Instauration

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JIMMY CARTER AND THE BLACK BOSS
The cover editorial supporting Britain against Argentina on racial grounds is open to question. According to the 1982 World Almanac, Argentina is 97% Southern European and Britain is 98% Northern European. Are Majority members such purists that only the northerners count?

554

On the whole the current world situation, particularly the obnoxious U.S.-Israeli connection in Lebanon, seems to offer a great opportunity for publications aimed at the segment of the public which is increasingly distrustful of the Establishment Press. Menahem Begin may be a blessing in disguise.

Doublets, a certain degree of pro-Israeli sentiment will continue to exist among the general population for a long time, since America has been "holocausted" by an intensive and continuous propaganda barrage extolling the "sufferings of the six million." Under this bombardment by the intellectual artillery of the Establishment Media, hardly anyone can attain to the inward detachment of a clear view of the entire monstrous drama evolving around the Zionist state. However, the contradictions between the idealized and sanitized image of the Jews presented in the media and the utter ruthlessness of real-life Zionists, personified by Begin, are not passing without notice.

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Though we tend to idealize the Nordic branch of our white family for having the desirable traits we hope to pass on to our posterity, let's not give short shrift to our Baltic and Celtic brothers. Our blood is so diluted that precious few of us are truly Nordic. A belittling name for all our people is Northfolk.

015

The recession is pretty bad everywhere we've been. If it continues, with its ever-increasing wave effect, we may just see that collapse yet. And, naturally, it will catch us entirely unorganized and unable to use it as an opportunity.

A touring subscriber

621

Having believed for my entire adult life that Jews were more objective, more capable of detachment than ourselves and better suited to science and history, I have discovered that they are really the worst bigots, liars and hypocrites on earth -- knee-jerk censors, habitual prevaricators and schemers.

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I remember reading some time ago in Instauration that it saw a certain beneficial effect in the continuing financial mess. It may force white Americans suddenly face reality and consider their own interests before those of the brown masses. Well, the same is true in Europe; in both Britain and Germany the clamor for the removal of alien race immigrants increases as the unemployment rate goes up.

German subscriber

021

Guess what I just saw. A young black woman was seated on the railing in front of the corner grocery store with her black friends. Suddenly she pulled a big, thick wid of bubble gum from her mouth and threw it onto the hot pavement in the midst of strolling white shoppers. Everyone saw it, and, of course, no one (myself included) said a word. We added the incident to the lists of petty and not-so-petty racial resentments we carry bottled up inside. Take the way that many black women and children manhandle fresh fruit and other groceries. It adds to everyone's bills. Plenty of whites see it, though few ever protest. Why expose yourself to the Evil Eye or the Wicked Tongue when it won't do a bit of good -- indeed, will make us squeeze the fruit all the harder next time?

223

I once knew a personable young man who was disconsolate because he "couldn't boogie." He lived in a working-class area where many blacks had moved in and established social dominance. He pointed out, "They don't like you if you can't boogie." This actually made him feel inferior. I wish he was an isolated case, but there are millions like him who have partly adopted the black value system and have no "fortress," no "deliverer," no "shield," no "stronghold," no "wisdom" and "niceness" lurk behind a form so grotesque, then a baby from Calcutta or Colombia has got to be just super.

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In the 1930s all America was goo-goo over a truly adorable 3-footer who represented the aspirations of parents everywhere. In the 1980s all America is goo-goo over a truly hideous 3-footer who represents the latest inversion of values planned in Hollywood. From Shirley Temple to E.T. in less than 50 years! How far we have come! Shirley is said to have bucked up the low Depression birthrate considerably -- people thought they might produce such an angel. E.T., on the other hand, should bolster the cause of interracial adoption. After all, if so much "wisdom" and "niceness" lurk behind a form so grotesque, then a baby from Calcutta or Colombia has got to be just super.

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I was rather taken aback by Zip 208’s description of Instaurationists as “Rearrangiers of deck chairs on the Titanic.” If true, let’s approach the task in the manner of Japanese Samurai—with the utmost confidence that even the most crass of acts can be imbued with beauty and meaning if accomplished in the proper spirit.

I find it exhilarating that a publication during these times has the guts and wherewithal to doggedly stick to a philosophy which has been so brutally repressed. There are so many of us who would gladly join your ranks and shout to the heavens the deceptions and decay being injected into our civilization by the lower races, but who for obvious reasons can only observe with sorrow and write anonymous letters.

I am only 30 years old, and I feel cut off from my own generation, a generation so incredibly duped and steeped in hedonism that it seems preposterous to imagine any regeneration of our race coming from this quarter. As I look to my future, my career, my family-to-be, I often wonder what kind of father I will be. What will I tell my children about the world they are entering? What kind of advice will I give them? I find myself becoming more and more cynical about world affairs, less involved in community affairs, uncertain about so-called “patriotic obligations.” It is with a great yearning in my heart that I am compelled to turn away from these aspirations. Our race has excelled in these attributes, and I feel a great sadness because of their absence in my life. Your struggle, your magazine, your books, your reassuring voice somewhere out there in the darkness means more to me than words can express. The Gods be with you.

The racial treachery of Roy V. Harris (June 1982) is proof to me that whites as a group still let their emotions overrule their intelligence. We also let custom overrule our intelligence and our language. For instance, conservatives continually refer to the enemy as “gentlemen.” When men are bent on destroying our heritage and culture, including our codes of honor, truth, ethics and virtue, they are enemies and should be so designated. Also, a politician is not necessarily a “statesman.” A statesman is a wise leader. By the way, I quit the Citizens Council when it supported an “integrated society.” It does not embrace segregation and/or repatriation.

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Six weeks on safari and I’m doing quite well. We had a great time in the game parks of Kenya and Tanzania, also went through Rwanda. No problems with the military so far. In Zaire, three of us got sick, took a ferry down the Congo. Fellow passengers included monkeys, pigs, chickens and goats. The second day we got stuck on a sand bar, so we boarded a dugout canoe which took us to Bumbal, a large town nearby. From there we spent a week hitchhiking through the jungle. I’m lucky to be alive considering the state of the roads and the condition of the trucks. Incroyable! When I return home I must sit down and write about it.

I am only 30 years old, and I feel cut off from my own generation, a generation so incredibly duped and steeped in hedonism that it seems preposterous to imagine any regeneration of our race coming from this quarter. As I look to my future, my career, my family-to-be, I often wonder what kind of father I will be. What will I tell my children about the world they are entering? What kind of advice will I give them? I find myself becoming more and more cynical about world affairs, less involved in community affairs, uncertain about so-called “patriotic obligations.” It is with a great yearning in my heart that I am compelled to turn away from these aspirations. Our race has excelled in these attributes, and I feel a great sadness because of their absence in my life. Your struggle, your magazine, your books, your reassuring voice somewhere out there in the darkness means more to me than words can express. The Gods be with you.

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I plan to purchase two video recorders to facilitate the editing of TV, cable and videotape offerings (e.g., such movies as Grease, Woodstock and Portnoy's Complaint). Since one of the recorders will be portable, I will be able to record anything not readily available from existing sources (e.g., shots of Hassidic life in New York's Diamond Center, graffiti-decorated subway cars). A total investment of approximately $2,000 will allow me to edit the results of millions of dollars worth of the culture distorters' output. I would suggest to all Instaurationists to try their hand at film-making and editing. The ability to dub in one's own voice over the teleprompted newscaster's contrived and superficial monologue can turn TV news into genuine information. Also, the availability of satellite broadcast time at approximately $200 an hour in certain areas opens up a whole new range of endeavor for the alert and versatile Majority activist. Once a video presentation is completed, several copies can be easily and inexpensively duplicated for distribution to close friends and friendly organizations. So long as these are distributed freely, for donations and not for profit, I do not believe that copyrights would be violated. In any case, given the current widespread duplication of popular films, once ten or twenty copies are passed out, it is likely, given the quality of the production, that a chain-letter effect may result. Futurist guru Alvin Toffler and media critic Sally Bedell are among those who sense an approaching twilight of the media monopoly. As Ms. Bedell perceptively observes in the introduction to her recently published Up the Tube: Prime Time in the Silverman Years:

"The decade just ended may well mark the finale of television as we have known it, an industry dominated by three corporate mastodons, geared to the mass market. Crowding the horizon are new creatures--video assets, videodiscs, pay television, satellites, a growing public television system, ad-hoc networks, superstations.

For the first time since television entered our homes, the territory monopolized by the three networks is in danger of shrinking. The question now is whether the interlopers, if successful, will transform the wasteland into a forest of genuinely diverse vegetation or litter it with more of today's trash."

How many WASP males in the Movement have children? Very few. Apparently they are too dedicated to activism to have time for child-rearing. Also, they fear children would suffer persecution on account of their father's (or mother's) political views. It is a WASP standard that children should be reared in the best possible circumstances -- not persecuted by the Zionist machine or living on the run out of a suitcase. The best of the WASP genetic dynamics is being wasted. Therefore I suggest the establishment of an Instauration sperm bank.

People agree to kill hundreds, tens of thousands, millions of other humans in war -- and their religions approve and bless these acts. Yet these same people demand the right to tell a woman she cannot kill a life that she alone must bear and perhaps die because she does. If our society passes a law forcing a woman to bear to term every conception to save the life of the fetus, then that society should also pass laws prohibiting a pregnant woman from smoking, using narcotics and drinking booze.

I occasionally amuse myself by looking up the past of prominent conservatives or Reaganites. George F. Will, the columnist who has a holiday in his heart every time an Israeli phosphorous bomb blasts a Lebanese hospital, was an ardent Kennedy booster in 1960. The man most responsible for his "thinking" was Leo Strauss, a refugee political scientist who hung out at the University of Chicago. U.N. Ambassador Jeanne Kirkpatrick, Reagan's favorite female diplomat, was a backer of Henry Jackson for the presidency in 1976 and then switched to Hubert Humphrey. Her mentor was Charles Frankel, a prominent Vietnam peace activist, civil rights activist and Columbia University egghead, who was murdered by Negro robbers in 1978.

Your Yousoopoff article (July 1982) returned me to a long-forgotten world. Not only have I known Prince Felix and played bridge with his wife, but I was also intimate with his mother. Moreover, I attended the wedding of his only daughter in Paris at the Russian Orthodox cathedral when she married Count Nicolai Sheremeteff. She is now, I believe, living in Athens. These days I frequently feel like the PLO, being the first victim of the same people who destroyed my former homeland. It must not be forgotten that the city of Ekaterinburg is still called Sverdlovsk (Yankel Sverdlov). Curiously, the actual murderer of the Emperor was another Yankel (Yourovski). Neither should we forget that the apparatchiks of today still include many Jews. However, I also much blame the ancien regime for having given up so easily. St. Petersburg was unquestionably rotten to the core, and those who could have eliminated the "100,000" were at the front fighting World War I.

As I have said many times, poverty has America by the neck, but our plenty is choking it.

For once I totally disagree with you, namely with the (last minute?) front page editorial on the Falklands issue. I too wish for Nordic/European/Germanic unity. But if at this stage of history we root for the governments of Britain, France, West Germany, Italy and what not, then we also root way too much for the very people who are the "cablepullers" behind all these governments, and you and I both know who they are.
BRAVE NEW BABY

This article is dedicated to Doron William Blake, who was born August 24, 1982 -- the day it was written.

Afton Blake, 40 and unmarried, was once a gifted child. Attractive, with an IQ of 150, she was encouraged to develop herself rather than her race. The result was a Ph.D., a successful practice in clinical psychology, two fine houses overlooking the Pasadena Hills, a hobby (since age 15) of breeding dogs, mainly salukis -- and childlessness.

As Afton’s last years of potential motherhood slipped away, she contacted several conventional sperm banks. She rejected them because they told her so little about the man who would father her child. Then she heard about Dr. Robert Graham’s Repository for Germinal Choice (P.O. Box 2876, Escondido, CA 92025). It keeps detailed records of about 30 sperm donors (so far), who happen to be some of the most brilliant men alive. It is the first sperm bank to give mothers something like the same freedom of choice in picking out a baby that they demand when choosing the baby’s toys and bedclothes.

Afton Blake, a distant relative of the artist and poet for whom her son is partly named (Doron is Greek for “gift”), knows a great deal about his father. According to Marjorie Wallace of the London Times:

[He is a tall, charismatic, Nordic blond; in his mid-twenties and an assistant professor at a major university . . . . His hobbies include sailing, skiing and hiking and he has won prizes for piano playing . . . . He does, alas, have some defects -- impacted wisdom teeth and slight haemorrhoids -- but his health is excellent and he was voted the best-looking man in his department.

Bravo! Let’s declare Doron William’s birthdate National Eugenics Day.

As of early July, more than 100 women had requested insemination with Dr. Graham’s high-destined sperm. In June new applicants were running at about 20 a week. Alas, nearly half had to be turned away, most often for having passed the age limit of 42.

Afton Blake’s marvelous Donor Number 28 is a recent addition to the Repository. Her initial choice was a Nobel Prize winner, but his sperm count proved too low for fertilization. Then she tried a certain Jewish professor: “I inseminated myself but afterwards I thought of him being dark with thick glasses -- I wear glasses and they have been a pain all my life -- and I was glad I had an early miscarriage.” Then Donor 28 came along, to Blake’s delight:

Of course everyone in the bank is highly intelligent but, as I went on, looks became more important to me. I surprised myself. I wanted someone healthy, blond -- and with perfect vision.

The most popular donor is a young German: “He’s a well-known athlete,” says Graham, “remarkably handsome and an international businessman. I heard about him and approached him . . . . Up to now he has fathered three of the eight pregnancies.”

Potential mothers learn practically everything about donors except their names. For example, an outstanding young mathematician with good musical and athletic abilities suffers from embedded third molars and -8 dioptries myopia. Furthermore, one grandmother, age 79, “may be developing a cataract.” The conscientious Graham has calculated that the man’s children run a 30% risk of developing myopia, a 40% risk of impacted wisdom teeth, and possibly a 10% risk of cataracts at age 80.

Farsightedness comes naturally to Graham, who, as a boy in a small Michigan town, began to wonder why the leading citizens, and the most creative ones, generally had one or no children. This early impression became a conviction as he rose in the world and traveled. Graham did not let developing the first hard plastic spectacle lenses and other contributions keep him from fathering eight children. The idea of a sperm bank for geniuses came from Hermann J. Muller, a Nobel Prize-winning geneticist who died in 1967. Graham’s book, The Future of Man, developed some of his and Muller’s ideas.

The only point at which Graham’s conscientiousness failed him was when he allowed a convicted felon, Joyce Kowalski of Phoenix, to become his project’s first mother. Joyce and her husband Jack promised to remain anonymous, but then sold an exclusive interview to the sensationalist National Enquirer for $20,000. That wasn’t too terrible -- until Joyce’s first husband, Eric Naunapper of Illinois, got word of it. He immediately ran to the Chicago Tribune with horror stories about Joyce Kowalski’s past (all of them new to Graham, of course). Apparently, when she and Jack gained custody of the Naunapper children, they began whipping
them several times a week for not behaving like geniuses. Son Eric was once forced to go to school in pajamas and slippers wearing a sign saying he was a bed-wetter. Daughter Donna was made to wear a sign on her forehead reading "Dummy." Luckily, Naunapper was able to get his children back.

Needless to say, the news media exploded with self-righteousness upon learning that America's first eugenically conceived baby had been born to a pair of sickos who could be expected to revert to disgusting form if their infant grew up to be less than a Leonardo. Columnist George F. Will, who rarely misses a chance to inject tales of his own handicapped son's latest endearing antics into his blasts against abortion, almost exploded with pent-up resentments. "This Bank Deserves to Fail," his headline harrumphed. Line after line dripped with sarcasm:

The altruistic geniuses who have taken upon themselves the task of planning a more genetically rational human race are off to a rocky start. The founders of a "sperm bank" for smarties want to take some surprises out of life by planning procreation. But -- surprise! -- the first baby born with that bank's help was born to, it turns out, a mother who, like her current husband, served a prison term for fraud and lost custody of two children by a previous marriage after allegations of child abuse.

But -- surprise, George! -- eugenics (the advancement of man by environmental rather than genetic means) has had millions of opportunities to prove itself, and has failed in the most unexpected ways.

As a letter-writer once told the late Washington Star:

There are almost 150 sovereign nations on our planet, and every last one of them currently puts 100% of its social resources into eugenics and 0% into eugenicists.

In China not so long ago, they proposed "letting 100 flowers bloom." By this they meant that they were prepared to try more ways of helping the people rather than strictly adhering to one party line. The West applauded this apparent manifestation of broad-mindedness.

Why are some people so condemnatory when a small group of private individuals tries the eugenic alternative on a tiny scale? Is it the possibility of success which scares them the most?

Here is some more of George Will's latest condemnation:

I hope she [the Kowalski baby] grows up into a reader of the National Enquirer, thereby mocking the premise of eugenics.

The sperm bank claims to limit its donors to persons of high IQ, although having anything to do with it is evidence of terminal dullness . . .

The bank is called The Repository for Germinal Choice, "choice" being the weasel word preferred today by persons unwilling to speak plainly about what they are promoting. This bank is another crackpot project that ignores the fact that it is populations, not family trees, that evolve -- and languidly at that.

We are far from a capacity to fabricate man and may, I pray, remain so . . .

Those who believe that man is necessarily enhanced by enlarging his dominion -- those who agree with Professor Joseph Fletcher that "the more rational, contrived and deliberate anything is, the more human it is" -- should be asked this question: anything?

The destruction of European Jewry was a marvel of deliberation and contrivance. As Father Richard McCormick says, sin is by definition deliberate choice, but the wrong choice . . .

The grossness of the mentality behind the sperm bank can be gauged not only from the fact that the bankers think intelligence can be replicated like Fig Newtons, but also from the fact that the qualities that make life livable -- such as compassion, courage, magnanimity -- do not seem to figure in the bankers' scheme of things. Probably not even the sperm bankers are dim enough to think those qualities can be genetically packaged. In any case, what the world needs more than a biology of intelligence is a sociology of virtue.

It should be obvious from the preceding that Will has read a lot more theology (of many kinds) than biology. Even pop biologist Stephen Jay Gould, no friend of eugenics -- except, in all likelihood, for Jews -- has recognized that it is indeed small groups like families and subraces that evolve, not polyglot populations as Will ignorantly presumes. Gould, in the New York Times (January 22, 1978):

Evolutionists believe that new species do not generally arise by the complete transformation of large, flourishing ancestral populations. Small subpopulations . . . usually serve as the source of new species. Here, favorable genes can spread rapidly and establish themselves; they are not diluted in frequency within a vast central population.

How would Will feel were one of us to write, "I hope black children grow up into morons, thereby mocking the premise of liberalism," or, "having anything to do with public education is evidence of terminal dullness"? What if we were to bring up communism's 100 million or so murdered victims every time a forceful egalitarian had his say? And who says that Dr. Graham and other eugenicists are any less for a "sociology of virtue" than George Will? Who isn't? If Will dared to read almost any book advocating eugenics, he would find words like "compassion," "courage" and "magnanimity" in abundance.

Anyone who believes, with Will, that one must choose between traits like beauty, intelligence and capacity on the one hand, and charity and kindness on the other, is guilty of "mental grossness." As a matter of fact, those who have studied the question carefully have concluded that the two sets of character traits are usually related in real life: that is, groups or individuals high on one set tend to be high on the other.

It is interesting that nearly all of the "experts" sought out by the press for their opinions of the Graham project have belonged to ethnic minority groups.

For example, United Press International spoke with Dr. Ching Chun Li, a biostatistician at the University of Pittsburgh. Rather predictably, he called the whole idea "crazy." Dr. Arno Mitolsky of the University of Washington said, "What they want to achieve is unclear, peculiar." Dr. Charles Epstein of the University of California at San Francisco said, "What kind of individual is best for society? There is no rule for this." Dr. Aubrey Milunsky of Boston University pointed out (irrelevantly) that, "Just like the rest of us mortals, Nobel laureates have the chance of 3 to 4 percent genetic defects and mutation." Dr. Leroy Walters, director of the Center for Bioethics at Jesuitic Georgetown...
University, said (inaccurately) that a sperm bank “appeals mainly to the vanity of the sperm donors and the couples.”

Why were these particular men at these particular locations contacted by UPI? Who did the contacting?

Meanwhile, the Associated Press ran off to a Majority setting, the University of North Carolina, to interview -- a Dr. Jaroslav Hulka! He said abysmally silly things like, “Another objection is the assumption that if you have a Nobel Prize-winning father, you’ll have [only] bright children,” and “Has anyone ever heard of Einstein’s daughter?”

Even the otherwise excellent London Times account of Graham was marred by one false note at the end. A Luigi Mastronalli of the University of Pennsylvania was quoted as writing, “Many brilliant couples produce children of average or even subnormal intelligence. What they’re doing at the Repository is crazy.” (Arthur Jensen has demolished Mastronalli’s claim regarding brilliant couples.)

In May a certain “Professor Cohn” hosted a scientific conference in Berlin, of all places, at which the Graham project was solemnly pooh-poohed. What makes a genius, explained one Nobel chemist on hand, was “the ability to explode traditional views of right and wrong.”

One must sadly say that a fine article like Marjorie Wallace’s in the London Times (July 4) would scarcely have been possible in contemporary America. Afton Blake herself unintentionally explained why. A “highly organized woman,” she talked about her dog-breeding hobby:

You look for what you establish as a quality. You see in your mind what you do to get the dog closer to your ideal. It’s like sculpting with genes.

Beautifully said. As a healthy Nordic American, Afton Blake can be expected to desire healthy Nordic-American children. When shown Graham’s photo of Donor Number 28, she must have thought, “He’s not only brilliant and multitalented, he also looks more like me than I do!”

So let us remember those two fine houses of Afton Blake, overlooking the Pasadena Hills. If Afton, and all those like her, were to go on looking after social misfits, immigrants and others -- rather than nurturing ideal children of their own -- quite obviously those “others” would eventually inherit those houses. It is happening right now -- all around us. But, in this case, a bright young boy now stands squarely in the interlopers’ path.

Note: An estimated 20,000 to 30,000 artificial inseminations now take place in the United States each year. Between 2,000 and 4,000 of these result in pregnancy. (Source: Dr. Cappy Rothman, head of the Southern California Cyrobank, a non-freedom-of-choice sperm bank.) If someone you love needs or desires artificial insemination, let them choose their children for themselves (with Dr. Graham’s guidance), rather than leaving it up to Cappy Rothman.

Unponderable Quote*

Dr. Kligman: Black skin is terrific -- by far the best skin that we know of all the human races. Part of the reason has to do with the pigmentation, which provides a kind of built-in resistance to sun damage. But blackness is only one aspect of it. The skin is biologically different. It heals faster. Black skin will heal in half the time of white skin. It has nothing to do with pigment.

As the white race went farther and farther north their skin got worse and worse. The Scotch-Irish skin is very bad. It dries out fast. It blisters rather than just burns. It doesn’t tan. It takes forever to heal. That’s why Scotch-Irish people should have special skin-care programs -- double thickness sunscreens, and great care about the soaps and other irritants they use.

Prevention Magazine
Nov. 1981, p. 61

* Instauration has been filling “holes” in pages with quotations classified as “ponderable” or “unponderable.” All this is very well, except there is no such word as “unponderable.” One would think it would be the antonym of ponderable. It is not. “imponderable” has a broader meaning -- “incapable of being weighed, measured or evaluated with exactness,” as the dictionary defines it. The word we are looking for should mean quite simply “not ponderable” and nothing more. When attached to a quotation, it should indicate that the quote contains nothing to ponder, unless it be that a prominent person in full command of his senses uttered it. Since imponderable doesn’t fit the bill, we shall stick with our neologism, until some bright Instaurationist comes up with a more appropriate adjective, whose legitimacy is certified by its inclusion in a reputable dictionary.
BLACK BOSS

Most of Hancock County lies just above the “fall line” of Georgia and consists largely of rolling clay hills covered with forests.

Before the Civil War, Hancock and Sparta, the county seat, thrived on a plantation economy. Afterward, Hancock turned to sharecropping, as did most of the rest of Middle Georgia.

Until World War I cotton was king. Then came the boll weevil. The farmers of Hancock continued to plant their traditional crop, but nothing seemed to work out. The fields were gradually abandoned; the farms deserted. Today, Hancock County is 80% black, though whites still have a 60% majority in Sparta.

About ten years ago a Negro named John McCown showed up in Hancock. He was from “up nawth,” very smart and smooth, and knew his way around the civil rights movement. He came with grants and gifts from big foundations and government -- about $6 to $14 million worth, a great deal of which has never been accounted for. Although he had been accused of raping a white nurse, he had the full support of the New York Times, the New Republic and other liberal organs.

McCown’s self-proclaimed mission was to lift the poor, disadvantaged blacks of Hancock out of poverty by founding a string of black-run businesses. His first two projects were a giant catfish farm and a pallet factory.

While McCown was handing out federal and Ford Foundation money, he organized local blacks politically. In no time the Negroes voted out the whites, and Hancock had an all-black government.

But McCown didn’t stop there. He turned his political machine into a black Mafia. Anyone who objected to his rule was threatened with violence -- a threat that all too often was made good. His minions torched the home of a local black leader who objected to his tactics. A little later the most beautiful antebellum mansion in the county was burned to the ground.

While all this was going on, the liberal-minority coalition in Georgia was rendering due homage to McCown. Jimmy Carter, then the state’s governor, actually made a special trip to Sparta to fawn on the rising black politician. The NAACP practically turned him into a hero.

Black Boss built himself a palatial home on the Oconee River, brought his black wife and kids down from the North, along with a white mistress, whom he installed in a trailer. He built a segregated (for blacks only) juke joint that included two basketball courts. He proposed the construction of an international airport for Hancock County (population 9,000), possibly to serve as a port of entry for drugs, since rumor had it he was getting into the narcotics trade.

McCown seemingly had it made. Then one night in the juke joint, when he and some of his underlings were saturated on beer, someone suggested taking a ride in his airplane. He piled a couple of his pals into his new Cadillac and headed for his private airstrip. After a wild but short flight, the Cessna-182 crashed. McCown, the pilot, did not survive, and his black empire went down with him.

Today in Hancock County times are pretty rough. The catfish ponds are silting in; only mosquitoes and snakes are proliferating. Most businesses have shut down, but the juke joint is still going. The mansion on the Oconee is in a sad state of disrepair. Blacks still control the county government, but the salad days are gone with the ill wind.

McCown’s meteoric career poses an interesting question. Was the black boss a political aberration, or the man of the American future?

The information for the above article was supplied by a local Instaurationist and by a new book entitled Black Boss by John Rozier (The University of Georgia Press, Athens, Georgia).

Unponderable Quote

I hate war.

General Ariel Sharon
The Occident lost its true religion as that creed (or rather, that temperamental bias) evolved fitfully into the scientific method. But the Oriental faiths, with their looser grip on reality, are flourishing yet. Modern Christians are still thinking the weird thoughts and doing the strange deeds that are sanctioned and sanctified by their ancient scriptures. Just last March, Roger Cox, 35, a Church of England preacher and father of eight, cut off his sex organ and threw it on the fire while he prayed with his wife. The couple had talked about the operation for 12 years: now, at last, Cox can serve the Lord "without distractions." That means gallivanting around the countryside in his double-decker bus and passing The Word.

In April another itinerant preacher, Patricia Haywood, did her best to spread tuberculosis across three northern Michigan counties, along with news of her "miracle cure." Haywood knew she had TB, but refused treatment and willfully exposed 2,500 residents to the disease.

The Wacky Christian of the Year Award must go, however, to the National Coalition of American Nuns, which nominated Israel for the 1982 Nobel Peace Prize only a few months before the Shattila massacre. The nuns have plenty of wacky company. A single church in Vancouver, British Columbia, has raised some $300,000 for Israel in less than two years. The Glad Tidings Church, led by the Rev. Maureen Gaglardi, has pledged $1 million under its "Christian Bridges to Israel" program.

Last autumn, more than 30 different groups of American "Christian Zionists" met in Washington, D.C., to coordinate their lobbying efforts. The participants ranged from representatives of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and the National Council of Churches to fundamentalist TV gabbers like Jim Bakker and Pat Robertson (who underwrote much of the cost). The meeting was organized by the New York-based National Christian Leadership Conference for Israel (NCLCI), whose Executive Director is Isaac C. Rotenberg. Like Archbishop Jean-Marie Lustiger of Paris, Rotenberg cannot quite decide whether he is a Catholic or a recidivist Jew.

The NCLCI is closely linked to the International Christian Embassy (ICE) in Jerusalem, whose chief spokesman, Jan Willem van der Hoeven, can always be counted on for some of the most chauvinistic commentary this side of Ariel Sharon. In an interview with the Jerusalem Post last year, the tall Dutchman announced:

"The Jews are meant to lead the world, they have it in their blood. If you Jews were to say that, you would fear to be clobbered as a bunch of racists. But I'm not a Jew, and I say it."

"We are better Zionists than your Israelis," boasts van der Hoeven. "You don't fully believe in your own cause." Meanwhile, the West is sunk in an unparalleled materialism: "Go to Stockholm and Amsterdam," he advises, "and see the situation the people face. There are no moral standards any more, everything is permissible." Rather than leading a movement of national redemption in the West (and getting quickly shot down by the Jews and their allies), van der Hoeven flees to Israel, takes an Arab wife, and tells the Chosen to become even more Chosen.

Not a bit surprisingly, ICE maintains its foreign offices in the United States, Canada, Britain, Northern Ireland, Norway, Denmark, Finland, West Germany, Holland, Switzerland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand -- and Ghana. But not in the Republic of Ireland; not in France, Italy or Japan; much less in Latin America. The fact is that ICE does practically all of its fund-raising in precisely the 13 most Nordic Protestant nations. Yet Jews are demonstrably behind much of the moral rot in these same Nordic Protestant nations, in which they openly cultivate alliances with homosexuals, radical feminists, ethnic minorities and others in order to keep society in disarray. In short, they bite the hand which feeds -- and we kiss the teeth which bite.

The biggest ICE festival comes in autumn, when thousands of "nice," safely deracinated Nordics gather in Jerusalem for the International Christian Celebration during the Feast of Tabernacles. Last year's seven-day festival stressed "repentance for Christendom's past sins against Jews." The program explained:

"Though we may not be accountable personally for the historic victimization of the Jews or the resultant dilemma in the Jewish perception of Christianity, we must still bear the guilt for atrocities committed against God's Chosen People."

Time magazine's account of last fall's gathering pictured one group of certifiable daffy old Danes hoisting signs with English-language slogans like "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined."

Another "Christian-Zionist" outfit is Christians United for American Security. Their full-page ads opposing defensive weaponry for Saudi Arabia must have cost a small fortune. Everyone from Rev. Jerry Falwell to the nun-president of the Roman Catholic Manhattanville College signed their names to a manifesto warning of the "grave danger" to America posed by selling AWACs to the Arabs.

Falwell has said repeatedly that "God deals with nations in relation to how nations deal with Israel." From this principle he has concluded that the Soviet Union's greatest sin has been its recent harsh treatment of Zionist Jews. Forget that the Soviets slaughtered somewhere between 30 and 70 million Christians. Forget that Jews did much of that slaughtering (see Solzhenitsyn's Gulag Archipelage). But never forget that 20 or 30 Jewish "prisoners of conscience" are currently imprisoned by Moscow.

Falwell has repeatedly offered Menahem Begin "veto power" over his personal guest list. When one Arab Christian clergyman came to plead his people's case, Jerry told him (in almost these words), "Hold on, I have to get permission from the Israeli Embassy." Sternly and stentoriously his
master's voice said "no."

Logically, Falwell's next step would be to do as the French Dominican priest, Marcel J. Dubois, has done: move to Israel and take out citizenship. Good citizen Dubois teaches in Hebrew, recites Jewish blessings with fellow "Dominicans," lambastes traditional Catholicism, calls Jews "the Chosen People," and says, "I believe in miracles when it comes to Israel." Even so, Dubois admits that "theological reconciliation [will] take a long time." He is surely right on that, because one side has lately done all of the reconciling.

As Rev. Thom Werthman of Dudley, Georgia -- formerly Rabbi Thom Werthman -- recently pointed out, his is the only documented case of a rabbi converting to Christianity since Saul became Paul on the highway to Damascus. Even Werthman was raised in a devout Methodist home and converted to Orthodox Judaism only at age 19. He later received a prestigious pulpit in Brooklyn and a $40,000-a-year salary: "My biggest problem was trying to decide what color sports car to buy each year."

Then, in 1979, Werthman's late grandmother twice appeared to him in his room, telling him to take a closer look at his Holy Book. The scales promptly fell from his eyes, and he rushed down to a Christian bookstore. Forgetting to remove his yarmulke, he bought a painting of Jesus. He resigned his pulpit that same week, with no bad feelings on either side. It was only when he started a Christian ministry that the threats began. He was called a traitor, a child molester and a fraud who was never really Jewish. A rock came through his window. Part of his house was set afire. He hot-footed it to rural Georgia, but the death threats followed him there.

If Werthman is really the first rebbe to go goy in 2,000 years, then he may have some valuable insights. On the other hand, this too earnest young man was probably never permitted within earshot or eyeshot of the Jewish Holy of Holies: that innermost kernel of tribalistic lore which, to this day, is passed down orally.

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An Instaurationist attorney tells us how to write wills favoring our friends, not our enemies

**MAJORITY ESTATE PLANNING**

All too many Majority members are childless. Having escaped the financial burdens imposed by children, if they exercise reasonable financial acumen, they have a better than average chance of accumulating a sizable estate. Eventually the time will come when these well-to-do or moderately well-to-do individuals will write their wills.

At least a few of them may stop and consider that in a sense their race is their family, since they have had no children of their own. They may feel, as I do, that some special act on their part is called for to compensate for their failure to reproduce.

Why should committed Majority members leave their estates to distant relatives who share none of their racial commitment and who may be dedicated race-mixers and professional liberals? Why should they help subsidize institutions and colleges (often their alma maters) which have fallen into equilitarian or minority hands and for years have used their ample educational resources to denigrate and demean Western culture? Should not the last act of a dying person reflect his or her most deeply held convictions?

While particularly appropriate for the childless Majority member who leaves no direct heirs, this all-important "last act" should also be taken by the Majority member with substantial financial assets who has children, but who can still afford to make a bequest, even though small in comparison with his or her entire estate.

There are basically two forms of bequests that should be considered by people about to write or rewrite their wills. First, and most obvious, is the direct gift in money, stocks or other assets. The second consists of items of intrinsic value such as books, pamphlets and records, even libraries. Whoever possesses literature of a special value to the Majority cause should see that it is preserved and placed in the hands of those who can put it to the best use.

Several years ago I met an outstanding Majority activist. Advanced in years, she now lives in seclusion surrounded by her vast collection of irreplaceable books, newspapers and records, accumulated over half a century of searching for reasons for the decline of her people. Such an archive is now virtually nonexistent, since most of them were systematically destroyed or thrown away in the hysteria and repression that followed America's entry into World War II.

How tragic that such valuable writings, on the off chance they manage to survive, should pass into the hands of relatives who view them as worthless junk and who will probably destroy them in the course of the administration of the estate!

**How to Avoid Challenges**

Majority members who desire to make bequests to Majority causes should prudently and carefully draw their wills so as to anticipate and forestall challenges. A number of significant legacies and bequests of this type have been overturned because of a lack of foresight. For instance, an American multimillionaire left a fortune in Chilean minerals to the British nationalist journal, Candour. His relatives, aided by minority lawyers, quickly and easily overturned the will, and Candour received nothing.

Here are a few ways a wary testator can defeat or discourage challenges:

First, he should realize the foolishness of incorporating racist credos or other statements in his will. He should understand that any blatant or controversial statements will immediately tip off leftist and minority group members who will then be inspired to have the will set aside. Many liberals actually view a respect for one's race as a form of mental illness. Any racial statement or connection appearing in a will may be taken as prima facie evidence that the testator was deranged or incompetent. For this reason the bequest should be worded in terse, subdued, standard legal lan-

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guage, omitting any and all ideological remarks or allusions.

The testator should never include such a statement as: "In order to perpetuate my lifelong opposition to the dangers presented to this country by blacks, Mexicans and Indians and to promote the welfare of the superior white race, I give and bequeath the sum of $10,000 to the Anglo-Saxon Federation, Inc."

Instead, the will should simply read, "I give and bequeath the sum of $10,000 to the Anglo-Saxon Federation, Inc., to be used in such a manner as its directors shall decide."

The testator should always anticipate that his relatives may challenge the will unless it is carefully worded to discourage any contest. Since money motivates even the best of us, it is unwise to indulge in the illusion that our relatives and heirs at law will not attempt to challenge a will if a successful challenge will bring them financial gain.

To forestall the contesting of a will, it is necessary to understand something about how such contests come about. Wills may be caveted (the legal term for contesting or challenging) only by those with proper qualifications. This means that in most cases wills are challenged by the heirs at law. Who is an heir at law? This depends on the laws of the particular state in which the testator resides. Before a will is written the laws of one’s state must be carefully checked to find out who exactly qualifies as an heir at law. As an example, Georgia law states basically that a person’s heirs at law are his spouse and children. An unmarried person’s heirs at law are his parents, brothers and sisters. Nephews and nieces of a deceased brother or sister inherit in the place of their deceased parent. If the testator has no wife, children, brothers, sisters or parents living, then his grandparents and any aunts and uncles and their offspring become his heirs at law.

Wills are usually challenged on two grounds: (1) undue influence, (2) incompetency. Undue influence is influence which prevents the testator and his natural heirs from enjoying a normal affection and prevents the testator from expressing his true intent. For example, the son who persuades his mother to move into his house and then intercepts letters and phone calls from another son is exerting undue influence.

The greatest source of danger for the testator who wants to aid organizations or individuals who share his beliefs is the challenge based on incompetency. The usual form of challenge on these grounds is that the bequest demonstrates the testator to be mentally incompetent, because only a mentally incompetent person in this era of berserk egalitarianism and liberalism would prefer his own kind over another ethnic group or would wish to support an organization or person publicly advocating racial differences. This type of attack is certain to become more successful as the country’s demographic complexion darkens. Attorneys representing Negroes, Hispanics, Jews and other minorities will be quick to set such wills aside in order to reduce the threat of an effective opposition to minority racism. The recent attempt of various Jewish organizations to overturn the will of a fellow Jew, who left $25,000 to the PLO, has been in all the newspapers. In my own law practice I was once engaged by the heirs of a Palestinian who died intestate (leaving no will) in New York. The Jewish judge appointed a swarm of minority lawyers as administrators and guardians with the result that every cent of the Arab’s small estate was eventu-ally depleted in the form of attorney fees. The judge found nothing amiss in all this and denied my objections on behalf of the heirs. With this example in mind, it is not difficult to predict what would happen to a will that contained even the slightest connotation of "white racism."

In Terrorem Clause

A will, as previously stated, can only be challenged by an heir at law. The general public does not have the right of challenge. One effective means of reducing the possibility of challenges is to leave the heirs at law a fair and equitable portion of the estate and to write into the will what is known as an in terrorem clause. This provides that anyone who challenges the will and who is unsuccessful in his challenge will lose everything he would have inherited under the will. Below is a typical in terrorem clause, which I have used successfully for a few of my own clients:

It is my wish and I do hereby direct that, if any legatee or legatees named in my will shall contest this my last will and testament in any court, or if they or any one of them shall aid or encourage any other person in the contest of this will, he, she or they shall forfeit all interest in my estate and the legacies given them shall be forfeited and become a part of my residuary estate. I do not anticipate, nor have I any reason to anticipate, that any legatee provided for in this my last will and testament will contest same, but I make this provision so that there will be no contention or litigation over any matter relating to my estate or the disposition of the property of my estate as set out in this my last will and testament, which I deem to be just and equitable.

Obviously such a clause will have no deterrent effect if the heir is left out of the will completely. If an heir stands to receive nothing at all, then he has every reason to challenge the will.

As to disinheriting wayward heirs, I am afraid I must sound a discouraging note. We have all read of parents writing straying offspring out of their wills -- an all-too-human attempt to get in one last lick at some obnoxious relative. Alas, the Majority testator with the best interests of his race at heart must forget this idea. A disinherited heir at law is an heir at law who will have everything to gain and nothing to lose by challenging the will. No matter how annoying and embarrassing this relative may have been to the testator in the latter’s lifetime, imagine the effect on a jury, especially one weighted down with several minority members, when the disinherited heir breaks down on the stand into sobs about poor, beloved Aunt Agatha, whose mind was poisoned against the heir by conniving racial bigots who surrounded her in her last moments. Most of us have been required to do many distasteful things and endure many unpleasant associations in our struggle for racial survival. Including the obnoxious relative in your will will be the last manifestation of this regrettable necessity.

The strategy, then, is to include all your heirs at law in your will and add an in terrorem clause. Since we live in a legal environment hostile to our ideas, we cannot expect to leave all of our estate to further the Majority cause, even if we so desire. Those who wish to leave us money and those who wish to receive it must be content with a reasonable amount.

It is up to the testator to determine what proportion of his
estate should be left to the heirs in order to make a challenge or series of challenges not worth the risk of losing more than the challengers would gain, not worth the risk of paying out more in legal fees than they could possibly win even in a favorable outcome. Perhaps I can best explain how a prudent person would dispose of his estate by giving the facts of my own situation.

My heirs, provided both my parents die before I do, would be my two brothers. One is an avowed Marxist who has been commissioned by a large foundation to draw up a program to eradicate racial and religious bigotry in America. It is clear that he would be delighted to challenge my will to head off any pro-Majority bequest. However, he has one vulnerable point. Although he loves Lenin, he loves money even more, perhaps because he has never been able to accumulate much of it.

I bequeathed this particular brother a substantial inheritance in my will, but an amount less than he is legally entitled to by law. I am relying on the in terrorem clause to scare him away from any challenge. Since he would receive one-half of my estate if I died intestate, I have left him one-third.

This means that my Marxist sibling will be confronted with a choice of taking his third under the will or placing himself in jeopardy of losing out altogether by filing a challenge and losing. If his challenge should be successful, he will take one-half of the estate, minus his legal fees and expenses. I anticipate that, after weighing the odds, he will settle for one-third. As for my second brother, who shares some of my ideas, I know he will be quite content with his one-third share and will have no objection to my bequest of the remaining third to a pro-Majority organization.

Independent Executor

The Majority testator should name an independent executor under his will, preferably a capable, trusted and honest lawyer (a few such still exist). The reason is that the will must be defended by the executor. A lawyer named as executor will have a direct pecuniary interest in sustaining the will against any and all challenges because he wants to get his fee for administering the estate. A relative and heir as an executor might be tempted to give up or compromise rather than fight a challenge to the bitter end. The lawyer-executor has another good reason for doing his best to defend the will. He is entitled by law to a small percentage of the estate, which he would lose if the will were overturned.

Some Majority members may fear adverse publicity as a result of their bequest. They should be reassured that only rarely is any publicity attached to the probate and administration of estates. There will almost certainly be no publicity at all if the will is written so as to minimize the possibility of a challenge.

Those sensitive souls who, for one reason or another, still cannot bring themselves to make a bequest to the defenders of their people, might investigate the idea of a small life insurance policy, naming some Majority activist as the beneficiary.

To sum up, the Majority member who leaves a properly drawn will benefiting one or more members of his extended racial family or benefiting some Majority activist group will have the comfort of knowing that even if he hasn't done as much in his lifetime as he would have liked, he will be fighting the good fight for years and years after his death.

The man who "raised" black IQs by 33 points is now in jail!

THE MILWAUKEE PROJECT HOAX

Back in July 1971, a writer named S.P. Strickland told readers of American Education, a federally sponsored magazine, that intensive work with ghetto children in Milwaukee had succeeded in raising their IQs by an average of 33 points. Dr. Richard Heber, the director of the Milwaukee Project, as it was called, made claims far beyond those seen in other child-care intervention programs. Since Heber told the press what it wanted to hear, he received enormous publicity.

Immediately after Strickland's article appeared, Time magazine told its readers that the Milwaukee Project "offers persuasive evidence that mental retardation in the offspring of mentally retarded mothers can be prevented." The Washington Post had this to say:

Heber's group at the University of Wisconsin may have settled once and for all the question of whether the disproportionate mental retardation of slum children is the result of heredity or environment.

The New York Times chimed in:

The Milwaukee Project, an experiment in intensive preschool education for [potentially retarded] children, has proved that they can be raised more than 30 test points higher than other children from the same environment and with the same type of mother.

Soon the President's Committee on Mental Retardation was announcing that IQ similarities between parents and children were "mainly because of the environment that the parents create for the young child" -- and the Committee's decisive evidence for the claim was Heber's Milwaukee Project. Warnings about Heber's findings were voiced immediately by individuals like Professor Ellis B. Page of the University of Connecticut (Educational Researcher, 1972, 1 (10), pp. 8-16), but were never allowed to get past the scientific press.

It was only in August 1982 that the wider American public
was given its first chance to learn that Heber and his associates were big-time swindlers and their project a fraud from beginning to end. In what may be the most devastating critique yet of newsmedia irresponsibility in reporting the so-called "IQ controversy," Professor R.J. Herrnstein of Harvard revealed to readers of the Atlantic how they have been lied to for years. There is no "IQ controversy," Herrnstein asserts, because the men who actually study the matter are in basic agreement the world over. Moreover, they have repeatedly and patiently advised reporters of the media's persistent error. Even in East Germany, Poland, Russia and other Communist countries, researchers are now convinced beyond any reasonable doubt that variation in intellectual ability is about 70 to 80% due to genetic causes, and 20 to 30% due to environmental ones. Says Herrnstein:

"[This] is an ersatz controversy, a creation of the press itself. In the technical literature, virtual unanimity reigns: most of the variation among individual IQ's is due to variation in genes. In public discussion, however, the idea that genes account for most variation among IQs seems not only controversial but also associated with a few men of allegedly questionable character. Herrnstein concedes that "a few professors are available" to provide anti-genetic arguments. However,

They rarely publish their arguments in the technical literature; when they do, the arguments usually fare poorly. They gather little or no data of their own, but instead tend toward ad hominem charges against the scholarly consensus . . . .

As for Richard Heber, who once chaired President Kennedy's Panel on Mental Retardation, he is now serving three years in federal prison in Bastrop, Texas. After that will come four years in a Wisconsin state prison. Heber and an associate, Patrick Flanigan, were convicted of numerous counts of diverting institutional funds to private use. While receiving millions of dollars in federal funds for his IQ "miracle" in Wisconsin, Heber actually resided in Colorado Springs. People often wondered where he was all the time. He was in Iowa, Florida, Colorado and other places, buying land and -- breeding thoroughbreds!

Professor Ellis Page has recounted his own Herculean efforts to obtain whatever fragmentary data on Heber's project existed. His quest was obstructed at almost every step, not least by Heber's agency, the Social and Rehabilitation Service in Washington. Even today, reports Herrnstein, "more than 14 years after the Milwaukee Project started, and long after its spokesmen's claims have been absorbed into the consciousness of editors, politicians, judges, school boards, parents, and social theorists, as well as into countless textbooks and lecturers' notes, no scientific evidence has been published." Yet until the scandal broke in December 1980, Heber remained the director of the Center on Mental Retardation and Human Development at the University of Wisconsin.

What about S.P. Strickland, the writer whose article in the July 1971 issue of American Education first got the hoax rolling? incredibly, "more than ten years passed before a reporter at the Capital Times of Madison (Wisconsin) discovered that Mr. Strickland, in mid-1971, had become a stockholder and officer in a corporation set up by Heber to sell the very techniques of educational intervention that Strickland credited in his article." A series of Capital Times articles from January to October of 1981 "paints a picture of flamboyant misconduct" on Heber's part.

For Herrnstein, the galling part of this "episode of incomparably greater meaning for testing than all of [Cyril] Burt's lapses" is that it remains unknown to the public outside of Wisconsin. "The national press, which found Cyril Burt interminably fascinating, has published nothing" on Heber -- not one word in the newswEEKlies, the big papers, national TV or even in Science magazine.

Even as the Atlantic was presenting Herrnstein's case, the August issue of Psychology Today featured a delirious piece entitled, "The Case of the Suggestible Psychologist." It seems that, as a boy, Cyril Burt was an inveterate reader of Sherlock Holmes stories. It also seems that the Holmes literature (like all literature of the day, by the by) was full of mystic anthropological allusions -- you know, body types, races and such. The reader then has a less-than-Holmesian deduction sprung on him: poor old fuddy-duddy Burt was so "suggestible" by nature that he never realized that while the theories of the heritability of personality, criminality, and intelligence employed so successfully by Holmes were feasible in terms of late 19th-century science, they have been largely disproved by 20th-century research . . . .

It is strange that Cyril Burt . . was not more aware of, or influenced by, the changing climate of scientific opinion during his own career . . . . His fixation on the importance of heritability led him to ignore the increasing evidence for the effects of environmental influences.

The deeper problem with this sort of journalistic drivel is that Burt's distinguished student, Professor Hans Eysenck --
among others -- has reanalyzed all of the valid published data which pertains to Burt’s suspect data and has found the two sets to be “practically identical.” Burt got away with his cheating for as long as he did because he made his phony results mesh perfectly with the honest findings of many others. Heber, on the other hand, produced data (that is, a few fragments of it) which were totally out of line with those of everyone else. That is why every reputable scientist suspected him from the start.

The Totalitarian Plan

Media silence about the Milwaukee Project hoax impelled Herrnstein to write:

After more than a decade, and scores of contacts with the press, I can count on the fingers of one hand all the journalists whom I have met who are committed to telling the truth about my field as well as they can discover it. No one could organize censorship so effectively in America, so the distortions in the press must reflect countless more or less independent decisions by editors and reporters which lead to the perpetuation of a misleading and intellectually fallacious understanding of a serious scientific subject.

We wish this point had been followed up. If hundreds of American reporters are both independently and consciously slanting the truth in the same way -- and Herrnstein’s grim personal experiences warrant this conclusion -- then something is dreadfully rotten in the 50 states. Herrnstein does not seem to realize how rotten:

Most people would have trouble conceiving of the enormity of the bias against testing in the national press. I am willing, indeed eager, to believe that so severe a bias is atypical; that most aspects of a story usually get told, because of the sheer anarchy of the national press, if for no other reason.

Here Herrnstein seems to forget that few American cities now have more than one “independent” newspaper, that a small group of interrelated men wields most of the power in Hollywood, that many aspects of many big stories are simply not getting told -- in short, that his vision of “sheer anarchy” in the national media is at odds with a reality of increasingly tight quasi-control. This control is all the more insidious because it is usually covert. By far the greater part of it is exercised through intense moral bullying.

Herrnstein himself points out that while most scientists privately support Arthur Jensen on the question of black-white IQ differences, very few will defend him publicly. Why? Because to do so is to be linked to visions of lynching mobs. But if most informed scientists, who are certain that Jensen is right, can be bullied into self-censorship, how much easier it is to muzzle journalists, who are less sure of themselves and a lot more vulnerable. Herrnstein’s blistering attack on the state of media morality leaves one wondering about scientific morality.

Society is paying an awesome cost for scientific timidity. “Tests are being banned all over the country by courts and legislatures,” writes Herrnstein. But “schools cannot tailor programs of study to children throughout the range of ability if ability cannot be asserted. The restrictions on job-placement tests [alone] may be costing billions of dollars annually in lost productivity.”

Herrnstein concludes:

Powerful pressures -- even legal restraints -- inhibit analyses showing how individual traits correlate with education and job training, with the conditions of learning and working, and with the quality of people’s personal experience. Instead of learning more about how people function in a world whose intellectual demands are growing, America has all but outlawed the data, encouraged to do so by what it encounters in the national press.

RANCOROUS RED MAN

Russell Means of the Lakota (Sioux) nation, “a big, scarred man, a reformed drunk and heroin addict, a drifter . . . and a powerful propagandist,” was recently on a subsidized speaking tour of England. There, all too predictably, he called the backward tribes of the world “correct peoples” while denouncing his hosts as “incorrect.” He also made a virtue of Indian necessity: “We did not make history because we were happy. Only unhappy people make history.” (Means himself made history by helping to lead the 1972 trashing of Washington’s Bureau of Indian Affairs and the 1973 occupation of Wounded Knee, South Dakota.)

Means was the cover boy of Mother Jones magazine (December 1980). Beneath his picture was the chilling, genocidal caption: “Russell Means: For the World to Live, ‘Europe’ Must Die.” The staff at Mother Jones had been enthralled by a 1980 Means speech at a left-wing “survivalist” rally in the Black Hills.

Mother Jones likened Means’s address to Martin Luther King’s “I have a dream” speech. Here is how he began:
The only possible opening for a statement of this kind is that I detest writing. The process itself epitomizes the European concept of "legitimate" thinking: what is written has an importance that is denied the spoken. My culture, the Lakota culture, has an oral tradition, so I ordinarily reject writing. It is one of the white world’s ways of destroying the cultures of non-European peoples . . . .

So what you read here is not what I’ve written. It’s what I’ve said and someone else has written down. I will allow this because it seems that the only way to communicate with the white world is through the dead, dry leaves of a book. I don’t really care whether my words reach whites or not. They have already demonstrated through their history that they cannot hear, cannot see; they can only read (of course, there are exceptions, but the exceptions only prove the rule).

Means forgot to mention the white invention of radio, television, moving pictures, etc., which has given new life to his beloved "oral tradition."

Here, we can only touch on the highlights of Means’s all-out hate attack. After complaining of “a few thousand years of genocidal, reactionary [!]”, European intellectual development,” Means explained what he meant:

Newton, for example, “revolutionized” physics and the so-called natural sciences by reducing the physical universe to a linear mathematical equation. Descartes did the same thing with culture. John Locke did it with politics, and Adam Smith did it with economics. Each one of these “thinkers” took a piece of the spirituality of human existence and converted it into a code, an abstraction. They picked up where Christianity ended; they “secularized” Christian religion, as the “scholars” like to say -- and in doing so they made Europe more able and ready to act as an expansionist culture. [Sarcastic quote marks courtesy of the “intellectuals” at Mother Jones.]

These Europeans always needed a Messiah, said Means, whether Jesus or Marx or Einstein. But even Marxism was just the old “imperialist lie.” European real-estate speculators were wrecking the planet’s surface, and they alone “feel no sense of loss in all this . . . [I]here is no satisfaction (for them) to be gained in simply observing the wonder of a mountain or a lake or a people in being.” (Means neglected to say that most of the great 20th-century naturalists have been Nordics, and that wilderness preservation is currently succeeding only in the whitest areas.)

Clearly, capitalism is not the culprit: “No, it is the European tradition.”

Means was fed up with renegade Indians -- “apples” he called them: “red on the outside . . . and white on the inside.” No less reprehensible were the black “Oreos” and Hispanic “coconuts.” White racial renegades, on the other hand, were wonderful; “I’m not sure what term should be applied to them other than ‘human beings.’” Only moments later, Means added, “I believe in the slogan, ‘Trust your brother’s vision.’”

But, “there is a peculiar behavior among most Caucasians. As soon as I become critical of Europe . . . they become defensive.” Imagine that! Caucasians could not be trusted until they attain an entirely new (for them) vision. Meanwhile, it was okay for Indians to enter the white man’s universities and other institutions -- but only if they were “there to learn to resist the oppressor.” Remember, “Europeans have long since lost all touch with reality, if ever they were in touch with it. Feel sorry for them if you need to.”

No wonder Means fears and detests writing. The written word captures his illogic before it can take wing.

That a primitive like Means -- in and out of jail 16 times -- should voice such idiocies is not remarkable. What is amazing is that the nation’s biggest-circulation leftist publication finds him inspiring -- and that white Americans let his venom pollute their drug store and supermarket magazine racks.

**Begelman VI**

“Rocky III” is a hit, so the Hollywood moguls are now talking “Rocky IV.” But "The Amazing, Sleaze-filled Adventures of David Begelman” have left even Sylvester Stallone far behind.

Begelman I transpired when Columbia Pictures Industries, one of Hollywood’s seven giant studios, handed its presidency to David Begelman, who had left previous jobs at an insurance company and as Judy Garland’s agent under clouds of suspicion. Begelman I may have been excusable.

The plot coagulated in Begelman II. Actor Cliff Robertson discovered (in 1977) that Begelman had forged his (Robertson’s) signature on a $10,000 check. The prez, it developed, had also forged and cashed at least three other checks totaling $65,000, while illegally padding his Columbia expense account. In May 1978, Begelman pleaded no contest to grand theft and was fined $5,000 and put on three years’ probation. After he had completed a public service film on drug abuse, Begelman had his parole terminated and his grand theft conviction reduced to a misdemeanor. His record was clear again. For a while he was forced to fire him but immediately helped him get a fat independent production deal.

Begelman III occurred when the news media heated up Begelgate. Columbia was forced to fire him -- but immediately helped him get a fat independent production deal.

Begelman IV was when MGM, another of Hollywood's big seven, decided it too had to have a convicted criminal as production chief.

Begelman V was when United Artists, yet another of the seven shysters, decided that a crook was needed to lead them, despite the crook's string of box-office bombs at MGM.

Which brings us to Begelman VI, in which the newly-formed movie company, Sherwood Productions, decided on August 4 that no one other than David Begelman could possibly handle their presidency. “We are delighted and look forward to the benefits of David’s knowledge and experience and an aggressive expanding productive effort,” gushed chairman and chief executive officer Alan E. Salke.

Begelman I through IV or V are recounted in David McClintick’s meticulous expose, Indecent Exposure: A True Story of Hollywood and Wall Street (Morrow, 544 pp., $17.50). McClintick, a circumspect Kansan, has been called “a perfect antithesis of the Hollywood type.” The former investigative reporter for the Wall Street
Journal says that actually helped him: the flat sentences, scuffed shoes and prudent pauses in his speech put all the Hollywood heavyweights at ease. Many now wish they had shown him the door.

William Dozier of the Los Angeles Times lists the power-broking characters in McClintick's book: Alan Hirschfield, Herbert Allen, Jr., Marty Rosenhaus, Ray Stark, Charlie Allen (Herb's uncle), Norman Hirschfeld (Alan's dad), Leo Jaffe, Milton Rudin, Dan Melnick and Sy Weintraub. We have not omitted any names, McClintick makes it abundantly clear that Hollywood power is often a family affair.

The maneuverings and cover-ups at Columbia during Begelgate would, writes Dozier, "have made Nixon and his cover-up artists look like clods." The "ugly, loathsome story" which emerges is really more about the incestuous and self-protective nature of the entire movie community than about its leading con man. Dozier advises "anyone who has ever had, or hopes to have any connection with the motion picture business or Wall Street" to consider the book "an absolute must."

In David McClintick's words, Hollywood is an institution with a great capacity for "resisting change," inhabited by people with "narrow, small minds" which come from living in an insular sub-culture. If that sounds like a description of rural Mississippi in the 1950s, just remember that McClintick (unlike the late Reverend Martin Luther King Jr.) is pessimistic about the prospects for change -- and that the average American child doesn't spend anything like 30,000 hours crouching bug-eyed before a bale of cotton.

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Bureaucratic Anthropology

An Instaurationist comments: The bureaucratic memorandum reproduced at right dictates belief. Apparently the personnel offices in U.S. defense establishments have been converted into amateur do-it-yourself bureaus of physical anthropology.

You didn't know that "employees in Guam or Hawaii" constitute a new racial division, did you? I certainly didn't. I also tend to doubt the importance of "American Indians or Alaskan Natives" in Naval Air Engineering work. I looked expectantly for my own racial listing. As nearly as I can make out, I'm lumped with Bulgarians under "White, not of Hispanic Origin." However, if I went to Puerto Rico looking for a government position, I would be "Not Hispanic in Puerto Rico." One omission, though, represents progress -- they've finally dumped the Aleuts (but not in the 1980 Census). As for "Hispanic," on a recent trip to Ensenada I used Spanish frequently, much to the disappointment of retail clerks who have learned enough English to get a job handling the turistas. Zambos, quadroons, octofores, mulattoes, mestizos, Alpines, Mediterraneans, even Nordics, Eurasians and Mongoloids, can be listed under "Hispanic," which is about as logical as putting the same groups under "Anglic."

There's literally no end to the nonsense that the bureaucratic Lib-Mins can come up with, whether it be in the "criminal justice system" or biology. Expect it from the average American child doesn't spend anything like 30,000 hours crouching bug-eyed before a bale of cotton.

Note: We may expect some changes in some of these racial classifications. Mexican Americans prefer the term "Latino" to call themselves Spanish Americans or Hispanics. Incidentally, Latino is preferred to Latin because it eliminates Italians, who are Latinos, but did not arrive here via Latin America or, as the Mexicans call it, Latino-america.