

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauratio[®]

VOL. 10 NO. 7

JUNE 1985



**BACK
TO
THE
LAND**

**BACK
TO
LIFE**



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

When the Israelis attacked the U.S.S. Liberty in 1967, killing 34 Americans and wounding 171, our media hardly raised a furrowed eyebrow and obediently bought the Zionist malarkey that it was all a mistake. But when an Israeli tank shot up two Lebanese employees of CBS in March, Charles Kuralt, mysteriously substituting for Dan Rather, who may have refused to utter the heretical words, went on record as saying the act was "perhaps intentional." The same evening Lesley Stahl threw a couple of hard questions about the shooting at President Reagan, who sidestepped them with his customary garbled repartee. Although the press esprit de corps does not extend to American servicemen mowed down and maimed in a murderous air and sea assault by Zionists, it does cover foreigners on the CBS payroll. I guess the only way we can avoid being pushed into a war to make the world safe for Israel is for the Israelis to continue shooting up our media people.

200

One day several months ago I called the offices of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting here in Washington to complain about the long spate of Holocaust docudramas which are becoming a regular feature of our national TV fare. The officer in charge of handing out grants for the production of this junk was incensed at my protests and refused to hear any arguments. He finally cut short my phone call by telling me that I was perfectly free to "make my own documentary" and that the same channels of subsidy application exist for me as they do for everyone else!

200

I feel very unproud to be the citizen of a country whose president was castigated on network TV by a professional atrocity monger named Elie Wiesel, a citizen of three countries, who makes his living by stirring up race hatred against Germans. After the public scourging, our mighty president lept up and applauded his scourger. Every year the yellow streak that colors the backs of our public officials grows yellower, broader and longer.

328

Why is Israel's sacred "right to exist" so much more important than any other nation's "right to exist"?

903

Did I tell you that we stayed with Ezra Pound's daughter, Princess de Rachewiltz, in South Tyrol? She is a very charming person who has had a very tough row to hoe (Since Ez didn't bother with a will, her mother, with whom he had lived for so many years, got nothing, and all his royalties went to his second wife and son, Omar, who is not a very staunch fighter for his father's good name). Mary de Rachewiltz spends part of the year working on her father's MSS at Yale, and is now running Schloss Brunnenburg singlehandedly, since her husband ill-advisedly tried to restore his family fortunes by running arms to Third World dissidents. He now sits in a Neapolitan prison awaiting trial.

Footloose subscriber

The media may have shot themselves in the foot when they ousted President Nixon. Under Nixon and détente, hundreds of thousands of Jews were allowed to leave Russia. Now very few are.

652

Did anybody see that despicable renegade, Senator Lowell Weicker (R-CT), on Cable News Network's *Crossfire* some weeks ago? One difference between the "neo-Nazis" in *The Order* and fanatics of the left, he explained, is that leftists are on a much higher moral plane because they are willing to take the consequences for breaking laws, while rightists try to avoid being caught. As an example, he cited his own arrest in front of the South African embassy for demonstrating against apartheid. Weicker waited until more than a thousand people had been arrested, until District of Columbia authorities declared that those arrested would not be prosecuted, to stage his cheap publicity stunt and bravely accept the non-existent "consequences." Such bravery! Such moral courage!

100

Zip 070's letter (May 1985) about the never-married deserves further attention. To contend that marriage is good because "becoming the head of a family makes [a man] think about the future and forces him to have a stake in social stability" is absolutely wrong-headed. To encourage the kind of "social stability" we have today is to feed a cancer that is certain to consume one's children.

Most of my Majority activist friends who have married have effectively dropped out of the movement, due, no doubt, to an insistence by the wife on social stability and respectability. It is true that many Majority males, and especially Majority activists, are not married and may never be. And it is a tragedy that their genes will not be passed on. But it is foolish to think that a true Majority society can be recreated without going through a period of severe social instability. If families hamper the creation and implementation of such a new and healthy regime, it is a necessary sacrifice for those in the vanguard of the activist movement.

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□ Having been through the psychotherapy mill myself, I feel rather well qualified to comment on a particular aspect of the whole process which, in that it unquestionably relates to ethnicity, is usually left carefully unmentioned. Absolutely central to the theory (and practice) of an ideal process of therapy is the overcoming of what is called resistance, which is quite simply our deep and inherent reluctance to give vent to all the intimate details of one's life without editing. This resistance is especially important in psychoanalysis, as any withholding or favorable editing on the analysand's part will inevitably distort the effectiveness of the analytic process. Anyone who has been in the position of attempting to overcome this resistance knows that it is extremely difficult and painful; indeed, it may be impossible. Your own deep sense of both privacy and shame immediately impede the process. When this happens, you feel you have failed. It is easy to see how you can almost be driven mad by this kind of cure.

The ethnic aspect of all this stems from the undeniable fact that few people on earth have such a highly developed sense of privacy as the Nordic. Instauration has often touched on the social implications of this psychological fact: the Nordic as explorer and pioneer organism with a distaste for many of the inevitable aspects of overcrowding in asphalt cities and his inability to understand the African slaves' preference for what to him were crowded living quarters. Yankee reserve as expressed by such literary figures as Edith Wharton's Ethan Frome and by political personalities like Calvin Coolidge is now called repression in the psychoanalytic lingo, but repression or not, it is what characterizes us. We simply cannot become lively, pasta-gobbling Sicilians, gabbling and haggling Jews, dancing Negroes or successful analysands without doing some deep and fundamental violence to our own basic nature.

916

□ Just read your article about the Quakers in Philadelphia (Mar. 1985). I'm trying to hold out in the inner city, but my house has been burglarized twice and I've been mugged on my own block.

191

□ Ben Wattenberg's new book, *The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong*, deals at length with the "birth dearth" and endorses what he calls the "non-Europeanization of America." He salutes the relatively high Jewish birthrate in Israel and gives us a lot of gunk about how Cambodian Americans will be good anti-Communists and about how, by becoming the first "universal nation," we will show the world that democracy can work for everyone, "not just Anglo-Saxons."

480

□ Indulging in verbal gymnastics with legions of Jewish intellectuals, given both their millennial skill in casuistry and their media control, will only guarantee that the America of Cheryl Ladd will become the America of Shari Belafonte; that the America of John Fremont, Stephen Foster and Charles Lindbergh will become the America of Prince and Michael Jackson.

810

□ Elizabeth Taylor reports that she sometimes awakens in the middle of the night screaming about the HH (Horrors of the Holocaust). I don't doubt it. On the other hand, I have yet to hear of anyone waking up screaming about Soviet Gulags. I have devised a formula for determining an individual's NSQ or Nocturnal Scream Quotient: $h + s + t + \frac{1}{4}rs = \text{NSQ}$ (where h =hystericality on a scale of 0 to 100; s =suggestibility on a scale of 0 to 100; t =theatricality, 0 to 100; rs =real suffering, 0 to 100). Elizabeth Taylor scores a very high 300 on the NSQ, even though she never came anywhere near the Holocaust. All those anti-German flicks and survivor stories deposited themselves in her suggestible (100) subconscious, where her hysterical (100) nature, common to endomorphic females, took over. Actually, her nocturnal screams were quite minimal, yet her theatricality (100) made them appear much louder and longer in the telling (and retelling). Compare this to Alexander Solzhenitsyn's NSQ of 50. He gets 100 on real suffering, which, multiplied by one-fourth as the formula dictates, yields a 25. A modest 25 on the theatricality factor (which his writer's craft demands) pulls him up to an overall 50. In other words, with infinitely more real suffering in his past, rs puts out only one-sixth as much NSQ.

024

□ On a recent shopping trip I found myself backed into a corner with a tightening ring closing in on me. It was a slow time of day with only a few shoppers present and only two clerks on the floor. The white girl was down on her hands and knees restocking empty lower shelves. The black girl stood at her checkout stall, her haunch leaning comfortably against a rail, seemingly enjoying her leisure, or maybe watching the white girl work. I made my purchases and, after marking time for a while, I screwed up my courage and politely reminded the white girl that a group of customers who were used to being checked out by her were milling around up front waiting for her and would she be so kind as to come check us out. I had no idea a pretty little thing could display such a show of temper. She vented a flood of invective, the gist of which was that she was sick and tired of doing the work of two people. By that time the black descended on me, assuming I was some kind of ringleader, racist pig and white-hearted scoundrel. All the shopping cart pushers came running, everybody but the store manager, who was nowhere in sight. Jesse Jackson would have been proud of her performance, over and above all the epithets he would have added to his own replete repertoire. Her favorite refrain, repeated with unabashed and uninhibited crescendo, was why was I against her, hated her and tried to keep blacks down. She didn't run out of abuse but she did pause, intending, no doubt, for me to make a spectacle of myself groveling in an orgy of guilt. The attentive audience manning the tight phalanx of shopping carts looked at me for some sort of response. Under the pressure of an impromptu rejoinder, I said, "You are very much mistaken. I am not a racist; I am not against you; I don't hate you and I don't want to hold you, or anybody else, down. What I do hate and detest with all my being is affirmative action and all its

many ugly forms. I hate it for the same reason you should be hating it. Minorities have been pushed ahead of everybody else and given every advantage regardless of who gets hurt. But that is not the reason I hate it so. My reason for hating it is that it will eventually be most harmful to the misguided people the politicians keep assuring us it will help. The day may not be too far off when all the white-flighters who won't be able to find places to run to, and other whites who feel the pinch of affirmative action, will start asking what the minorities have done toward their own independence and self-sufficiency with all the advantages they have enjoyed for so long. We wouldn't complain about the transfusions if you would use them to set yourselves up in the kind of society that would make you happy, and we all know that is not living with each other. But you think the answer is not just the needle in our vein; you want to cut an artery so you can have it all. You live with us so long as the getting is good on the receiving end. If your people persist in *We Shall Overcome*, we will start countering with *We Won't Be Overwhelmed*. The outlook for our debt-ridden people gets bleaker and bleaker and support for affirmative action gets grimmer and grimmer. We share our shaky prosperity with you, but how will the hard times be distributed? Think about it."

The ring of shopping carts opened; the black went to the women's lounge; and the white clerk checked us all out.

327

□ It takes no more than a cool eyeball to see that large numbers of the white population suffer from a lack of genetic quality. (I am not speaking of this in reference to an extrahuman ideal.) It goes far beyond a lack of beauty into the area of a lack of harmony. An individual can be less than beautiful, yet because of a harmony of nature, proportion and behavior, remain a handsome creature. We have, however, a large segment of our race in which there is no harmony. Innumerable whites look and act as though they have been assembled at random from jumbled-up, mismatched parts bins. I expect that, genetically, that is exactly what has happened.

612

□ The first item in "Primate Watch" (Feb. 1985) has George Will stating that the Cambodian Holocaust was the second worst one of the century. Since the worst consumed only 6 million (taking Jewish claims at face value), then simple arithmetic proves: One Jew is more valuable than (a) 5 to 10 Russian; (b) 5 to 10 Chinese; (c) 2 or more Germans.

319

□ Isn't it strange that the amount of Holocaust propaganda increases in direct proportion to the amount of aid demanded by Israel? Much of the avalanching Holocaustiana in April was directly linked to the temporary (quite temporary as it turned out) reluctance of the administration to add \$1.5 billion in emergency funds to the \$3 billion shakedown to Zionists already authorized for fiscal 1986.

086

□ Instaurionists who live in regions of this country where the Majority is still in the majority should be encouraged to spend some time in New York City. It's a sure way to motivate the most unmotivated, and so provide us with the nucleus of our future leadership. Every outrage against Nordicism that one can possibly imagine is the order of the day -- and night -- in Zoo City. As an Instaurionist I don't feel bad about having spent my whole life here. It has accelerated the development of my outlook beyond measure. Congenial surroundings only shelter us from the truth. But spend three or four years among the masses in this town, and you'll be ready -- as never before -- to move heaven and earth in the defense of your race.

113

□ White is too broad, most Instaurionists agree. Aryan is nice, but too exclusive and is associated with the Hitler prototype. Nordic is also too exclusive because most whites in America are not blond and blue-eyed. Anglo excludes people from countries other than Britain. WASP is redundant since there are no nonwhite Anglo-Saxons, and not all Anglo-Saxons are Protestants. What about CONED (Caucasians of Northern European Descent)?

716

□ When a farmer on the NBC Nightly News said his bank wouldn't loan him the money for next year's planting unless he expanded, took on more debt and overextended himself until the bankers owned him completely, it occurred to me, since agribusiness would buy up his land at auction, that collective farming was just around the corner. If Majority members are forced off the land and forced to join the ranks of a rootless urban proletariat, our people will have lost one of its main lines of defense. Without the resources of the Great Plains to call upon, no effective resistance to the central government is possible. So if the current foreclosures are a taste of things to come, our people may soon experience their final dispossession. Driven from their land and into big cities, these once independent farming families will be subject to the twin influences of big government and big business. In no time they will be manipulated, intimidated and corrupted. Soon they will learn to do what's required -- or face the possibility of sleeping in a doorway. Independence will be a dream they only half remember.

113

□ There are 12,000 Ukrainian "Nazi war criminals" living in Canada, says Jewish spokesman Sol Littman. Since these "criminals" have never been identified -- let alone tried -- and since the Ukrainian community is terribly upset about this whole thing, will Littman now be charged with spreading "false news" likely to harm social relations?

Canadian subscriber

□ I must say that, although I have long abandoned all faith in the political process, I was still disappointed and disgusted at the Populist Party's choices for the 1984 ticket. After all the pre-convention hoopla, I'd assumed that the nominees would be unabashed Majority activists on the order of Tom Metzger. Imagine my disappointment at the picking of a Falwellian holy roller like Bob Richards, who, once nominated, promptly assured the media that he believed in the equality of all races, disbelieved the charges that the Holocaust is a hoax because he "was there" and "saw the furnaces," and praised the Israelis to the skies! It just goes to show the embarrassing results of good people bending over backwards not to be "racist" or "controversial" and fooling nobody but themselves.

900

□ Cholly being one of my favorites, I miss his rollicking stories on Sutter Lang. In mothballs, holed up somewhere, or has he given up on that one? Whatever, good comedy!

343

□ If Hitler had concentrated on internal improvements in place of conquering territory, England and France would not have jumped him. He could have worked on eugenics, economics and the Jewish problem. He didn't have much patience.

030

□ Charles Freeman, chief counselor of the U.S. Embassy in China, has stated, "We [Americans] are now training the entire future elite of this enormous country, an opportunity that doesn't come often with a nation as important to the world as China." House Majority Leader Jim Wright (D-TX), says, "The whole Chinese politburo has kids studying in the U.S." Prior to exalting this great coup, Freeman and Wright should have been aware that Britain had a similar plan. It transported promising young natives from their colonies to educate them in English universities on English law, government, culture and values. The objective was to strengthen the Empire.

981

□ I recently submitted a letter to the editor of a local newspaper criticizing the wave of publicity against South Africa. When it was published I thought that some of your readers might not be averse to once more being made aware of the ignorance and cowardice now prevailing in the news media. I copied the usual list of rare minerals we import from South Africa, as well as mentioning the friendly seas off their Cape that we need to keep friendly for transport of so much of our oil. You can tell the rather special feeling the editor had for me when he captioned the piece, "South Africa protests harmful to 'friend.'" He included my name, but changed my local address to read "South Africa."

601

□ Closed the lid on all but your mag and Thomas Dixon's works. The latter make me feel rather nice, relaxed, away from the weird, nitwit era in which we live. No time for fictional junk.

038

□ I was greatly disturbed by the letter from Zip 756 (May) about the lifelong pro-white activist who was not willing to pay for African repatriation, support a true Third Party or sacrifice a few states to retain an all-white remnant nation. Rejecting these alternatives, he remained absolutely clueless about how to end the dispossession of Majority Americans. This kind of selfish and narrow-sighted person, ostensibly "on our side," will be the greatest obstacle to a real solution to Majority America's dilemma.

300

□ Sometimes it must be awfully discouraging knowing that Instauration reaches such a minuscule percentage of its potential audience. This thought occurred to me after reading the article on Elie Wiesel and Zinoviev (Dec. 1984), which I consider to be one of the finest you have ever printed. But let me assure you that this piece -- and others like it that appear with astounding regularity in your publication -- are like rocks thrown in a placid summer pond. The ripples are bound to get larger and larger. When the last Ben Wattenberg, Joseph Kraft, William Safire, Martin Peretz or Victor Navasky column, essay or article crumbles to dust in the last library, these words of Instauration (including "Chins Up," also in the December issue) will live on in the hearts and minds of us and our descendants.

341

MARV



I'm glad my friend Elie Wiesel persuaded the media to accent his name on the last syllable -- like the French do. Those haters had a field day giving it the correct German pronunciation.

□ Mine is generally a tolerant mind. I can read a 300-page book on Christian ethics (or psycho-analysis or Jewish sociology) and find far more in it to like than dislike. Many of the things that people in such fields say make a great deal of sense to me. It is only when they come up against certain subjects -- racial differences, the territorial and genetic integrity of peoples, eugenics -- that such authors usually begin talking dangerous nonsense, and I sometimes fling down their books in disgust. "Intolerance" on my part? On the contrary! They reject out of hand certain abiding truths which I have experienced deeply at first hand. I accept the vision of these modern would-be levelers as far as it goes. It is only their lack of vision which I reject. Even where they "go blind," their leveling dogma can be most amusing on account of all its specious subtleties. Yes, I tolerate even that when I'm in a good temper, truly relishing so fine a master of the crooked trade as Stephen Jay Gould. It's when I'm in a crabby mood or reading the all too transparent inanities of some third-rate Boasian epigone that unworthy emotions sometimes get the best of me.

217

□ The Holocaust is becoming an addictive world mania. There must be something more to contemporary civilization than this. Won't any public figure in America ever have the intestinal fortitude to get up and cry, "Enough!"

890

□ Several years ago there was an ad in the New York Times placed by one of those ad hoc pro-Israel groups seeking to ensure the continued election of properly subservient members of Congress through the judicious administration of a campaign fund. The signatories included the usual list of suspects (Martin Peretz), but one name in particular caught my eye -- that of movie funnyman/deep thinker Woody Allen (born Alan Konigsberg). Allen's name also turned up on a list of heavyweight Democratic contributors to the 1984 North Carolina senatorial campaign. What intrigues me about the heretofore seemingly apolitical Allen is that he has made a career of playing a particular type of funny, alienated, "little man" role, a character with few if any deep connections to society at large. As such, he approves of and indeed fosters a similar attitude among those who see his films and number themselves among his enthusiasts. Yet now we know that Allen's tribal loyalty was, through it all, very much intact.

121

□ Re the chess marathon between Karpov and Kasparov, a commentator on TV made an interesting point. To the West it looks like a match between two Soviet Grand Masters. But in the USSR it is one between an all-Russian boy (Karpov) and a pushy, Central Asian half-Jew (Kasparov) and therefore has strong racial overtones. So race, as usual, is the crux of the matter.

British subscriber

□ The article, "A Journey Through Syria" (Feb. and Mar. 1985), was so good I xeroxed 10 copies for friends and relatives.

142

□ We can bemoan our decline from now until the day some half-breed mates with the last white female, but it won't alter or slow our destruction in any effective way. The majority of our people either don't know, don't want to know or don't care about the problem. You will wait forever for the drugged white cattle to act effectively in self-defense, especially when all the rules are so rigged in our enemies' favor. I feel that our salvation, if it ever comes, will be from a small dedicated group who manage to concentrate great power in their hands, and who have the will to use that power to separate the races and keep them separated. The parasites aren't ever going to willingly separate from us; they know what it would mean for them.

086

□ There seems to be confusion among some Instaurationists regarding the standards by which a minority is judged assimilable or unassimilable. The standard is neither cultural nor religious, but racial-biological. One must ask the question whether our race, with its recessive and rare genetic traits, can assimilate (i.e. interbreed with) the minority in question without altering or diminishing our unique physical-morphological characteristics. If the answer is no, then separation from that minority is a condition required for the continuation of our kind. We should view this separation as a simple requirement for our existence. It does not mean that we must, or even should, dislike or belittle the minority, or fail to appreciate its positive assets, but that we simply must be separated from its members if our race is to continue to exist.

This question has been raised in particular with respect to the Italians. Regardless of how many great Nordic Italians there may have been in the past, the typical Italian of today is a living example of what happens when Nordics interbreed with Mediterraneans or Levantines. The result is definitely not Nordic. Those Mediterraneans, of whatever nationality, who claim they are with us and wish us well, but refuse to be separated from us, are denying us the fundamental condition we require for our continued racial existence. In racial terms their embrace is tantamount to a kiss of death. If they are truly well intentioned, and bear us good will as they claim, then they cannot deny us the separation we need for racial life and survival.

Zip 110, who some time ago advocated acceptance of the Italians for assimilation by the Majority, is apparently Catholic first, Irish second, and Northern European last. His priorities are the reverse of what they should be. The offspring of such pairings that I have seen have seldom been Northern European, and when they have been, they have been only marginally so, while one parent was magnificently so. From magnificent to marginal is a big step down, and a tragic waste.

Zip 110 ended with the warning that "the white genes of future generations may not be Nordic except for that part of the population which remains Catholic." He seems to be more interested in defending and preserving Catholicism than the Nordic race. Those Nordic Catholics who practice his advice and intermarry with Catholic Mediterraneans will certainly not

produce future Nordic generations. They will not produce future Grace Kellys. Her beauty (and, in its biological origins, her personality) had nothing to do with Catholicism. Nor was it uniquely Irish. But it was uniquely and distinctly Nordic. Any Northern European willing to see a world without Grace Kellys in order to have more Gina Lollobrigidas or Sophia Loren should carefully reconsider his loyalties.

However much we may respect or admire certain Mediterraneans, and have many common interests with them, it is a biological fact that they cannot produce Nordic offspring. If Nordics assimilate with them, then they will also be unable to produce Nordic offspring, the line of Nordic generations will come to an end, and the Nordic will disappear. The Nordic race cannot assimilate Mediterraneans without destroying, or greatly diminishing, its Nordic racial identity and unique traits. This, by definition, makes the Meds unassimilable.

330

□ It is my basic belief that the average white prefers to vote for his short-term advantage. The overwhelming number of whites would much rather have mulatto grandchildren or great-grandchildren and still be guaranteed 20 years of good times. Our only hope is that the system itself is in a process of self-destruction. Democratic reform is not feasible, not for the reason that we do not want to choose that option, but because the system itself is incapable of reform. As Edmund Burke stated, "An institution without means of change is without means of its preservation."

300



BACK TO THE LAND

What have they done to the old home place?
Why did they tear it down?
And why did I leave my plough in the field
And look for a job in the town?

Country-Western song lyric

The Majority must return to the land or die. Throughout history, particularly in Nordic countries, the discipline and aesthetics of rural life have generated and nurtured people of culture, tradition and vitality. The city, recalling Spengler's phrase, breeds "raceless, rootless masses." Is it a coincidence that our decline corresponds precisely to our rate of urbanization? Homestead pioneering, in remote or relatively remote areas, should be the centerpiece of a Majority survival strategy.

The lemming-like rush of whites toward racial suicide makes back-to-the-land not an option, but a necessity. Cholly Bilderberger is correct when he calls Americans a diseased people. The word "diseased" is literal and certainly no figure of speech. How else to describe a population that regularly eats, drinks and breathes poisonous byproducts, preservatives and pollutants? Adding spiritual and emotional sickness to physical illness makes for a fast-paced, albeit sedentary, urban lifestyle which wears down nerves and leaves no time for soul-restoring leisure and fellowship.

It is not surprising that the diseased masses seek the anesthesia of drink, drugs, ear-splitting music, TV fantasy and Pollyanna creeds of equality. A sick and hurting Majority will mix and blend with all comers in the hope of sinking into painless oblivion. The welfare-womb state offers the weary Majority member one escape; the grave offers the other, the ultimate anesthetic for self and species.

Given such powerful life-denying urges, the Majority soapbox activist will be no more heeded than the few dissenters at Jonestown who balked at eternal bliss induced by cyanide-laced Kool-Aid. In the end they, too, had to drink.

Retreat to rural homesteads would allow us to exit from this madness and give us a chance to encounter some of the challenges and rewards of authentic living faced by our pioneer forebears. Most importantly, it would ensure the survival of our race in North America.

A return to the pursuits of farming and survival would make new men and women out of us. The truth of the matter is that we are only a little less diseased than the average Joe WASP. We can scarcely hold a candle to our rural ancestors. The extent of our immunity to the great liberal plague is the extent to which we recognize sickness as sickness, and not as an advance toward a "more open, pluralistic society." Until enough of us regain our health, effective Majority resistance will be no more feasible than a ward of convalescents playing rugby.

Homestead communities in secluded places would give us the opportunity to resurrect our minds and bodies with clean air and water and unadulterated food, grown by our own labor. (We should heed the words of an Hispanic activist who recently warned Anglos that those who harvest the land are those who will ultimately possess it.) Close contact with nature, the elements and our families and friends would rejuvenate emotions and spirits. An equally great boon would be the physical and psychological distance from the materialist and miscegenist society of urbia and suburbia.

The hardy life on the land has always been conducive to a high birthrate for Nordics. Where is a better and safer place to bring up children? Life in the city or cluttered suburbs is not our natural habitat. It is our graveyard, and it is populated by minority gravediggers. On our homesteads we would have nothing to offer minority members but hard work and simple, wholesome living. I don't think Marv or Willie would show up.

The new Majority pioneer might want to settle as an individual in an existing farm community; or perhaps groups of Majority survivalists may wish to move to the land as a community based on some religious or political principle after the fashion of the Amish.

It would be best for us to move without any great fuss and maintain quiet communications from one homestead to another, biding our time and laying plans for the future. The enemy can't attack what he can't find, and simple survival farmers, in any case, won't appear to be any great threat.

Where to move? Looking at a map of the U.S., two likely areas are the continent's two mountain spines: Appalachia from Georgia to Maine and the Rockies from Northern New Mexico to Canada. Add to these two areas most of the Pacific Northwest, the Northern Plains states and parts of the deep South, and you have a basically rural domain where the Majority is still the majority.

A back-to-the-land movement within any part or parts of this territory could form the nucleus of a new Majority nation or nations that could emerge from a racial-ethnic partition of what is now the United States. This idea of the "National Premise," outlined in *Instauration* (April 1976) seems to be the most feasible prospect for Majority survival in America.

Many will cry "impractical." So let it be stated again that the stakes are survival or extinction. Once this is realized, the bounds of what is considered practical are not so limited. Even if there were no minorities, our national health would require rural revival. No culture can flourish and prosper without contact with the soil and the changeless realities of nature. Lacking this contact, the Nordic is always prone to embark on dizzy flights of abstraction and sentimentality.

For an individual thinking about moving, there are indeed many practical difficulties. But do they outweigh the ever greater difficulties of life in liberal-minority cities? Doubtlessly, a neo-pioneer will most likely lose income by moving to a homestead. Yet the peace of mind he acquires may be far more valuable than the cash lost. Our materialism often makes us lose sight of true value.

Furthermore, a doubter should ask himself where he would rather be in the event of a nationwide economic collapse; facing food shortages in a minority-dominated city, or pretty much self-sufficient on a homestead with like-minded neighbors around to call on for help?

Certainly life on the land will present its problems, the plight of the small full-time farmer being a prime example. Given present economic realities, a homesteader may have to work part-time in a nearby town for a trifling cash income. Using our ingenuity, we may come up with other ideas to keep our life on the land at a comfortable level above bare subsistence. New computer technology already has made possible salaried work from remote terminals.

With trends as they are, Majority activists won't be the only whites looking for rural plots. As time goes on we may be able to forge and direct an agrarian movement to serve our cultural and political interests. Till now, most thinking about rural retreats has come from the environmental left. Many of the basically decent people in this camp eventually might be won over to our view by pointing out the environmental devastation inherent in a polyglot society.

A Possible Strategy for the Majority?

Broad acres are a patent of nobility; and no man but feels more of a man in the world if he have a bit of ground that he can call his own. However small it is on the surface, it is four thousand miles deep; and that is a very handsome property.

Charles Dudley Warner

Any attempt to advocate agrarianism today must start with a house-cleaning of mistaken ideas about it. This is perhaps particularly true if a return to the land is proposed as one possible strategy for Majority activists who seek the survival of their race in the pan-ethnic America of the future. For some such activists, probably because of their pride in the scientific and technical achievements of their race, agrarianism connotes nature worship, a Luddite rejection of modern technology, and acceptance of an ideal of primitive self-sufficiency.

Contemporary agrarianism does not advocate a return to the land because of some idealistic exaltation of nature. The rationale for agrarianism today is the simple recognition that farming or some form of "cottage industry" provides one of the few remaining means by which a considerable number of people may earn an independent livelihood. In an era when most men dream only of job advancement, agrarians are realists, not romanticists, because they acknowledge the basic fact that a man who does not own the means by which he earns his livelihood can never be truly free.

Even traditional agrarians have recognized that the



Pioneer family in Nebraska, 1888

greatest evil of factory production is not its urban setting but its reduction of workers to a state of servile dependency. The famous passage in Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* in which he concludes, "The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure governments as sores do to the strength of the human body," also contains his seldom-quoted reason why such urban mobs cannot be trusted to preserve a republic: "Dependence begets subservience and venality, suffocates the germ of virtue, and prepares fit tools for the designs of ambition." Another traditional agrarian, John Taylor of Caroline, denounced proponents of "the manufacturing mania," who argued that it would guarantee the independence of the United States, by correctly predicting that it would result in dependency for 90 percent of the populace: "What! Secure our independence by bankers and capitalists? Secure our independence by impoverishing, discouraging and annihilating nine-tenths of our sound yeomanry? By turning them into swindlers, and dependents on a master capitalist for daily bread?" (It is interesting to note that Taylor published these words in his *Arator* in 1818, the very year Karl Marx was born.)

The belief that agrarianism involves a repudiation of modern technology does have some basis in fact. For that reason, traditional agrarianism, which does have a Luddite tendency, must be sharply differentiated from what, for the sake of convenience, may be called the new agrarianism, which began with the homesteading movement led by the argonomist Ralph Borsodi during the 1930s. According to Borsodi, the homestead may include all tools and machinery which can be used in domestic production. The threat to the homestead and the agrarian way of life, Borsodi believed, arises not from the machine itself but from its use in factory production rather than domestic production. Factory production arose with the application in industry of the steam engine, which had a centralizing effect on production and drove domestic industries virtually out of existence. The industrial application of electricity, however, made possible a reversal of this centralization, a dispersal of production back to units the size of the homestead. If Borsodi had lived to see the personal computer, which makes it possible to do all kinds of office work at home, he would no doubt have considered it to be yet another example of how technology can be enlisted in support of domestic production.

Although the new agrarianism is antithetical to the dom-

inant belief of maximum production and consumption beyond basic needs, it does not mean acceptance of the primitive standard of living which would result if each homestead attempted to be wholly self-sufficient. Few of those who have moved back to the land since the 1930s have taken as their ideal the self-sufficiency sought by "survivalism," a rather recent and marginal development. Many new homesteaders choose to earn a large portion of their incomes by outside jobs, while gradually moving towards their goal of complete self-employment. Others immediately attempt to escape from any financial dependency on the "outside world" by producing half for their own consumption and half for sale. Few, however, choose to limit their production to home consumption. Accordingly, the homesteading phenomenon should not be considered a radical economic transplant to primitive self-sufficiency. Only a few have chosen the extreme "survivalist" route.

Beyond the fact that the new agrarianism is not a retrograde movement, there are other positive reasons why it is worthy of consideration by Majority activists: (1) the overwhelming majority of American homesteaders are of Northern European descent; (2) the homesteading movement may be a means of overcoming, to some extent, the pervasive apathy in a society of alienated proletarians; (3) a planned and localized movement back to the land could be the foundation for a community dedicated to the revival and proliferation of Northern European values.

The political economy of the new agrarianism is distributism, not socialism, an economy in which a maximum number of heads of households own the means by which they earn their livelihoods. Admittedly, a cultural leftism has permeated the movement, largely as a result of the minority-oriented media. It should be noted, however, that the leading exponent of the new agrarianism, Borsodi, was himself an outspoken foe of egalitarianism. Obviously influenced by Nietzsche, he was a contributor to Seward Collins's greatly missed pre-WWII *American Review*. Nothing in the new agrarianism makes it a preordained component of the counterculture. On the contrary, many of the new agrarians may be the most likely bell ringers of a grand scale Majority reawakening.

Contrary to Marx's prediction, proletarianization has not resulted in a general economic improvement of the working class. Ironically, the very affluence of the workers in modern industrial capitalist society is frequently a cause of their pervasive sense of apathy. A much deeper cause, however, is the Hegelian notion of alienation. That Marx shelved this idea in favor of his "discovery" of economic "laws" explaining the crises of capitalism is not evidence that Hegel's concept is invalid, but that the Communist founding father probably realized that such alienation would continue under socialism and communism.

Alienated from others in the workplace (most of them are strangers competing for employment and promotions), alienated from the work itself (it is work not for themselves, but for a business or government), alienated from the product of the work (it does not belong to them), alienated from their own human nature (they are forced into the narrow and inhuman confines of a specialized routine),

working people in America, as elsewhere, however relatively affluent some of them may be, are trapped in a state of mind which locks them into apathy. Consequently, Americans who work in offices or factories they do not own care less whether their places of employment are publicly or privately owned. They live only for what they call their "free time." Accustomed to undertaking a task only upon the demand of their superiors, it is no wonder that they have become the servile mobs feared by Jefferson and John Taylor.

Obviously, the true negation of alienation, at least from the standpoint of the freedom-loving Majority member, is neither socialism nor communism, but property, property widely owned and used by its owners, which means first and foremost property in land. As a corollary to this, the rational response to apathy is neither moralistic condemnation nor exhortation to action, reactions popular among "rightists," but a frank recognition of apathy's origin in employee alienation.

Although it will take time to motivate a sizable number of Americans to return to the land, even a small homesteading movement might succeed in establishing communities or, at least, focal points of instauration which, particularly in the event of a societal collapse, could wield a decisive influence over a significant area of the dying republic. Efforts toward such an end could be modest in the beginning, loosely coordinated, unhampered by rigid organizational commitments, the lunacy of "communes," or other proven mistakes of past undertakings. Imagination, perseverance and youthful energy would be essential. Almost all Majority members recognize that the patriarchal homestead has been the life source of their race, the city its grave. By joining in a new movement back to the land, at least a few of them would finally be acting on that recognition.

Suggestions for Further Reading

Borsodi's *This Ugly Civilization* is the best theoretical statement of the new agrarianism. Although out of print, it may possibly be obtained via interlibrary loan. Borsodi's work is being continued by the quarterly, *Green Revolution: A Voice for Decentralization and Balanced Living* (School of Living Press, Box 388, RD 7, York, PA 17402; \$7.50 annually). Maurice G. Kains's practical guide to homesteading, *Five Acres and Independence*, is readily available in a reasonably priced paperback edition from Dover Publications. Also practical in its orientation is the bimonthly *Mother Earth News*, published at Hendersonville, NC, and available at many newsstands.

Unponderable Quote

I personally believe that homosexuals should be afforded total civil rights like all other Americans As long as the homosexual is not flaunting his or her behavior as an acceptable lifestyle, and is not recruiting students, there is no supportable reason for not allowing him to teach in a public school. Now I say that is true in public schools. Religious schools accept no government funds, they set their own standards. We therefore would not hire a homosexual or a promiscuous heterosexual to teach in our Christian schools.

Jerry Falwell

A WORD TO THE UNWISE

Some years ago the editor of this magazine wrote in *Ventilations* that Father Time's beard would grow much longer and whiter before the Majority would be able to do something about its dispossession and reverse the tide that is busily sweeping it to oblivion. The editor remembers being criticized sharply for his statement by a group of whipper-snapping young activists in Washington who were planning to start a racial counter revolution that would enable them to take over the country in a matter of a few decades. Today, every one of those young men has dropped out of radical right-wing politics and has returned to "private life," though a few still write books and articles detailing the decline and fall of that once great experiment in Northern European statecraft known as America.

In this day and age there is only one route open to Majority activists, just as there has been only one route open to them in the past and there will be only one route open to them in the foreseeable future. They must continue to restrict their activity to their pens, typewriters and word processors. Writing against minority racism, though treated as the rankest heresy, has not yet become a recognized criminal offense in most states. No such law has yet passed Congress or been upheld or "interpreted" by the Supreme Court. We are, of course, inching in that direction and everyone who blindly and maliciously attacks minority members on the basis of race stands a fair chance of getting hauled into court or going to jail. But writing objective and reasoned articles and books about the racial situation in this country and its effect on crime, forced busing, Middle East policy, immigration and drugs is still legal and permitted, though it gets harder and harder each year to distribute such literature, since the regular book and magazine market is closed to it.

Every once in a while, out of frustration or ignorance or as a result of the deliberate prodding of *agents provocateurs*, Majority activists switch from writing and preaching to doing. Within a very short period of time, such activists are either incarcerated or killed. One reason for this is that such activists do not obey the first law of racial politics, which is to work exclusively with your own kind. Even George Lincoln Rockwell, the quintessential American racist, violated this law when he welcomed into his minuscule Nazi band a Greek American by the name of John Patler, who eventually murdered him. The northwest Aryanists, whom the media call The Order and who have been dominating the news recently, actually recruited a Hispanic named Tom Martinez into their group. Martinez was the informer who led the FBI to Bob Mathews in a Portland motel and later to his "safe house" on Whidbey Island, where Mathews met his death and many of his associates surrendered. One who escaped the dragnet shot and killed a Missouri state trooper before he was tracked down in the neighborhood of a white survivalist camp, whose two leaders were also apprehended.

So what was the final score? The racial insurrectionaries pulled off a few successful acts of rebellion, probably with the informer's active cooperation so he could prove his "belonging," and then when enough evidence had been accumulated to lock the group up forever, Martinez blew the whistle and the FBI closed in. The media thereupon went into an orgasmic frenzy. Thousands of potential Majority activists tuned out and resumed their passivity -- and the ADL had some extra ammunition for the passage of the Genocide Convention and its lobbying effort to outlaw the writing and distributing of pro-Majority literature.

The irony is all too evident. A group of young men organized to fight against minority racism ends up shooting or killing members of their own race, the very people who are most likely to sympathize with their ideas -- law enforcement agents.

When the cops start looking for them, black and leftist activists melt into inner cities or "integrated" neighborhoods where they can hide out safely for years. Minority racists provide them with a choice of hundreds of safe houses. A Majority activist has nowhere to turn, no one to give him a safe shelter, no place to hunker down until the headlines vanish and the manhunt is called off.

If this is the situation -- and it is -- then any act of violence by a Majority activist is a passport to suicide. Until there are thousands of Majority members who are willing to risk jail for taking in a "wanted" man, the latter won't have a snowball's chance in hell of escaping arrest. Right now instead of thousands, there are probably not more than one hundred Majority members in the entire United States who would take such a risk and 98 of them, along with their addresses, are probably already on FBI and ADL computers.

So what is the answer? No violence; not even the lifting of a finger! Even when the time is ripe, even when catastrophic events combined with decades of education and indoctrination produce the thousands of risk-taking sympathizers, the legal way will almost certainly be the most effective way. Violence for "outs" is only politically expedient when the "ins" rule by violence.

Most Majority members are living it up these days as they drown whatever ideals they once had in a stagnant sea of produce-and-consumism. Most Majority members know nothing of the forces of history, nothing of race, nothing of the machinations of those who are genetically conditioned to destroy every manifestation of high culture everywhere. Until most of this ignorance is dispelled by long stints of education and by personal suffering at the hands of the culture mulchers, there will be no meaningful support of any kind for Majority activism, legal or illegal. Twenty people of like mind, no matter how highly motivated, can hardly change the minds of 160 million people who think differently or not at all, even if the 160 million are of the same race as the twenty.

Only time, as it surely must, will change a substantial portion of these minds. If ever a country is headed for chaos, it is this one. A good dose of coast-to-coast fragmentation and barbarism following years of education explaining the forces behind the breakdown will change hundreds of thousands of minds in a couple of fortnights. Fat stomachs are not the wombs of heroes. Empty stomachs make people do things that are completely "out of character." Sooner or later there will be legions of such "out of character" Majority members. Then and only then will we have a chance of making our actions stick. Meanwhile, any and all false starts will be counterproductive and only postpone our resurgence by turning the average Majority member more strongly than ever against his self-appointed rescuers. Shooting down a state trooper is the kind of act that makes holidays in the hearts of Zionists.

There were a few positive chapters in the short and unhappy history of The Order. The fiery death of Bob Mathews proved there was at least one man left in this degenerate, cowardly populace who was willing to put his life on the line for his beliefs. It was also evident that a few brash men could make a successful stand against all the power of the powers that be -- at least for a month or so. Above all, The Order proved that violence was no longer the monopoly of black and Puerto Rican terrorist bands and the Jewish Defense League. But all of these little pluses were overwhelmingly negated by the minuses -- the failed security, the mass arrests, the media hate campaign, the firefights, not against minority oppressors and racial renegades, but against G-men and state troopers. No matter how unfairly they fought, it is in the hands of the law-and-order men that our destiny must rest when the minorities, once they are in the majority, turn their envy and hatred into acts of genocide. When will our people ever start remembering what happened in the past to our enemies' enemies? There has been more than one holo-

caust. Our race has been on the receiving end of several in the past, and the nonwhite minorities, when they sufficiently outnumber us, will doubtlessly try, with the help of certain whites, to holocaust us again in the late 21st century.

Use your brains, Majority activists! Don't let the rest of us down. We are approaching one of the great crises of human history. The existence or nonexistence of the one race that has made man the wonder of creation hangs in the balance. Its disappearance may well put mankind on the road back to the ape instead of upward to the higher than man. Bravery not bravado, patience not derring-do must be the watchwords. And if you believe in race, practice it with every breath of your lungs, every beat of your heart. There are more than enough backsliders out there ready to turn you in for a brief moment of media fame and some quick cash. The informer abounds in a snitcher's market, in a society where he gets a medal instead of a more fitting reward. With all those jackals prowling around out there, you should make doubly certain you don't allow an even more alien breed of beast to share the warmth of your lonely campfire.

Gloomspreaders among us have been heard to say that at least three million Majority members will have to die before this country is returned to the descendants of the people who hammered, ploughed and sawed it out of rock, prairie and woodland. Right now, including two tax protestors who also killed some lawmen but who had no sense of the racial struggle, the count stands at three. If the dealers in gloom are correct, that leaves 2,999,997 to go. Let us make certain that all future casualties will be chalked up to victory, not defeat; that each Majority death will be a small battle won in history's greatest and most crucial war -- the war to defend our race, and by extension all races, against the destroyers of race.



The photo that needs no English caption to be understood.

WORLD'S LONELIEST MAN

Rudolf Hess, who has now observed 91 birthdays, is suffering from muscular atrophy in his right leg and progressive curvature of the spine, besides being blind in his right eye. His guards are only allowed to refer to him as #7, the man who inhabits cell #17 in Berlin's Spandau fortress, the entire facilities of which are reserved for his incarceration.

Hess has been a prisoner for 44 years, since May 10, 1941, when he crashed his twin-engine Messerschmidt into a Scottish moor in a vain attempt to persuade Churchill to make peace with Germany. In late 1946 he was sentenced to life imprisonment by the Nuremberg Star Chamber judges. Since 1966 he has been Spandau's sole prisoner.

Hess's day begins at 6:00 when he gets up and does a spot of exercise. He then opens his cell door and limps to the dingy washroom across the hall, always, of course, under the watchful eye of a guard, whom he greets with "Guten Morgen." He then dresses in his "television room," a cubicle which contains a chest of drawers. He is not permitted a tie for fear of a suicide attempt.

At 7:00 he has breakfast on a tray beside his bed -- oatmeal porridge and fruit juice. Breakfast over, a hospital orderly comes in and cleans up, raises the back of Hess's hospital bed and adds a bedspread. Hess's painful back is supported by a thick white cushion.

From 8:00 to 10:00 the prisoner reads while propped up in bed. He is permitted four German newspapers and six magazines, one of them the *National Geographic*. Having at his disposal a rather sizable library, he prefers scientific books about space travel and environmental problems. But everything he reads is rigorously censored. Forbidden is any printed matter to do with the years 1943-45. Newspaper or magazine articles about the persecution of Jews or about Israel are verboten. The censors are a Pole and a Congolese, who belong to Spandau's civilian work force, which also includes three cooks, five maintenance men and five kitchen helpers, plus 32 American, British, Russian and French soldiers who comprise the one-man penitentiary's prison guards.

Punctually at 10:00, Hess takes a walk in the prison yard. To get there he goes to a neighboring cell and sits in a chair on a kind of elevator which lowers him to the prison grounds. This contraption added 200,000 marks to the

2,360,000 marks German taxpayers had to shell out last year for the Spandau operation.

Aided by his cane, on which he has had to rely for the past five years, Hess hobbles along the well-worn path, followed closely by a guard. After 20 minutes, his strength gone, he sits down in a little white gazebo, which is heated in winter and has a glass door. The prisoner calls it his "garden house."

Eleven-thirty is lunch time -- a serving of vegetables and salad, occasionally a little meat. He eats lightly because of a recurring stomach ailment and intestinal cramps.

Hess's health is rapidly deteriorating, which is not surprising considering his age. Aside from the previously mentioned ailments, he has swollen legs, recurring problems with his prostate, and his heart is weakening. In 1982 he had two cardiac attacks. One day last August he woke up completely blind. The doctors believed it was due to a detached retina. But it turned out to be an eye muscle, which slowly recovered. However, the doctors are not discounting the possibility of eventual total blindness. At present, Hess has to wear very strong glasses for reading, writing and TV viewing.

The prisoner's siesta is from 1:00 to 2:00. Then another walk. At 3:30 he is on his bed reading again, writing a letter or making entries in his diary. Supper comes at 5:00 -- again vegetables and salad. Then more reading, writing and TV. Once a week he is permitted to hear a half-hour of classical music from his collection of 250 records. At 11:00 he turns in.

Every move Hess makes, everything he hears or sees is controlled. Every TV program he watches must first be approved. The one letter he is permitted to write each week can be no longer than 1,500 words and every syllable is carefully reviewed by his black-and-white censorship team. He may only receive letters from his closest family relations. Even his diary, which now consists of five volumes, is carefully scrutinized. Countless pages have been removed and burnt.

Hess's greatest wish is to hold his three grandchildren in his arms. All he has is a few colored photos of them. Hess's son, Wolf-Rüdiger, last saw his father shortly before Christmas. Visits are limited to one hour, not one minute longer, once a month. If two family members come, the visiting time is reduced to 30 minutes. Frau Hess can no longer see



Hess on his daily constitutional

her husband because she is too ill.

Father and son sit across a table 15 meters wide in the visitor's room and are further separated by a wall in the middle of the table. They can only see each other through a small oval opening in the wall. Consequently, it is impossible for them to embrace, shake hands or even touch each other. Always present at these rare meetings are the four

prison wardens, a translator (for the wardens) and a guard.

Inhuman is an understatement for the treatment the victors have handed out to Hess. Inhuman is the "privilege" that was extended to him last Christmas. For the first time in 44 years he was allowed to decorate his cell -- with a single wreath!

WHO'S CLASSY AND WHO AIN'T

You can outrage people today simply by mentioning social class, very much the way, sipping tea among the aspidistras a century ago, you could silence a party by adverting too openly to sex. When, recently, asked what I am writing, [and I answer], "A book about social class in America," people tend first to straighten their ties and sneak a glance at their cuffs to see how far the fraying has advanced there. Then, a few minutes later, they silently get up and walk away. It is not just that I am feared as a class spy. It is as if I had said, "I am working on a book urging the beating to death of baby whales using the dead bodies of baby seals."

The baby-whale-beater who penned these lines is Paul Fussell, a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and contributing editor of *Harper's* and *The New Republic*. They introduce his remarkably acute book, *Class*, whose mass-produced Ballantine paperback edition, available since October, undermines the words of sociologist Paul Blumberg, who has called class "America's forbidden thought."

Fussell prudently bars some holds at the outset.

In this book I am going to deal with some of the visible and audible signs of social class, but I will be sticking largely to those that reflect choice. That means that I will not be considering matters of race, or, except now and then, religion or politics. Race is visible, but it is not chosen. Religion and politics, while usually chosen, don't show, except for the occasional front-yard shrine or car bumper sticker.

There goes half the fun and scandal, sighs the Instaurationist. But, oh, what this wickedly honest writer does with the other half!

"Classy people are seldom short and squat," is one of the formulas which Fussell eagerly promotes. Another is that little or no neck spells "prole": "If you're skeptical . . . in your imagination try conflating Roy Acuff [or might he mean Roy Clark?] with Averell Harriman, or Mayor Daley with George Bush." Before any short-necked reader hurls these words across the room (which would be a very low-class response to criticism), it should be stressed that Fussell's class-detectors are both many in number and subtle in application. Thus, the shortest neck in the world, by itself, will not keep one from rising virtually to the tip-top.

Nor did Fussell idly invent these grading scales. He is "guilty" (before the squirming masses) only of bearing bad

tidings from a *hypercritical* -- but not *hypocritical* -- natural aristocracy on high. (By definition, it is only a false or artificial aristocracy which can be hypocritical -- unless, with the levelers, one regards all social hierarchies as such.) Going a step further, one cannot even "blame" the upper classes for having "invented" all the necessarily odious comparisons which Fussell, and other class elitists, so lovingly depict. The genuine and worthy class distinction is always at bottom a matter of good taste, which, to a considerable degree, is predetermined by the set "nature of things."

A true upper class will have not only the time and the money to surround itself with life's finer things, but also the refined perception to choose those things correctly. A billion dollars cannot buy the latter talent -- only a team of tasteful mercenaries ready to assist. The point of all this is that bona fide aristocracy is never a "racket" designed to keep out the masses by arbitrary means, though the frustrated mob will naturally be inclined to think it so. The doorway to the class elite stands permanently open -- to free association if not actual co-ownership -- for those few who are able to meet the stringent price. The "finer things of life" sought by wealth includes fine people, after all, which is why wit, grace and beauty have always made their own way.

Since class structures are *not* rackets, by and large, and -- Hollywood mythology notwithstanding -- are therefore unyielding before "open sesame" like new money, it is hard indeed to pass from one class into another, though social "climbers" will always turn eagerly to hucksters like Rozanne Weissman of Washington, D.C., who calls herself a "status therapist." "Strainers" is the term which Fussell prefers for such people, whose level of understanding is revealed by the advice which their gurus dish out: "[Weissman] advises aspirants to get their names into local gossip columns with the expectation that invitations to embassy parties will ensue. That is pitiable, embassy parties being close to the very social bottom."

In the lower orders, writes Fussell, "people tend to believe that class is defined by the amount of money you have."

In the middle, people grant that money has something to do with it, but think education and the kind of work you do almost equally important. Nearer the top, people perceive that taste, values, ideas, style, and behavior are indispensable criteria of class, regardless of money or occupation or education.

This admission is almost subversive in the U.S., as European visitors since Tocqueville have pointed out, yet it remains no less true here than elsewhere. "It can't be money," Fussell quotes one perceptive working man as saying, "because nobody ever knows that about you for sure." George Orwell is quoted on the English:

Economically, no doubt, there are only two classes, the rich and the poor, but socially there is a whole hierarchy of classes, and the manners and traditions learned by each class in childhood are not very different but -- this is the essential point -- generally persist from birth to death It is . . . very difficult to escape, culturally, from the class into which you have been born.

Difficult, but not impossible. "Style and taste and awareness are as important as money" in moving up a notch, writes Fussell -- which makes his book an excellent place to commence the trek. Yet optimism in the quest is inappropriate, for the "stigmata" of class are "virtually unalterable and inefaceable. We're pretty well stuck for life in the class we're raised in." At the end of a chapter filled with hundreds of examples of how the upper, middle and lower classes express themselves, our tutor warns, "Even adopting all the suggestions implied in this chapter, embracing all the high-class locutions and abjuring the low ones, won't help much."

Our "Classist" Society

Any reader who brings to *Class* an understanding of the dysgenic tendencies which have regularly plagued advanced civilizations will have deep reservations about the author's values. The man is an unabashed "classist," and classism inevitably conflicts to a degree with race and eugenics. By Fussell's ethic, upper is not only better and lower worse, but all people *should* strive -- as most of them naturally do -- to raise themselves as *individuals*. In this regard, America, which pretends to be classless, is in fact the most classist society in history, because nowhere has upward straining been as encouraged and indeed glorified as it has here.

A recurrent tragedy of the past has been the self-sterilization of the upper classes, and their supposed "replacement" by the more prolific lowers. But only in America has this greatest of tragedies been widely praised as the ideal state of affairs. Thus, for example, young WASPs of today are taught that the two-career, three-car, one-child "yuppie" family is both politically and morally "right," because it gives the ghetto black, the immigrant Mexican and the lumpen white new opportunities to rise. These latter, if they are successfully "Americanized," are in turn supposed to rein in their fertility, move up the status ladder, and make room at the bottom for still less-promising genetic material. ("To what end?" That is the one question which our lemming society never tolerates.)

A racially based social system would, on the contrary, begin by granting T.S. Eliot's dictum that "nothing in this world or the next" can ever fully substitute for anything else. Despite the blessed genetic phenomenon of "regression toward the mean" (which is almost the only thing which has kept past dysgenic trends from long since reduc-

ing us all to imbeciles) -- despite this salutary semi-random mixing of fitness levels among the offspring of different classes with each new generation, the lower class as a whole can never adequately substitute for the middle when it is propelled upward en masse by a selfish, short-sighted classist system, any more than the middle class can hope to reproduce fully the native virtues of a lost upper class.

Progressive deterioration of a population's genetic quality must result unless all classes have similar fertility levels and downward mobility is nearly as pervasive as the upward kind. Paul Fussell implicitly recognizes the basic problem -- though not, apparently, its genetic foundation -- in his chapter on the cultural decline seen everywhere today, a phenomenon he labels "Prole Drift."

We will turn to Fussell's analysis of this massive, all-uglifying trend, and suggest how his own *untempered* classist values contribute to the problem, after first giving an inkling of his book's liveliness, which makes it almost impossible to put down for 238 pages.

It seems that everything, but everything, is linked in some way to class principles, for those with the wit and training to make the connections. Take homosexuality:

If social climbing, whether in actuality or in fantasy, is well understood, social sinking is not, although there's more of it going on than most people notice. Male homosexuals and lesbians, respectively, exemplify these two opposite maneuvers. Ambitious male homosexuals, at least in fantasy, aspire to rise, and from humble origins ascend to the ownership of antique businesses, art galleries, and hair salons. The object is to end by frequenting the Great. They learn to affect elegant telephone voices and gravitate instinctively toward "style" Lesbians, on the contrary, like to sink, dropping from middle-class status to become taxi drivers, police officers, and construction workers. The ultimate male-homosexual social dream is to sit at an elegant dinner table, complete with flowers and doilies and finger bowls, surrounded by rich, successful, superbly suited and gowned, witty, and cleverly immoral people. The ultimate lesbian social dream is to pack it in at some matey lunch counter with the heftier proles, wearing work clothes and doing a lot of shouting and kidding.

Not even Paul Fussell can sustain that level of awareness from cover to cover -- but he comes dauntingly close. Flowers, automobiles, taste in animals, names for animals, gestures, clothing, modes of travel, bathroom décor -- you name it: the man has discovered class-associated relationships which would never have occurred to less perceptive creatures. "Cruel and funny," wrote Eliot Fremont-Smith in his review of *Class* for *The Village Voice*. "I enjoyed the book As usual, one exempts oneself from the mundane herd until, very foolishly, one takes the quiz at the end. I was, of course, just checking it out But I tell you, I'm sore."

Well, then, what about flowers?

Anyone imagining that just any sort of flowers can be presented in the front of a house without status jeopardy would be wrong. Upper-middle-class flowers are rhododendrons, tiger lilies, amaryllis, columbine, clematis, and roses, except for bright-red ones. One way to learn which

flowers are vulgar is to notice the varieties favored on Sunday-morning TV religious programs like Rex Humbarb's or Robert Schuller's. There you will see primarily geraniums (red are lower than pink), poinsettias, and chrysanthemums, and you will know instantly, without even attending to the quality of the discourse, that you are looking at a high-prole setup. Other prole flowers include anything too vividly red, like red tulips. Declassed also are phlox, zinnias, salvia, gladioli, begonias, dahlias, fuchsias, and petunias.

Now, is that silly? Taken in isolation, yes, absolutely. But although the "whole" or "gestalt" which is social class is greater than the sum of its parts, those parts are nonetheless its sole building blocks. There is no point in fretting about the flowers in one's front yard -- shame on the snob who, upon reading fussy Fussell, would rush to uproot a lovely bed of mums! -- as long as one understands the general principles of class which underlie the varied and petty prescriptions and proscriptions. Not one of these principles is unassailable: each awaits the genius who, or the circumstances which, can override it.

It does no harm to know these canons, even if, with many a literary and religious figure, one opts for a proletarian ethic and lifestyle -- whether (1) from conviction of the inevitable coming triumph of "the masses" (an Ortegian possibility seriously entertained by Fussell under "Prole Drift"); (2) from an appreciation of one's own cruder and/or simpler nature (an insight which warrants no apology but deserves commendation); or (3), most nobly, as a sacrifice to future racial solidarity, made by consciously foregoing *quality in one's own existence* as a trade-off for *quantity of offspring*.

Eleven Class Principles

Striving as it does to entertain, *Class* nowhere expounds systematically the tenets of class. But a number of these are readily extracted from the text.

1. **The Archaic Principle.** Old money is better than new. If you must sell for a living, sell old things. Allusions to the Old World and the first-settled parts of the New have class, which is why the middle class demands so many "colonial" and "Cape Cod" homes. Fussell cites Russell Lynes's observation in *The Tastemakers*, that the corporate facade of modernity, erected to impress the proles, often hides chandeliers and fireplaces in executive suites. Old belongings and traditional practices suggest that "one retains the preferences and habits one learned very long ago." Thus, one's family is not straining, but upper class by nature.

2. **The Organic Principle.** With a few exceptions, natural materials are preferable to synthetic. In yachting, wooden hulls are classier than the cheaper and more practical fiberglass ones. "Middle-class clothes tend to err by excessive smoothness, to glitter a bit, to shine even before they're worn. Upper-middle clothes . . . lean to the soft, textured, woolly, nubby." Upper-class clothes were once alive: wool, cotton, silk, fur and leather (the last only on belts, shoes, gloves and the like). *Why* are synthetic fibers "prole?" Three reasons: they're cheaper; they're not archaic; "they're entirely uniform and hence boring."

3. **The Privacy Principle.** "Oddity, introversion, and the

love of privacy are the big enemies [of the middle class], a total reversal of the values of the secure upper orders." Middlers regard fences and hedges as affronts. "[Y]ou may drop in on neighbors or friends without a telephone inquiry first. Being naturally innocent and well disposed and aboveboard, a member of the middle class finds it hard to believe that all are not." Proles visit relatives a lot while "most upper-middle and uppers . . . are in flight from their relatives." The privacy principle shows up in clothing: "legible" or "message" clothing is prole, as are loud ties and loud colors generally. Travel: "The upper class usually tours independently, without joining a group: quite natural, for in any group there would surely be some people one wouldn't care to know. The one exception is going on an 'art tour' with certified equals . . ."

4. **The Anxiety Principle.** The middle class suffers from "status panic" far more often than the upper and lower. It is morally earnest and desperately afraid to offend. It smiles a lot and says "have a nice day." Elegance is its "fatal temptation," while uppers and lowers favor blunt usage. Middle-class overindulgence in euphemism and compliments leads finally to "verbal slop."

It is among members of the upper class that you have to refrain from uttering compliments, which are taken to be rude, possessions there being of course beautiful, expensive, and impressive, without question . . . In the upper class there's never any doubt of one's value, and it all goes without saying. A British peer of a very old family was once visited by an artistic young man who, entering the dining room, declared that he'd never seen a finer set of Hepplewhite chairs. His host had him ejected instantly, explaining, "Fellow praised my chairs! Damned cheek!"

5. **The Efficiency Principle.** "[E]lite looks are achieved by a process of rejection -- of the current, the showy, the superfluous. Thus the rejection of fat by the elite." Noise too is inefficient. Thus the "unexpected silence" of the upper classes. "Minimal utterance is high-class, while proles say everything two or three times. 'Ummm' is a frequently heard complete sentence among the uppers." The middle-class love of euphemism is not only a way of avoiding facts but also a confusion of extra syllables with weight and value. Hugh Rawson has invented a "Fog or Pomposity Index" (FOP Index), on which "prostitute" rates a 2.4 in relation to "whore."

Why would anyone say, "I am able to engage in higher-paying areas of employment," when he means, "I earn more"? John Adams suggested one answer when he wrote, in 1805, "The desire of the esteem of others is as real a want of nature as hunger . . ." Those who cannot win esteem with a meaningful glance or a well-chosen word will always try to cheat nature with an obvious gesture or 50 ill-chosen words.

6. **The Old and New England (or WASP) Principle.** Where one lives has a lot to do with class. "The best places socially would probably be found to be those longest under occupation by financially prudent Anglo-Saxons, like Newport, Rhode Island; Haddam, Connecticut; and Bar Harbor, Maine." The well-dressed American male "should look as much as possible like a British gentleman

as depicted in movies about 50 years ago." No normal American would change his name "from Poshenitz to Gamberini" or prefer an address on Bernstein Street to Devonshire Court. "For the middle class with upward longings, the great class totem is 'Mother England.'" The ever-popular "silk rep" tie always comes "striped with the presumed colors of British (never, never German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, or White Russian) regiments, clubs or universities." Union Jacks are routinely slapped onto the covers of catalogs aimed at the middle class. One even announces, "We are unabashedly Anglophiles," and sells a cavalry saber with a "matching copy"(!) of a book by Winston Churchill. "No hustle is . . . too coarse," writes Fussell, when it comes to exploiting the American craving for genteel roots.

Is this obsession with things British simply a subset of the Archaic Principle? No, there is a lot more to it than that (though Fussell only hints at the explanation). Many of the character traits known to be concentrated in the upper classes of most European countries are (or were) dispersed much more widely among the general British population -- quietness in behavior and taste, love of privacy, very low anxiety level, thinness and refinement of features, efficiency and self-control. Among the major countries of Europe, England was, at least historically, the most Nordic (or, in some cases, "fine Nordic-Mediterranean"). Consider this sentence of Fussell's: "At the very top [in America], the good is usually not very good, tending, like the conversation, to a terrible blandness, a sad lack of originality and cutting edge." Of course, this twin-edged complaint is precisely the one which Continental travelers have long hurled against the English of all classes.

7. **The Well-Rounded Principle.** Ever suspicious of social climbers (and with every reason to be), the upper orders demand that a person show many different "signs" to gain admission to their domain. Leery of the man with the magic formula that opens all doors, they naturally shy away from intellectuals bearing "new ideas" which often sound old-hat. Professors are notorious strainers, as the sociologist C. Wright Mills observed:

Men can achieve position in this field although they are recruited from the lower-middle class, a milieu not remarkable for its grace of mind, flexibility or breadth of culture, or scope of imagination. The profession thus includes many persons who have experienced a definite rise in class and status position, and who in making the climb are more likely . . . to have acquired "the intellectual rather than the social graces." It also includes people of "typically plebeian cultural interests outside the field of specialization, and a generally philistine style of life."

"Thus," adds Fussell, "the deep instinct of the professor to go bowling."

8. **The Optimism Principle.** The middle class is, with rare exceptions, convinced that its strenuous upward movement constitutes real "human progress." It loves cheery songs like "Tomorrow" from the musical *Annie*, and "The Impossible Dream" from *Man of La Mancha* -- and adores the latest technological gadgetry as well. The upper class leans away from science and toward the study

of the humanities, in part because "the humanities involve the past and studying them usually results in elegiac emotions." In light of the ubiquitous ugliness brought on largely by Prole Drift -- which only repeats the grim experience of past civilizations -- such wistful emotions are quite appropriate for the besieged upper orders. An elegy is by nature pensive and often melancholic. It expresses regret for fine things now past.

9. **The Control Principle.** The proletarian classes are "identifiable as people things are done to. They are in bondage -- to monetary policy, rip-off advertising, crazes and delusions, mass low culture, fast foods, consumer schlock." And the situation is growing steadily worse. If one hasn't much money, and yet demands a free existence, the only answer is what Fussell, in his closing chapter, calls "The X Way Out." Class X people are "bohemians," but not generally in the bad sense of the word. They are self-directed and usually self-employed folk who will do creative work of any kind. If Fussell seems an upper-class chauvinist, it is really the X class that he greatly prefers, for here alone may most Americans hope to "avoid some of the envy and ambition that pervert so many" -- and here alone may they escape the produce-and-consume frenzy which has engulfed the multitudes. Control over one's life is a blessing which often comes with wealth, but, as sages have been telling us for centuries, the wise man can be happy and free with very little.

10. **The "Pseudo-Reference" Principle.** World Series Week and Super Bowl Sunday are "democratic holy days," according to Fussell. Then, losers may identify with winners, and, no less important, may indulge in sports trivia, "a flux of pedantry, dogmatism, record-keeping, wise secret knowledge, and pseudo-scholarship of the sort usually associated with the 'decision-making' or 'executive' or 'opinion-molding' classes." Then comes Everyman's chance to "perform as a learned bore."

The barroom or living-room debates occasioned by these events are a prole counterpart of the classy debates in statehouses and courthouses, and the shrewd weighing of evidence and thoughtful drawing of inferences ape the proceedings in the highest learned conferences and seminars. In addition, the satire and abuse visited upon holders of opposite views, especially in bars, is the prole equivalent to the contumely dispensed by the better book reviewers and theater critics.

Correct learned reference is, by its nature, accessible only to an elite. The most that an overworked prole can hope for is familiarity with One Book -- invariably the Bible -- or, alternatively, the murky, weird world of pseudo-reference. The modern increase in leisure time should have lessened the need for such studied ignorance, yet Prole Drift has more than cancelled it out.

11. **The Hardness Principle.** Though members of the upper class have every chance to go soft (as the merely rich often do), the same innate qualities which carried them to the top usually keep them lean and mean. Down below, things are very different. "To a startling degree," writes Fussell, "prole America is about sweet." Losers increasingly have a sugar fixation -- and show it. As for drink, "the

ultimate bifurcation . . . cuts straight across the center of society" -- dry versus sweet. On the road, proles seek out the predictable and unthreatening. Later, they dwell on the details of the trip (meals, costs, etc.) rather than any larger experience.

The Biology of "Prole Drift"

Fussell's book is worth owning solely for the short eighth chapter on "Prole Drift." Here the author recalls "Ortega's gloomy finding that 'the mass crushes beneath it everything that is different, everything that is excellent, individual, qualified and select.'"

"Which," Fussell continues, "is a way of saying that proles, who superficially look like losers, have a way of almost always winning." The "vertical invader," as Ortega called him, who is irredeemably proletarian by nature yet is permitted to rise in the social order, "contaminates a heretofore sacrosanct domain of art, culture, complexity, and subtlety." Yet, Fussell insists -- without offering any evidence -- the proles are not *really* rising or invading the upper ranks of our society in significant numbers. "Rather, the world on top is sinking down to fit itself into his [the prole's] wants, since purchasing power has increasingly concentrated itself in his hands." Even the London *Times Literary Supplement* is drifting toward bad usage, while architecture, since World War II, has become a matter of "one rectangular box fits all," whether church, school, hospital, prison, motel or whatever.

The insistence that "prole drift" is solely a matter of upper-class surrender of standards, and has nothing to do with the gradual invasion and replacement of the elite's germ plasm, is itself an example of mob-mindedness. In the 1920s, thoughtful men and women of every political stripe (even some Communists) realized that dysgenic breeding patterns were eating away the living foundations of high culture -- and, of course, the problem has worsened immensely since then. Lothrop Stoddard, writing in 1922, gave one of the reasons why:

The ability of superior individuals to rise easily in the social scale is characteristic of a progressive civilization Accordingly, the furtherance of the "career open to talent" is the constant solicitude of social reformers. And yet, here too, the racial viewpoint is needed. Suppose the "social ladder" were so perfected that virtually all ability could be detected and raised to its proper social level. The immediate result would be a tremendous display of talent and genius. But if this problem were considered merely by itself, if no measures were devised to counteract the age-old tendency toward the social sterilization and elimination of successful superiors, that display of talent would be but the prelude to utter racial impoverishment and irreparable racial and cultural decline. As things now stand, it is the very imperfections of the "social ladder" which retard racial impoverishment and minimize its disastrous consequences.

Like regression to the biological mean, the persistence of unrecognized talent is a blessing in disguise. Fussell's elitist predecessors were familiar with such reasoning. He does not, or at least feels he should not, raise the matter publicly. In either case, he himself is very much caught up

in intellectual and moral "prole drift."

The most dangerous aspect of Fussell's drift with the times is his tendency to preach contempt for proletarian and even middle-class values. This lack of balance can only embarrass and unsettle the average reader, and thereby add to the amount of social straining going on. The result of this skewed value system, especially given the rapid darkening of the American working and middle classes, must be a further lowering of the abysmal fertility rate of the many young men and women who are bright and attractive enough to strive and strain (though few will "pass"). The biologically less fortunate will not be affected by Fussell's glorification of what, for them, is an impossible alternative.

Consider, as Fussell does, the "consolatory" housewife's wall plaque:

Bless the kitchen in which I cook.
Bless each moment within this nook.
Let joy and laughter share this room
With spices, skillet, and my broom
Bless me and mine with love and health
And I'll not ask for greater wealth.

"Personally," writes Fussell, "I find notable pathos in the third and fourth lines, which specify, as if lovingly, the implements of the speaker's slavery." The proffered alternative is servants -- i.e., Third World imports -- whom Fussell praises on pages 90 (twice), 95 and 103, and elsewhere. These ideal servants, one must assume, will have no more than two offspring apiece, and will never rise in the social scale. Their children and their children's children will refrain from loud demonstrations in favor of Affirmative Action. And, of course, the ultimate miscegenatory histories of aristocratic Egypt, India and Greece are mere illusions

Why not, instead, seek a world where *everyone* is bright and beautiful? The eugenics-minded George Bernard Shaw once wrote, "In an ugly and unhappy world, the richest man can purchase nothing but ugliness and unhappiness." Richard Wagner and many another genius have had the same intuition: that to attain enduring excellence, a society must learn to combine the best features of aristocracy and egalitarian democracy. Such an achievement will be facilitated by computers, robotics and other technological gadgetry, which Fussell spurns as "crass" and "middle-class," and also by eugenic breeding, which he refrains from mentioning altogether.

Though manservants and maidservants are delightfully "archaic" and "organic," they are simply too *dangerous* to have around in our promiscuous, interfertile, envy-ridden species of uneven quality. (Besides, the classy *British* servants are no longer available.) Let's save our highest praise for that superb specimen of womanhood who might have been an idle gold-digger, and knows it, yet threw aside *Class* and all similar counsel, grabbed a skillet and broom, and raised a healthy brood. And let's not forget her loyal husband either. Theirs is the humble, sacrificial kind of "class" which, practiced widely enough, would biologically enrich the plentiful "lower orders" of society, and help to usher in a superior human race.

Maggie Shows Her True Colors

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, in her two letters to the South African-born Tory politician, Mr. Ian Lloyd, expressed her views clearly on South Africa for the first time. In doing so, she confirmed the suspicions which were first aroused by her attitude towards the British people of Rhodesia (who were the Queen's most loyal subjects before they were forced into rebellion), whom she desired to see not only overthrown but, at the insistence of Zambia's lachrymose Premier, Kenneth Kaunda, deprived of all rights as well, regardless of the Lancaster House agreement.



Dancing with Mr. K

Because of this, it was asked why she was so keen to free the comparative handful of Falkland Islanders from Argentine rule (in an admittedly justified and magnificently conducted operation) when she had been so hostile to the 280,000 whites of Rhodesia. It was logically surmised that whereas she detested the so-called tin-pot (anti-Communist) dictators of South America, she venerated the genuine tin-pot black dictators of Africa, with whom she was always hobnobbing so eagerly and loading down with endless millions of British taxpayers' money. And this in turn supplied the likely answer to the related question that was raised at the time, which was whether she would have gone to war against Argentina if it had been a black country -- not, of course, that any black country could launch a seaborne invasion even across a sizable river.

Mrs. Thatcher abhors South Africa because it is "unique in continuing deliberately to separate people by race," and here we come to the nub of the matter. Race is always at the bottom of everything, be-

cause we are what we are, and in the modern decadent West (but not elsewhere) segregation is "out" and integration is "in." Nevertheless, race segregation is surely more natural than race integration, and the extraordinary British and American belief that apartheid is the root cause of unrest in southern Africa is surely no more than a sinister pretense, for if apartheid is the cause of black enmity, why were the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique -- where racial segregation was unknown -- attacked and destroyed? Would it offend black feelings to admit that the everywhere triumphant blacks are simply closing in for the long desired kill of their last and biggest white victim in Africa?

It is generally thought that Mrs. Thatcher is trying to revive Britain's past greatness, and we may sincerely hope this is so. Where a race remains the same it can always repeat its past achievements. Nevertheless, in view of her intense dislike of racial segregation, she can hardly approve of the old British Empire where it was an institution. It is more likely that she enthusiastically applauded the film on Gandhi. Similarly, when she compares the racially mixed England of today with the lamentably unmixed England of her youth, she must think she is halfway to paradise. Yet she is not herself a Marxist or liberal, but a staunch conservative, though only in such matters as economics and national defense. She evidently does not pause to reflect on who -- not on what, but on who -- makes a strong economy. She does not, that is to say, compare Iceland or Switzerland with oil-rich Nigeria, and when it comes to preparing her country to resist a possible Russian attack she obviously does not consider what point there would be in defending a country against a foreign invasion when the country itself has become even more alien than the invader. Precisely because it has no racial foundation, her con-

servatism is without substance.

Certainly it is the height of unrealism to imagine that the vastly divergent races of South Africa would ever mix in any meaningful way. It is equally unreal for anyone to suppose that South Africa could possibly survive by adopting the British or American policies, and here the prime minister, Mr. P.W. Botha, was entirely correct in telling Mrs. Thatcher that if it were not for the National Party (in other words, the Afrikaners), there would not be a South Africa for Britain to trade with.

Mrs. Thatcher's shallow reasoning and inverted racialism are terrible because they so clearly portend the final extinction of our already fast declining but still ever feuding race everywhere. And now her latest exploit in arranging a state welcome for Marxist President Samora Machel of Mozambique, of making him a Knight Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, or airily waiving that country's repayment of over £10 million, with strong hints of military aid to come, and then accepting Machel's invitation to pay an official visit to Mozambique, from where she will no doubt deliver a stirring anti-South African speech -- all this is consistent with her established record in Africa, as President Machel himself obviously anticipated. It is obvious that she wants white, anti-Communist South Africa to be wiped out of existence, and it is logical to suppose that her next moves will be to give millions in aid to SWAPO and the African National Congress and possibly even a fleet of Harrier jets to the Cubans in Angola.

Altogether she reinforces one's suspicions that almost all the political leaders of the English-speaking world for the last half-century or so have been acting under some kind of hypnotic suggestion, as their behaviour is otherwise too utterly insane to be explained.

Ponderable Quote

An all-Negro artillery battalion, sent to the front, was delivered by a Negro transport battalion to its place in the front lines. On the way back, at night, the transport men were ambushed by six North Koreans, and the four hundred truckers ran without a fight, leaving the vehicles standing with lights burning and motors on. The Reds burned the trucks and hiked up the road into the rear of the artillery battalion, which they sprayed with fire and scattered. The Reds took all guns. I saw many of the broken men who came back. It was a terrible day for our arms.

Marine! The Life of Chesty Puller
Bantam, New York, 1984

Bending and Twisting Marxism

There is no length to which neoconservatives will not go to distort the truth in their wild and woolly, often counterproductive, swipes at Marxism. Paul Johnson, a Galahad of British liberalism some years ago and more recently a St. George of the Republican right, has come up with a theory of history which proposes that communism was a direct outgrowth of Karl Marx's anti-Semitism. For backup he quotes some of Karl's anti-Jewish asides and emphasizes in italics *Marx's form of anti-Semitism was a dress rehearsal for Marxism itself* (*Commentary*, April 1984).

That an ideology originating from a Jew's alleged anti-Semitism would attract so many Jews doesn't seem to trouble Johnson. Neither does the fact that Marx himself was a Jew. Because the elder Marx converted to Lutheranism and the son converted to atheism makes Marx non-Jewish in Johnson's eyes.

Marx briefly attacked Jews on purely financial grounds. They were rich and tied up with capitalists and capitalism. So Marx reasoned that most of them would look askance at an economic and political program that would deprive them of their wealth. By eliminating or converting them, Marx hoped that communism would have a much easier time of it. In this, as in so much else, he was dead wrong. Many rich Jews, the richer the better, became very tolerant of communism, even in its radical Bolshevik form. Blood turned out to be thicker than money.

Since no contemporary Western writer can be objective about the deeper causes and motivations of Marxism and still be

published by a "respectable" publisher, Johnson can stand the truth on its head and get away with it, trusting that his paradox will leave an impression on the TV-battered minds of *hoi polloi*. Contrary to Johnson, it is Semitism, not anti-Semitism, which was the cornerstone of Marxism. The age-old hatred and envy of Jews for non-Jews was sooner or later bound to coalesce into a political and economic program to deracinate and divide those whom Jews have perceived to be their eternal enemies.

Marxism, a negative pseudo-science based on a false interpretation of history and racial revanchism, cannot be expected to work effectively in any sphere of human endeavor, and it hasn't. Both China and the Soviet Union have drawn away from it, not only in practice but in theory. The conventional Marxist wisdom that genetic differences among human beings don't exist or have no significance is now being soft-pedaled and downplayed, never having recovered from the blow suffered by the Stalin-supported "flat earth" Lamarckianism of Lysenko.

Already, in 1974, Soviet psychologist W.A. Krutezki asserted that the Marxist credo, "from each according to his abilities," must be predicated on the inequality of men, otherwise the statement would have no meaning. The Mehlhorn brothers of East Germany, speaking as representatives of the Communist government there, have flatly condemned as "un-Marxist" the denial of genetically based differences in intelligence. Even Lenin had this to say on the subject (*Werke*, Bd. 20, Berlin, 1965, pp. 137, 140):

[W]hen one says that experience and reason testify that men are *not* equal, then one understands under equality the equality of *abilities* or the equivalence of bodily strength and mental capacities of men. It is quite obvious that in this sense men are not equal. No single reasonable man and no single socialist ever forgets this

When socialists speak of equality, they understand thereby *social* equality, the equality of social position, but not at all the equality of physical and mental abilities of individual persons.

Russian twin studies have produced a heritability factor of .78, which is as high or higher than that agreed to by Western social scientists of the hereditarian persuasion. A Pole, A. Firkowska, has made extensive studies of IQ scores which disclose correlations not dissimilar to those found by Arthur Jensen. J. Guthke, a prominent East German psychologist, has written, "Marxist psychology does not by any means deny the importance of genetic factors in the causation of individual differences in intelligence."

If the trend toward "nature" and away from "nurture" continues behind the Iron Curtain, communism and Marxism may lose whatever appeal they have left for minorities and Third Worldlings. In that event we may be faced with the interesting spectacle of the Soviet Union becoming the guardian angel of "white science," while Western scientists are forced to bypass or bowdlerize genetics in order to avoid jail terms for "bigotry" and "racism."

Based on population, the U.S. is an athletic also-ran. So says Zip 142.

A More Accurate Grading of Olympic Performance

For the most part I ignored the 1984 Olympic Games. Although sports represent a certain level of achievement, I find it difficult to elevate them to the empyrean heights reserved for athletic events by the media. The fact that a gold medalist in 1984 broke a record set by a gold medalist in some other year does not indicate any evolutionary gain, at least to me. The measure of human progress, now and in the future, will always be tied to the mental apparatus of man, not the physical. The abilities of our race should not be linked to the ability to

run down a rabbit or wrestle a baboon.

Some Olympic contests, such as running from here to there and jumping over a sand pile, come across as rather trivial events when compared, let us say, to gymnastics. The latter demands a much higher level of mental/physical activity than the former. Yet, the gold medal is the same.

While popping my TV set from one channel to another recently, I paused for a moment to hear Don Rickles mention that "if it weren't for the Negro, there wouldn't be any Olympics." Should we really be so

thankful for our black minority? I decided to do a little research.

My data source was the *World Almanac*. I checked the awarding of medals for 1976 and 1980, both the Summer and Winter Games. Instead of merely counting medals, I assigned a value of 3 to each gold medal, 2 to each silver and 1 for each bronze. In my view this would represent a better assessment of national performance than a mere medal count.

It seems only reasonable that nations with large populations should accumulate

a larger number of medal points than small nations. Nation X, for example, with 14% of the total population of the countries participating, might capture 16% of the total number of the medal points possible. Multiplying 16% by 100 and then dividing this product by the total population (14%) would yield a value of 114. All other things being equal, nations should have a points/population value of 100. A number higher than this represents above average performance while a lower value indicates the opposite (see tables).

The Winter Olympics Games are distinguished by an almost total absence of non-whites. Consequently, the Winter Games could be used as a means of ranking white racial performance along national lines. It should be noted that the absence of a country from the tables indicates that it either was not a participant or did not win any medals. Table 1 tells us that the U.S. scored a mediocre 31 in the 1976 Winter Olympics.* Liechtenstein, with a population of 20,000, performed extraordinarily. Table 3 shows the U.S. with a 51, still well below 100. While this represents an improvement, it nonetheless reveals a rather dismal overall rating. Finland's score on Table 1 may indicate why a handful of Finnish skiers raised so much havoc with invading Soviet troops in 1940.

Let's move on to the Summer Games. With a boycott here and a boycott there, Table 2 tells us that the U.S. did about what one would expect on a random basis. Table 4, with no listing of the U.S., tells us that Carter refused to let Americans go to Moscow. Both Tables 2 and 4 are worth a second look. We see the usual high ranking of Nordic-populated countries as well as the high ranking of largely nonwhite nations which contributed a plethora of runners of one sort or another. The preponderance of Northern Europeans in water events served to increase the ranking of Nordic-populated countries. If we can assume that U.S. Majority athletes fare as well as their Northern European counterparts in swimming, as in skiing, then how can we explain the much better showing, in a relative sense, of the U.S. in the Summer as opposed to the Winter Games? Could it be that Don Rickles is partially right? Is the U.S. in such sad straits that, as a competing nation, it can only appear average when the black contribution is added?

* In the 1976 Winter Olympics Games, 37 gold, 37 silver and 39 bronze medals were awarded. This represents a maximum of 224 points. The total population of the nations winning awards was 805,750,000. At the time, the U.S. population was 219.5 million. American athletes were awarded 3 golds, 3 silvers and 4 bronzes, yielding a point value of 19. The U.S. captured 8.5% (100 x 19/224) of the points with a population of 27.3% (100 x 219500000/805750000) of the total. Dividing 8.5 by 27.3 and multiplying by 100 yields the figure of 31 found in Table 1.

Table 1
1976 Winter Olympics

1. Liechtenstein	36,295
2. Norway	1,430
3. Finland	1,146
4. East Germany	821
5. Austria	581
6. Switzerland	572
7. Holland	261
8. West Germany	112
9. Canada	93
10. Sweden	88
11. USSR	83
12. Italy	51
13. Czechoslovakia	48
14. USA	31
15. Britain	20
16. France	7

Table 2
1976 Summer Olympics

1. Bermuda	2,355
2. East Germany	1,462
3. Bulgaria	658
4. Finland	424
5. Hungary	400
6. Cuba	381
7. New Zealand	365
8. Trinidad	334
9. Jamaica	301
10. Romania	255
11. Sweden	213
12. Poland	169
13. Mongolia	165
14. Norway	155
15. West Germany	146
16. Switzerland	139
17. USSR	127
18. Denmark	124
19. Czechoslovakia	117
20. Belgium	116
21. USA	113
22. Yugoslavia	86
23. Canada	86
24. Holland	63
25. Britain	54
26. Japan	54
27. Italy	53
28. Australia	53
29. Portugal	51
30. Puerto Rico	39
31. North Korea	38
32. France	35
33. South Korea	31
34. Venezuela	19
35. Austria	17
36. Spain	14
37. Iran	11
38. Mexico	8
39. Thailand	3
40. Brazil	2
41. Pakistan	2

Table 3
1980 Winter Olympics

1. Liechtenstein	162,262
2. Norway	1,543
3. Finland	1,406
4. East Germany	1,213
5. Austria	833
6. Switzerland	536
7. Sweden	508
8. Holland	236
9. Hungary	79
10. USSR	75
11. Canada	52
12. USA	51
13. West Germany	48
14. Bulgaria	47
15. Italy	29
16. Czechoslovakia	27
17. Britain	23
18. France	8
19. Japan	7

Table 4
1980 Summer Olympics

1. East Germany	2,140
2. Bulgaria	1,129
3. Hungary	730
4. Cuba	612
5. Mongolia	493
6. Finland	436
7. Sweden	353
8. Denmark	274
9. Romania	266
10. USSR	222
11. Poland	196
12. Jamaica	190
13. Austria	184
14. Czechoslovakia	172
15. Guyana	155
16. Switzerland	133
17. Ireland	120
18. Australia	112
19. Yugoslavia	99
20. Britain	95
21. Italy	83
22. France	80
23. Greece	71
24. North Korea	60
25. Zimbabwe	53
26. Lebanon	52
27. Holland	49
28. Belgium	42
29. Spain	41
30. Ethiopia	37
31. Tanzania	28
32. Uganda	20
33. Venezuela	15
34. Mexico	10
35. Brazil	9
36. India	1