

δύστανε, μούρας ὅσον παροίχι.

Instauration®

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Drawing by John Singer Sargent

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**THE FORGOTTEN COMPOSER
OF "BLUE-EYED" MUSIC**

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

□ As a nation, Israel did not exist for about 2,000 years before 1948. It came about in ancient times as a consequence of invasion, although some would like us to believe that God was the general with the flashing sword. Was its re-creation at the cost of outraging or offending hundreds of millions of Moslems and Arabs an act of utter idiocy? The idea that God gave the land to the Zionists may go over with ignorant tribesmen, but it hardly will sell to enlightened people. Rabbis have kept the Jews in hot water for multiple centuries and their ability to do so does not support the widely held belief that Jews are a people of superior mentality. If Jews are the best that God and man can do, then the future of mankind is hopeless.

958

□ If everybody hates the Afrikaner so much, why the hell don't they leave him alone? The answer is, of course, greed. Everybody wants a piece of his flesh because they want what he has wrought. He subdued a hostile environment, made it livable, and now everybody wants to steal it from him.

917

□ The notion that Israel is our "only true friend" in the Middle East is, at bottom, nothing less than a canard. The founders of Israel were and are Marxists who have little regard for Western capitalism. Currently, over 90% of Israel's economy is state-directed. Moreover, the Zionists' belief in a state religion should further put us on guard. But most important, the very idea of Zionism embodies the notion of expropriating the property of others.

200

□ Please print this letter. My Confederate ancestors, some of whom came from Missouri and Kentucky, cry out from their unmarked graves for justice. Let's clear up the argument once and for all surrounding the controversy over whether or not Missouri and Kentucky were admitted to the Confederacy. A message from President Jefferson Davis was received by the Provisional Congress of the CSA on Nov. 11, 1861, informing it that he had signed the Act admitting Missouri to the Confederacy on an equal footing with all other states. A similar message informing the Congress that the President had signed a similar act admitting Kentucky was received on Dec. 10, 1861. Both Missouri and Kentucky sent voting members to the Senate and House of the CSA Congress throughout its existence. See *Journal of the Congress of the Confederate States of America* (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1904). As Instaurationists should know, we cannot depend on the "facts" presented to us by modern historians. We must go straight to the source for reliable information.

223

□ The Chosen are prominent in law, medicine, clothing, higher education and real estate -- among other occupations. Some of these used to be honorable professions. They no longer are. Is there a correlation here?

903

□ With the increasing number of Orientals here, I'm expecting any day now that the Rotten Apple will soon be observing Marco Polo Bridge Day or the Rape of Nanking Day. They are really starting to nose out the Jews here in small business. Fruit stores, Chinese restaurants and massage parlors are springing up all over town.

113

□ As for Jesse Helms, I guess he felt it wasn't worth it to "fight the good fight." I wonder what pressures were brought to bear to make him change. His defection is a good lesson for Instaurationists. No politician can be trusted.

111

□ Cholly is pretty much on the beam in his reply (April 1986) to "Bluecollar and Proud of It" concerning elites and the common man. Although I strenuously object to the premises propounded by my elitist-loving friends, I am appalled at the "Proud of It" attitude and Bluecollar's idea that the common man is the "backbone of this country." The common man has never made much of a contribution to the U.S. except his tax money and his willingness to be cannon-fodder for wars that are directly contrary to his best interests. The modern common man is incredibly ignorant, alarmingly fettered by religion and "patriotism," disgustingly easily led by his enemies, and astoundingly hard to convince to do anything substantial in the interest of himself and his posterity. Where in years past common people made sacrifices to ensure a better future for their children, they now refuse to have children in order to make a better today for themselves.

I am one of those Cholly mentioned who considers himself as good or better than those members of the elite of whom he has real knowledge. My contempt for our present elite is virtually boundless, but my disgust with the common man is almost as great. Those idealizing the common man should recall the grand juries which cleared and then charged Bernhard Goetz, and, even worse, those juries which award millions of dollars to persons injured in the act of committing crimes and to women claiming to have become nymphomaniacs because they were hit by trolley cars. Trusting your fate as a defendant in a jury trial to twelve common men picked at random from the population must surely be the American form of Russian roulette.

317

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□ "Sounding Off on Two Front-Burner Issues" (Dec. 1985) was fine as regards homosexuality, but less good on protectionism. Certainly it's true that the proportion of producers to consumers is constantly falling in America. Partly, this is because of modern methods of production. In Britain, for example, the Minister of Agriculture has informed us that a little over 2% of the work force produces 75% by volume of the food consumed. Of course, this doesn't mean that the rest can't be doing something useful, as in Finland, which has increased its industrial workforce by 38% in the last ten years, while Britain (and even America) are passing into a "post-industrial" phase. But the remedy is not tariff barriers but rather a refusal to support non-producers if unfilled jobs are available.

Protectionism in a multiracial society is merely a recognition that one is permanently in the second league. It means shoddy goods in the shops which no one has any incentive to improve. It means that union overmanning and featherbedding become institutionalised for lack of competition. It means that factories which do produce tend to have a virtual monopoly in their market sector. It means supplementary charges on imports (to equalise their prices with those of home products), which will merely hand the Japanese extra profits on a plate and enable them to ensure such quality that they will be able to take over the whole market anyway. Above all, it means raising tariff barriers against cheaper products from the Third World -- one of the major reasons for mass immigration.

If you want an example of a protected economy, take a good look at India. It has all the hallmarks: "labour-intensive" solutions ("to produce more jobs"), unionised and monopolised production, and inferior, otherwise uncompetitive products (e.g., razor blades which cut your face to pieces).

Let's face it. No one is going to allow us to cut the birthrate of nonwhites until we take over the whole system. Too many mediators have psychological capital invested in their proliferation. Meanwhile, the very last thing we want is to create a protected economy, in which inefficiency and lethargy are institutionalised. The less we protect our inefficient producers, the more likely it is that the welfare state will break down. Isn't that just what we want?

What we need is a Majoritarian solution, in which we consider our own interests only, buying one another's products, giving one another business, employing our own people, and frustrating "equal opportunity" legislation wherever we can. It can be done, and is already being done. Otherwise, how do so many all-white businesses manage to subsist? The system is our enemy, and it is time that our interests came first -- yes, even to the extent of collecting welfare payments and moonlighting on the side.

To be sure, there are plenty of Majority workers who are suffering from unrestricted competition, especially from minorityites who receive discriminatory tax-kickbacks, but this problem is not going to be solved through protectionism. As for Japanese competition in the matter of automobiles and computers, an answer is to automate the production line, phas-

ing out inefficient workers. "Jobs" which are preserved by restrictive practices do nothing for the self-image of those who hold them. I am afraid the service sector is the only employer possible for many of those people being laid off in factories and offices. But the service sector is a sector for human choice, and we should know how to choose in favour of our own. Racial, not national, autarky is the solution. Meanwhile, protectionism means a lower standard of living (through misuse of resources) and more unemployment in the longer run.

British subscriber

□ Personally, I side with the white Christians against the anti-Christians, not because I like the creed, but because anti-Christianism is just one more way to dispossess us. Christianity was once a white strength. Curiously, I believe its absence during that now passed age would have been an even greater strength. Today I see Christianity -- applied or practiced -- as a foe quite as great as the federal government. Yes indeed, we would have been far better off had we not picked Christ up out of the sand and the back alleys, dusted him off, Aryanized him, and made something out of him and his creed. I will not mourn his or his religion's passing. Nor, if the reverse were to come to pass, would he mourn our passing, for "red and yellow, black and white, they are precious in his sight."

293

□ I worked in a hospital in San Francisco for eight months. From a nurse I learned that many "unwed" girls who had babies in the hospital were married. They told authorities they weren't because they couldn't afford the insurance that paid for obstetrics. So forget the illegitimacy statistics. They are based in part on what people tell hospital authorities. And who checks on the truthfulness of those statements?

606

□ Marilyn Monroe really didn't deserve to be a cog in the Kennedy-Hoffa-Mafia wars. She was the leading courtesan of our time. She married a sports star, a leading playwright and was the lover of a President and his presidential candidate brother. MM was the 20th-century Marquise de Pompadour.

111

□ There is nothing on this earth as important as our white genes. The supreme concern of our leaders must be the survival of these genes and their deliberate upgrading by select breeding.

902

□ Try giving Zip 205 a whole article in which she could expand on her reproductive philosophy. It would keep the Safety Valve filled for years.

119

□ Reading Instauration is like escaping back into sanity from a huge lunatic asylum, wherein only euphemisms, dishonest semantics and unvarnished lies are allowed expression. Where all the inmates know the rules and assist in enforcing them.

774

□ Unlike the English, we aren't hung up on accents. The Hunts of Texas and the Gettys of California let their money talk for them. So does J.R. Ewing of Dallas. When E.F. Hutton talks, it does so through its lawyers. Marvin Kalb, Barbara Walters and that ilk inevitably betray their origins. They like to hit those "t's." The word "censor" also gives them away.

844

□ Just saw Mary Jo's last date on TV announcing his withdrawal from the 1988 race for President. He can always find employment as a department store Santa Claus.

900

□ It is trite to ask our prospective ladies to believe in us when we do not believe in ourselves.

775

□ I read the snivelings of Zip 205 and I was not impressed. Part of her problem is where she lives -- D.C., the bellybutton of La Cesspool Grande. If her highest estimation of a future life is to be the wife of a federal bureaucrat, and if she really wants to stand on a windy corner in January viewing the Inaugural Parade, then I would say that she chose the right place to be. Why are you there, anyway? Culture? You've got to be kidding. If you want to be inspired by buildings, your best bet would be to invest \$25 in a picture book. I went to the Lincoln Memorial and forever lost interest in democracy. Besides the litter blowing in the wind, I saw more foreign gooks in strange costumes than I ever want to see again. I had to pinch myself to believe I was in America, let alone the American capital. A big salary? So, your living expenses are also big. I suggest you go to Small Town USA and find a job there. Besides being in a quieter, safer place to live, you'll also find that white males have not become extinct.

802

□ During an evening of telephone chatting, I asked some teacher friends how they resolved the grading issue, when it was so evident that masses of "passing" students could not correctly add two simple fractions. Here follows a sampling of the grading formulas that were offered:

1. 60% tests, 40% attendance. If you warmed your seat each class day without a hitch, you accumulated 40% of your final grade.

2. 50% tests and 50% "effort" computed as above. If you don't bug the teacher, your effort grade is 100%.

3. 25% tests, 25% homework and 50% "class participation" computed as before.

4. 10% tests, 40% "class participation," 50% "effort." This is a favorite for summer school.

5. Ten times the square root of your test average when class attendance is not compulsory. Thus a 49 average becomes a 70 on the report card.

6. Tests 20% and homework/class "activity" 80%.

7. The test average plus the student's IQ. The fellow that gave me this one claims he hasn't hit 100 yet. He "teaches" math to the athletic scholarship crowd at a super-jock college.

341

The Safety Valve

□ I can't buy Zip 203's disagreement (April) over "the ocean of hate that saturates the Jewish heart and swamps the Jewish mind." Jews in general do have an ingrained hatred of Gentiles -- some Gentiles, such as Germans, more than others. Most Jews are not on the surface like Meir Kahane, but if they were truly different and honestly repelled by his words and deeds, they would silence him as effectively as they silence Majority types. Deep down in the Jewish psyche they do agree with him. The horrendous Jewish outmarriage rate, cited by Zip 203 as evidence of a lack of hate, is actually an expression of self-hate. Perhaps many Jews unconsciously realize what a destructive and dangerous people they are, and are trying to dilute the monster genes they carry.

317

□ There is simply no substitute for direct, personal experience when it comes to discernment of racial differences and the race problem that is tearing Western civilization asunder. The further one delves into the hinterlands where a great many whites have not had close encounters with the dark races, the more one finds liberal ideas of racial equality cling to with a ferociousness that is as frightening as it is appalling. As a veteran of both a heavily integrated high school and the U.S. Navy (1973-77), I've had more brotherhood than I can stomach for a lifetime.

089



□ Our newspapers are as full of Winnie Mandela as yours are, which is not surprising as nearly all Western newspapers march rigidly in lockstep to the same tune, and Winnie is quite an appealing name. It makes her seem so human, and serves to obscure the fact that her soulmate is a murderous criminal, who prefers to remain in prison rather than abjure violence -- unless he is merely trying to keep away from Winnie. It must, however, occur to those members of our race who are still capable of independent thought that while we are shown all those carefully selected photographs of Winnie, we are never shown any heart-warming photographs of Frau Hess or of Hess the younger and his family. Mandela, the primitive Communist thug, must be set free, but Hess, the Peace Emissary, must not be.

South African subscriber

□ I am concerned with what shape America will assume after the second American Revolution, which now seems inevitable. I do not want to see this country become a carbon copy of Nazi Germany or any other fascist regime. So what model do we look to or what period in America's past should we try to emulate? Is there enough of a Staatsvolk left in America to lead an authentic American revival?

984

□ Zip 293 (Jan. 1986) should be applauded when he writes that the Statue of Liberty is "the symbol of everything that went wrong with America." Bang on! Kali is an Indian goddess who is in the process of committing suicide. Never before have I thought of Ms. Liberty as an incarnation of Kali. But it fits perfectly. I don't think the statue should be destroyed. We should keep it to remind us of what our parents have done. How they were duped! She isn't a Trojan Horse, but a woman of good will -- blind good will.

932

□ When a guy feels all alone in the racial struggle, it's nice to know that there are intelligent people out there who read and write for Instauration and who are not Nazis and KKKers.

850

□ As an Italian American I resent your continued vituperative attacks on Mediterraneans. Month after dreary month Instauration is filled to the brim with such slander. No, we are not unassimilable. We want to be a part of the Majority and do not want to be cast with Jews, nonwhites and their ragtag coalition. Of course the Italian-American leadership is riddled with race traitors and renegades, but no more so than the top echelon of the Majority. If properly led, the average Italian would gladly fight alongside his racial cousins against the common foe. Remember that we, too, are European and white, and that divisiveness in this time of peril can only hasten our demise. I, myself, if called upon, would give my life to preserve an America that is true to our Western ideals.

306

□ The networks and the newspapers are assuring me that as an American I have been "traumatized" by the blowing up of the Challenger. Count me out of that consensus. I regret the deaths of the crew (although after many decades of antiwhite haters exercising a deathgrin on the American government and American institutions, I won't concede that anyone -- astronaut or whatever -- who actually enjoys playing in this cesspool on any level can be termed a "hero"). The black crewman once said that while growing up poor in the American South he dreamt of becoming an astronaut. Yet his immediate ancestors living on a continent honeycombed with lakes and rivers "never dreamt a sail," as Thomas Dixon once put it. In every sense -- cultural, racial, scientific -- the three minority members on the craft were hitchhikers. The networks showed over and over again -- in living color -- the explosion of the spacecraft, thereby pandering to the lust of democratic man for spectacular tragedy at a safe distance. While I was watching I thought of the Germans, who had been the principal developers of rocket technology, and whose defeated soldiers and civilians had been treated so dishonorably after WWII (while at the same time we and the Russians were busy stealing both their technology and the scientists responsible for it). I also thought of Arthur Rudolph, the scientist who contributed so much to this essentially Faustian reach to the universe, and who after years of service was shamelessly kicked out of the country by sick fanatics and Jewish jackals in the Justice Department. Although many highly qualified British, Germans and Scandinavians deserved to go on space missions, NASA was too busy searching for Mexicans, blacks, Jews and Orientals to glorify people who spring from races that could not ever have developed this technology that comes from the soul of Northern European man. Undoubtedly the space program will continue, but to me it has all become a metaphor: a body is sinking rapidly into the quicksand, up to its armpits now, while the mud-splattered and imbecile head, blithely unconcerned with what is taking place, continues to lay careful plans for a glorious future. Unless an eleventh-hour realization of its peril shocks it into grabbing for whatever overhanging branches may be near, the finely chiseled dolichocephalic head will suffer the fate of the Challenger.

920

□ What saves me is this: Somewhere along the line I discovered our enemies are profoundly unsure of themselves. They know they are "putting one over on us" and therefore they are in a state of permanent nervousness. No triumph is truly satisfying for them.

886

□ One thing I've noticed about debates on immigration reform. The civil libertarians say we won't accept a Worker Identification Card. I wonder. Most of us would agree to any kind of I.D. if it meant that undocumented workers would be kept out. Yet we have all these freaks on TV saying we won't. Milton Friedman doesn't speak for all of us.

902

□ My guess is that if all of Haiti's Negroes were replaced tomorrow by citizens of Japanese descent, that country's gross national product -- and standard of living -- would probably exceed Canada's in less than 40 years.

628

□ Far too many Instaurationists dismiss the blacks as less than bright. A dangerous mistake, perhaps resulting from the publicity about low test scores. After a lifetime of dealing with them, I believe blacks are cunning, highly disciplined in front of whitey, secretive and filled with hatred of those with paler skins. They have survived under a paternalistic system very well. Lots of them agree with the principle of physical separation, but for the foreseeable future they will continue to "shuck and jive" because that method has been working pretty well. At times I am almost ready to agree with those blacks who think we are the dummies. They might have something there.

112

□ I hear a lot of talk that "if only things get bad enough, then people will listen to us." Don't count on it! The tempest-in-a-teapot over Libya in the media proves this. Gaddafi, "the new Hitler," "Gaddafi the madman," "Gaddafi the Israel-hater" is planning to send terrorist squads to the U.S. Then, after all the sturm and drang, out comes the news that the "airport terrorists" came from Lebanon and not Libya. Suppose we did go to war. Suppose things did deteriorate domestically. Don't kid yourself that Joe Sixpack would be able to "see the light" and identify the true culprits. As long as the unmuzzled media are around to spew lies and distortions into 100 million American homes, the mediacrats will call the shots, define reality on their own terms and be ever ready to create a Hitler image for anyone who dares question our Israelocentric universe.

787

□ Try not to feel bad about the brouhaha in the January 1986 issue concerning 17 versus 13 stars (thank God they were only five-pointed). We're all human. I remember back about 1943, when shooting into the sun in an Ohio bean field, I downed a hen pheasant. The shock, the embarrassment, the misery! Well, grandmother said, "It'll taste good" and though it took a bit more stuffing, all at the table agreed it was an exquisite bird. Characteristically, no one suggested that "eating crow" would be better fare.

327

□ My plan to win the war on drugs is simplicity itself. The President appears on TV telling those who desire cocaine and other drugs they will be able to obtain them free of charge at their local post office. Within two years most hardcore druggies will have expired on these riches. Most Colombian farmers will be back planting a coffee crop, and most pushers will have filed for unemployment. Alas, several Miami banks will have closed their doors. Economics, not appeals to morality, is the issue here. It is also the solution.

606

□ The white business community in South Africa has entered into secret talks with black leaders and has generally threatened to sabotage the system. The white South African has created a vast civilization of which he is justly proud, but now it is threatening to be his grave. He and maybe whites throughout the world are at a crucial juncture. He has to choose, finally and irrevocably, between his civilization and his race. It is time that whites think seriously about the theories of the anarchists, especially Proudhon, who proposed a simpler and more basic social order. This order would be one that the white race could live with and still be a race. Unfortunately, anarchism is still a dirty word with whites in all countries, who, as god-fearing "conservatives," still believe in such ideas as "civilization" and "law and order."

619

□ Instauration could not have come up with a better choice for Majority Renegade of the Year than Newt Gingrich. For those of us who are acquainted with Newt's antics and skullduggery in Washington (99% of which are never reported by the media), it was indeed refreshing to read an accurate account of this latter-day Truckler. In what was otherwise an excellent article, it was disappointing that nothing was mentioned of "Just Plain" Newt being one of the 99th Congress's premier draft-dodging wimps.

200

□ I do not subscribe to the principles of populism. I believe that societies are always led by elites and not by the general populace. I think those with our views would be better advised, on account of the limited resources available to us, to concentrate their propaganda and effort on the elite, especially the children of the elite in prep schools.

Accusations against the elite of having "sold out" or being "corrupt" are just as correctly aimed at any social class. The middle class in America has been bought out by prosperity, FHA and VA mortgages and other goodies. The working class whites in America have sold out in return for unions, food stamps and rent subsidies. Unfortunately, no class as a group has shown racial integrity, cohesion or loyalty.

In a healthy society, the upper, middle and working classes of our people would work together, each performing its own particular useful function in furtherance of the interests of our race and civilization. However, our enemies have been clever enough to buy off all social classes and to set the various classes of our race at each others' throats.

I do not idolize or idealize the upper classes. However, I recognize the grim truth that they and they alone run things. It has proven utterly impossible to organize the working and middle classes to accomplish anything desirable. That is not to say that the working and middle classes do not number in their ranks many solid and fine individuals. For that matter, so does the elite. One thinks of Carleton Putnam, Lothrop Stoddard and many others of the upper classes who have had much to lose and have in many cases lost it by virtue of their courageous loyalty to their people.

300

□ I like the Q-and-A format of Cholly's recent pieces. Makes for interesting reading. Most important, it breaks up the page. Readers hate a solid page of type.

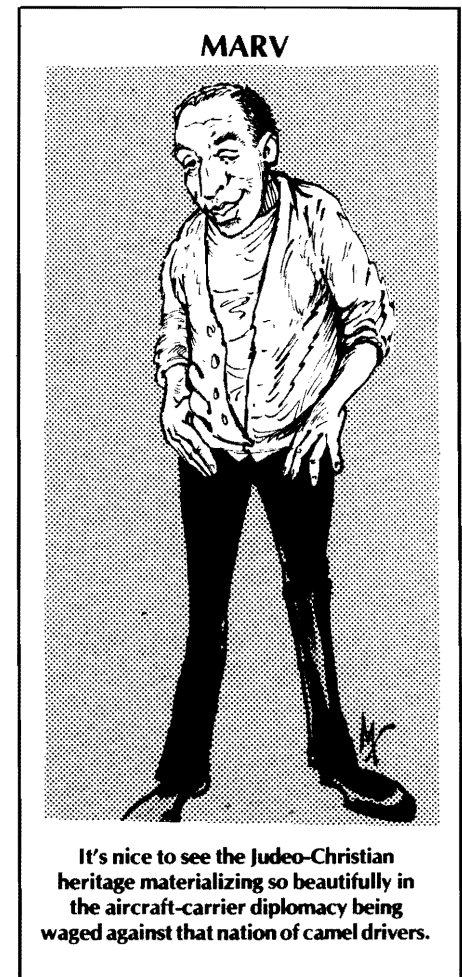
602

□ Libya, whose leader has offered to join Reagan in combating international terrorism, has lately been described by our President (and the media) as a threat to American security. But this is only Israel speaking through Reagan's mouth. The big shots in Jerusalem correctly foresaw that the death of one or two Israelis at a ticket counter in Europe would not be seen as just cause for mounting another air raid against Palestinian women and children. So Zionism's principal agent, the U.S. President, was called upon to advance Israeli foreign policy. In no time we were putting pressure on the Arabs by deploying naval forces around the Gulf of Sidra. This, of course, was to counter the threat of Libyan warships which are stationed off Maryland and New Jersey.

135

□ One more reason to dislike Jesse Jackson. His candidacy for elective office, previously a no-no for religious leaders, could unleash another group of screwballs such as Pat Robertson. No one had guts enough to tell Jesse that church and state don't mix. Robertson and his ilk can thank Jesse for breaking down that barrier.

770



It's nice to see the Judeo-Christian heritage materializing so beautifully in the aircraft-carrier diplomacy being waged against that nation of camel drivers.

AN ENGLISH WRITER'S ANTI-SEMITIC CONUNDRUM

AUTHORS who write in the genre known as fantasy have some singular advantages over those who choose to limit their wordcraft to reality. While all fiction (even the naturalistic school) is by definition *fantastic*, in that it is to some degree invented, created and shaped by an imaginative mind, it is nonetheless true that writers who dwell in fantasyland revel in the phantom winds that unfurl and swell their literary sails. They have an awful lot of fun with their printed page magic and, if they are sufficiently deft, a reader can hop aboard and happily be seduced by the wondrous illusion.

Michael Moorcock, an English novelist, is a master magician. Having made his reputation with numerous works of fantasy and science fiction, he outdoes himself in two recent novels: *Byzantium Endures* and *The Laughter of Carthage*.

A brief overview of these books might suggest they are historical novels, as they take the reader through the chaotic years that followed the 1905 uprising in Russia. Crammed into the pages are Moorcock's microscopic attention to detail and local color, to precise descriptions of Russian cities and steppes, even of particular streets and sections. The same Baedeker treatment is given to European and American cities. The author expertly imparts the idea that he has actually been in the places he describes, and in the thick of the events he writes about.

Any skilled literary fantasist can create this illusion of reality, this fictional solidarity that allows his figures to glide more or less undetected through stone walls. The reader must relax and spike his critical judgment to enjoy this sort of literature, which is why fantastic fiction is not everyone's cup of tea, though others who have a taste for it will read little else. It is possible that Moorcock actually did spend hundreds of hours digesting the books, magazines and newspapers relating to the decades in question. Personally, I rather suspect that he did little more than cursory research to lay the historical groundwork for these two curious literary items.

Moorcock's two novels are written in the form of an autobiography of one Maxim Arturovitch Pyatnitski, or "Pyat," born in the Ukraine around the turn of the century. We are never told directly that Pyat is a Jew or a half-Jew, but he is circumcised (rare for a Russian in those days), his father was a revolutionary who met an untimely end, and the other characters in both books constantly "mistake" him for a Jew. Pyat never ceases to insist that his father was a Don Cossack, and that he himself has a strong intellectual or spiritual disaffection for Jews, as well as for revolutionaries, liberals, blacks, hippies and assorted other blights of modernity. He is a pan-Slav, yearning for the time Russia will match up to its true potential and put Bolshevism into a permanent deep-freeze, return to Orthodox Christianity, capture Constantinople and make the new Byzantine Empire the Third Rome.



Michael Moorcock

Yet Pyat is no stuffy Tsarist conservative: libertinism is his glory and cocaine his daily fuel. (There was so much *sneg* in Russia at that time, he says, that both sides fought the Revolution and civil war on cocaine energy.)

Throughout his *Candide*-type adventures Pyat, a self-proclaimed engineer, carries in his valise a number of futuristic technological plans, most of them absurd, as well as a blueprint for a scientific Christian utopia. (Moorcock's experience in the science-fiction genre gets a workout here.) The precision of biographical and geographical detail is thus counterpointed by a character of obvious fantasy: the result is a sporadically entertaining mirage.

Without this heavy component of fantasy these novels almost certainly could not have been published, definitely not by such a conspicuous conglomerate wheelspoken as Random House. The mask of the fantastic protects and allows Moorcock to range over a smorgasbord of *verboten* opinions and ideas, some of which sound like the most racial paragraphs of Henry Ford's *The International Jew*. There are most assuredly writers and journalists laboring on the good ship *Establishment* who occasionally chafe at their golden chains, who are sometimes possessed by a pathetic desire to spit from their mouths the coin of the realm that gags the truth. Possibly Moorcock can be numbered among this mutinous crew, and now, donning his motley masquerade garb, is thumbing his nose at his ever smiling but demanding taskmasters.

On the other hand, the bizarre twists that Moorcock attaches to the racial and cultural views expressed in these novels, like the strange twists of character he imputes to his protagonist, suggest that the author set out to execute a sophisticated symbolic caricature of a world supposedly dead and gone. Moorcock's *motive* in writing these works is much more interesting than the books themselves. As I know nothing about the author other than what is contained in the brief biographical note on the flyleaf, I will leave it to others to decipher the riddle, should they consider it worth the effort.

Pyatnitski is born in Kiev in somewhat impoverished circumstances. Even before he reaches puberty he invents a motorized hang glider contraption. His mother then sends him to live with his merchant uncle in Odessa, where he takes up with artists and bohemians, and also with a Jewish whore. From there he departs to a scientific academy in St. Petersburg, where he falls in with cocaine-snorting dilettantes, Marxists and anarchists, while stoutly maintaining his anti-revolutionary opinions. When the Kerenskyites and later the Bolsheviks do a number on the Tsar, he returns to Kiev and becomes a technical adviser to Ukrainian nationalists (almost, but not quite, inventing a devastating laser beam to destroy the Red Army). Fleeing to Odessa, he is captured by revolutionary bandits led by Nestor Makhno, an historical figure. Here he discovers his childhood sweetheart to be a camp-following whore/nurse. Eventually making his way to Odessa, he fights with an Australian contingent of the anti-Bolshevik Allied Expedition, then escapes by boat to Constantinople, "buys" a young prostitute from her parents, makes his way with her to Rome and then to Paris, living on dreams, generous friends and the ever-present cocaine. All the while he is pursued by a Jewish *Doppelgänger*, who he believes is a Soviet commissar out to destroy him.

Armed with grandiose plans for "cities in the skies," he sets up an aircraft company with a bisexual (yes, Pyat engages in that sport as well) Russian nobleman whom he knew in St. Petersburg. When the company fails and there is talk of his being arrested for fraud, he ships off to America, first New York, then Washington, and then, of all places, Memphis, where he outsmarts a couple of Southern con-men who take him for a rich Russian aristocrat. With the collapse of his ambitious and preposterous schemes for establishing himself as the leading scientist of the South, he tours the country lecturing for the Ku Klux Klan, at that time (the early 1920s) at the height of its power.

When he is beaten up in a small Western town as a result of Klan political infighting, he wends his way to San Francisco, where he is reunited with a cockney actress he had met in Russia, a Mrs. Cornelius, whom he regards as his guardian angel (despite the fact that she once bore a child by Leon Trotsky!). He joins her somewhat sluttish acting troupe and ends up in Hollywood, where he hobhobs with the cinematic gentry, among them his hero, D.W. Griffith. The Russian bemoans the fact that "the greatest cultural figure of the twentieth century" is down on his luck, due to the perfidy of Hollywood Jews. All these adventures take place before the protagonist, a buffoon acting within the framework of a farce, turns 22. (A sequel is implied; thus we can expect to see a third, even a fourth, novel detailing the life and times of M.A. Pyatnitski.)

This most incredible son of the Russian steppes yearns for the restoration of "Byzantium," a Greek Christianity upheld by a militant Slavic Empire that would both dominate and defend "the West." The enemy of this empire is "Carthage," now a slithering entity comprised of Jews, Moslems, Bolsheviks, Roman Catholics and a number of others who scheme constantly against the enlightened millennium of Pyat's dreams.

Recalling some incidents from his youthful days in Odessa, he writes: "My dislike of Jews, my anger at being

identified with them, was because we Ukrainians were inundated by Jews. The Revolution was directly inspired by Jews."

But Byzantium, he admits sadly, is on the wane. The West offers scant help against "Carthage," and Pyat rages against the manifestations of decay, such as "the feeble English lounge who lives only to smoke keef and claim the State's baksheesh. No wonder white girls seek out the spurious vivacity of the grinning Negro, the secure wealth of a fat Asian patriarch."

The English are the particular objects of his wrath:

With their Empire gone, their economy collapsing, their culture in ruins, they drown in a sea of rotting flotsam, the detritus of Colonial glory. And as their self-satisfied little island sinks do they at last shout 'Mea Culpa'? No! They sing *Rule, Britannia*. It is a horrifying spectacle.

(Pyat confesses that in the 1940s he did meet Oswald Mosley, one who fought the rot. He also confesses that the great Englishman would have prospered more if he had done something about his halitosis!)

But England is not alone in its death rattle.

I have seen Empires collapse around the world, and it is always at the hand of the Red and the Jew . . . I have seen the same effects in a dozen great cities during their ultimate decline. When Christian girls decide to desert the ways of virtue to fornicate with the Pagan, then chivalry is lost forever. It is the same in New York and Paris, in Munich, in Amsterdam. Oriental Africa has once again married brutality to cunning and given birth to Carthage . . . The self-mocking West, dismissing the moral conviction of three thousand years, is ripe for conquest. And of course the one to benefit most will ever be that sly desert herdsman, your Jew.

Noting the popularity of Negro musicians in the U.S., Pyat again pitches his lance:

Only a generation sated on every possible sensation could make heroes and heroines of wretched drug fiends and alcoholics, most of whom died deservedly early deaths. And as for their white imitators, they were traitors to their heritage . . . Where white apes black, there Carthage has entirely conquered.

A drug fiend who condemns drug fiends, a quasi-Jew who castigates Jews, a multilingual cosmopolitan who bemoans the destruction of a contradictory civilization now turning on itself? No clear answers are discernible, which is most likely the author's intention.

We see Moorcock constantly quick-changing Pyat from an embittered Paul Revere to a slapstick vaudevillian jokester. Pyat as Paul:

The twentieth century is a graveyard of well-intentioned heroes and unrealized dreams. When they talk about their mythical Six Million they never consider the real victims of Socialistic Reductionism: the magnificent, golden visionaries, the clear-eyed fighters for Order and Justice, the tireless, selfless Knights of Christendom who, from Deniken to Rockwell, took up the sword against Bolshevism only to be cut down by cowards, deceived by traitors, betrayed by followers who lost their nerve at the crucial moment.

A few moments later Pyat is once more the burlesque comic: "If it had not been for Hitler, who took everything too far, Italy would now be the world's most advanced nation."

The *New Statesman* thought that Pyat's personality was "a model of moral and cultural bankruptcy that can serve as a paradigm of the failure of Western civilization itself." Well, maybe, but why such a crooked road? Is Moorcock venting his frustration at the antiwhite philo-Semitic establishment by smuggling forbidden thoughts into his fantasy? Or is it all his idea of a great cosmic joke? If these novels are meant to be a simile for our civilization, then I don't believe the author has done a particularly good job of it. The mad jumble of insights and absurdity combined with the rambling, wordy nature of the novels, the dull trivia and somewhat self-indulgent prose, add up to a confused -- though often interesting -- parody.

Reading Moorcock set me to thinking about the future of the novel. *Byzantium Endures* runs about 370 pages and *The Laughter of Carthage* 560. How many readers will plow through 900 pages of these two novels or, for that matter, through the many others published each year, many with much less basic writing skill than that sometimes displayed by Mr. Moorcock? Can it be possible that serious readers are genuinely engaged, for example, by a tedious account of Irish drunks working in a Buffalo cemetery, so described in the highly praised novel, *Ironweed* (written by a Gentile but published only when the author's mentor, Saul Bellow, pulled some strings with his pals in the publishing game)? Five hundred or a thousand pages of Cervantes, Dostoyevsky, Dickens or Stendhal are an investment in a great experience; but the Western novel (like all other Western art forms, save one) is "finished," so to speak. We will not again see the likes of such authors. Minor artists working in the great traditions will always be worth reading, but, today, only if they have something of importance to say, something that engages the imagination and spirit of people of significance. That is to say, something *political*. Even burlesque must have some underlying relevance and coherence.

The Camp of the Saints was a stylistically flawed novel, yet it read beautifully because it dealt with a matter of world-shaking significance, a *political* problem; readers could not put the book down. Though novels far more "finely wrought" than Raspail's are popping out of the publishers' presses every day, almost all of them are dead before they hit the desk of the first sycophantic reviewer. Dead, even if they are "critically acclaimed." Dead even if they top the best-seller charts. It is far better to walk among the trees destined to die so that these time-wasters can see daylight than it is to read fiction without meaning for the lives of late 20th-century Westerners.

In these times a novel that does not deal with politics -- true politics, racial and cultural politics, the only kind that matters -- is a presumption. Five hundred pages of precious verbiage that says nothing is 500 pages too many. Politics (in the sense described) is the *last* true art form left to us; racial and cultural politics is an art yet to be brought to its final, Faustian development. The many Western artists yet to come (yes, they will come, these Caesars) will be ir-

resistibly drawn to politics, the only remaining art form that has the power of spiritual fulfillment.

No novelist coming after the end of the 19th century can ever be a great artist, nor any painter or musician. There will not be another Dickens, as there will not be another Wagner. But, for the artist of politics, the world is yet to be formed. From the formlessness of today the political artist of tomorrow can shape a masterpiece. The clay, though flawed, has great creative possibilities, capable still of being shaped into a terrible weapon. What we have created we can destroy, and rebuild, with our science as hand-aid to our art, our political art, our last and our greatest creation.

In the world-wrenching dramas to come writers will be little more than minor actors. Their day of genius is done. But they can give their lives and their work meaning by writing of the things that have meaning: politics, and the peripheral issues that spring from the political impulse. Politics again becomes an expression of the soul, a function of the spiritual: a compulsive *necessity* to the most advanced and significant people who are the inheritors of those titanic, magical forces that created Western Culture.

For those who fear an outpouring of dull works of propaganda, let them be reminded that all works of art are propaganda, if only for the expression of a cultural bias. Propaganda -- in the modern sense -- is a subconscious bias become articulate. Like anything else, it can be done well, done artfully (as by Leni Riefenstahl in film), or done badly. The future may well see political propaganda elevated to high art.

VIC OLVIR

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THE ANTI-RED, "POOR WHITE" GENERALS

"THERE wasn't a decent worker or peasant among them." According to Geoffrey Bailey in *The Conspirators*, "with a population ratio of 1.77%, Jews in Lenin's Russia made up 5.2% of the total party membership, 25.7% of the party's Central Committee and from 36.8% to 42.9% of the ruling Politburo, while among Soviet diplomats and especially senior officials of the secret police, the percentage of Jews was even greater" (Harper, NY, p. 129). But what of the Bolsheviks' foremost enemies -- the White generals? Most textbooks (and all Hollywood film renderings) portray the leaders of the armies that fought the Reds as reactionary, plutocratic, cruel and heartless oppressors of the masses.



Kornilov, by no means a plutocrat



Denikin, pro-Russian half-Pole

Consider General Lavr Georgevich Kornilov, arch villain of Eisenstein's *Ten Days That Shook the World*. He was short and wiry with a Mongolian look. Kornilov's father, while technically an officer in a Cossack regiment, actually held a rank closer to that of sergeant major in the regular army. Later the elder Kornilov resigned and accepted a post as a petty clerk in Siberia in order to earn more money to provide for his son's education. General Kornilov's mother was a simple Cossack woman. Through hard work and effort, young Kornilov obtained entry into the Siberian Cadet School, then passed with distinction into the Mikhailovsky Artillery School and was commissioned. As a lieutenant with empty pockets, he moonlighted for extra money by giving language lessons to fellow officers.

Next let's check out General Anton Ivanovich Denikin, leader of the White Army in the Kuban. Most college texts emphasize Denikin's iron adherence to the policy of forced Russification. In fact, Denikin's mother was Polish and his father was a serf who did not enter the army until he was 30 and only became an officer at 52. Like Kornilov, young Denikin rose up through the ranks, putting in a year as a common soldier before he obtained a commission. Never once attempting to hide his Polish origins, he promoted Russification because he saw it as the only alternative to the balkanization of the Czarist empire.

While Communist "historians" still refer to Kornilov and Denikin as upper-class "Czarist exploiters," they were both of humble origin and had inherited no money and no land -- unlike the Red generals, Brusilov and Tukhachevsky.

PERCY GRAINGER

AND HIS "BLUE-EYED" MUSIC

I N 1983, *Instauration* carried some comments on Spielberg's film, *E.T.* The reviewer asked plaintively, "Instead of having a crummy little worm come down to us from heaven or outer space or wherever, why not a visit from a lovely Nordic princess?" The question is rhetorical and the answer obvious, given the allegiances of today's cultural arbiters. Five decades earlier, though, Americans were blessed with just such a visitation. The venue was the Hollywood Bowl, where in August 1928, the brilliant Australian virtuoso and composer Percy Grainger conducted a series of concerts described by his biographer as "orgiastic riots of Nordicness."¹



Percy Grainger

While some of the works performed then are still relatively familiar, others have since been relegated to a predictable obscurity -- censored into oblivion, like Howard Hanson's *Nordic Symphony, Op. 21*.²

The climax of the series was the concert's finale on August 9. In the intermission and before a capacity audience of 23,000, Percy Grainger was joined in an elaborate marriage ceremony to the serenely beautiful Swedish poetess and artist, Ella Ström. His wedding gift to his bride took

pride of place as the last item on the program: a wistful piece called *To a Nordic Princess*.

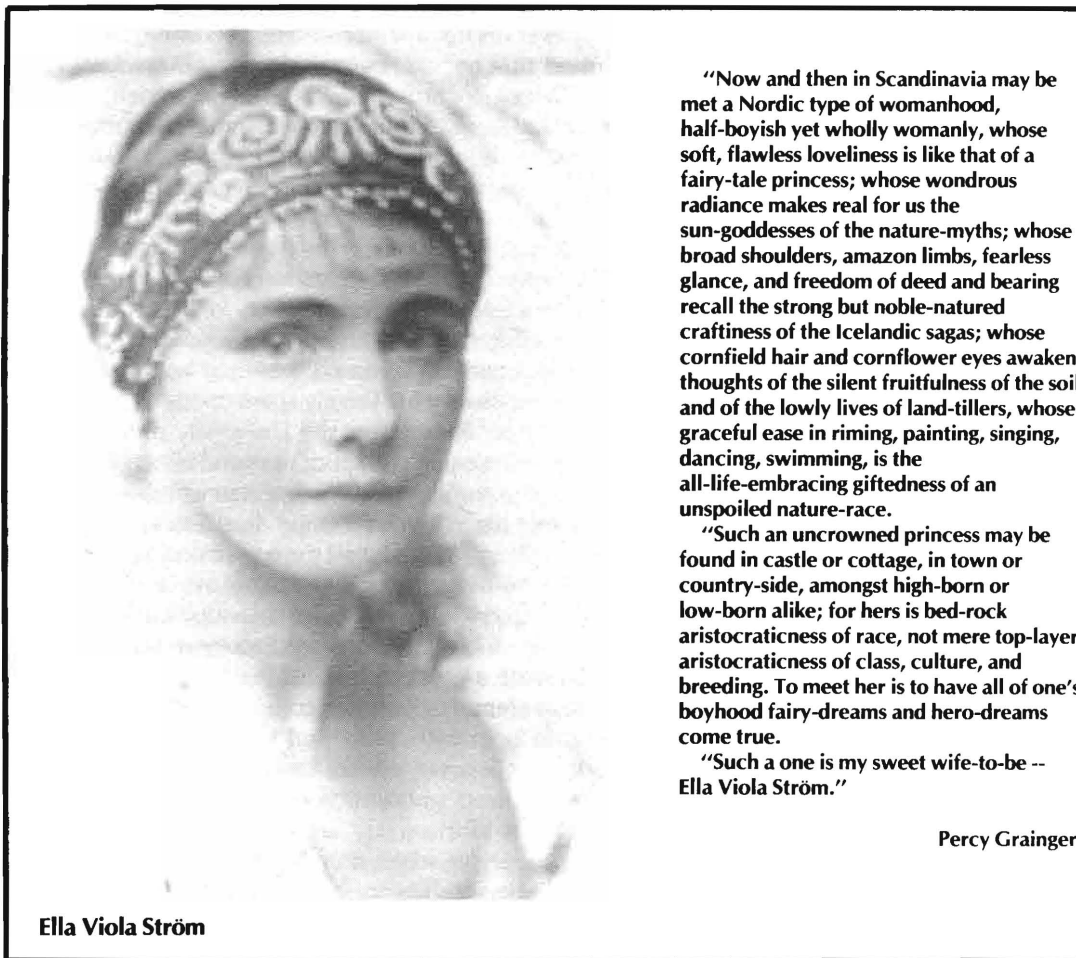
Grainger was then at the height of his popular acclaim. Born in Melbourne in July 1882, he was the only son of John and Rose Grainger. Father John was a prominent architect and talented painter, a heavy drinker and a notorious philanderer. Shortly after the birth of his child, he infected his golden-haired wife with syphilis. By 1890, suffering from alcohol and nicotine poisoning, he was packed off to England for a rest cure. From then on Rose supported herself and her son by giving piano lessons.

Percy was her best pupil. Apart from three months of formal schooling, he was entirely home-taught. By the age of twelve, when he held his first concert series, Melbourne's music lovers were so taken by the handsome young prodigy that a benefit concert ensued, the proceeds of which enabled him to continue his musical studies at Frankfurt-am-Main.

By the turn of the century he was ready to launch his career in London, where he performed a series of recitals to boisterous acclaim. His popularity was assured when, in 1903, he toured Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, playing always to packed houses. On his return to London he was "lionized" by the old and new aristocracies, and guaranteed a successful career as a society pianist.

There were greater depths, however, to Percy Grainger, and his contemporary musicians were quick to recognize his many-sided genius. Conductor Sir Charles Williers Stanford featured him as a soloist, and he played frequently under the baton of his friend, Hans Richter. Edvard Grieg admired his piano virtuosity above that of all others. Sir Thomas Beecham asked Percy to become his assistant conductor. Richard Strauss introduced the young Australian's compositions to Germany. Several tours of Europe and Scandinavia were completed, always to packed houses -- save for royal command performances in Norway. A life of honors and rewards were his for the taking. There were only two obstacles to a highly successful lifetime career: his high moral principles and the period in which he lived.

From the age of four or five, Rose had introduced her son to the Icelandic sagas, which always remained his favorite reading. Among other works, the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Hans Christian Andersen and Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest* were read aloud to him daily. Years later he wrote, "Out of the Freeman book the Battle of Hastings had become (& still is) an acute personal tragedy. My duty as a composer seemed clear: to turn back, in my music, the tide of the Hastings battle, by celebrating all seemingly Old English (Anglo-Saxon) & Norse character-



Ella Viola Ström

"Now and then in Scandinavia may be met a Nordic type of womanhood, half-boyish yet wholly womanly, whose soft, flawless loveliness is like that of a fairy-tale princess; whose wondrous radiance makes real for us the sun-goddesses of the nature-myths; whose broad shoulders, amazon limbs, fearless glance, and freedom of deed and bearing recall the strong but noble-natured craftiness of the Icelandic sagas; whose cornfield hair and cornflower eyes awaken thoughts of the silent fruitfulness of the soil and of the lowly lives of land-tillers, whose graceful ease in riming, painting, singing, dancing, swimming, is the all-life-embracing giftedness of an unspoiled nature-race.

"Such an uncrowned princess may be found in castle or cottage, in town or country-side, amongst high-born or low-born alike; for hers is bed-rock aristocraticness of race, not mere top-layer aristocraticness of class, culture, and breeding. To meet her is to have all of one's boyhood fairy-dreams and hero-dreams come true.

"Such a one is my sweet wife-to-be -- Ella Viola Ström."

Percy Grainger

maneuvered into another internecine war, he considered the coming conflagration in purely racial and cultural terms. He had little sympathy with the Germans, believing that a German victory would threaten the smaller Nordic cultures of Denmark and the Low Countries. Furthermore, Germans were to his mind the least Nordic of the Teutonic peoples. Actually, his opinion of all Europeans -- other than the Dutch and Danes -- was low: "Europeans are neither gentle nor fighters. They are merely riff-raff [cheap white trash] for the most part."⁶

A pacifist and nursing a burning ambition to become Australia's first major composer, Grainger had no wish

istics, by ignoring, as far as possible, all seemingly Norman traits & influences & those derived from the civilization of the Roman Empire."³ Such was to be his mission.

Percy was interested in those periods of history when the Nordic racial influence was strongest, and his faith in the abilities of the Nordic race was confirmed by experiences in the world beyond his immediate home. He came to believe that the separation of races was a certain guarantee against race riots. In 1903 he visited Brisbane, which he found to be "Full of Chinese, Kanakas, & worse still, ½-breeds . . . To let lower races in in itself shows weakness in the stock; folk must be clean mad after the example of the USA & all past history, to beckon in colored & lower-race work into a land that as yet has no race-hatreds or -wars within itself, & need have none."⁴

Percy was convinced that racial characteristics were a crucial determinant of cultural creativity and concluded that the output of blue-eyed composers excelled that of others. Many years later he tried to prove this theory by photographing the irises of his leading contemporaries.

While studying at the Hoch Conservatorium he noticed that the most brilliant students there were Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians. He felt sure that the era of German musical domination was ending, "that a period of English-speaking and Scandinavian leadership in musical originality lay just ahead."⁵ There is little doubt that he saw himself as one of the leaders of this renaissance.

When it became obvious that the white world was to be

to die in the trenches. In September 1914 he and Rose left for New York. Eighteen years later he wrote, "I know that my music will bring more honour to Australia than any soldier-work I could have done in British armies."⁷

The British reacted strongly against those in their empire who were not zealous and dedicated partisans of warfare with arrests, internments, vicious personal attacks and mindless vilification. Hans Richter, for one, was so contemptuously vilified that he returned his honorary musical doctorates to Oxford and Manchester Universities. Even in New York, Percy was not immune. In England, private and public attacks were made on him, his works were dropped from most concert programs, and many friends and acquaintances flatly refused to answer or acknowledge his letters.

Whatever slanders were put about, though, his musical genius was undeniable. By March 1915, he had played to thunderous applause and jubilant critical acclaim in both New York and Boston. In the same season he stormed Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Chicago. When Woodrow Wilson dragged yet another predominantly Nordic nation into the European carnage, in an impetuous moment Percy enlisted as a saxophonist with the 15th Band of the Coast Artillery Corps, subsequently taking out American citizenship.

At the end of World War I, Percy resumed his career as a pianist, largely in order to finance his dream of producing a series of concerts consisting entirely of what he termed

"Blue-Eyed" music -- relevant compositions by Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians.

Having always been avidly interested in folk music, Percy completed an arrangement of a Morris Dance tune, *Country Gardens*. This was to be his greatest public hit, selling 35,000 copies annually for over twenty years. Royalties from his compositions earned \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. He gave three command performances at the White House.

Nevertheless, the slander and vilification that followed him from England never completely died away. To the old malice was added jealousy -- envy of his success, his winning ways with women, his musical brilliance. For his outspokenly open racialism and anti-Semitism he also earned the hatred of those who never forgive and never forget. His enemies were determined to have their pound of flesh, first personally and then professionally.

Percy's relationship with Rose had always been unusually intense and emotionally intimate. They loved each other as few mothers and sons ever have. She was the one center of stability in his life -- friend, comrade, business partner and devoted manager. But by 1922 Rose was a physical and mental wreck, partly as a result of tertiary syphilis. (Fear of passing on the contagion had caused her to employ a nurse for the first five years of Percy's life, in order to minimize physical contact.)

A tragically false rumor was deliberately circulated in New York, alleging that their relationship was incestuous. Insulted, disgusted, at her wit's end and physically decrepit, Rose died in a fall from the 18th floor of Manhattan's Aeolian Building. The police report stated that she either jumped or fell.

Percy was so devastated he thought of suicide. Perhaps it was only the memory of Rose's belief in his greatness and his mission that kept him alive. He plunged himself more deeply into his work, giving up most of his social life. Very soon he began to look years older. He survived, but he never got over the bitter personal loss.

He also suffered financially from Rose's death. Left on his own, he was a poor financial manager, giving away his money as fast as he earned it. He supported at least nine people, and was a lavish benefactor of musical causes and other charities. Even more financially injurious was his inability to deal with the shystering tactics of the musical establishment. From the moment that they were guaranteed a princely income from *Country Gardens*, his main publishers, Schott and Schirman, contrived to let his other music go rapidly out of print. By printing a small and shabby initial run, they could limit his outlets as a composer, and then claim with circular logic that the composition had not sold well enough to justify keeping it in print. In that way, his most serious and ambitious works were denied a hearing, with the result that many came to think of him as the author of only a few lightweight and extroverted piano pieces.

The new medium of disc recordings should have ensured the livelihood of a pianist-composer whose genius was universally acknowledged. But Percy's first contract, with Columbia, was exclusive and gave the company final say over which works would be issued. Inevitably, they

selected his performances of the works of other composers, almost never his own compositions. This unhappy practice continued after he had negotiated a new contract with Jack Kapp of Decca Records. His mature works were ignored. In 1950 he and Leopold Stokowski collaborated on an RCA recording of those ebullient early works that had never been allowed to find an audience. As a result, Columbia asked him to conduct a recording of some of his other compositions. RCA blocked the proposal.

Percy continued to compose, to rearrange earlier works and to adapt folk songs, but all outlets for his serious works had been effectively closed by what amounted to a publishing and recording embargo, which he was powerless to end. His later years were largely spent on the establishment of the Grainger Museum at the University of Melbourne, and in experimenting with gliding sound effects not unlike those heard in some recent electronic music.

Retaining his early interest in linguistics, which had made him fluent in at least six European and Scandinavian languages, he never lost interest in his old ideal of English language reform. Believing that his mother tongue was corrupted by too many Southern European influences, he tried to create a modern form of the language, purged of non-native elements. He even engaged a full-time research assistant to help with this "Blue-Eyed English," of which the following is a sample: "I have always believed in the wish-for-ableness of building up a mainly Anglo-Saxon-Scandinavian kind of English in which all but the most un-do-withoutable of the French-begotten, Latin-begotten and Greek-begotten words should be side-stepped & in which the bulk of the put-together words should be wilfully & own-up-to-ly hot-house-grown out of Nordic word-seeds."⁸

In February 1960, in White Plains, Percy died of abdominal cancer. His lovely Nordic Princess Ella was beside him. At the very last, Grieg's 1907 comment may have been fulfilled: "Like a god he is lifted above all suffering, all struggle."⁹ To the end he pathetically tried to bring and keep Nordic music before the public, driving his sick body beyond its limits in the attempt.

Percy Grainger's crusade was a failure. His compositions are seldom played outside Australia, and even there it is only the light, exuberant work of his youth that is heard. Very few of his serious compositions have ever been recorded. Most of those Nordic composers whom he admired, befriended or helped have suffered a similar treatment -- Grieg and Delius being the only real exceptions. The Grainger Museum in Melbourne keeps his flame burning to some extent, although it is starved of funds; and the University of Illinois has had the initiative to issue private recordings of some of his compositions. A few younger pianists and composers have recently begun to "rediscover" him, but hardly anyone interested in folk or medieval music, in the revival of both of which he played a crucial role, has even heard his name.

A suitable epitaph for Percy Grainger may be written one day. In the interim, we could do worse than heed the words of Dr. Kaare Nygaard, his American physician: "Of course he was a genius -- whatever that actually means. Among many other things he also impressed me as being almost a

human Saint.”¹⁰ We can perhaps hope that if and when our culture is liberated from its cacophonous occupiers, the unrecorded and unperformed music of his maturity will delight the ears of those for whom it was written and from whom it has been withheld to these many years by those whose favorite instrument is the drum.

SELECTED RECORDINGS

Grieg Piano Concerto (Duo-art piano roll). John Hopkins cond. RCA VRL1 0168. With Leopold Stokowski cond. Grainger Favourites.

Over the Hills and Far Away (Music for Symphonic Band). University of Illinois, cond. Harry Begian. Nos 74 and 75.

The Orchestral Works of Percy Grainger. 5 volumes. Cond. John Hopkins. EMI 5514, 7606-8, 430000.

Salute to Percy Grainger. English Chamber Orchestra, Benjamin Britten, et al., 2 volumes, Decca SXL 6410; 6872.

NOTES

1. Bird, John, *Percy Grainger* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1982; first published London: Paul Elek, 1976), p. 199.
2. Howard Hanson. Born 10/28/1896. Won the Prix de Rome, 1921. Inaugurated the American Composers Concerts at Rochester. Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music and the American Institute of Arts and Letters. Won Pulitzer Prize, 1944; Ditson Award, 1945; and George Foster Peabody Award, 1946.
3. Bird, p. 11.
4. Dreyfus, Kay, (Editor), *The Farthest North of Humanness: Letters of Percy Grainger 1901-14* (Melbourne: Macmillan, 1985), p. 25.
5. *Australian Journal of Music Education*, No. 18, April 1976, cited in Dunstan, Keith, *Ratbags* (Melbourne: Sun Books, 1980), p. 223.
6. Dreyfus, p. 434.
7. Dreyfus, p. 529.
8. Bird, p. 196.
9. Grieg, Edvard, *Diary*, 5 August 1907, cited in Dunstan, p. 217.
10. Bird, p. 249.

Anthropological Double Talk

Part of living is noticing differences between one thing and another. Every school kid who admires athletic prowess has noticed that blacks run short distances very fast and jump very high. With no malice or racism they wonder why this is so. They are not likely to find out why in *The American Journal of Physical Anthropology* or any other anthropology journal, whose writers do not acknowledge that race exists.

Since anthropology is essentially the study of race in some sense or other, the subject does now and then intrude into academe's officially raceless view. I have before me all the major and most of the minor anthropology journals, and I have been perusing the assiduous labor, over a 20-year period, of a host of paid scholars. I will dig deeper in the future, but this is what I have come up with now.

Peredes (*Current Anthropology*, Feb. 1984), "On the Concept of 'Race': an Iron-ic Footnote." He laments that, although anthropologists have repeatedly said that the word ethnic group should be substituted for the word race, the public has not yet got the point. "The older usage of 'race' survives in colloquial parlance in at least some rural areas of the American South." Worse, the word was used in the older sense even in a standard intelligence test for adults.

Beals, Smith, Dodd (*Current Anthropology*, June 1984), "Brain Size, Cranial Morphology, Climate and Time Machines." At one point Beals et al. state flatly: "Hominid expansion into regions of cold climate produced changes in head shape. Such change in shape contributed to the increased cranial volume."

The article is probably trying to provide an alternate theory to that proposed by Darwin, that the larger brain being more intelli-

gent gives its possessors a better chance to survive. According to Beals et al., the brain increases in size simply to keep warm, because it is known that a small head cools faster than a large head.

What is useful about this article is that it summarizes the current data, courtesy of the computer, on the distribution of brain size throughout the world. "Each degree of equatorial distance adds 2.5 cm³ to the volume . . . Global means for populations in temperate and cold climates is 1,386 plus or minus 6.7, while that for hot-climate populations is 1,297 plus or minus 10.5. [There is] an absolute difference of 89 cm³."

Although the authors claim that the larger brain is a direct adaptation to cold climates, nowhere -- until their last response to "comments" -- do they disclaim the idea that there is a relation between brain size

and intelligence. The commentators, however, with one notable exception, chose to read the article as a refutation of the "Darwinian" explanation of brain size. For instance: "The paper of Beals and colleagues [is] an important contribution . . . against a direct relation between cranial capacity and intellectual capacity." This seemed to be the general consensus. One commentator, however, chose to ignore this conclusion:

The brain uses so much energy that extensive brain enlargement would be incompatible with survival in food-scarce environments unless it provided cognitive skills enabling increased foraging efficiency and/or increased cultural adaptation to harsh circumstances. The fact that a correlation between cognition and brain size has not been convincingly demonstrated does not mean that it has been disproven."

Ponderable Quotes

The issue of race is becoming constantly more delicate among thinking Freemasons. Traditionally Negroes have not been admitted to the lodges of the United States. A Negro, Prince Hall, established the first Negro lodge in Boston. It has spread across the country, with its own Scottish rite reaching up to the thirty-third degree. In most states the Negro lodges are considered clandestine or irregular. Offering some for complete democracy in Freemasonry in the United States is the present stirring of conscience in some grand lodges to admit Negroes into their member lodges. All other racial groups -- Latin American, Oriental and American Indian -- are now freely admitted.

Arthur Waite,
A New Encyclopedia of Freemasonry

We were lucky the British were prejudiced colonizers. If there had been more intermarriage, it would have destroyed the purity of *our* race and culture, not theirs.

Bengali intellectual, as quoted in
the New York Times, Dec. 29, 1985

ADL Terrorist Exposed

Right-wing newsletters generally concentrate on free-market and supply-side economics with a heavy seasoning of doomsaying and financial tips. Very seldom, if ever, do they pay any mind to the racial conflict. For this reason, our hat goes off to Laird Wilcox, who puts out the Wilcox Report, the December 1985 issue of which contained a real scoop.

Back in 1981, Wilcox was invited to participate in a panel discussing a TV documentary, "Armies on the Right," made by WCCO, Minneapolis. Wilcox writes:

Included prominently in the documentary was a segment on the activities of two leaders of the New York City branch of the Christian Patriots Defense League, identified as "John Austin" and "Jim Anderson." Both "Austin" and "Anderson" had attended the 1981 CPDL Freedom Festival in Flora (IL), where they taught a course in street combat and techniques of hand-to-hand violence called "street action." They were also observed listening in on conversations and taking photographs of other festival participants and their families.

During this videotaped segment of "Armies on the Right," both "Austin" and "Anderson" flaunted their hatred toward racial minorities, and in terms much more extreme than one normally hears from bonafide CPDL members! "Austin," for example, referred to a group of young Hispanics on the street as "subhuman trash" and "cockroaches." "Anderson" stated that he was a "racist." Both "Austin" and "Anderson" were behaving in the manner they imagined would represent the stereotype of a far right-winger.

On 7 October, 1981, several months after the WCCO documentary was filmed [but before it was aired], the same "Jim Anderson" was arrested by the New York City Police Department on charges of possession of an unregistered rifle and carrying a weapon in public view. "Anderson" and an accomplice, identified as Kevin Reid, were arrested when they were observed brandishing a sniper rifle on the roof of an apartment building. That arrest was reported on page three of the *New York Daily News* of 8 October, 1981, the following day. However, in the [newspaper story], "Anderson" was identified by his real name, James Mitchell Rosenberg!

James Mitchell Rosenberg, alias Jim Anderson, alias Jimmy Mitchell and others, is a paid agent provocateur of the Anti-Defamation League.

[Wilcox then writes about his dealings with WCCO's producer, Jim Hayden, and cameraman Paul Henschel, who inter-

viewed him at his apartment in Kansas City (MO).]

[W]e discussed a peculiar experience they had while they were interviewing the leaders of the New York City chapter of the CPDL. Henschel said that "John Austin" insisted on wearing a false mustache during the interview and that he and "Jim Anderson" would frequently huddle together and speak in low tones, as if they were concealing something! Both Hayden and Henschel seemed uneasy about these two characters. I explained to them that there was, in fact, widespread infiltration by police agencies and by the ADL into right-wing groups. Often, the most fanatic and vicious members of these groups were actually plants. This seemed to interest them but, for one reason or another, we didn't pursue it further. Both "Austin" and "Anderson" were left in the documentary.

On 7 December, 1981, I was flown to Minneapolis by WCCO for the premier of "Armies on the Right," in which I was quoted as an authority on extremist groups, and to participate in a 90-minute call-in show, "Town Meeting," immediately following the documentary. Also taking part in the "Town Meeting" program was, among others, one Morton Ryweck of the Anti-Defamation League!

At one point during "Town Meeting," [it was] stated that "Jim Anderson" portrayed in "Armies on the Right" was really James Rosenberg, "a Jewish infiltrator," and that "John Austin" was a member of the American Nazi Party. WCCO "Town Meeting" moderator Pat Miles interjected that "we've been told by the leadership [of the CPDL] that that's not true!" I chimed in with the observation that while I couldn't comment on this specific case, infiltrators do occur in political groups. Ryweck immediately killed this line of conversation by injecting that we shouldn't "lose sight of the thrust of the program" and not just "get hung up on one or two individuals." So much for that! The troublesome topic didn't arise again.

Rosenberg's activities as an agent provocateur are much more extensive than the WCCO-CPDL affair, however. In 1979, Rosenberg was identified as leader of the Confederation of Independent Orders of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan in Pittsburgh (PA). Rev. Raymond Doerfler [a Klan member], described Rosenberg as the "brains" behind the group. In addition to compiling lists of members and sympathizers, Rosenberg was observed suggesting violent and illegal activities. In March 1978, Rosenberg was party to discussions culminating in an alleged plot to provoke

[his Klan group] into bombing the Trenton (NJ) headquarters of the NAACP. In July 1978, Rosenberg was named by sources within right-wing groups as a key figure in orchestrating a clash between Ku Klux Klan members and anti-Klan forces in Jamesburg (NJ) . . .

Rosenberg also attempted to infiltrate the Mountain Church, headed by former Ku Klux Klan member Robert Miles, in Cohoc-tah (MI). He attended several meetings, did his usual confidence act, was spotted as an agent provocateur and sent packing back to the ADL! Rosenberg has also been seen with members of the Progressive Labor Party and the International Committee Against Racism (INCAR), both violence-prone groups on the far left, as well as the notorious Jewish Defense League, an admittedly terrorist cult espousing fanatical Zionism.

Rosenberg is a militant Zionist himself. He claims to have served in the Israeli military. According to sources familiar with Rosenberg, he also served as a briefing officer at a Tel Aviv Holocaust documentation center controlled by Rabbi Meir Kahane, the founder of the Jewish Defense League.

The ADL's involvement with Rosenberg is a matter of public record. During a deposition taken from Irwin Suall, ADL "Fact Finding" Director, on 10 July, 1984, in the matter of Lyndon Larouche vs. NBC . . . the question of Rosenberg's undercover work for the ADL came in.

Suall's testimony was a masterpiece of evasion as Larouche's attorney tried to pin down his extensive involvement with Rosenberg. Suall did admit to having contact with Rosenberg during "the last few weeks." ADL attorney Barbara Wahl, noting that the deposition is a public record which might fall into the hands of the newspapers, directed Suall to refuse to answer questions about Rosenberg and invoked the New York "shield" law, which is designed to protect the confidential sources of bonafide newsmen and not ADL libelers and ritual defamers. Suall, of course, is in no sense a bonafide newsmen! . . .

The ADL's unconscionable hoax perpetrated against television station WCCO aside, I have reason to believe that the James Mitchell Rosenberg case is merely the tip of the iceberg concerning ADL black operations against the American right-wing, and I have further reason to suspect that ADL operatives may have been implicated in acts of "right-wing" violence.

The Wilcox Report Newsletter is published irregularly by Laird Wilcox, P.O. Box 1832, Kansas City, MO 64141 (\$15 for 10 issues).

Dangerous Legal Precedent

"A Los Angeles jury awarded \$5.25 million in damages to Mel Mermelstein, a Nazi concentration camp survivor, who said he was emotionally tortured by the taunts of a man who kept telling him the Holocaust never happened."

So said the news. This is what Zip 926 thinks of the matter:

One of the great principles of Anglo-American law has always held that every man is entitled to his day in court; that he may not be judged until he has had an opportunity to present his side of the controversy.

Now, in a dangerous precedent, a Los Angeles Superior Court jury on January 17, 1986, sat in judgment of a citizen of another country who was not even present to defend himself! In publishing his conviction that no Jews were gassed during World War II, Ditlieb Felderer, a Swedish citizen, was found to have libeled Mel Mermelstein, a Long Beach (CA) resident.

The U.S. Supreme Court long ago held that a state could not obtain jurisdiction over a non-resident unless he could be found and served within the state or unless he voluntarily submitted to the jurisdiction of the court. Since the State Department refused to allow Felderer into this country following his conviction in Sweden for approximately the same "offense" (one which Mermelstein pursued with vigor), how could he respond to a summons, even if he chose to?

One is left to wonder whether those twelve jurors, good and true, who so casually sat in judgment of a citizen of another country, without ever hearing his testimony, will live to rue what they have done to our legal system.

Mermelstein's suit should have been thrown out by the first judge it was assigned to, if for no other reason than he has no more chance of collecting \$5.25 million from Felderer, who is practically penniless, than Felderer has of getting \$5.25 million

from the Wiesenthal Foundation for publishing his anti-Holocaust literature.

Ditlieb Felderer, incidentally, is a partly Jewish Austrian who moved to Sweden some years ago. At one time he was a member of Jehovah's Witnesses and was married to a woman from the Philippines. He has done some interesting Holocaust research, having probably made more visits to Auschwitz than any other Holocaust skeptic. But he has made such tasteless remarks and sent out such tasteless items in the mail to Holocaust survivors, some of it under the misleading imprint of the "Jewish Information Service," that any jury which viewed them would develop intense feelings of sympathy for the recipients. Because of the insulting and irritating way he presented his research (e.g., sending ashes and hair to former concentration camp inmates), Felderer's work on the Holocaust must be considered as counterproductive as it is productive.

A Minneapolis Month

Americans used to think that Minneapolis, the biggest city in a state with a high proportion of Scandinavians, was a paragon of urban law and order compared to what goes on in the heterogeneous megalopolises of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and Philadelphia. No more. As the following news, most of it occurring last January, from Minneapolis shows, the city is fast catching up with the depravity that has become the norm for most of metropolitan America.

- John Peter Nunn, a black, was convicted on two counts of attempted first-degree murder and six counts of second-degree assault. While robbing a furniture store, he shot one employee.

- Three black Minnesota Gopher basketball stars were arrested for raping an 18-year-old white girl.

- Security was tightened at a Minneapolis-based airline after a rumor that "a Libyan sympathizer" tried to hire a local citizen to plant a bomb in a commercial plane flying to the U.S. from Canada.

- After a two-day trial, Ron Edwards, president of the Minneapolis Urban League, was found not guilty of possessing a handgun without a permit. Edwards was arrested while sitting in a car with another black, who has just robbed a white woman

of her purse.

- Representative Randy Staten, the only black member of the Minnesota legislature, pleaded guilty to writing 76 bad checks to local supermarkets. He was slapped on the wrist with a year's probation.

- Ben B. Reuben paid a \$5,000 fine and was permanently barred from running or supervising a brokerage house. He had been selling unregistered stock at exorbitant prices.

- Raymond Presley, the city's highest-ranking black police officer, was suspended without pay for 20 days. Noted for his absenteeism, Presley had gone off to play golf several times while he was supposed to be on duty. Not one to accept discipline gracefully, he charged that the Minneapolis police department was a "racist institution."

- Minneapolis parents pleaded with school officials not to tamper with the public school system and to put a higher priority on quality education than on desegregation.

- Robin Stillday, a black, pleaded guilty to raping a white woman who had artificial arms.

- In 1970, one in ten Minneapolis youngsters were minority members. In 1980 the ratio was one in four. Some

14,700 students, one-third of the city's public school enrollment, are living in fatherless families. More than 900 illegitimate babies were born in Minneapolis in 1984, up 30% in seven years.

- Police are looking for a 24-year-old black who raped a white woman at gunpoint. He forced her into his car as she was walking toward a bus stop at 7:00 A.M.

- William Rubin and Janet Karki were convicted of bilking investors of millions of dollars in a securities fraud. While living with Karki, Rubin secretly married a Majority manicurist.

- Indian leader Dennis Banks, now on parole in South Dakota, may be brought to trial in Minneapolis for transporting firearms and explosives -- charges which he has been successfully avoiding for 11 years.

As far as can be ascertained, not one descendant of Minnesota's Scandinavian population appeared in the crime news during the month of January, unless in the role of a victim. Every one of the criminals or the accused was either a black, an Indian or a member of a white minority. So goes the cycle of civilization in Minneapolis and many other parts of the U.S. Whites build; others unbuild.

The Current Political Muddle

As the nation approaches the 1986 mid-term congressional elections, a mood of apprehension hangs over Washington. Most political pundits recognize that the Reagan administration has abandoned its promise to reduce government interference in the lives of the citizenry. Although the welfare bureaucracy has been slimmed down from the gigantic to the mammoth, Affirmative Action and "community action" programs are still sedulously percolating.

Like most presidents who have found their political impotence revealed to the public, Reagan seems to be retreating back to that favorite political last resort, foreign policy. As past campaign imperatives run aground on the shoals of practical politics, the administration's emphasis shifts toward such esoteric matters as the "East-West equation" and "Middle East terrorism."

Interestingly, much the same political shifting is going on in the Kremlin -- and for many of the same reasons. Since the socialist empire has long proved its congenital inability to deliver on its promises for a classless economic paradise, grumblings on the home front are being dealt with by fabrications of external causes. With both camps committed to this international ledgerdemain, we have, presto-chango, a summit. If Mr. R. can't stop his budget busting and Comrade G. can't end the foodlines, perhaps they can save us from a nuclear firestorm. Happily for them, there's no standard by which to evaluate their performance on the international stage. After all, no foreign policy expert has yet come up with anything like a GNP or a crime rate figure to judge attainments in summity.

The Middle East, it need not be said, presents a subject of far greater complexity and far less tractability than the capitalist-communist stand-off. Neither the Arabs nor the Israelis seem willing to sit still for the required political portrait. Ronnie being no more willing than his predecessors to beard the lion of Zionism, America's room for maneuvering is reduced to little more than placating the Jewish lobby, all the while attempting to reduce the damage to our real interests among the hundred-million-plus Arab supporters of the Palestinian cause. Such political smoke-screening is not easily maintained. (Ask the families of the 500 American servicemen who died in the Beirut Marine barracks and in the Arrow Airlines crash.)

Our "Israel right or wrong" diplomacy promotes a vast upswing in Arab anti-American radicalism, which leads directly to explosions of terrorism that, in turn, are met with cynical demands from our State Department for international "reprisals."

The contradictory nature of our Middle East policy is clearly revealed when Reagan usually finds himself willing to deliver on George Shultz's stentorian call for military action against Middle Eastern extremists. Should we be so foolish as to go to war for Israel, America would find itself as politically isolated as our client state. This much our European "allies" have repeatedly told us.

The underlying question now being debated in Washington is whether these domestic and foreign frustrations will produce a reaction against the Republicans or whether the national swing toward economic (but not social) conservatism will continue to produce GOP victories.


On the face of it there is little reason to expect the Middle American vote to defect back toward Democratic Party leftism. The small businessman, the white-collar office employee and the blue-collar worker have been too badly singed by the economic and cultural perversions of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society.

On the other hand, the Jewish vote, after tenuous flirtation with the Republicans, did flare to become a hot and enduring romance, if only to reward Reagan for his obedience in "taking the necessary action" against Gaddafi & Co. The President has apparently decided to carefully sidestep the contempt that Jews developed for Jimmy Carter when that pathetic creature tried to mediate the Middle East struggle along the lines of Christian equity. The Zionists have always wanted the whole pie, and

they are not in any hurry to define the architectural limits of the crust.

Meanwhile, the most loyal Democrats, the 28 million blacks, are beginning to have second thoughts. In the Northeast, a growing black middle class is questioning the inability of welfare (basically a payoff for black Democratic votes) to lift the black poor to a higher rung on the economic ladder. It's possible that the black political leadership (not at all the same thing as the black middle class) may someday acknowledge what some of us have always known: that welfare is as destructive as drugs to the black underclass. And, for the millions of blacks actually trying to follow society's rules -- let's face it, a lot of hard work just wouldn't get done without them -- racial favoritism and Affirmative Action diminish their individual achievements.

If this budding trend away from welfarism takes on any sizable life of its own, the Chosen may have to go elsewhere to find allies. With a significant number of American beginning to take the measure of Jewish ambitions (though staying as quiet about it as ever), the list of Zion's potential political friends seems to be embarrassingly small. The Protestant fundamentalists are having doubts about the size of their own bedrock support, now that some of their emissaries in Israel have been hit with all manner of anti-Christian violence. This leaves the Jews with the fags, the libbers, the drug culturists and the warmongers -- people who always turn up on the good-guy side of every liberal equation.



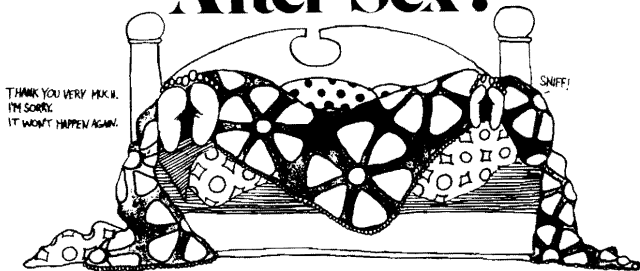
Although more than 51% of births to black teenagers are illegitimate, compared to an alleged 19% illegitimacy rate for white teens, Time (Dec. 9, 1985) was behooved to put an unwed 15-year-old, blue-eyed blonde on its cover to illustrate its feature story, "Children Having Children." Since all kinds of Indians, Asians and Hispanics are lumped by statisticians into the white race when making black and white comparisons, it is doubtful if even 10% of America's illegitimate offspring are born to blonde teenagers. Yet a Nordic girl, Angela Helton of Kentucky, had to take the photographic heat for the wayward behavior of huge and appalling numbers of unwed baby-making nonwhites and assorted dark whites.

Permissible Slander

The war against the WASP is heating up. Take a look at the cute little piece of ethnic libel entitled *What Do WASPs Say After Sex?*, written and illustrated by Matt Freedman and Paul Hoffman (St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010, \$3.95). This is pure racism in the old Julius Streicher vein, with the racial slurs being directed against the target race in the form of dirty jokes and cartoons loaded with accusations of bigotry, homosexuality, frigidity and even bestiality.

Here, for example, is what appears on the cover.

What Do WASPs Say After Sex?



Matt Freedman & Paul Hoffman

And on page 30.

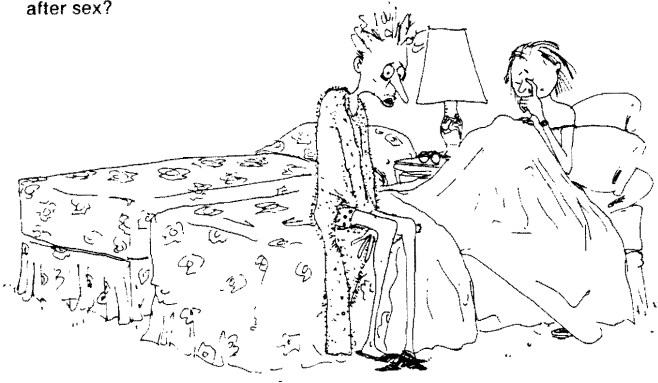
What do you get when you cross a WASP and an orangutan?



I don't know. But whatever it is, it won't let you in its cage.

And on page 39

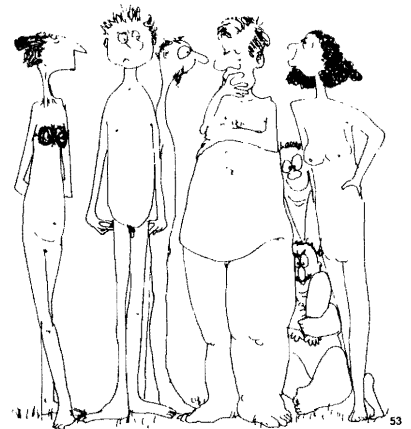
What do WASPs say after sex?



"Thank you very much. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

And on page 53.

How do you tell the WASP woman at a nudist colony?



She's the one wearing the wire brassiere.

Despite more and more literature like the above, Majority members -- not Jewish racists -- are still being blamed for the country's endemic racism.



Untrustworthy Critics

"*Shoah* is a crashing bore," asserts an Instauratorist in whose artistic discretion and taste we have the utmost confidence. Yet 99% of American film critics gushed over it. Only one "famous name," that of Pauline Kael, a Jewess, had the guts to react to *Shoah* honestly. She called this nine-hour Holocaust hatefest against Poles and Germans "logy" and "a long moan" and admitted she wasn't able to sit through more than half of it. As punishment for this act of supreme insensitivity, the Zion-maniacal *New Yorker* (Feb. 1986) devoted a whole page of vituperation to Ms. Kael, in which were embedded such pejorative niceties as "moral idiot."

The same situation was more or less encoered in the reviews of *The Color Purple*, a movie that had to be sacred because it was directed by Steven Spielberg and because it had a black theme and a black cast. Only a few blacks and the white critic John Simon (presumably a Jew) of *National Review* were courageous enough to demur. Simon summed up the universally acclaimed hit with the words "infantile abomination."

A new flap over *The Color Purple* arose when, after being nominated for 11 Academy Awards, it failed to win any. This happened before, in the late 70s, but that movie did not have the benefit of Spielberg and a black cast. The Hollywood NAACP and other groups protested the obvious "racism" of the decisions, and even some blacks who had criticized the movie's unflattering portrait of Negro men screamed that it should have won some awards.

We have now reached the point in popular and so-called serious films where the content or message dictates the approval rating of the critics. A pro-black, pro-Jewish or pro-Hispanic movie, even though an artistic horror, rates three or four stars. A pro-WASP movie or play, though beautifully acted and directed, would rate only one or two stars and might even result in some street demonstrations and boycotts, if by some miracle it managed to make it before the cameras.

Style and substance are the inseparable props of art. All the minority racism in the world and all the cowardly kowtowing of critics will not change this immutable law. Defying it may allow craven reviewers to hang on to their jobs in this Age of Mendacity and will fill the pockets of Spielbergs for a few decades, but it will not prevent *Shoah*, *The Color Purple* and similar cinematic and TV tearjerkers from ending up in the ever more crowded junkyard of bad cultural jokes.

Nut Killer Called Rightist

It wasn't exactly a pleasant Christmas Eve for the Goldmark family of Seattle. A brutish nut named Donald Lewis Rice broke into the Goldmark home and, flaunting a toy pistol, brandishing some handcuffs and uncorking a bottle of chloroform, bound and beat father, mother and the two children to death, though the father and one son held on to life for a few more days in the hospital. When Rice was apprehended, the media immediately made the quadruple murderer appear to be a fascist, anti-Semite or right-winger of the worst type. He had confessed he committed his heinous homicides because Goldmark was a Jew and a Communist. Rice's charges were universally denied, though Goldmark's mother, Sally, had been a member of the Communist Party for a time in the 1930s and his father, who came from New York, had won a famous libel suit against a man who had accused him of being a Communist. As for being Jewish, although the papers said he wasn't, the name does not sound too Aryan, and Goldmark, a lawyer, was always on the ultra-liberal side of every cause. In fact, he and presumably his family were so liberal that the four of them (the two sons were 12 and 14) let a crazy with a toy pistol kill them one by one, apparently without even putting up a fight.

The aura of racism which the media fastened on Rice should have been removed, however, the minute it was found that after his crime he took refuge in the apartment of one of his closest buddies, a Negro, and when it was discovered that another of his close friends, a white woman who was something of a guru, had been married three times, twice to blacks and once to an Iranian.

The racist angle turned out to be another of those media pipedreams, but who would have known it? Not a word of Rice's hybrid connections was allowed to seep out in Seattle's "impact press," which cavalierly kept this news to itself. What editor these days would let the truth spoil a good story!

Legalizing Genocide

The Genocide Treaty is merely one more milestone in the worldwide crusade to halt in its tracks any and all objective criticism of minority groups, especially Jews. As such, it was bound to be approved one day by the invertebrate and dilatory U.S. Senate. Like the Martin Luther King holiday, the annual billion-dollar tribute to Israel and the "hate laws" that already exist in several states and several foreign countries, the Genocide Treaty is designed to stifle

any discussion of the major part that racial differences are playing in the world crisis. Making it illegal to criticize them as a group allows dynamic minorities to act under a special protective shield and thereby maintain their certain political and economic advantages over majorities, who can be criticized and slandered at will.

The Genocide Treaty criminalizes not only acts against minority groups, but whatever might psychologically injure them. This makes unlawful any word in speech or print that can be interpreted as causing them "mental harm." A newspaper editorial or column that, say, questions the Holocaust, even a phone call that contains a racial slur, will consequently be a crime. In practice, however, no one in the more than 90 countries that have signed the treaty has yet been arrested or convicted under its provisions.

Also, much has yet to be done before an American citizen can be hauled before an international court and punished for genocide. The Senate's approval contains several reservations that have to be worked out in both Houses of Congress before this international statute can supersede U.S. law. Until such necessary legislation is passed, this country's adherence to the treaty is purely symbolic.

From an Instauratorist point of view, we would like to see the Genocide Treaty enforced immediately by having the ever-obliging Justice Department arrest some Kansas citizen and send him to Switzerland, Uganda or elsewhere to be tried by black, yellow and brown judges for objecting, say, to affirmative action quotas. The court proceedings might turn out to be quite interesting. It would also be interesting to have a U.S. Supreme Court ruling on the international court's ruling.

And wouldn't it be embarrassing for the Jews, who wrote and promoted the Genocide Treaty, to have it first applied to the Israelis, whose killing and uprooting of Palestinians is today's principal example of genocide?

Black Apartheid Booster

Some white South Africans may think it very clever of their government to pay \$390,000 a year to William A. Keyes to act as one of their American lobbyists. Others, certainly most Afrikaners, might think it a total waste. Keyes is one of those fast-talking black Republicans who make a handsome living out of providing the only black face at GOP gatherings.

Not so long ago -- in 1978 -- Keyes hitchhiked to Washington from his home in Gastonia (NC) and got a job as a mail sorter. For no particular reason, except skin color, he was soon hired as a research assistant for one of those numerous and totally ineffec-

tive Republican study groups. From then on it was up and away. The Republicans were willing to pay almost anything to a freakish black who would spout anti-welfare clichés.

In 1982 Keyes was moved into the White House as a "domestic policy adviser." In his spare time (or was it on government time?) he founded a PAC to finance black Republican candidates. This stratagem, of course, came to nothing. But in this unenlightened ninth decade of the 20th century, when race is involved, a man is not credited or debited for what he does, but for his physiological aura. Climbing further up the ladder of successful failure, Keyes finally engineered his South African connection and now will pocket practically all his annual \$390,000 stipend, subtracting only chicken feed for his one employee.

Yes, Bill Keyes has it made! Henceforth, he will have plenty of time and plenty of dough to indulge his favorite occupation -- dating white females.

Philly's on Fire

All over America, young white men are going to prison for fighting back against outrages vastly greater than those known by the insurgents at Lexington and Concord. In Philadelphia, Vincent Callahan, 20, Thomas O'Donnell, 22, George Stewart, 25 and an unnamed minor may soon be joining the swelling ranks of political prisoners. Last December 12, they allegedly attacked an unoccupied house in that city's threatened all-white Elmwood neighborhood -- a house which the Establishment was cynically using as the thin edge of another black wedge.

Ah, you say, but their arson (a gallon of gas on the floor and a match) was cowardly and despicable, hardly the stuff of Valley Forge -- now a parklike, suburban setting 15 miles northwest of Elmwood, where, in the dead of winter, well-heeled conservatives may be seen, driving slowly around in their heated cars, thinking lofty thoughts about the Founding Fathers.

Does anyone think for a moment that Callahan, O'Donnell and Stewart would not greatly prefer spending a cold winter in the countryside, training for combat with the likes of General Washington, to doing such a deed as they are charged with? Alas, our age of technology, centralization and government infiltration has rendered the George Washington approach less than viable.

Philadelphia's black mayor, W. Wilson Goode, and the rest of the Establishment will surely see to it that these young men rot in jail for years to come. Yet William Tecumseh Sherman, out of pure spite, burned hundreds of beautiful Southern mansions, and monuments to his memory continue to adorn the Northern landscape. Much more recently, the Anglo-American bombers levelled Europe's "art city," Dresden, despite

the lack of military targets. They were called "heroes." And just last May, Mayor Goode himself gave the order to drop a concussion bomb on MOVE headquarters with the result that sixty \$100,000 black homes were burnt to the ground.

The four young men of Elmwood, or whoever torched the unoccupied \$20,000 house, did it because it was the only way they knew to fight against the forces which are fast driving all working-class whites from all U.S. cities.

While making comparisons, let it not go unnoticed that Mayor Goode imposed a "state of emergency" on the 70-block Elmwood area last November 22 not because of any deaths or assaults but because crowds of young whites had gathered on two successive nights to noisily protest blacks moving into what some reporters admitted was a "white island in a black sea." The Goode decree, which was lifted only on January 3, forbade groups of four or more people "from gathering or congregating upon public highways or public sidewalks or in other outdoor places in the area."

The South African government, under extreme provocation, with black killings mounting into the hundreds, finally issued such a decree last summer. The American media howled in unison. Yet not one peep was heard from the media when Mayor Goode suspended the civil rights of the whites in Elmwood.

D.C. Horrors

Over the last few months, readers of Washington's major papers have been treated to a series of vile murders perpetrated by members of the city's black "underclass" (as the welfare bureaucracy terms it). In the latter part of 1985, "The 8th & H Street Gang" relieved one of their racial number -- a 49-year-old mother of nine children -- of about \$20 and in the process cut short her life in a particularly sadistic fashion. They impaled her on an iron bar.

In mid-January of this year, the same anthropological milieu produced another horrible murder: the decapitation, dismembering and disemboweling of a five-year-old child by her own mother. Apparently carried out under the influence of "truth medicine" -- LSD and its parallel agent, angel dust -- the child's remains were reported scattered all around the mother's apartment. Said one of the investigating police officers, "It's the most gruesome thing I've ever witnessed. I'll never forget it in my life."

Such is life in inner-city America. Though whites try to forget it, they are daily hostages to the threat of just this kind of sadistic brutality by a race that has never been able to make the transition from the drum to the drawing room.

Thanks to patronizing liberal welfarists who have convinced urban blacks that

their problems arise solely from white racism, the dark-skinned drug culture goes on its hallucinatory way, picking up steam like a runaway locomotive heading straight for the passenger terminal. Few blacks, if any, have the common sense to understand that they alone are responsible for their desolate condition and they alone hold the key to what they do or don't do with their lives.

Nowhere is this cultural delusion better expressed than on a local black-owned radio station, WOL-AM. There, each morning, the listener hears host Cathy Hughes moaning about "oueh pwoblems in deh racist society of dis America." Beyond that, Ms. Hughes offers a vapid menu of racist platitudes about "hows de black folk gots to spend de money in de community -- jes' like de white folk does." On those rare occasions when someone with enough sense to think beyond the next marijuana joint calls in, he usually gets the fast hustle, "You be thinkin' jes' like de white man, brotuh!"

And, in fact, it is there -- in the mental cynicism of the black community's leadership -- where the worst offenses of cultural disinformation are committed. At the local level, it is the Cathy Hughes of the world rationalizing and prevaricating. At the national level, the spiel is put out by high level personalities. In the end, it's the black proletariat, mystified by the sophisticated complexities of white European culture, that stumbles into the self-defeating impasse of blaming others.

To be sure, the white liberals have all gone to the suburbs, driving their BMWs and Merkurs to the outlying Semitic country clubs, while the rest of us are left to endure the consequential social disorders. Aside from the Reverend Farrakhan, the blacks just cannot figure out what is happening, other than to occasionally note that it is their own folk who are dying like flies in the street.

Too Jewish for Jews

The play, *Be Happy for Me*, closed after one performance on Broadway. It was so awful that the *New York Times*, generally quite tolerant toward Jewish forays into the dramatic arts, could find nothing good about it and dismissed it as "Jewish, male menopause comedy." Even in their home base there is a limit to the amount of Jewishness that Jews will put up with in their films, plays and books.

Ponderable Quote

I would level this country with the sweep of my hand, if I could.

Alice Walker, author
of *The Color Purple*