fantastic size and wealth. Never attaining the proportions of a flood yet never drying up, this persistent trickle continues day after day, month after month, year after year. Nothing the government can do -- and it does little enough -- can arrest it. Always these unfortunates are the same: barefoot, unwashed, illiterate, unskilled, disoriented, helpless, destitute, speaking only a few simple words of the nation's official language. The women are the most pitiful: squatting on the sidewalk day and night with begging hand extended, a baby at the breast and two or three toddlers scabbling in the gutter for chance food scraps. Where they sleep -- *if they sleep* -- is a mystery. I have surprised them huddled against the wall at 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning, regardless of cold or rain. The men sleep in doorways or, when drunk, wherever they happen to collapse. In the predawn hours special vehicles roam through the streets picking up the destitute who have died in the open. These are given quick and secret burial, and *that* particular pollution problem is "solved."

Industrial pollution, like biological pollution, was not yet an issue a scant forty years ago. An agricultural and handicraft economy, Mexico imported even such simple manufactured items as pencil sharpeners, can-openers, and bicycles. During World War II the process of industrialization began in earnest, assisted by generous subsidies from the U.S. Since then it has snowballed at so rapid a rate that a recent issue of *Forbes* seriously discussed the possibility of the nation's becoming a world industrial power, a kind of junior Japan. The three principal industrial centers are Monterrey in the north (home base of the Garza Sada group), Toluca (capital of the state of Mexico), and of course Mexico City itself.

Monterrey, home of breweries, foundries, metallurgical plants, petroleum refineries, discharges so much unscrubbed smokestack effluent into the air that the famous Cerro de la Silla, its impressive profile formerly sharply etched against the sky, is now seen as through a glass, darkly. Inevitably, the fauna and flora of the nearby Mesa de Chipinque are registering the effects, showing dead and dying trees much like those on the San Bernardino mountain slopes near Los Angeles.

Toluca, the highest major settlement in the country (above 8,000 feet), situated at the foot of the towering Nevado, has so

far escaped smog problems because of the altitude, the free movement of air, and the frequent heavy downpours.

Not so Mexico City which, although almost as high (7,500 feet) and ringed by snow-covered mountains, is simply too large and too congested to escape the consequences of its explosive and uncontrolled proliferation. With numbers variously estimated at between 10 and 15 million today, it is predicted to contain by the year 2000 an unbelievable 30 million, making it far and away the largest city in the world. Beyond all doubt it will be, as it now is, one of the most polluted. People who lived during the pre-Revolution era recall the metropolis as an exceptionally clean city, the streets scrupulously swept, the sidewalks washed, supernumerary parks, and potted plants, shrubs, and flowering trees everywhere.

This vision has vanished utterly. As a result of inadequate planning, a rachitic and mismanaged financial base, the exponential multiplication of automobiles, and too many people in too small an area, Mexico City is today one of the most congested cities of the world. While well worth a visit because of its Palace of Fine Arts, its Museum of Anthropology (one of the finest things of its kind anywhere), its four-hundred-year-old churches, and its many other undeniable centers of interest, the place as a whole is an eye-sore. Everything is smeared and smudged, cracked and broken, begrimed and besooted. Crumbling plaster, peeling paint, streaked windows, and superimposed layers of dirt offend the eye at every turn. Streets are littered with refuse, and the odor of sewer gas assaults you even in the midst of the most fashionable shopping quarters. Dirt is not scientifically combatted but merely recycled within narrow limits. From the sidewalk it is swept into the street whence, churned into dust by the traffic, it is redeposited on the sidewalk and, with complete impartiality on store-fronts, fruit-stands, pedestrians, and all objects within range. Fine clouds of dust hang permanently in the air -- washed down momentarily by the drenching summer rains but re-formed thirty minutes or so after the shower's end.

The once beautiful parks are no longer centers for quiet meditation but simply islands of refuge where one may obtain a few moments' respite from the roaring current of traffic that bears everything before it. Hedges are uncut, shrubs untrimmed, grass spotty and unweeded. Trees are scraggly, grotesque caricatures, fighting for life in an increasingly hostile environment, their roots imprisoned beneath tons of concrete and steel, their foliage poisoned by foul air, their bark falling off, their trunks disfigured by gaping and bleeding wounds, their branches dead or dying. Even the millenary *ahuehuetes* (baldcypresses) of Chapultepec Park are declining, and it seems likely that in another 30 or 40 years this exquisite spot, the favorite haunt of Maximilian and Carlotta, will contain nothing but skeletons of those mighty giants over-grown by rank vines and upstart ligustrums.

Pollution is omnipresent. The highways that lead into the city are laid out to avoid the areas of worst contamination, but if you take the train outward in any direction you will get an unobstructed view of belching chimneys, mountains of garbage in active eruption, chemical dumps with the soil boiling and seething like a witch's cauldron, fouled streams, uncon-

trolled erosion, and wretched squatters' shanties sprawling everywhere -- stark reminders of the grinding poverty that seems destined always to accompany "progress" in this paradoxical land.

Smog in Los Angeles? Let no one pretend to a knowledge of that man-made abomination until he has lived in Mexico City. Emission-control devices, while known academically, are never used. Everything that can come out of an exhaust pipe does come out. Diesel-burning trucks and urban buses lay down smoke-screens that literally darken the sky. Like an octopus escaping behind its jet of ink, a vehicle so equipped can hit and run with impunity -- and often does so. As you enter the outlying areas of the great sprawling city you begin to breathe uneasily; as you penetrate farther and farther toward its heart your eyes begin to burn. When caught in a traffic jam with Diesels to the right of you, Diesels to the left of you, Diesels before, and Diesels behind, you kneel down on the floor-board and pray to the god of machines to whisk you back to L.A. for a breath of fresh air.

Even the beautiful city of Guadalajara, famed for its colonial charm, is rapidly being made uninhabitable by the unending stream of city buses, Diesel-powered, that run down the main boulevard, each a moving point-source of two-fold pollution: ear-splitting noise and asphyxiating clouds of black smoke. Following the peculiar logic of smoke-stack builders, some enterprising drivers have directed their exhaust pipes vertically so that the effluent discharges a foot or so above the roof line rather than at wheel level. With this arrangement the black plumes shoot straight upward, and each vehicle resembles a factory on wheels. By polluting the air at 12 feet above ground level instead of 2 feet the problem is solved!

That Mexico is the noisiest country in the world is agreed upon by travelers of all nationalities. Undisciplined, rebellious, uncooperative, jealous of any encroachment on his "liberty," each *mejicano* believes it his inalienable right to make as much noise as his lungs permit and his ingenuity can devise. His training begins in the cradle: all his toys are noise-makers, and as he grows in length so he grows in his ability to generate -- and to endure -- din. Growing up is a progression along the decibel axis as well as along the longitudinal one. The rattle yields to the dish-pan, the dish-pan to the hammer, the hammer to the fire-cracker, the fire-cracker to the motorcycle, and the motorcycle to the jalopy with seventeen different kinds of claxons and *no muffler*.

The irrepressible urge to make noise manifests itself everywhere. In any public place -- in a restaurant, in an elevator, on the bus, in a waiting room -- each person jabbars as loudly as he pleases with cavalier disregard for those around him. Where Englishmen will sit quietly unwilling to intrude on another's privacy, Mexicans yawp away at full blast, each little group of two or three pre-empting whatever space they may be in as if it belonged to them and them alone. Being a hotel guest brings no diminution in this sense of sovereignty. People come and go at all hours of the night, running down the hallways, banging doors, gabbling and guffawing, whistling and caterwauling. You can, of course, call the desk clerk to protest, and if letting off steam in that way brings you some relief, well and good, for that is *all* the relief you are ever likely to obtain.

To go into a popular restaurant without benefit of earmuffs is an act of heroism above and beyond the call of duty. The buildings are acoustical horrors: hard, plastered walls, plastered ceiling, tile floor, rectangular shape where the faintest sound is picked up and bounced back and forth until it dies of inanition. Imagine then in such a room 30 by 30 feet forty or fifty people all talking at once; imagine the continuous rattle of knives, forks, spoons, and plates, the incessant scraping of chairs (metal legs grating on a tile floor), a portable radio at every table, each with its own program, a juke-box playing at full blast in every corner, and on top of everything a television set attached high up on the wall blaring away in its own unholy fashion!

But the nation's inborn talent for making noise had to wait for the invention of the automobile to realize its full potential. While in our country everybody drives and the thing has become a routine matter, in Mexico driving is still a kind of privilege -- a privilege which, rather than creating a sense of responsibility, too often generates a sense of wanton insolence arising from suddenly released inhibitions. People who in daily life are nobodies grow intoxicated with the sense of power that comes from unexpectedly finding themselves in the driver's seat. Kings of the road, they make their way imperiously down the avenues at breakneck speed, and may the devil take the unwary! Red lights are intended for all other drivers; intersections are free-for-alls where the most aggressive bull their way across first; pedestrians are fair game at any season, and to take one on the wing is more exhilarating than to score a goal on the soccer field. Where in Canada, the U.S., or any of the northern European countries an accident, a detour, or traffic jam is treated as an unfortunate occurrence with everyone waiting quietly and patiently in line until the issue is resolved, in Mexico the slightest interruption to traffic flow is the signal for an incessant crescendo of catcalls and horn-honking. A stalled motorist, rather than being an object of compassion, is a target for attack. As the traffic backs up, the chorus of honking swells and swells until the whole welkin reverberates; bombs could fall and no one would be the wiser.

Mufflers are looked upon as signs of effeminacy and horns as god-given instruments for the expression of repressed machismo. A car may have no brakes, no clutch, no window glass, no upholstery -- but it is certain to have a horn, and a radio, and both are certain to be in action at all times. As the Mexican drives, he keeps one hand on the steering wheel and the other on the horn; should he have one arm in a sling, he will work the horn with the elbow of the good arm or, if need be, with knee or foot or head. Honk he will, come hell or high water. Not only is it *his right* to startle and deafen anyone within range as he speeds along: it is also *his right* to stop in front of your home at any hour of the day or night and blast away on his horn for as long as he pleases. Unlucky you if you let out a single peep of protest! The next night he will return and blast away twice as long and twice as loud.

The crowning horror in this inferno of noise is the *carro de propaganda* -- the mechanized town crier. In the pre-newspaper, pre-radio, and pre-television era men with strong lungs and sonorous voices were the chosen instruments both for the dissemination of news and the peddling of wares. In Mexico

with an illiteracy rate of possibly 50% (no one really knows) these colorful figures survive. Newspapers themselves are hawked in the pre-dawn hours by boys running up and down streets singing out at the top of their voice. Wares and services of all kinds, from garlic-sellers to scissors-sharpeners, are peddled by *pregoneros*, just as in Europe in the Middle Ages. While these things are bearable -- picturesque even -- the infamous *carros de propaganda* are something else again. These "advertising cars" represent the ultimate step in violation of privacy. Equipped with loud speakers that can be turned up seemingly without limits, they roam up and down the streets at all hours touting vegetable produce, saints' relics, patent medicines, or anything else imaginable and salable. Sometimes a car will take its stand at a favorite corner and remain there an hour or so, its speaker blasting away, repeating the same stale spiel over and over. The noise is deafening, wherever you hide it will find you. It comes over the tapia, through the walls, through the roof, down the chimney. The windows shiver from its impact, the plates on the table dance, and the bones of your head vibrate in diabolical unison.

All this may be true, you will say, but what concern is it of ours? What right do we have to go poking into the Mexicans' affairs? Surely a people may be expected to do what it likes within the confines of its own borders!

Such is the sovereign-nation approach, formerly valid, now no longer so, but still stubbornly adhered to by all who do not realize how greatly our planet has shrunk within the last 30 years. It is the old, old issue of individual liberty versus social welfare -- modified by the fact that *social welfare* now means *species welfare*. Certainly in regard to acoustical and visual pollution the Mexicans may do as they please, for such pollution is highly localized and we remain unaffected by it, except as tourists; but in respect to biological and industrial pollution they have no right whatever to act unilaterally, however much they may protest to the contrary. Biological pollution can spread far beyond any nation's borders, affecting the health of people everywhere, a fact long recognized and now addressed by the World Health Organization; industrial pollution can do likewise. Hence we have a clear and perfectly legitimate right to look into the Mexican way of handling the planet's physical resources or the Chinese way or the German way or the way of any other country.

The great lesson facing humanity today is to learn that while the world may be politically multifarious, it is ecologically one and indivisible; that although discrete land masses may exist, each with its seemingly "natural" territorial rights, there is only one ocean, only one atmosphere, only one biosphere, and only one small planet: a frail green and blue globe with all things on it interwoven in an incredibly intricate pattern. Some nations have taken a few faltering steps in the direction of ecological wisdom, some are just preparing to take the first step, while others are not yet even aware of the problem. The nations that are ahead have every right to exhort and even coerce those that are behind. It is no longer an occasion for diplomatic niceties but a question of species survival. When you live on a Space Ship of finite size and finite resources, you have not only the right but the obligation to become your brother's keeper. Such is today's Categorical Imperative.

ETHNIC WAR

The media blitz against the right wing has not been limited to France (*Instauration*, Dec. 1980). The *New York Times* joined the fray with this quiet, restrained headline: KLAN RUMORED TRAINING FOR RACE WAR. A boiler in an Atlanta day school blew up, so the Salt Lake City *Deseret News* uncooled it with: BLAST NOT ACCIDENTAL, ATLANTA PAR-ENTS SAY. (Atlanta blacks booed black Mayor Maynard Jackson when he told them there was no evidence of foul play.) Bayard Rustin, in a speech to the Washington Hebrew Association, attributed the revival of the Ku Klux Klan to the new respectability given to the PLO. As blacks died in various cities -- thousands of blacks kill each other every year -- a national manhunt was organized against a white Mississippian named Joseph Franklin, whose cousin was killed by a black some months earlier.

The publicity accorded the deaths and disappearances of fifteen Negro children in Atlanta during the last fifteen months was accompanied by local TV stations showing Klan ceremonies with no remarks about the police's believing that a black homosexual was the criminal. Scare stories about the sniper killings in Utah of two Negroes jogging with white female teenagers left little space for a report about the new execution date set for the two blacks in Salt Lake City who tortured and killed three whites in a hold-up of a hi-fi store two years ago. For good measure, the Negroes drove a ballpoint pen through the ear of one of the two surviving whites.

Nor did the media devote much space to the rebuttal of Mayor James Griffin to lurid press accounts of murders of blacks in Buffalo. Griffin said only two of the murders occurred within the city limits and recalled that the press was much less interested when a black raped and murdered four white women a few years back. Since two of the deaths involved cutting out the hearts of the victims, District Attorney Edward Cosgrove said that no "self-respecting" Klansman "would have anything to do with this kind of activity." This statement, of course, provoked even wilder outcries from Negro organizations.

Moreover, the media tuned a deaf ear to a white eight-year-old who was shot to death in a Texas school bus by an Unassimilable Minority member, to three whites killed at a Los Angeles rock concert by dark-skinned assailants or to a bearded black man who in one afternoon in New York City knifed five white passersby, killing one. All of these crimes were committed at precisely the time the media were frantically calling on the FBI to solve the murders of blacks in Buffalo, Salt Lake City and Atlanta. As a matter of fact, when the media did mention the black-on-white crimes, the racial identification of the criminals was often omitted. Consequently, as America moves into the 1980s, we may expect to see only white murderers identified by race. Black murderers will be described as just plain people.

No doubt there is an incipient race war going on in the U.S. But the all-important (carefully unanswered) question is, Who is the aggressor? No real data are available, but based on the population of prison death rows, the number of white officers killed each year in the line of duty and the consistent gunning down of whites in fast food stores, gas stations and small retail establishments, it is almost certain that blacks are killing many more whites than vice versa.

The lash has been underplayed. Now that there are signs of a backlash, particularly against interracial couples, the media have removed all the stops. The result has been to put whites off their guard and blacks on theirs. Even murder is becoming a plaything of affirmative action.

Southern Theater. Everyone was surprised when six Southerners accused of killing five Communist Workers party members in Greensboro, North Carolina, were acquitted after a 22-week trial. Walter Cronkite had never informed his listeners that of the 39 shots fired about half came from the guns of the wealthy New Yorkers and their followers who had staged a "Death to the Klan" rally in a rundown black ghetto in order to get some publicity. One policeman testified that after wrestling a pistol out of the hands of Rand Manzella, one of the Reds, he found six spent shells in the chamber. Nor did Cronkite say anything about the government infiltrator who taught some of the defendants how to "get niggers" and then quietly disappeared after the shootout and was never brought to trial. (Note: We have not called the defendants Klansmen or Nazis because when minority criminals are arrested the media do not call them B'nai B'rithers, ADLers or black racists.)

The surviving Communist Workers (are medical doctors and their affluent wives workers?) refused to testify because they knew they would have to be cross-examined about their guns and their antiwhite racism and why they wanted to stir up class war in a Southern city instead of confining their messianic Marxism to more ethnically attuned areas such as Brooklyn and Long Guyland.

As the trial proceeded, it was obvious that the whole mess boiled down to a gun battle between rich interlopers who could talk better than they shoot and poor locals who could shoot better than they could talk. The bad marksmanship also showed up after the acquittal when one of the Reds or Red sympathizers tried to shoot a defendant in his car and missed by a country mile. A few weeks later the Southern Poverty Law Center sued the Klan for \$1 million, asking that it be prevented by court injunction from intimidating blacks. The lawyer for the blacks is Morris Dees, a McGovernite Zionist who once boasted he was going to destroy the American right. The case was assigned to U.W. Clemon, Alabama's first black federal judge, a recent Carter appointee. The Communist Worker

widows then joined the legal fray by suing the government and the defendants for \$12 million.

* * *

James Parsons, white superintendent of New Orleans police, was fired by Ernest Morial, the city's first black mayor, after cops killed four blacks in their search for the black murderer of a white policeman.

* * *

Practically no newspaper space was given to the trial in South Carolina of a young Negro named James Arthur Brown for murdering two elderly Mormon missionaries. Even Mormon papers in Utah were more interested in the alleged killing of the two Negro joggers in Salt Lake City by Joseph Franklin.

Eastern Theater. The media almost seemed to gloat over the murders of John Lennon in New York and Dr. Michael Halberstam, a prominent minority doctor, in Washington. Both murderers were white and their whiteness was widely heralded verbally, electronically and photographically. The murders also gave the mediacrats an excuse to step up their campaign against handguns. The marital miscegenation of both murderer and murdered -- both had Japanese wives -- was widely used to stir up more sympathy for Lennon and a tad of forgiveness for the Georgia-born peacenik, Mark Chapman. Surely, reasoned the press pundits, a man who married someone of a different race can't be all bad.

* * *

Two armed blacks stormed into a Catholic church in a poor section of Brooklyn and robbed 70 parishioners, most of them young Hispanics, of all their valuables while they were at prayer. *The New York Post* identified the robbers as black, perhaps because the entire congregation had noted the color of their skin.

* * *

Anti-Semitism isn't quite illegal in America -- yet. But it can prove rather costly. Joseph Marcus sued Bendix Corp. and his Bendix foreman for "malicious prosecution," by which he meant he had been subjected to anti-Semitic taunts. A judge threw out an assault charge brought against Marcus by his foreman. When Marcus countersued, a second judge awarded him \$24,000 and ordered him reinstated in his job. We must, however, be content with small favors. At least Marcus's foreman was not sent to jail, as critics of Jews have been in many European countries and in Israel.

* * *

Three young auto repairmen in Tenafly, New Jersey, were caught soaping swastikas on cars. After fining them \$100, a

judge ordered them to reappear some weeks later to answer questions on three books: *Jews, God and History* by Max Dimont; *The War Against the Jews -- 1933-45* by Lucy Dawidowicz; and *The Diary of Anne Frank*. Since (1) preaches Jewish racial superiority, (2) is yet another tract on the Holocaust and (3) has been proven a forgery, the judge's required reading list is hardly edifying. For balance he might have suggested Arthur Butz's *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*.

A somewhat similar sentence was handed out to a teenager in Syracuse, New York, who had painted a swastika on a nearby house. He was ordered to attend an art exhibit of concentration camp survivors, see an anti-Nazi hate movie, "Night and Fog," and compose a 500-word essay on his reactions. This is a novel way for artists and film makers to get favorable reviews.

* * *

Two white 17-year-olds in Long Island confessed to burning a cross on the lawn of a retired black postman. Their sentence:

\$100 fine each
Three years' probation
Make three public speeches against racism
A year's labor at the order of the postman

The last penalty could be interpreted as peonage, which itself is a crime. In addition, the youths must face federal charges.

Western Theater. The race of the two gunmen who robbed and shot Sarai Ribicoff outside a French restaurant in a seedy, sandy Los Angeles suburb was not revealed -- a tip that the assailants had to be Hispanics or blacks. Sarai was the daughter of Irving Ribicoff, a millionaire Hartford lawyer, and the niece of Abraham Ribicoff, who recently retired from the Senate. Ribicoff was a leading senatorial advocate of civil rights, the extension of which has marched *pari passu* with the black crime rate. In 1978 Abe's wife lost a niece, Gail Rubin, in Israel when she was caught in the crossfire of Israeli troops and Palestinian freedom fighters. Senator Ribicoff was a leading apologist for Zionism, which over the course of years has been responsible for killing 100,000 Palestinians and dispossessing 2 million more.

Those who live by the sword don't always die by the sword. But some of their relations do.

* * *

Another one-day, underplayed, "de-blackened" news story concerned Priscilla Ford, who drove her car at high speed into a crowd of whites along the main street of Reno, Nevada, killing five and injuring 27. The police report did not identify her race, but the evening TV news showed her dark, glowering, Congoid face as she was booked into jail.

* * *

Two blacks killed a white female secret service agent with her own shotgun while she was staking out a counterfeiting operation near the Los Angeles International Airport. It was her first assignment.

* * *

Two high school honor students, Diana Montenegro and Stephen Zwickert, both fitting the category of "ethnics" (whites who get the brunt of black violence), were killed by Negro teenagers for no good reason -- a dirty look, an insult, a scuffle. Diana was stabbed to death. A bullet finished off Stephen, who was due to attend the University of Southern California on a scholarship this year.

* * *

While whites were biting the dust in press silence across the nation, including one white jogger killed by a black in New York, media attention focused almost entirely on Joseph Franklin, accused of killing two Negro joggers in Salt Lake. Franklin was duly tried in the headlines and found guilty of carrying on a one-man war against blacks in several cities. It was noted by the media that he did not drink coffee, take drugs or consume alcohol -- just like Hitler -- and had read parts of *Mein Kampf* one hundred times. The *New York Times* was especially pleased to report he had a German mother. One press story said "a blond man" was responsible for letting Franklin escape from a Kentucky jail. Franklin's Nazi past was thoroughly explored in interviews with his ex-wife, and taped phone conversations were leaked to the press in which he allegedly admitted his guilt. Publicly, however, Franklin insisted he was innocent, though he did admit his arrest record was as long as his arm.

Franklin was held in an integrated Salt Lake City jail, where his bail was set at \$1 million on a civil rights charge that accused him of "interfering with the right of Theodore Tracy Fields [one of the dead joggers] to use a public park by firing a rifle at Fields, resulting in his death." Civil rights charges are modern versions of double jeopardy, which was supposedly

outlawed by the Fifth Amendment. Interestingly, civil rights charges are only used by the Feds against whites. When a black murder gang did away with 270 whites in the California Zebra killings in 1973, neither the Department of Justice nor the FBI talked about civil rights or showed the slightest interest in the ongoing massacre. Those who think the 270 figure is a typical "right-wing" exaggeration will please turn to page 34 of *Zebra* by Clark Howard (Richard Marek Publishers, New York, 1979).

* * *

In San Bernardino, California, the press was in an uproar last summer. A black had been shot by a white. The former survived to the accompaniment of breast-beating mea culpas from the local white press lord and various public figures. Then, in November, when two blacks tortured and murdered a white real estate agent, the newspapers did not mention the race of the assailants, nor that of the victim, who was kidnapped in his van. A black female "acquaintance" of the Negro murderers explained that the victim was "tied up like a hog" after his abductors robbed him of \$8.00. He was then told to hand over more money or he would be killed. "Honest, honest, I ain't got no more money," he cried. The blacks then drove off with him, stopping en route to sell a cassette player they found in his van to a greedy San Bernardino homeowner. Then, while they parked outside a fast-food establishment and their female companion went in to get some sandwiches, they murdered their trussed-up passenger. When the girl returned, they explained their deed by saying, "It's just one less white man living." This delayed testimony was the first inkling that San Bernardino had a racial murder on its hands.

Caribbean Theater. In the midst of all the media hoopla about a nationwide wave of terror against blacks, whites in St. Croix, the Virgin Islands, were begging Washington to protect them from the "systematic terrorizing of the white community" by local Negroes. The Navy sent some extra men to guard the local naval base, but nothing was done to give added protection to the white civilians.

NEW AND OLD GUARDS

Enthusiastic about the Republican sweep? Last year these senators voted against an amendment to a bill that would prevent the Justice Department from using federal funds to enforce busing: Boschwitz, Chafee, Cohen, Durenberger, Hatfield, Heinz, Javits, Packwood, Pressler, Stafford, Stevens and Weicker. They all happen to be 14-carat Republicans, many of them scarcely to be distinguished from McGovern and Church except they are still in the Senate. Only Javits didn't make it back. Also, let the overoptimistic not forget that Henry Jackson, the senator from Tel Aviv, Richard Stone, the ex-senator from Haifa, and supertruckler Edward Bennett Wil-

liams were all named to Reagan's Foreign Policy Advisory Committee.

* * *

The Carters, who get a million dollars for moving expenses, left the White House in the cloud of ignominy that any half-truckler, half-proditor deserves. The Iron Magnolia, a little pitted and wilted, is sure the now loose-ended Tooth will go down in history "as a great president." He may indeed. But if he does, it will not be in American history, but in history books

written in Chicano Spanish or Swahili. Not to make too fine a point about it, it is our fervent hope that after Carter and his renegadish crew are resettled in the South, they will be treated like Benedict Arnold would have been if he had returned to America after the Revolution.

* * *

The presidential campaign's saddest event was the broadcast of a one-minute radio spot by George Wallace in support of Carter, after, as an *Atlanta Journal* reporter put it, "Carter's performance in the debate convinced him that he should back the President." Poor old George must have grown blind and deaf if he gave Carter the victory in the question-and-answer press conference that the media so grandiloquently called a presidential debate. Poor old George, so intent on seeking respectability, peace and quiet in his autumn years! Who would have thought he would go out as a New Southerner?

* * *

In one way we are almost sorry Reagan won. In the next four years the media treatment of the White House is going to be one long, loud, interminable smear. In fact, the electronic hyenas couldn't even wait until Reagan took the oath of office. First it was the canard about Nancy Reagan wanting the Carters to move out ahead of time. It's quite true an awful lot of clean-up would be required after the departure of the white-trashy Carters, their offspring and their in-laws. But certainly Nancy didn't want to push them out. Next came harsh criticism of the transition team for interfering with Carter's appeasement of Castro's hit teams in Central America. Then, sharp words for Reagan because he didn't have his entire cabinet line-up all set a few weeks before the election. Finally, came the attack on various cabinet officers because they were all or mostly white and a vast yowling about Haig. He smelled, said Cronkite, Chancellor, Reynolds and Company, too much of Watergate. Haig's old boss, Kissinger, smelled to high heaven of Watergate, but nobody seemed to care about Henry's odor. Somehow or other he is exempt from media barbs about Watergate. Wonder why?

Watch out, whinnied the liberals, the ACLU, the Hispanics and the blacks, watch out! Dark clouds of fascism are forming over Pennsylvania Avenue. Designed to fill up depleted treasuries of various radical and ultraleft organizations, the scare ads and editorials worked well. Nothing raises more money than fear. Concurrently, these same organizations swear they are not about to lose their "gains," as they call the minority racist programs that operate under the name of affirmative action. The lib-mins didn't have the votes, but they still have the media and the courts -- and they won't hesitate to turn the country upside down if Reagan should make any serious attempt to carry out his mandate.

* * *

The Libertarian party raked in 880,000 votes; Barry Com-
moner's Citizen's party, 220,000. No official results in yet for

the American party, the American Independent party or that monstrosity of monstrosities, Lyndon LaRouche's semi-Muscovite, semi-anti-Semitic U.S. Labor party. Big Labor backed 200 winners and 132 losers in the House; 11 winners and 19 losers in the Senate.

* * *

Steve Symms, who blew Church out of the Senate, read in the Gannett-owned Boise (Idaho) newspaper the Sunday before the election that he was nine points behind the incumbent in the polls. Symms won by 4,000 votes.

* * *

Not much news about vote fraud after the election, although according to the *Wall Street Journal*, many New York City Democrats "registered two, three or four times." In the understatement of the year, Big Apple election officials conceded there might have been some multiple voting.

* * *

William Fine, a cosmetics magnate, Jack Wrather, a Hollywood mogul, Besty Bloomingdale, wife of the Diner's Club Zionist, the Frank Sinatras (Barbara Marx) and a social flit-about named Deutsch are ecstatic about the Republican landslide. They, reported the *New York Times*, are members of the intimate Bonnie Ronnie set and promise to put the zing in the White House that has been missing since JFK had his upper-story assignations with his Mafia moll.

* * *

Jerome Zipkin -- that's right, Jerome Zipkin -- is also very close to the new First Family -- so close we are informed that he was with them on election night. As for haute couture, Adolfo does Nancy's clothes. Monsieur Marc, her New York hairdresser, gave her a shampoo and set when she borrowed a federal jet to fly to New York during her November visit to Washington. David Jones, an Angelino of questionable sex, is her florist.

* * *

Five important space exploration bills were brought before the last two Congresses. These congressmen voted against at least four of them:

J. Burton (D-Calif.); Dellums (D-Calif.); Stark (D-Calif.); Larry McDonald (D-Ga.); Russo (D-Ill.); Yates (D-Ill.); Evans (D-Ind.); Jacobs (D-Ind.); Bedell (D-Ia.); Studts (D-Mass.); Brodhead (D-Mich.); Vento (D-Minn.); Nolan (D-Minn.); Fenwick (D-R.I.); Maguire (R-N.J.); Holtzman (D-N.Y.); Weiss (D-N.Y.); Ottinger (D-N.Y.); Seiberling (D-Ohio); Kostmayer (D-Pa.); Kastenmeier (D-Wis.); Obey (D-Wis.); Reuss (D-Wis.).

All the above House members were reelected in November except Maguire, Kostmayer and Holtzman. McDonald is the

pride and joy of the John Birch Society. Seiberling and Fenwick are Grade A Gracchites.

Only one other interplanetary mission is in the works at NASA -- an orbiter and probe of Jupiter scheduled for the late 1980s. One writer, Michael Thacher, calls our space exploration "America's Parthenon" and added it is now crumbling to earth. Except for the Jupiter shot about all we have left is the space shuttle -- now two years behind schedule.

* * *

John LeBoutillier, a 27-year-old Harvard WASP, who hates Harvard so much he wrote a book against his alma mater, ran against House member Lester Wolff, a pillar of the liberal-Zionist establishment and a former television producer. Against all odds, LeBoutillier turned Wolff out to his TV pastures.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE THIRD REICH

There are surprising similarities between the support of Arianism -- a weakened form of Christianity -- by certain Roman emperors and the attempt by Adolf Hitler early in his political career to promote something called Positive Christianity. Hitler was actually a complete cynic in his attitude toward Christianity and the Christian dogmas concerning life after death. Der Führer thought that immortality came only through cultural or political achievement, historical memory and the continuum of race. Raised as a Catholic, he did have some regard for Roman Catholic organizational methods, international connections and esthetic religious ceremonies. But he took a dim view of Protestantism, although he retained a certain cynical appreciation for the political uses to which the British government put the Church of England.

Nazi leaders knew they could not take over the Roman Catholic church in Germany because of its octopean international ties. However, they did hope to control German Protestantism with its 40 million members. The first step was to get the Faith Movement of German Christians -- called German Christians for short -- under the wing of the Nazi party. Joseph Goebbels, who was even more cynical about Christianity than Hitler, was a leading promoter of this strategy.

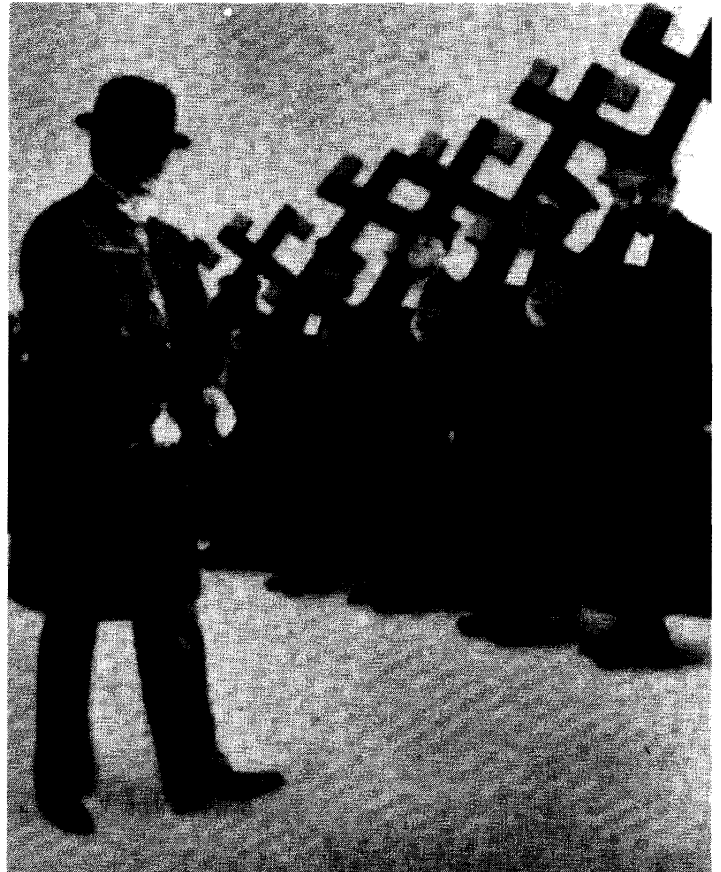
Until 1932 the titular head of the German Christians was an obscure school teacher named Wilm. The movement then came under the leadership of 33-year-old Pastor Joachim Hossenfelder, who was born in Silesia and in the aftermath of World War I had been a member of one of the Freikorps, a voluntary militia defending the remnants of the Reich against its internal and external enemies, Red or otherwise.

Although the Nazi government hoped to puppetize the German Christians, many of the people who joined the denomination were sincere Christians. They were tired of a moribund Protestantism, symbolized by an overly academic clergy with little or no rapport with the laity. Such men often preached abstruse sermons to a handful of worshippers in vast churches maintained by state-collected church taxes. These taxes also paid the salaries of the pastors and ministers.

Quite aware that neo-pagan cults, communism and even social democracy were offering their followers more drama and action, some Protestants saw the German Christian movement as a solution to the crisis of belief. Outstanding Lutheran theologians like Emanuel Hirsch, Ernst Gustav Georg Wobermerin and Friedrich Gogarten joined up at the outset.

The German Christians slowly split into a conservative and a radical wing. The former adhered closely to traditional Christian doctrine as affirmed and reaffirmed during the Reformation. The conservative German Christians, however, did add one innovation -- a "theology of order." The view of the state, nation and race as orders of creation, which had long held an important place in German Lutheran theology, was overshadowed by ideas of militarism and racism. When this trend became clear, most Lutheran theologians pulled out of the German Christian Church, but not fast enough to save their reputations.

The radical wing of the German Christians saw Jesus as an Aryan instead of a Jew and believed that the Old Testament should be abandoned. In some cases doctrines and practice of neo-pagan cults filled in the void.



Anti-Nazi photomontage of Bishop Müller

Many German Protestants longed for a unified church instead of the twenty-eight independent provincial synods that existed in 1933. Since the government already collected church taxes, it did not seem out of order to many German Protestants (as it would to most American Protestants) for the national government, now a Nazi government, to sponsor an election for a national bishop to head a unification movement.

The majority of votes in the September 1933 election of a national bishop went to Pastor Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, who had established a reputation for caring for the homeless, jobless, epileptics and refugees. The German Christian candidate was a 50-year-old staunch nationalist named Ludwig Müller, a former naval chaplain. Although Pastor von Bodelschwingh won the election, the Nazis gave the post to Pastor Müller, who was consecrated at a service held in the immense Protestant cathedral in Berlin in October 1934. It was here that Bishop Müller presided over the wedding of Hermann Göring, and later baptized the Reich Marshal's daughter. Some people think these events constituted the highlights of the national bishop's curious career.

Although Müller was clearly in the conservative wing of the German Christian movement and condemned the radicals, his high-handed and dictatorial efforts to unify German Protestants led to a schism in which some Lutheran and Reformed (Calvinist) believers split off from the German Evangelical Church to form the Confessing Church, which took its name

from the "Confessions" or doctrines of Reformation times. The Confessing Church included among its leaders Karl Barth, the former Swiss theologian, Martin Niemöller, the equally famous World War I submarine commander, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer who headed the Confessing Church seminary and was later hanged for his involvement in the 1944 plot to assassinate Hitler. The Confessing Church was vigorously persecuted by the Nazis and eventually became the nucleus of the Evangelical Church, which was formed after the war.

Bishop Müller, who had never been subservient enough to suit the Nazis, had been virtually superseded by Hans Kerrl, appointed Minister for Church Affairs in 1935. Refusing to resign his post, Müller was left by the authorities to "rot away in full regalia," as his fate was cynically described. Despite the fall of their national bishop, the German Christians dominated more than half of the provincial synods during World War II. After the war, the more extreme German Christians disappeared from public view, while others seceded from the established churches to join in a free church.

Today the postwar Evangelical Church in Germany represents almost as moribund a form of Protestantism as that which existed in pre-Nazi Germany. Only about 5 percent of West Germany's Protestants attend church services with any degree of regularity. Less than 10 percent of West Germans between the ages of 18 and 24, according to a recent poll, stated that religion had any importance to them.

Faustian Dilemma

An Instaurionist cautions us about our nuclear arms tilt.

Instaurion has identified and strongly opposed threats to the survival of the Nordic genotype. Unfortunately, it has not recognized that the release of ionizing radiation into the environment, which will inevitably accompany widespread use of nuclear power, can disrupt genotypes and interfere with the survival of all biological organisms including Nordics, just as surely as miscegenation.

Nuclear power might work fairly safely for a long time if it were always operated by perfect people. With affirmative action, however, we know that will not be so in the United States.

It was pointed out long ago by Madison Grant that Faustians carry the seeds of their own destruction. The crowded, highly organized and technologically convenient modern world, the product of the Nordic's state-building and mechanical inventiveness, may not be the world in which he feels psychologically most at home. Demographically it is certainly not an environment in which he reproduces well relative to other races like the Orientals. Madison Grant convincingly demonstrated that this was the cause of the rise and fall of empires -- em-

pires that would always be replaced from Nordic hearths which were beyond the Faustian state-building reach of the last Nordic imperium.

Unfortunately for the Nordic there are no hearths untouched by the latest global product of his Faustian urges. The Nordic has all the characteristics of what are known in ecology (the scientific discipline, not the quasi-political movement) as pioneer or early successional organisms, i.e. ones that create a favorable environment for other organisms which then proceed to crowd out the pioneers. As long as new environments are constantly created, pioneer organisms can continue to flourish. When their creation ceases, the pioneers die out.

If Nordics collectively came to understand some rather simple things about the ecological interactions between their natures and their environments, they undoubtedly would still have the power to create the constantly open environments which they need to survive. That enough will develop such a sophisticated insight about themselves in time to make a difference seems unlikely since most neither know nor care what they are. The many Nordics at anti-nuclear and ecology rallies who want to turn back the clock to a simpler time may be uttering a cry for help and survival that is the

more poignant because it gives voice to needs they little understand themselves at any conscious level.



Faust by Eugène Delacroix