

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

Instauration®

Vol. 1, No. 1

December 1975

What have

**CLEMENT GREENBERG
HAROLD ROSENBERG
LEO STEINBERG**

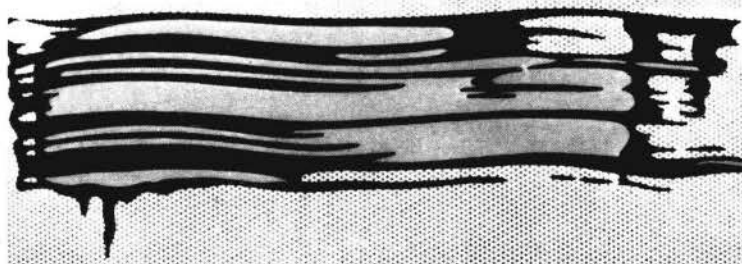
done to American art?

See page 9

The She Wolf by Jackson Pollock, Greenberg's man



Woman II, by Willem de Kooning,
Rosenberg's man



Brushstrokes
by Roy Lichtenstein,
Steinberg's man

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Economics and Race —
a genetic view of the dismal
science

Wallace —
symbolic plus, political minus

Namibia —
Zion for American Blacks?

The Game and the Candle —
the secret history of the U.S.
(1912–1960)

Nothing relieves Majority angst quicker than a letter to the editor, especially if it should happen to be printed. Our journal will try to be as therapeutic as possible by printing as many letters as it can. In keeping with *Instauration's* policy of anonymity, communicants will only be identified by the first three digits of their zip code.

In response to a query asking for comments on an Instauration flyer.

□ I have only one negative reaction to your prospectus but it is a major one. Unsigned articles do not gain much credibility, and deservedly so. If you can possibly manage it, contributors should use their real names and, failing that, pseudonyms. 907

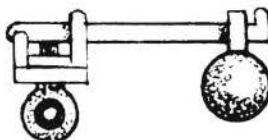
□ Your proposed title *Instauration* is a bit obscure, and might be an embarrassment to those who have not had a love affair with Sir Francis! If you like the title, why not render the archaic form into a more complete modern translation: *The Magnificent Unraveling*. 804

□ Based on my personal experience and reading on the subject of the history of journals, I might make the following comments: All such journals fail in the end. Whatever their beginning, their end is ignominious—in the very degree that their influence was great. 619

□ I don't think you should directly criticize the Buckley and Birch publications and their reactionary editors. This indicates malice and would make us look bad in the eyes of some of their followers, who might eventually realize the error of their ways and recognize the truth of ours. 602

□ I am sorry that you are dwelling on race. Race feeling is and should be a natural, not a hyperconscious, state of mind. You will not succeed in ending the drivel about race equality if you take an extremist stance on the opposite side. It also seems that the tone of the ad is an appeal. It should not need to be. Tell us why we want *Instauration*, but do it without pandering to our Madison Avenue instincts. . . . It sounds too much like a pitch, too phony. 163

The Safety Valve



An extended metaphor supplied by an Instauration booster who blames all our ills on Franklin Roosevelt.

□ The United States, since March 4, 1933, has been a kind of jumbo-sized Rooney Rifle. A Rooney Rifle was an Irish invention of the early 1800's, the work of a thinker named Rooney who devised a large woolen sock with a hole cut out in the section normally assigned to the big toe, which he would then cram with the contents of his pigpen. In the pay of the British, of course, his duty consisted of dispersing unruly crowds demanding food. Rooney would infiltrate the throng, raise the weapon over his head, and whirl it round and round. It was amazing in its effectiveness . . . the demonstrators melted away in a few seconds. The Roosevelt Rooney Rifle has been responsible for practically wrecking Western civilization in the past 42 years. A cosmic-sized sling machine, it hurls endless streams of dung in all directions but to no purpose. There is a serious question in my mind as to whether it has done more damage internationally or nationally. Rooseveltism not only drove the white race out of vast continental areas, but also out of places like Cleveland, Detroit, Gary, Atlanta, and Los Angeles. The Rooseveltian Rifle recently whirled over Timor, Angola, Mozambique and Portugal itself. Salazar, before he died, said that the trouble in Portuguese Africa, the last empire not destroyed by Rooseveltism, was not due to Soviet Russia but to the American CIA which, so effective in Angola, was strangely ineffective in Cuba. In brief, the CIA to me has always resembled the San Diego police force, which is at its most effective peak when it ignores the criminals and arrests the law-abiders. 905



Franco after the relief of the Alcázar

In response to a remark in Wilmot Robertson's Ventilations concerning Franco's ingratitude toward Hitler and Il Duce in World War II.

□ At no time whatsoever did Franco promise, verbally or in writing, to go to war for the Axis, the reason being that Spain had been two-thirds devastated, had been drained white of manpower, and had neither the resources nor the funds to equip and supply a large military force. For a nation of 25,000,000 with the flower of its manhood gone, impoverished and technologically backward, to plunge into a war with the United States and the Western world (one American company's budget is larger than the Spanish government's), sounded to Franco like the ravings of a diseased mind. . . . Francisco Franco, his countenance almost a caricature or stereotype of deep, festering cunning; his profile a perfect proof of what the Basques derisively call the "fish-face" of the Spanish aristocracy; his long, prying nose; his perfect periods of silence interspersed with perfectly intoned Castilian; a combat hero of the Riff War; the polished, courteous grandee trained to gentle, quiet command; a man who could coldly execute 50,000 Communists and then attend Mass! Was this the fellow that two crude plug-uglies like Hitler and Mussolini were going to lead off a cliff? Hardly. His personal honor at no time was ever compromised. "Rather than talk to him again," said Hitler after the meeting at Hendaye, "I'd rather have all my teeth pulled." 921

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A Genetic View of the Dismal Science

Economics is unique among the social sciences in that it is the only one which totally ignores race. Modern anthropology lies about race. Sociology derides it. Psychology underrates it. But economics ostracizes it.

Reading the celebrated economic theorists of the past and present one would think that marginal utility, cost-push inflation, multiplier effects, monopsonistic competition, Phillips curves and all the other economic simulacra could be applied to all humans indiscriminately. For example, we hear very much these days about the underdeveloped countries, but underdeveloped is always understood to describe the state of the economy, never the minds of the people.

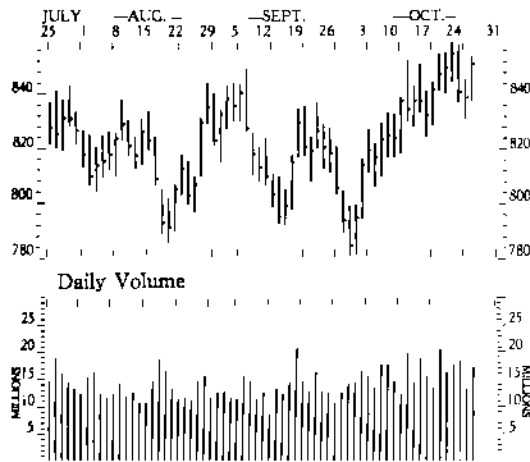
The impression is eventually formed that men themselves are totally coincidental to economics. There is, of course, economic man. But economic man turns out to be an equalitarian automaton with no blood in his veins, no soul, no instincts, in fact no human characteristics whatsoever. He is simply an inked-in curve or number on the charts and indices of the economists. About the only human distinction reluctantly admitted in economic textbooks is a "trained labor force." Accompanying it is the built-in assumption that identical training produces an identically qualified workman whether he be a Japanese, Bushman, Eskimo, Wasp or Patagonian.

No racial variables being permitted in economic equations, it is taken for granted that the world would eventually have entered a capitalistic age even if Northern Europeans and their descendants in America had never existed. Admittedly, one economist (Sombart) has assigned a Jewish origin to capitalism and another (Weber) has discovered a causal link between the Protestant Ethic and laissez faire. But none of the ballyhooed classical or modern economic texts, while loaded with disquisitions on investment, productivity, inventions and other forms of input, has ever seriously discussed the racial input. (Sombart's assertion, incidentally, was erroneous and Weber was stretching it pretty thin. Jews did not create capitalism; they attached themselves to its soft financial underbelly. The link which Weber should really have pointed out was that between Northern European genes and both Protestantism and capitalism.)

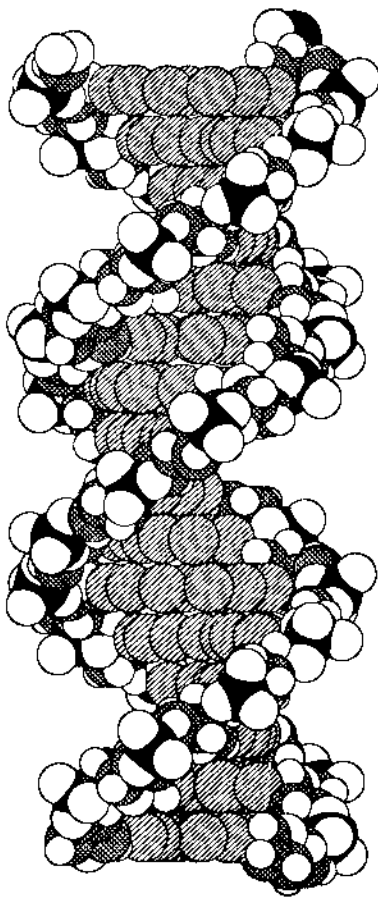
There was never, of course, any such animal as pure unadulterated capitalism à la Adam Smith. But the closest approximation was reached by the economies of late 19th-century Britain and the U.S. Why in these countries at that particular time? To explain the American phenomenon, economists talk about the limitless geographical horizons, the vast pool of natural resources and the overbrimming labor pool. Apparently if the Negritos of the Southern Philippines had come to America instead of Northern Europeans, they would have accomplished the same economic miracle. When it is asked why the first immigrants to arrive in America, the Indians, didn't bring off such a *Wirtschaftswunder*, the answers trail off in a cloud of obfuscation.

The fact is that where there are relatively few natural resources, as in Germany, Northern Europeans made the same giant economic advances as did their racial cousins in more generously endowed areas. To the confusion of all modern economists, by the early 1970s West and East Germany, operating under two different types of economic systems and only a generation removed from total defeat in a devastating war, have achieved two of the world's highest gross national products. In 1974 capitalist West Germany ranked third in industrial output; Communist East Germany, no larger than Cuba, with only 17,000,000 people and despite overwhelming bureaucratic inefficiency and Russian exploitation, ranked tenth (*Readers Digest*, March 1974). Furthermore, East Germany's per capita gross national product was higher than Italy's and about the same as Britain's. Is there any possible explanation for this except race? Yet the economists continue to abominate the cephalic index and pay homage to the price index.

Continued on page 16



ECONOMICS AND RACE





GEORGE WALLACE— SYMBOLIC PLUS, POLITICAL MINUS

George Wallace is a crucial milestone on the Majority's Via Dolorosa. It can be fairly said that as the Alabama governor goes, so will go the immediate future of American politics. Ford, Reagan, Kennedy, Jackson, Muskie and Humphrey are all certified upholders of the present-day American political house of cards—the house that only Wallace can blow down.

But will he? Wallace is presently taking the high road to the nation's capital, the road that led him to gubernatorial victory in Montgomery, but has dead-ended at the Alabama state line. He holds a press conference every so often with enough controversy to get the media roiled but not rabid. There are the week-in, week-out money-raising campaigns directed by his mail-order kings. There are the out-of-state fence-mending and fence-building trips. There is the *de rigueur* visit to foreign heads of state. A great deal of flickering shadows; a great dearth of substance.

What Wallace is really up to is what every well-known American politician does during the electoral dog days. He is sticking closely to the time-honored custom of coasting along on his symbolism. Smile much, say little. Rock not the boat. Let each voter think of you as he wants to think of you, but never give him a chance to do any serious thinking about you.

Wallace in the wheelchair is only a small part of the picture. The big part is the unforgettable scene in front of the University of Alabama, with the Feds threatening him with the court order, while the doughty political gutfighter stood his ground. It was right out of the First Book of Samuel; David and Goliath in the Deep South! The picture would have been sharper and more memorable if David had gone to jail or if he had used his slingshot instead of his tongue. But that would have been asking too much of any American vote getter in this age of total political cowardice.

The media thought the confrontation was the final knot in Wallace's straightjacket, else the photo would not

have been reproduced around the world. But unsurprisingly, it became a Majority icon, and ever since millions upon millions of Middle Americans have been waiting for the picture to unfreeze, for the protagonist to come to physical grips with his oppressors, for the lawyers and the marshalls and the TV catamites to hightail it down the road with whiffs of buckshot urging them on.

The photographic torpedo supposed to sink Wallace actually buoyed him up. When he went north and began winning Democratic primaries in sancrosanct blue-collar reservations, things were getting serious. Enter Arthur Bremer who, it was immediately affirmed by the FBI, that least mendacious of all government agencies, was definitely not a member of a conspiracy. Bremer himself may have actually believed this, since he was not the most intelligent of would-be assassins. As he revealed in his diary, if it was his diary, his greatest experience in life up to the day he pulled the gun on Wallace was his visit to a New York City massage parlor.

But Bremer was not as good a shot as Dr. Weiss, who in 1935 needed only two bullets to do in Huey Long, of whom Wallace is only a pale shadow. (Weiss, of course, was also not part of a conspiracy, though the Kingfish at the time was the one great threat to Franklin Roosevelt's plan to become the first perennial president.) Bremer, however, did manage to knock Wallace out of the 1972 race for the Democratic nomination, which was all that the party bosses could wish for. In fact, his opportune removal from the fray resulted in the nomination of George McGovern, the candidate to whom he was most bitterly opposed. Wallace's third party campaign in the 1968 presidential election was equally nonproductive. He probably took enough Democratic votes away from Hubert Humphrey to insure the election of Richard Nixon—small comfort to anyone except those who prefer Tweedledum to Tweedledee or who are particularly turned on by the statesmanship of Heinz A. (call me Henry) Kissinger.

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The Sovereign State of Namibia



Zion for American Blacks?

Namibia! The name will not ring a bell unless you are a United Nations watcher. It designates what used to be South West Africa, the German colony requisitioned in 1918 by the British Dominion of South Africa under a League of Nations mandate. In recent years the UN has ordered the Republic of South Africa to relinquish its "illegal" inheritance of the territory, which the Afrikaner-dominated government has consistently refused to do.

Some months ago, when mulling over the possibility of launching this monthly journal, we received a thick mimeographed folder entitled **A Sovereign State of American Blacks in Namibia** by M. Ric (Box 766, Hazleton, PA 18201.) Although we know less than nothing about the author, he has come forth with an intriguing new twist to an old idea. Proposals for the repatriation of U.S. Negroes to Africa have bobbed up frequently in American history. Liberia was the first serious attempt to put such a plan in operation. It was a conspicuous failure. Later, Abraham Lincoln was among the many who backed a back-to-Africa movement. But the only time the project attracted a mass following among Negroes was in the 1920s, when it was the labor of love of Marcus Garvey, a black black from Jamaica, who was the bane of the white and light brown NAACP and who later spent some time in jail.

When you stop to think about it, Namibia, perhaps deliberately so, has a certain amount of attraction to the liberal and minority powers that be. Its creation would be a mighty blow to South Africa. It would cave in the north-western flank of the 3,750,000 beleaguered South African whites, hastening the day, so devoutly wished for by non-whites and white renegades throughout the world, that Africa, south of the Sahara, would become all black again and the last remnants of the hated white interlopers would be massacred, enslaved or expelled en masse.

The author of the proposal greases his skids by inventorying the vast natural resources of Namibia, which is more than twice the size of California. There is an apparently bottomless cornucopia of zinc, tin, copper, tungsten, diamonds and, in a nuclear age, that most strategic commodity, uranium. A few vital items, however, are in embarrassingly short supply—oil, coal, and water, to name three. Mere bagatelles, writes the optimistic Mr. Ric. Nuclear power stations and desalination plants, he avers, will easily fill the void.

Namibia would provide plenty of Lebensraum for our 24,000,000 American blacks. The present population is only 640,000 (526,000 Hottentots, Bushmen, and Negroes; 28,000 hybrids; 96,000 whites.)

We are told that Namibia should be a socialistic state because American blacks "cannot be expected to exchange the certainty of their welfare . . . for the uncertainties of a black capitalist government." Moreover, only a socialistic system would allegedly protect blacks from "black free-enterprisers from the U.S. with their black

politicians [who] would exploit them to a degree they have yet to experience in 20th-century America." As to the type of socialism recommended, it would be "complete" and "similar to the 1917-1928 period of communist socialism," which is described as "nonrevolutionary, non-communist, non-Marxist, non-Leninist, non-Trotskyite."

Who will be the financial funding fathers of Namibia? Three guesses are not needed.

The American taxpayers will be asked to give to 100,000 trained paramilitary blacks, the vanguard of the exodus, \$10,000 a year each for ten years, and to 400,000 untrained blacks \$5,000 a year each for ten years. Also on the budget will be the cost of reimbursing South Africa and the intercontinental corporations, including diamond king Harry Oppenheimer, for the massive expropriations which will usher in the new state. Mr. Ric admits the expense of setting up Namibia will increase astronomically if South Africa objects to the proposal and U.S. white and black troops, as he recommends, are dispatched to seize the territory by force.

In fairness, however, there is a micron of plausibility to this latter-day Balfour Declaration. If we can afford one Zion in the Middle East, why not another in Africa? If crime costs us tens of billions of dollars a year and if Negroes commit much more than their fair share, in the long run we would be saving money if we got them out of our hair and bought them tickets to Namibia.

But the last thing the American Majority should do is become part of a scheme for undermining South Africa. Except for Rhodesia it is the only Western-dominated area left in a continent which a century ago was practically a white fief. We are quite in favor of letting black Africa relapse into the neolithic and palcolithic society it enjoyed before the arrival of the whites. But the Dutch arrived in much of South Africa **before** the blacks.

Nevertheless, barring a sudden shift in the magnitude and direction of the racial vectors now discernible in the dark continent—and in the West—South Africa's days are numbered. It might just happen that faced with the invasion of huge, white-armed, white-financed, black armies from the north and widespread black uprisings from within, South Africans might suddenly have a change of heart. The unthinkable idea of giving their country to American Negroes in return for new homes and new lands in the States might be thinkable after all. Better a live Afrikaner in Kansas than a dead one in Pretoria.

American blacks would get the bargain of the millennium—a rich and magnificently developed homeland and the longed-for chance to be their own masters. South Africans would get the short end. The American Majority, however, would come out beautifully. The least decadent of all population groups of Northern European descent would be an ideal reinforcement for the Majority cause in its hour of decision.



Yeats by Augustus John

Dubious Counsel from Yeats

A statesman is an easy man
He tells his lies by rote;

A journalist makes up his lies
And takes you by the throat;

So stay at home and drink your beer
And let the neighbors vote.

William B. Yeats, member of an old Protestant family, was Ireland's greatest modern poet. We should think twice before we shrug off his advice. Good poets often come uncommonly close to the truth.

Like Yeats, we loathe the 20th century perversion of democracy, where votes are traded like penny stocks in a Wall Street bucket shop. It is hard to see how anyone can lower himself enough to slip into a voting booth and pull down a lever beside the name of some seedy professional whose contempt for his constituency is only equalled by his betrayal of it.

A sizable segment of our people does not vote. Ballots cast by Majority members have almost no impact because we have no one to represent us. If any candidate did represent us, the media would see to it that he would almost certainly lose.

When voting has been reduced to a public auction of special favors for special interests and when most of the electorate is given no clear-cut choice with regard to such all-important issues as busing and involvement in a Mideast war, then we can hardly be blamed for standing aside.

Nevertheless, we **should** and **must** vote. Voting is a social as well as a political act. There are many good Majority members in the ranks of the Wallaceites, the American Party and the Reaganites. We cannot very well win their confidence and eventually win them over, if we refuse to vote for and with them.

There is no richer hunting ground for converts to a future Majority party or a Majority-dominated major party than the rallies, meetings and canvassing that go with electioneering. You will have to hold your nose, of course, but low-echelon politicking and wardheeling are the required beginner's course for the high politics of tomorrow.

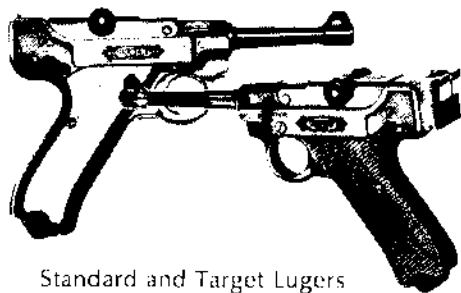
INKLINGS

Gun Control: Whose Guns?

According to a National Opinion Research Center Survey (Spring 1973), approximately 47 percent of the U.S. population own a gun. Previous NORC studies (as well as Gallup polls) showed that about the same proportion of the population owned firearms in 1959. So when the score is added up, the gun-to-citizen ratio has held steady while the crime rate has climbed sky-high. The mathematics is most upsetting to the anti-gun bloc.

But as liberals suspected, the NORC survey revealed that 62 percent of Southern families have guns, compared with 40 percent of families outside the South. Furthermore, almost 65 percent of rural residents own a gun, compared with 30 percent of residents in cities of 250,000 and over. It was found, however, that most Southern and rural weapons are used for hunting, while most urban guns are used for protection against criminals.

The most significant finding is that, outside the South, the most heavily armed people in our society are white Protestants with an annual income of \$20,000 or more. Over three-fourths of this group have at least one firearm and almost a third own a pistol. White Protestants who make less than \$10,000 per year (lower middle class) and those with middle incomes are next in gun ownership. Approximately 50 percent of this category have such weapons. In comparison, no more than one-fourth of non-Protestant whites own guns.



Standard and Target Lugers

It is obvious that the chief result of a general confiscation of firearms would be the disarming of white Protestants. It is equally obvious that this is precisely the goal of the gun control lobby. If the Majority is disarmed, nothing will stand between us and the criminal but a massive, mushrooming police bureaucracy which in many cities has already shown signs of becoming the Praetorian Guard of the liberal-minority coalition.

BICENTENNIAL

In 1776 some British colonists on the Atlantic coast of North America revolted because they were unwilling to pay some trivial taxes and wanted to issue their own currency at par with that of the Bank of England. They won a civil war (the only real civil war in our history) against their fellow colonists who wished to remain loyal to the mother country, and, thanks to the folly of King Louis XVI of France, who committed the resources of his country to their support and thereby bankrupted it, and to the treason of the English Whigs, who sabotaged British efforts to regain authority over the insurgent colonists, they won their independence and obtained undisputed possession of the richest portion of the globe yet unoccupied by civilized men. In 1788 they formed a federation with a rationally framed constitution that was designed to supplement the constitution of the several states then in force and to prevent both monarchy and democracy. They therefore had before them an opportunity for greatness that had been given to no other people in the recorded history of mankind.

From that unprecedentedly grand and auspicious beginning, they, through their own doltish stupidity and incredible folly, have brought themselves to their present state of degradation, in which they are, for all practical purposes, livestock on a vast plantation owned by those who invaded and took over their country. If the Americans were merely too ignorant and witless to perceive their captivity, one might feel some compassion for them, but they, while slobbering with mindless sentimentality, have become so craven and groveling that they even fawn upon those who have been set upon them to chevy and harry them. To this pass have Americans come in two hundred years.

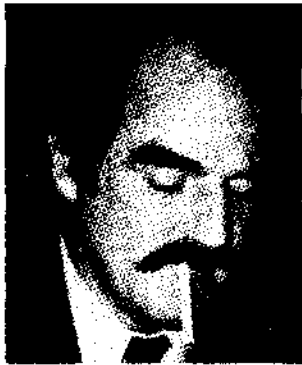
These unfortunates are now living under a tyranny in which whatever General Manager their owners appoint to the White House has the officially **legal and undisputed power** to confiscate all their property, including their homes, and to put them in labor camps in which they will have to do whatever work they are ordered to do. But just because their owners have not yet taken the trouble to throw them into work camps, the uncomprehending wights, like cows walking stolidly into a slaughter house in which the sledge hammer will soon fall on their heads, plod cheerfully along, switching their tails to discourage flies, while gabbling about their wonderful "liberty and freedom."

So what the Hell is there to celebrate?

THE CULTURAL CATACOMBS

Cautionary Anti-Epic

Many Westerners are no longer wondering about the if of a white Armageddon. They are more curious about the **how** and the **when**.



Jean Raspail

Jean Raspail, a right-winging French literary Hotspur, has provided the Spenglerian scholasts with a detailed timetable of decline and fall in an apocalyptic, God-and-Magog novel that leaves the reader reeling with doom. Entitled **The Camp of the Saints** (Scribner's, \$8.95), it charts the dying convulsions of France from the day a million starving Third Worlders pile on a fleet of leaking hulks in Calcutta and sail off to the land of milk and honey. Gunwales awash, their unarmed convoy is finally beached on the gilded sands of the Côte d'Azur. The French government, will-less and impotent after decades of liberal rot, spikes its guns and allows the brown swarm to wade ashore. So expires the land of Chartres, St. Joan, Molière, Fragonard and Stendhal in a welter of looting, mayhem, murder, rape and ritualized miscegenation. Galvanized by the tidings from France, the soul brothers in London, Washington and other crumbling citadels of white power, buzz out of their ghetto hives and take over.

There has never been a more impassioned attack on the evils of latter-day liberalism. The conventional kid-glove treatment accorded nonwhite minorities in almost all recent Western literature has been abruptly jettisoned. The author minces no words, no thoughts, no slurs in his descriptions of Arabs, Hindus, blacks and the apostate whites who are doing their best in the media, in government, in big business and in big labor to make Raspail's predictions come true.

Finally, Raspail narrows Western civilization down to twelve whites holed up in one of those picturesque towns above the French Riviera's Grande Corniche. They single-handedly kill off hundreds of Third World besiegers before they and their village are wiped out by white pilots obeying the orders of a French government that has already surrendered to the invaders. There is such a Juggernaut roll to Raspail's work that his characters have difficulty emerging as human beings, remaining for the most part walking and talking symbols of liberalism, equalitarianism, minority racism, Marxism, Maoism, Freudianism, generation gapism, and all the other modern infections of the West. But what would be a fatal deficiency in the hands of most novelists seems to enhance rather than diminish **The Camp of the Saints**, a roman à thèse that deals strictly with the macroworld.

Dantesque is the only way to characterize the author's portrayal of the ratlike hordes of human bodies stacked on deck like siloed ears of corn and releasing a fetid sea-level contrail that snakes poisonously above the ship's wake. Orwellian are the paragraphs describing how the Cronkites of France report the tragedy in frantic tergiversations and thus seal their country's fate.

Raspail's brilliant inquest of the West, the fictional climax of a racial inundation that started long ago, identifies all the culprits, all the minorities, groups, cliques and lobbies but one—the one that is most culpable. This felicitous omission, together with the felicitous choice of Norman Shapiro to do the pedestrian and at times tasteless translation, allowed the book to be published.

Since half a loaf is better than none in today's great Western cultural desert, we can forgive Raspail for his monumental lapsus—which might be compared to writing a book about virus diseases without mentioning polio. We hope, however, he will redeem his half-shuttered **Weltblick** in his next novel.

The Silent Revisionists

Revisionism gets an effusive press when it gives received history a jolt to the left. The media are not conspicuously silent about the latest attempts to rehabilitate Rosa Luxemburg, Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs. When the time comes to

metamorphize Patty Hearst into a 20th-century Molly Pitcher, we may be sure that we will hear all about it, too much about it, from the good, grey **New York Times**.

But historical revisionism does not fare so well when it goes against the liberal-minority grain. It is not that few historians, very few, have the courage to refurbish McCarthy, Il Duce or George Lincoln Rockwell. The point is that even if they did few people would know about it. In one area of historical revisionism the constraints are almost suffocating. We refer to what Jews have taught the world to call the Holocaust.

As of today there have been several books which challenge the generally accepted claim that six million Jews were killed by the Nazis in World War II. Yet not a whisper about any of these books, the first of which appeared almost 20 years ago, has been heard in the American mass media.

The pioneer revisionist in this field was Paul Rassinier, a French professor of geography who, after a short fling at communism, became a socialist and a nonviolent member of the French Resistance. He was arrested by the Gestapo in 1943 and ended up in Buchenwald, where he contracted typhus. After his return to France, he devoted most of his remaining years to deflating stories of Nazi anti-Semitic atrocities. Eventually Rassinier came to the belief that there had been no mass extermination program at all. He asserted that only about one million Jews had actually perished in World War II, most having escaped to Israel or the United States or having managed to survive in Europe. He ascribed the major cause of the Jewish death toll to typhus epidemics and to the malnutrition brought about by the collapse of the German supply system in the closing days of the war.

Rassinier attacked the confessions of former Nazi concentration camp officials and SS officers as having been obtained under duress, even under torture, and noted the absence of official government papers on the Holocaust. He said the number of Jews allegedly murdered in Auschwitz—three to four million according to Jewish sources—was the best refutation of such claims. Auschwitz was not even built until 1940. The camp closed down for several months in 1942 due to a typhus epidemic and closed down for good in January 1945. The logistics of the mass executions, Rassinier stated, was an exercise in fantasy. Each day thousands of

Continued next page



Jews would have had to be transported to the camp, gassed and their bodies cremated. This would have put such an intolerable burden on the German transportation system—at the very time it was frantically trying to supply large German forces in Russia—that it would have broken down entirely. It would also have taken far more crematoria and gas ovens than even the most delirious anti-Nazi propagandists could account for.

Rassinier did not seem too interested in the fact that Auschwitz was only secondarily a concentration camp. Primarily it was an industrial complex constructed for the production of ersatz rubber, although by the end of the war only the hydrogenation plant (the first step in the synthetic rubber production process) had been completed. Jews, like Poles, Russians, laborers from Western Europe and German workers, were brought to Auschwitz, not to be killed, but to manufacture a desperately needed commodity. The stench of the corpses, always a feature of Auschwitz atrocity tales, was in reality the smell of the hydrogenation process. As for the gas itself, the famous Cyclon B, it was a standard German insecticide and used extensively during World War II to get rid of the body lice which carry typhus germs. It was mentioned as such in the article on Cyanide in the 1943 edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Rassinier wrote that try as he could, he was never able to find any conclusive proof of any mass killings. He ascribed the reason for the propaganda to Russia's desire to keep Europe and Germany divided and to the Jewish desire to have a moral

basis for the foundation of Israel, for huge German reparations to Jews everywhere and for American military and financial aid to the Jewish state.

In all, Rassinier produced several works on the Holocaust and its aftermath. They include *Le Mensonge d'Ulysse*, 5th edition, La Librairie Française, Paris, 1961; *Ulysse Trahi par les Siens*, La Librairie Française, Paris, 1961; *Le Véritable Procès Eichmann*, Les Sept Couleurs, Paris, 1962; *L'Operation "Vicaire,"* Le Table Ronde, Paris, 1965; *Le Drame des Juifs Européens*, Les Sept Couleurs, Paris, 1964. The last named, under the title of *The Drama of the European Jews* (Steppingstone Publications, Box 612, Silver Springs, MD 20901) has recently appeared in an English translation by the late Harry Elmer Barnes. The translation is adequate, but the editing and printing are extremely sloppy.

It is hard to make an intelligent judgment of Rassinier. He writes well, but he means terribly. He seems to be reasonably honest and factual. Yet in those parts of his works that an American reader can easily check, he makes some howling errors. On page 151 of *Le Véritable Procès Eichmann*, he writes that Americans of German descent outnumber those of English descent. On page 127 he says that in 1960 the American Council of Judaism represented the majority of American Jews. This minuscule group of anti-Zionist Jewish conservatives never represented more than a small fraction of American Jewry and in recent years has rarely been heard from.

In April 1969 a paperback entitled *The Myth of the Six Million* by "Anonymous" was published by the Noontide Press, Box 76062, Los Angeles, CA 90005. Although the author lends an ear to Rassinier, he paints a broader picture, going into the history of German anti-Semitism, the attitudes of Hitler and other German leaders to Jewry. He weighs all the death camp evidence in the context of the German defeat and war crimes trials. He points out that the International Red Cross, the only neutral agency allowed to visit concentration camps in Germany, had found no evidence of the extermination charges later brought up at Nuremberg. The author also looks closely at the unbalanced and untrustworthy nature of the people who supplied the evidence. According to the publisher's foreword in the second edition of this book, a suit was instituted on October 23, 1969 by a plaintiff who claimed to have authored the manuscript and who demanded substantial damages. On January 18, 1973 the suit was dismissed and the second edition of the book appeared in September 1974. Rumor has it that the author is David Hoggan, an American historian whose revisionist works on the origins of World War II were first printed in Germany.

Although *The Myth of the Six Million* reaches the same conclusions as Rassinier, in some ways it seems more of a draft than a finished work. Even so, it represents a more readable and coherent exposition of the issue than Rassinier's disorganized corpus.

Some books on the concentration camp theme have appeared in German. One is *Hexen-Einmal-Eins einer Luege* (*The Witches' Multiplication Table*) by Emil Aretz (Franz von Bebenberg, Munich, 1973). Aretz has expanded Rassinier's arguments into a general survey of German and Allied war guilt. Another German work is a thin pamphlet by Thies Christophersen, who was employed as a botanical assistant at Auschwitz and claimed that no mass extermination of Jews ever took place while he was there. Christophersen's *Die Auschwitz-Lüge*, is published by the Deutsche Bürger-Initiative, 614 Bensheim, Roonstrasse 8, West Germany.

Dr. Austin J. App, a Catholic historian, has put out a pamphlet entitled *The Six Million Swindle* (Boniface Press, 8207 Flower Avenue, Takoma Park, MD 20012). It is not a scholarly work, but it does contain data not found in the books of the previously mentioned writers. App brings up the alleged Soviet liquidation of Jews and the postwar construction at Dachau of "gas ovens to convince tourists that the Germans had 'gassed' millions of inmates." The author reports a personal interview with a Catholic bishop in Munich, who denied the existence of gas chambers in Dachau, a denial now generally accepted by serious historians for all concentration camps in Germany proper. App also quotes a nationalist German magazine to the effect that as of June 30, 1965, 3,374,500 Jews had demanded indemnities from the West German government. When Dr. App asked *Time* to stop using the six million figure, the publication justified its action by saying it "was usually accepted by all government sources, on the basis of a number of affidavits similar to that of Dr. Wilhelm Hoettl." Hoettl, an SS officer who later became an Allied intelligence agent, testified at the Nuremberg Trial that Adolf Eichmann had told him that 4,000,000 Jews had been killed by the Nazis and 2,000,000 had died as the result of disease. Eichmann later denied these figures in the interrogatory that preceded his "trial" in Israel.

The most recent revisionist work on the Holocaust appeared in England under the title *Did Six Million Really Die?* (Historical Review Press, 23 Elliker Gardens, Richmond, Surrey, England). The author, a pseudonymous Richard E. Harwood, was designated as being "with the University of London." Harwood's work was a summing up of the general literature on the subject and leaned heavily on Rassinier. At last report British Attorney General Samuel Sil-

ken was preparing charges against Harwood for violating Britain's race relations law, which effectively muzzles any objective criticism of Jewish or black racism. Silken's overreaction, however, was too much for a few members of the British literary establishment. Colin Wilson, a British writer of some repute, wrote in **Books and Bookmen** (February 1975), a British magazine of some repute, that the questions raised in Harwood's book deserved some answers.

One of the great weaknesses of the Rassinier school of revisionism is its emphasis on the numbers game. That one Jewish historian claims 6,000,000 deaths and another 4,000,000, that **World Almanac** population tables after the war do not properly account for the missing bodies, does not clinch the revisionist case and by no means diminishes the moral shock. It doesn't seem to occur to Rassinier that any group capable of lying about 6,000,000 deaths would be more than capable of fabricating minor statistical embellishments to support the lie. Either all the figures are suspect or none. It does not inspire confidence in the reader to be told which numbers are true and which are false.

The greatest argument in favor of the revisionist is the silence visited upon their works by the media and, in the matter of Harwood, the attempted use of the courts to quash such writings entirely.

If the Holocaust does turn out to be a hoax, it would certainly be the greatest one in history. That the greatest literary hoax of the century, Clifford Irving's "autobiography" of Howard Hughes, was concocted by a Jewish writer, may or may not be relevant. More relevant may be a footnote on page 112 of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's **Gulag Archipelago** (Vol. 1), where it is related how a German war prisoner, Jupp Aschenbrenner, was given a document to sign by the Russians admitting that he had worked on wartime gas vans. After the interrogation, which included direct and indirect forms of torture, Aschenbrenner signed. One of the few prisoners to get out of Russia and return to Germany, Aschenbrenner had to wait until 1954 to prove that at the time he was supposed to be operating a gas van on the Russian front he was in Munich studying to become an electric welder.

It is almost impossible to believe that the massive stack of Jewish and non-Jewish documentation on the "final solution" rests on a gigantic lie. The mere thought is enough to curdle one's faith in humanity.

At any rate, a horrible phantom is beginning to haunt the halls and corridors of modern history. If it is not effectively laid to rest by public debate and systematic inquiry, suspicion will eventually play havoc with the world's conscience, which since the beginning of Hitlerism has been the

hope and the strength of the Jewish presence in the West.

Berg, Berg and Berg

Tom Wolfe has written an entertaining and ironic precis of the American art scene from 1945 to 1975, which he predicts will go down in history as the age of the **Painted Word**. This is also the title of his new book (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.95), which further predicts that the painters and paintings of the era will be totally forgotten, but not its three most influential critics: Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg and Leo Steinberg. These were the gentlemen who cooked up the theories which explained or rather dictated the rules of the modern American painting game. Since their writings exercised such magisterial power, the resulting art, if you would call it art, was really more of the Bergs' doing than the painters.

How did the U.S. get into a predicament where its art depended on the whims of three critics who happen to belong to the race which has had religious and social injunctions against painting and sculpture for almost 3,000 years? On the basis of natural selection alone, it would seem that the three Bergs would be among the least qualified of all Americans to have any say whatsoever in art.

Yet, according to Wolfe, the three Bergs are the chief American arbiters of "Cultureburg," a "free world" hamlet of 10,000 people, to which the banalities and excrescences of modern art, both foreign and domestic, are restricted. Of this group only ninety Americans, mostly New Yorkers, are collectors. The rest of us, because of its cost and content, participate in it by reading the newspapers.

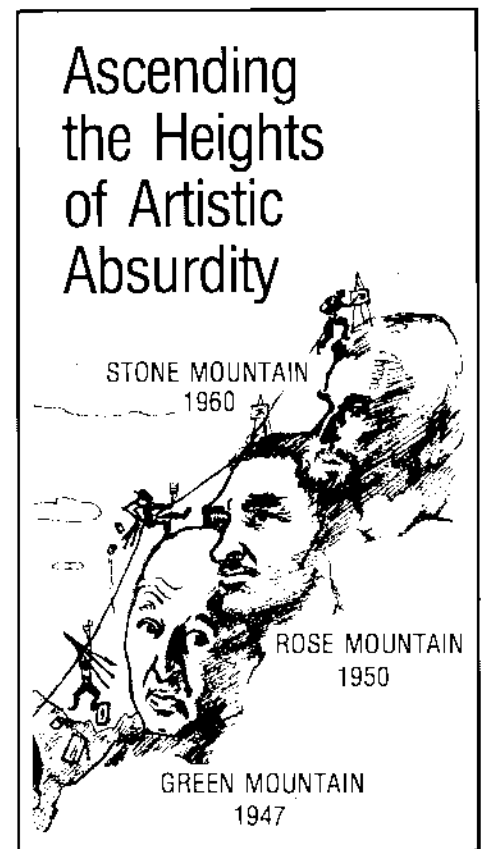
The ideologues who created the concept of modern art, Wolfe thinks, have nothing but theory to go on and have reduced painting to an absurd heap of vaporous schemata. But are these theories as harmless as Wolfe seems to suggest? The hundreds of thousands of yards of canvas dedicated to ugliness, pornography, shock and bad taste cannot be discounted. They may represent theories, but the paintings are still there. The museums are cluttered with them. The university art rooms are bulging with them. Time will only relegate them to the sewers from which they flowed when Cultureburg no longer controls the channels of art communication.

Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg emerged from the radical left intelligentsia of Lower Manhattan in the 1930s. After some years of dabbling in art criticism, Greenberg suddenly came to the conclusion that the third dimension had no place in painting, that every trace of

perspective should be eliminated in favor of what he called "purity and fuliginous flatness." A whole school of abstract expressionism sprang up to put Greenberg's maxims on canvas. Jackson Pollock, an artist of modest talent who was making some progress as a disciple of Thomas Hart Benton, a Majority painter persona non grata to New York art circles because of his antipathy to the "curving wrist and outthrust hip," fell under Greenberg's spell and developed a technique of drip painting (see cover). This consisted of walking around on top of a large piece of canvas and squeezing paint tubes—a practice long known to house painters. Pollock later married a Jewess, became an alcoholic and died in a dramatic automobile crash with a carload of women. Before becoming Greenberg's protégé, he had been the pampered darling of Peggy Guggenheim, the niece of Solomon Guggenheim and a patron of surrealism, who put Pollock on her payroll before turning him over to Greenberg.

To make a name for himself, Harold Rosenberg had to go Greenberg one better. So he came up with action painting, which can best be described as what happens when an artist considers a canvas his mortal enemy and engages in hand to hand combat with it. The greatest action painter, according to Rosenberg, was the refugee Dutch artist, Willem de Kooning (see cover).

Continued next page



The Cultural Catacombs

Since there was no room for Leo Steinberg in the flatness and action painting schools, he had to come up with something still "newer" or remain an obscure pedagogue at Hunter College. Enter Andy Warhol and his Campbell's Soup can. Steinberg smelled something big and became the leading theoretician of pop art. He probably reached the zenith of his influence when Warhol's can sold for \$60,000. Steinberg also favored the comic strip paintings of Roy Lichtenstein (see cover) and other non-artists.

Wolfe has described the art scene aptly, but like Ortega y Gasset who addressed himself to the dehumanization of art many years earlier, he defines the problem, but cannot offer any way out except to hope that the whole modern art movement will simply "vaporize."

Perhaps so, perhaps no. Berg, Berg and Berg and their fellow critics have artistically anesthetized two generations of Americans.

Richard Eichler, one of the few authentic art critics still at large, has asked in his great work, *Könnern, Künstler, Scharlatane* (J. F. Lehmanns Verlag, München, 1959), where have genuine lovers of art been while the anti-artists and the art fakers have been cavorting about jet set salons and art agent cocktail parties? Why haven't intelligent men and women opened their own galleries? Just because Nelson Rockefeller paid \$35,000 for a bed by a con artist named Max Ernst doesn't mean that the public should be envious. Or does it? Are there any people out there who really care?

There are millions. And they have registered their feelings over the past fifty years by refusing to buy one single piece of the garbage engendered or approved by Greenberg, Rosenberg and Steinberg. Art, thank God, is only dead in the plutocratic reaches of society. It will become alive again when the artists of history's most artistic race stop listening to the schwarmerei of history's most unartistic race.

To some of us art is the most important thing in life. Because we have no art except the art of the past, some of us have only lived half a life. A people who produced a painter like Thomas Eakins deserves better than to be deprived of its artistic heritage and its artistic future by an alien gang of throwbacks in Manhattan South. It is not strange that those whose art has been obsessed by words should have reduced our art to the Painted Word.

Politics and Music

When someone brings up the idea of a connection between politics and art, we inevitably think of culture à la Russe. "Ar-

tistic freedom" is such a shibboleth in the West that we seldom consider that our own painters, writers and composers carry their own ideological ball and chains.

American composer John Cage is known throughout the world for his composition 4:33 which consists of nothing but silence for four minutes and thirty-three seconds. He is also known for his dedication to the freedom of artistic expression. Yet Cage recently remarked how he had been influenced by the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Considering the stultification and sterility of the Chinese artistic scene, this is surely a paradoxical ad lib from a so-called devotee of liberty. Surely Cage cannot enjoy those endless Chinese operas in which slant-eyed Leninist heroes extricate themselves in time's nick from the foils of bloodsucking capitalists, who are often portrayed without benefit of epicurean folds.

The question is, why does Cage make such a declaration of faith? It would be easy to say he is simply naive and doesn't understand the world about him. But this explanation is too simple to wash. To understand Cage, we have to understand the new left and its head swami, Herbert Marcuse. America, according to Marcuse, is repressive precisely because it is so free it doesn't allow the revolution to happen. Any artist who believes in such moonshine will inevitably become frustrated with a society that not only rejects his art, but worse, simply ignores it. Out of desperation and revenge, he may be driven to radical-left politics which, although it advocates a collectivism completely at odds with his beliefs, also advocates the overthrow of the society he comes to hate for its indifference. The saddest part is that Cage, although he has no influence on the public, has enormous influence on the small plutocratic clique that dominates the world of modern music.

Another example of the close connection between politics and music in the "free world" was the uproar in Washington, D. C., a few months ago after the National Symphony performed a work by Secretary of the Navy Middendorf. Reporters and columnists from the *Washington Post* were uniformly outraged at this performance. The music may not have been up to Mozart's level or even that of John Philip Sousa. But the sin was much graver. Middendorf's work had a patriotic theme. His composition did not deal with Martin Luther King, Jr., the terrors of the Chilean junta or the Nuremberg Trials. *Mirabile dictu* it celebrated the U.S. Navy.

The fact is that politics and music are growing more and more inseparable in this country. There is simply no musical outlet for a serious composer who does not have the right attitudes (read the left attitudes). In music artistic freedom has been reduced to the freedom to turn out insane

screechings or noiselessness. If a composition is intelligible, it has to be a musical commercial for a liberal-left propaganda package or it will become a critical no-no.

Pornofying the Bard

One of our most perceptive correspondents was in Cleveland last summer and attended a production of *The Winter's Tale*, part of the Lakewood Shakespeare Festival. His report follows:

Directed by an Iron Curtain refugee it was, quite simply, the Shakespeare Follies. Hermione was anything but maternal in her scarlet bikini, and it was difficult to pay attention to the iambic pentameter when Time stripped down to a G-string. Everyone else was spivied up in white mechanics' uniforms with hospital shoes, except for one of the ladies-in-waiting, who appeared in a bunny costume.

A local critic, whose enthusiastic review was blown up ten times and slapped on a billboard outside the hall, explained that since this was Shakespeare's "dullest play," the director had shown tremendous imagination by injecting such visual vitality into the production. I wonder how many in the audience realized what an insult this was to their intelligence. Apparently minority culture vultures have to burlesque the Bard to make him interesting to English-speaking audiences. At one time I was squirming in my seat, trying to imagine what liberties the director would take with "Exit, pursued by a bear." Fortunately, we were not treated to the first Shakespearean streaker.

The acting was high schoolish, with one or two exceptions. Autolycus was the only believable character, although Florizel at least looked the part and the Second Lord was good in the few lines he spoke. Leontes was of the scream-as-loudly-as-possible-and-roll-your-eyes school of Shakespeare. Polixenes was so old you wondered what all the fuss was about. And Paulina's delivery was as melodramatic as her digs were shriveled. Here was a Shakespearean Romance which, at the hands of this director, turned out to be both tragic and comic, but certainly not in the way the playwright intended. What's worse, the production was staged by a respectable company, in a respectable theater, under the auspices of a respectable festival, and considered perfectly respectable by the critics!

If they've got Shakespeare in the buff in Cleveland, I shudder to think what they're doing to him in New York.

THE LIGHT OF OBSCURITY

The role of philosophy in a social movement.

Theory is now the strongest form of practice.
Bruno Bauer, 1841

Reading the histories of social movements of the past, it would almost seem that the activists were all thinkers and philosophers. This illusion is a bias of historians. However, it is true that great ideas spring from the same causes as momentous social movements. We know a social movement is under way **only** when we finally discover someone somewhere who is actually thinking seriously. If a social movement is born out of the desperation of a period, we know that the period is desperate because men have started to think. Thinking—real philosophizing—is truly an act of desperation.

In this column the Editor has said the writer can generally disregard certain usual journalistic and literary strictures and need not be either too informative or too entertaining. It is permissible to leave the reader perplexed and even a bit hostile. Hopefully this section will be isolated by bold black lines to prevent any of the confusion and perplexity from spilling over and spoiling the rest of the magazine. The self-appointed assignment of this writer, however, is not to write something obscure but to write about obscurity itself.

It would seem that those who write clearly and directly would be regarded by historians, after all the fuming and revolution and fighting has died down, as the real agents of social change. For they, after all, are the ones everyone can understand. On the contrary, those who are easily understandable are those who are the first to be forgotten. Historians seem to pick out precisely—and perversely—the most turgid, paradoxical and muddy writers as bearing the responsibility for the most significant and tumultuous events. These solitary philosophers who often could not even communicate with their wives and friends, let alone make themselves understood by average men, are blamed for everything! It is a fact many of the most influential historians and commentators continue to blame Nietzsche not only for the first World War but for the Second as well!

We must not forget that historians are intellectuals themselves. It is only natural that they would feed their *amour propre* by looking for intellectual causes of events. Rousseau, on whom they pin the French Revolution, although he was probably unknown outside a limited, feuding group of aristocrats, lawyers and priests, was a man

(so historians go to extreme lengths to prove) much like themselves. The fact that his writings are ambiguous and obscure is to the historians' advantage. As Rousseau's intellectual heirs, they can be employed by the institutions devoted to the Revolution, the universities, just to interpret Rousseau. Had he written clearly, these professors would not be in such demand. Similarly, journalists, who have their own intellectual establishment, are obsessed with the idea that there must be some perverse brain trust behind all the ethnic turmoil in America. There must be some thinker and writer somewhere provoking the average man, to whom is attributed no ability whatsoever, to act on his own. They think the common man will continue to do what he is told, continue to send his children to dangerous, crime-ridden schools or whatever, unless some sinister philosopher puts it into his head to do otherwise.

Consequently, if there is a riot somewhere in an American city, all they have to do to put an end to the trouble is to ferret out the culpable ideologue and put him—solely with the pure intellectual force of argument—to shame. At the first news of a riot in Detroit they are on the phone, wading through voluminous government and private investigative files looking for their man, who finally turns up in a cow town in New Mexico. Here in perfect isolation and solitude he directs the entire course and destiny of all America, just by thinking and, once in awhile, muttering something in his beard. Hegel regarded the *summus philosophus* possibly himself—as the fulfillment of the underlying rationality of the world, "world reason," and therefore of the world itself. He was not ever really contradicted, while the journalists, who are "world souls" by their own right, go about exorcizing evil much as a village shaman, in hunting out evil spirits of adversary shamans, supports the whole superstition of magic and shamanism.

Our journalists harass this culprit, this "world soul" a bit over the telephone, print articles in a few local papers which arouse citizens against him without spreading his reputation to more distant and possibly sympathetic towns—and they believe they have exorcized their demon. Yet intellectuals of the next generation disinter this same poor man and stick him with the blame for all that transpired during his lifetime, and afterwards too, the blame for hundreds of thousands of corpses and defiled women, for continents of burned cities.

Is a philosopher a danger to anyone? The point is that he is considered to be danger-

ous when he says something that is not immediately understandable. He speaks, as it were, in a code. Indeed, it could be argued that rather than being a simple statement of truth, philosophy builds fancy codes and symbols by which, in broad outline, conspiracies are hatched. These conspiracies seem rather far-fetched and remote but just the whisper that society is not perfect, just the hint that the dominant class is not perfectly respected, becomes at last an annoyance to the leaders. Thus, any small group of men who speak the esoteric language of philosophy finally, without anyone being able to say exactly why, fall under censorship. A case in point was German Hegelianism, perhaps the most obscurely written metaphysics in the history of ideas, which also, by coincidence, developed at the time of an energetic German censorship. The Hegelians of the 1840's may actually have considered themselves conspiratorial and, while they seldom said anything that applied directly to the German state, their terminology brought them under suspicion. The average man simply did not understand Bruno Bauer when he used the phrase "terrorism of pure theory." Were they really revolutionaries? The myth persists without anyone, however, ever reading their books. And yet these men—Hegel, Arnold Ruge, Bruno Bauer, Kaspar Schmidt, Friedrich Engels—who scarcely agreed on anything, are called by many scholars the theorists who laid the ground principles of the entire modern age.

The language of philosophy is a separate language by its own right which allows men to discuss sensitive issues generally and obliquely, without touching on specifics but also without compromising the thinker even if his ideas lead in a radical, extremist direction. Wherever his thoughts lead, the philosopher can go on that path objectively and unemotionally. Thoughts which in their final implications are sure to cause hysteria in average men, who cannot have a thought without feeling compelled to act on it immediately, can be held up before the mind's eye of a philosopher for an indefinite period of time. Because philosophers never need to act! And people who see ideas only as a cause of action do not usually act on every idea, so much as they, fearing where their ideas will lead them, stop thinking altogether.

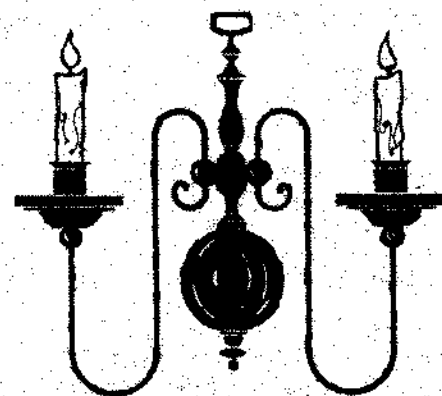
As Richard Swartzbaugh, himself a philosopher writes: "Every truly serious, or philosophical thought is extremist in its essential nature, regardless of its object or content. Above all, thinking is an abstraction from the little experiences of everyday life, which, despite this humble origin, are pushed to their logical conclusions which are also their radical, world revolutionary conclusions. Every philosopher by this definition is an extremist, a radical, an anarchist capable—if only in thought!—of any action whatsoever."

First installment of a trilogy that might have been co-authored by a CIA defector and the ghost of Niccolò Machiavelli.



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



PART ONE, ACT I

Scene 1: *New York City, 1912. Pierpont and Maxine are in the latter's boudoir. She is at her dressing table working on her hair. He is sipping sherry.*

PIERPONT. I am distressed to inflict this on you. If I had known of any other way to handle it . . .

MAXINE. Of course, dear. I know you couldn't have him at your place.

P. I couldn't possibly visit him at his home or office, and I doubt if he would have come to mine.

M. Must you see him at all?

P. He's richer than I am.

M. What has that to do with it? Of course, there must be lots of people with more money—with more cash than you. Gates, for instance. But you wouldn't ask him to tea—even here.

P. We're talking about different things. He's not a Gates. He personally **owns** the kind of money I command. Don't you see the difference? I can command more than he owns, so everybody in the Street, and probably everywhere else, thinks I am more powerful and important than he is. But amounts like that are not mine. They belong to men and companies that will obey me. He himself, personally, alone, **owns** amounts of money like that. Consequently, if he wants to talk to me I have to see him.

M. It's curious you never met him.

P. Why? We move in utterly different worlds. I am sure, Maxine, that there are Hindu princes and Manchu potentates who could probably scrape together more jewels and gold than I could. Does that require me to accept them as my social or business equals?

M. I had no idea he was really so important. What does he want?

P. I don't know, dear. I really don't know. I had been told he'd retired from all active business.

M. Is he in a position to cause you trouble?

P. (smiling) Everyone is in a position to cause me trouble. It's a question of how much. That's why I asked him here. To find out. I suspect it has a political angle.

M. Political? For heaven's sake why?

P. Because I cannot think of anything else of mutual interest that he wouldn't have preferred to handle, as I myself would have preferred to handle it, through some intermediary.

M. (coming over to him and putting an arm around his shoulders) I didn't realize how distressing this was for you. Must you really see him? But this is silly of me. Of course, you must or you wouldn't have asked him here. Forgive me. Is there anything I should know about him or anything I should particularly do or say when he gets here?

P. No. Nothing particular. I'm told he's a strong teetotaler, so don't offer him any sherry. He's supposed to be a devout member of one of those peculiar Protestant sects, Seventh Day Adventist, Baptist or something on that order.

M. He'll probably think me a Jezebel. I'm surprised he'd even come here to meet you. (They share a smile) Asking him here was **part** of your plan, you wretch. That was in your mind. Admit it!

P. Of course it was. If such a pious fundamentalist would have tea with me in your delightful surroundings, then he is very anxious to see me.

M. (laughing) Imagine that! Finding a new use for an old mistress.

Scene 2: *A small parlor a few days later. Maxine is serving tea. Pierpont is watchful as the Old Man, thoroughly at ease, lectures his Proper Son in a high-pitched, Midwestern twang. Ill-at-ease, stiff and fortyish, the Proper Son never speaks a word during the entire visit.*

OLD MAN: You see, boy, how the best people live. I want you to remember it. At any rate part of it. You get tea. The rest was put on just to vex your old Dad. Pay it no mind, boy. When you're after a serious piece of business stick to the business, never mind the baggage. Stick to the business.

PIERPONT. A wise adage. Could we now learn what that business is?

The Game and The Candle

O.M. In time. In good time. I have to go about it in a reasonable way. How are you going to know I know what I'm talking about unless I tell you? And that kind of telling, there's only one way to do it. Like suppose a bright young college fellow came to me and wanted a job, maybe in the oil business. Suppose he told me all about how you set up rigs and how you buy leases. You know, that'd hardly make me leap out of my chair to hire him, now would it? But if he said he knew who had an oil lease hooked at a busted bank, or maybe owned by a man suspected of murder who might have to sell it cheap, now there might be a young man who could maybe turn out in time to be an expert in the oil business. Or in any other business. So far as I can see they're all about alike. Wouldn't you think so?

P. They do have their differences.

O.M. Some are more vulgar than others. But I wasn't meaning banking. I'm really talking about politics. Or at least I mean to talk about politics, if Miss Jezebel would be so kind as to pour me a little more tea. The Lord doesn't approve of paint and acting and goings on, Miss, and it's a Christian's duty to bear witness to his faith all the time, day or night, wherever he is. *(He stops to let the sermon sink in. Maxine glances at Pierpont and smiles wanly. The Proper Son can barely contain his embarrassment.)* Yes, politics. I've decided to have the Democrats win the upcoming election.

P. *(amused by the bland effrontery but shocked by the possibility)* Indeed? And who will their candidate be?

O.M. Doesn't matter. Men like that come cheap. I'll go back to that in a minute. So far I must sound like the bright college boy telling you about how better to run your own business. But I'll just ramble along till I see you're not polite but interested. *(He swallows some more tea and reaches out his cup without a word to Maxine who refills it.)* You know, there's one thing you and I have in common. We're both malefactors of great wealth. *(Cackling)* That's a fact. Malefactors of great wealth. How does it feel? I like it myself. But the point is, if you're rich like you and me, you don't have to believe the things other people believe. Did you know that? I know your Daddy must have, and his friends, or they couldn't of got as rich and powerful as they did, and I know you know it, though you're even quieter about it than they were. Let me tell you something. I was a grown man before I was real rich. One day I thought, "You never got rich believing what everybody else believed and knowing for a fact that everybody else knew for a fact." Then I got to wondering whether things were the same way in poli-

tics. So I hired a lot of bright young men and set 'em to work. I'd take 'em in and I'd start with a real simple principle. I'd say: "Look young man, in business you figure that the fellows that benefitted from something or other, no matter what, a merger, a lawsuit, a market corner—maybe even a fire or an accident—were the fellows that arranged for the thing to happen. Not always, of course. The Bible tells us how man is prone to failure. But most times. Now these politic fellows, they swear nothing like that happens in politics, not on your life! It's just irresistible social and historical forces and stuff like that. I'd tell 'em I knew a few places where something happened and somebody made a lot of money out of the happening, out of a political happening, I mean. And I'd want them to run some of these down for me and see if things happened really the way everybody was supposed to know they happened. You know, the hardest thing I had to do was get those bright young men to believe what they themselves discovered. It really was. It still is. You'd think these college fellows, they'd be taught to believe in facts. But it's not so. They're taught not to believe in facts, but to have faith in just about everything but facts. And they seem to put their most faith in that easiest of all things to have faith in—coincidence.

P. For a man who has given so enormously to education you seem to have a singularly low opinion of it.

O.M. Why not? I've bought enough of it to know a mite about it. Now one of the things I got my young men to look into pretty hard was assassination, that's right, assassination. And I had 'em start right at the top. I had 'em study the assassinations of the Presidents of the United States, and when I started the study only two Presidents had been killed—Lincoln and Garfield. In those days McKinley was still just a congressman. Now everybody knows these assassins were madmen. Booth and Guiteau were, everyone knows that, and I know myself that Czolgosz was. But that's not the point. The point about Booth is how come since the War Department knew all about his planning something against Lincoln they just didn't bother him at all. Didn't try to guard Lincoln, even when he felt nervous and asked for guards. And somebody saw to it that Grant changed his plans awful sudden and got out of Washington on a late evening train instead of being there in the box with the President, as all the announcements that day said he would be. The war was all won and maybe somebody didn't need Lincoln any more. Somebody who knew pretty well that Lincoln's plans for the South didn't maybe include all the money they were going to make out of it. You know who those people were? I'd bet your Daddy knew. *(He looks at Pierpont as*

though expecting him to take up the challenge.)

P. What about Guiteau and President Garfield?

O.M. Point there is where did Guiteau get the gun? You ever try getting hold of a gun no one can trace? Yet a crackpot like Guiteau can. Funny about that sympathetic stranger in a saloon agreeing with Guiteau how mistreated he'd been by Garfield and buying him drinks and just happening to have an old gun in his pocket. Might happen to anybody, any day.

P. And how did Czolgosz get the gun he used on McKinley?

O.M. Same way. Friendly stranger in a saloon. Agreeing how terrible Czars and Emperors and Presidents were. Ought to be shot dead, all of them, and where's a man hero enough to do it? And here's a lost gun for him if he is. Always thought saloons were the Devil's parlors, myself. Always did and I always will.

MAXINE. *(not willing to believe what all this seems to suggest and horrified that what she thinks he means may be what he does mean)* Do I understand . . .

P. *(interrupting)* McKinley's assassination isn't so long ago that I can't remember it as well as you do and since that's how Theodore Roosevelt became President . . .

O.M. *(interrupting)* Yes indeedly, the big arch enemy of all us malefactors of great wealth. Broke up the Northern Securities and the Standard Oil Company. Just as harsh with one as he was with the other. No friend of the wealthy, not Teddy. Only . . .

P. Only?

O.M. Only when you bust up a Trust it makes a little difference whether the Trust was put together with your own money or with borrowed money you had control of. You know, that's what seemed to me to happen in the Northern Securities and some of them Wall Street banking and railroad cases. The fellows that controlled 'em—thought they owned 'em sort of—ended up owning nothing and controlling nothing. But when it came to me, why we held all the equity. So all we had to do was take stock from our corporate pocket, so to speak, and put it in our personal pocket. Fact of the matter it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Naturally, we had a few lemons here and there in our basket and if we'd tried to sell 'em out who'd of bought 'em? Why everyone in the Street would of said: "Is the old coot nuts? He never sells anything that's worth anything, not that old buzzard. Think I'd buy any of his cast-offs?" But now when Teddy forced my hand, so to speak, everybody knew the old fox had his paw in a trap and here was a chance to pick up something pretty good. It worked fine, indeed it did. My lemons turned out plums, at least to me.

P. I believe you've convinced me that I

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ought to listen to you. Quite evidently you're not a bright college graduate trying to teach me my business. You said earlier you planned to have the Democrats win the election of 1912. May I ask why you want that, how you plan to bring it about, and where I and my associates fit into your program?

O.M. Where you fit in the program is simple. I don't think it's a good idea for the wealthy to be arguing and fighting among themselves, not anyway when it gets out into elections and politics and things like that. It gives the Socialists and Anarchists and all that riff raff the idea they might go some place on their own.

P. *(sticking to the subject)* Merely having the Democrats win isn't of itself significant. What do you want to accomplish that must be done through the Democrats?

O.M. I want several things that won't bother you, none at all. There's only one thing I want that might be important between us. I want a national banking system.

P. You mean a banking system controlled by the federal government?

O.M. Something like that. Something anyway that the Republican party couldn't put over. They're known as the friends of Wall Street and Big Business, the Banks and the Oil Trust and all those wicked things, so if they came along with the banking act, everybody would be against it because it would be sure to grind the faces of the poor. So the Democrats can do it and it will be sort of Social Progress. It will sound just like what Bryan and all those other fellows used to try and sell us.

P. What would this national banking system of yours be designed to do?

O.M. Now you know what it would be designed to do and what it would do. You know I'm the equity holder, always have been and always will be. Trained my family to be. We borrow money once in a while and I can see come the next thirty, forty years we're going to have to borrow a lot more. Now new machinery is being thought up all the time and getting more expensive all the time and we're going to have to keep buying it. So if I borrow a dollar that's worth a dollar, I don't want to have to pay back a dollar that's worth a dollar and a half. Fact is, I'd rather pay back a dollar that's maybe worth fifty cents. I figure a man could stay rich that way, even with taxes and all.

P. Why didn't you get your friend Teddy Roosevelt to establish that kind of banking system while he was President?

O.M. Now he isn't my friend. Wasn't and isn't. No, he'd reckon I'm sure, it would be too dangerous for him politically. You know, he always stands for virtue, manliness, honor, pay your debts, be honest, all them wonderful things people like to hear about. How would it be for him to be for something that was planned on

purpose to cheapen money? No better than stealing it! Like I told you, the politics of it only makes it right for the Democrats to do it. That's why I'm going to have them win.

P. I'm afraid you have quite a job cut out for yourself. The best information I can get is that Champ Clark is sure of the Democratic nomination, or almost sure of it, and maybe if some of us helped him a little he would be sure of it. I feel pretty certain Clark would never go for your federal banking system. And even if you got around the problem of nominating a man who would do what you want, you still have the problem of electing him.

O.M. Now who's telling who his business? You know I'm not fool enough to tip you off much more. I just want to know whether you'll make a treaty with me about this job, and how far we carry it, and what men we're going to trust to run it for us. Or maybe you might want to try fighting me about it. *(He pauses a moment. For almost the only time in his life, he is a trifle embarrassed about what he proposes to do and feels he has to justify himself.)* You can't stop me no way. I'm pretty sure, but I figure both of us can be better off in the end if we make a joint deal. Of course, if I can't make a deal with you, I'll have to make the next best I can with them progressive fellows around Roosevelt and the old Populist crowd, I guess, and maybe the free-silver fellows. I'll have to take some things I won't like, income tax, maybe, and some other socialist ideas, but I can live with 'em if I have to. If that's the political price I have to pay, that's the price. All a man can do is make the best deal he can. You can't blame him for that. *(He suddenly emits a choke.)* I might even have to take woman suffrage.

P. I don't believe you can do it.

O.M. It'll be a shoo-in! But there's something else I'm worried about. It's a big world and lots of things are ready to go to smithereens, everywhere. There's probably going to be war and things will get pretty hard to figure then.

P. War where?

O.M. Might be most everywhere, once it starts. I know you think your friends the English will keep everything reasonable and in bounds, sort of, and not let things get out of hand and away from them. But I don't think they will. Things I learn make me think different.

M. Do you have access to secret information?

O.M. Have to, Miss. The Lord put oil in the most outlandish places.

M. I see. And the Lord specially designated you to go find it?

O.M. You know, Miss, I've sometimes wondered if that wasn't so, if I wasn't just His instrument, so when the time came for Him to want oil to be found, I heard the call

and answered it. Just like the men of old were called to testify to the truth of the Lord's word and set it out for us to read and obey. So you see I have to keep track of lots of things in all sorts of places. You'd be surprised how many men with millions of dollars at stake think all they need do is spend two cents for a daily paper to find out everything important they need to know. Never seems to occur to 'em that if information is worth millions it stands to reason they can't buy it for pennies. Like information when the Archduke of Austria is going to be murdered.

P. He's not going to be.

O.M. I know that story too. I know the Russians have been trying to get England's consent to break up the Austrian Empire before Franz Ferdinand can federalize it. And I know the silly British think they've got that problem under control by refusing to agree to it. Why are they such fools as to think the Russians would tell 'em about it if they were really going to wait for British approval? The Russians don't act that way. Never did and never will. I'll tell you something your English friends haven't told you because they don't know it, and if anyone ever tells 'em they just plumb won't believe it. It just goes too much against what they like to believe, so they won't believe it. What you and they don't know is that the Czar's secret police has sent word through the anarchist and socialist movement in Europe, even to people like the Banda Nera and the terrorist underground of the Social Democrats, that no one will be hurt in Russia, that there'll be a sort of armistice in Russia towards all of 'em if they'll agree for the time being not to try assassinating the Czar but join with the Serb police to kill the Archduke. Now I know that's a fact because I've got sources in Hungary and Romania and Serbia and hundreds of other places. I'm pretty sure it's not something that Lord Grenfell would pick up at the Foreign Office and pass on to his cousin over a drop of Scotch. And it's mainly because of this knowledge that I thought it wasn't wise to wait much longer to talk to you. With things running the way they are, maybe the election of 1916 would be harder for me to manage than the one coming up. *(He pauses.)* So there's the set-up as I see it. Do we have a deal or don't we?

P. *(shaking his head)* No. No deal at all. Even if I believed you I would make no deal. I'll concede it's possible that you might elect your Democratic candidate to the presidency and even perhaps get the kind of money system you desire. Get the statute passed setting it up, that is. But you still won't have what you want. The form and surface of it, yes. But not the substance. As long as the Anglo-American financial community is in control of the great money markets of the world, your system will be basically as pointless as

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Bryan's free silver. It will make a lot of public commotion and, of course, it will open a few new doors for a few new people to become rich but it won't be something we can't live with and eventually control—if it turns out to be worth controlling. What you're really trying to destroy—and that's what you're after, destruction—isn't just me and the New York financial community. It's really London and the whole complex of the British Empire. And I don't think even you can destroy that.

O.M. You don't think it could destroy itself?

P. Dear Sir, haven't we already gone far enough in the realms of fantasy?

Scene 3: *Later in Maxine's boudoir. She stares thoughtfully at Pierpont.*

MAXINE. Is it true?

PIERPONT. I don't think so. I'm sure the British government understands the situation and can handle it without inviting catastrophe.

M. No, I mean about Lincoln . . . and Garfield.

P. I have no personal knowledge about Lincoln. About either for that matter.

M. You don't sound as though you thought he was all wrong.

P. I said I don't know.

M. You mean it could have been?

P. Abstractly speaking, it could have been.

M. I'm not speaking abstractly. I'm talking about what you really think happened. I feel you really think he's right. You really believe somebody important in the North was willing to have Lincoln killed. Would your father have known about it, as our visitor said he would?

P. My father never discussed Lincoln's assassination with me. I'm sure he could have known nothing whatever about it.

M. And Garfield?

P. My dear, as I said, I know no more about that than I do about Lincoln. I was not quite so young then, and I understood a little more about politics, but I was still not in the know. You must keep your scale of values and sense of proportion in these things. After all, at the time Lincoln was shot hundreds of thousands of men had been killed. Some were still being killed. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been invested by far-sighted men in the interest of founding and protecting an orderly and prosperous society. Was all that risk and destruction to be lost because one man, however highly placed politically, could not understand the forces and nature of his times? Lincoln would have destroyed the world order that the British and American financiers had set up and defended in the Civil War. There is no question about that.

None at all. He was the enemy of the banking community on both sides of the ocean. If he had had his way, he would have brought those vain Southern aristocrats back into power, or anyway into partial power, and no one can guess what disastrous political combinations would have resulted. They might have made common cause with Napoleon III or even with an ambitious Prussia. There is no knowing. The only certainty is that the orderly control of the world that had been worked out between Britain and ourselves would have been lost—the control that has made the world flourish in the past fifty years as it never flourished before. None of that would have happened. Amid all the enormous casualties of the Civil War, is it so important to get so upset over one life, particularly when we don't know positively what happened and probably never will?

M. Let's go back to Garfield.

P. I know nothing about his death but I certainly cannot regret it. He was ambitious, noisy and opinionated. He talked like a good Republican because he thought he had to. It was the road to power. If he had lived, he might have made a great deal of trouble. But so far as I know it was an honest accident.

M. An accident?

P. I mean with respect to the financial community. From their point of view it was accidental, not planned. Obviously Guiteau's act was not accidental from his point of view.

M. And now McKinley?

P. You heard what he said. You can draw from it whatever conclusions you think his statement warrants. I do think,

though, that this is a subject that you should not consider in isolation—isolation, that is, from historical facts. Prominent people in all times and places naturally talk as though killing them was the most unheard-of thing in the world. But there are and always will be two powerful reasons for killing people—emotion and profit. The weak and unbalanced kill to satisfy uncontrolled and unbalanced emotions. The strong and powerful kill for profit. The profit may be money in some ages and naked political power in others, but they amount to the same. And of course, if you already have those things, there's much less need for killing than when you're still trying to get them. The powerful simply don't need to do the things the poor must do in order to accomplish the same result. The men in power always can get someone else to do the actual killing and only rarely are they clearly associated with it.

M. (slowly) So Booth's act put Stanton and his Republican friends in power.

P. You mustn't let it bother you so much. Things like that have happened in the past and I'm sure they'll happen in the future whenever the powerful find they cannot use officially legal methods of getting rid of somebody in their way.

M. Pierpont, sometimes your ideas make me truly ill. I know the world isn't like that. Maybe long ago, but not now. It can't be. The world wouldn't be worth living in if it were like that. For once, you just have to be wrong.

(To be continued)

Next Month in *Instauration*

The Ninth Crusade

A study of the insanity of America's Mideast policy.

The Minority Economists

The men and the dogmas that direct our present economic destiny.

The Philosophy of Night

The sudden unpopularity of reason in the smart aleck set.

The Game and the Candle

Second installment

plus other articles, book reviews and the usual Instauration departments.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that there are significant differences among races and that the members of one race, which we will designate as *x*, are more self-reliant, more industrious, and more scientifically oriented than members of races *y* and *z*. Now let us assume that God, nature, fate or even economic determinism had decreed that one of these races, *x*, *y* or *z*, would create something called capitalism. Is there any doubt on which race we would put our money?

Putting economics before race is putting the thunder before the lightning. The economic characteristics of a nation derive in great part from the biological makeup of its founding or dominant race. Consequently, we would not be indulging in hyperbole if we call Northern Europeans a capitalistic race—an expression, of course, that would find little favor in the Wall Street Journal. We would find even less favor if we stated that capitalism was just as authentic a racial trait of Northern Europeans as fair skin and light eyes.

Here it might be added that, although this aspect of their contributions to economic theory are generally missing from college textbooks, there have been a few **organic** or **evolutionary** economists, that is, economists who have realized that their chosen profession is inevitably linked with other fields of study and that economics is just one of many interconnected activities that make up the social colloid known as civilization. Adam Mueller, the 19th-century German scholar, was one such economist.

In what might be called an economic contretemps, Mueller had the audacity to place as high a value on spiritual capital as on the more commonly known variety. He attacked gold, precisely because it serves so well as an international currency. He preferred an inconvertible paper currency, a national money which could act as a unifying force within the country and an isolating force in the international money market. In his opinion money should express the oneness of people. Mueller was leery of an unbridled market economy because of its inordinate appeal to supranationalism on the one hand and self-interest on the other.

Thorstein Veblen, whose *Theory of the Leisure Class* was perhaps an American's most original contribution to economic literature, was another rare bird who found the roots of economic systems in non-economic soil. He believed that production was more dependent on "nature, man and the past" than on land, labor or capital. In an attempt to make economics an evolutionary science, he asserted racial traits develop into habits which in turn stiffen into institutions. Anthropology, in his view, was the door to economics.

In time of depression, inflation or usurious interest rates, people grow more interested in economics. From this we could adduce the law that a sign of good times is a dearth of economic theory. Consequently, when America is having economic difficulties, as it is at this moment, the air is filled with cures, nostrums, conspiracies and dubious statistics. We are told that the fault is Keynesism, though Lord Keynes grounded his economic interventionism on low interest rates. We are told that the fault is too much *laissez faire*, though the American economy has long since been transformed into a government-regulated form of "free enterprise" that at best can only be called half free. We are told that the fault is socialism, though we are still a long way from total state control.

A racial analysis of the present state of the economy would be banned in principle from all leading economic journals. All the more reason for undertaking such an analysis. We can start by looking for a racial explanation of inflation. Proceeding from the proposition that man makes economics, not vice versa, and that different kinds of men produce different kinds of economic systems, we list the work attitudes that should control or negate inflation. People who like to work, who like to save and who do not like to live off the work of others are inherently opposed to the profligate budgets and profligate doses that are among the chief causes of inflation. On the other hand, there are some people, or, to put it more accurately, some races who exhibit the laziness, the addiction to welfare, the innate fiscal irresponsibility that win overwhelming votes for big political spenders. The colored and dark white Mediterranean portion of mankind evince more of the latter traits. Accordingly, we would expect more inflation in Latin, African and Asian countries than in Northern Europe. Today, West Germany has the lowest inflation rate of any large nation. The highest inflation rates in Europe are found in Latin Europe. The highest inflation rates in the world are found in Latin America, in the emerging black nations of Africa and in various Asian countries. Here is a direct link between economic behavior and race. Nevertheless, economists give it a wide berth.

Some day economists should get around to learning that racial differences account for different work habits and different work capabilities. The history of any national economy is both the history of economic conflict with other nations, the history of the interior economic growth and the history of the economic decline. The last category is really concerned with class conflict, which is often a code word for racial conflict.

A nation, populated largely by Northern Europeans, grows rich through the labor

and creativity of its citizens and thereby attracts the notice of poorer and less advanced peoples, peoples of different cultures and different races. If there are no laws to keep them out, these less advantaged peoples crowd into the rich nation. At first they care for nothing except jobs and money in their pockets. Then as time goes on the inborn differences of the new immigrants can no longer be repressed and begin to appear in their political, economic and social behavior. First they acquire the right to vote, then the right to strike and finally the right to exist without working at all. Helping them acquire these rights, each one of which is a blow against the national economy, are the weaker and less productive elements of the race which created the economy.

In political terms democracy is taken over by a motley collection of brawling minorities and dropouts from the dominant race. In economic terms production begins to play second fiddle to consumption. The independent and creative entrepreneur is forced to share power with the labor leader. Wages go up, profits and productivity go down. Economists put out reams of propaganda to justify this downshifting of economic gears. They worry about demand and forget about supply. They experiment with the monetary system and with taxation. The sicker the economy becomes, the more they doctor it and the more they doctor it, the sicker it becomes. Finally, control over what is left of the private sector of the economy passes from the businessman to the accountant. In the public sector, where all the principal reins of economic power are now held, the president's economic advisers turn out to be minority theorists, most of whom have never had any manufacturing background, never worked on a production line, never invented or designed a product, never had any firsthand experience with the work process which created the wealth that was so enticing to their immigrant parents or grandparents.

In the advanced stages of economic decay (the stages we are now reaching in this country) the government takes over the direction of more and more areas of the economy and operates them to the advantage of those who do the least work, who do no work at all, or who do non-productive work, such as lawyers, bankers, speculators, criminals and bureaucrats. In the U.S., the Majority work force now finds itself saddled with the responsibility of supporting not only its own young, aged and infirm, but the young, aged and infirm of the minorities, plus millions of healthy colored minority members who refuse "menial" work or who are incapable of becoming skilled workers in an increasingly technological society. The trick is mainly accomplished by debasing the cur-

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rency and by orgies of deficit spending. It takes several decades for the producing and working man to catch on to this con game. When he does, he discovers that his savings, his net worth and his real wages have been locked into an inescapable downward spiral.

Sooner or later the victims of this government-sponsored looting will be told that there is no alternative but a totalitarian economy. It is, of course, not too late to save our economy from some form of state socialism. But it would have to be accomplished by political measures that would almost certainly end in a bloodbath. First and foremost the control of the economy would have to be returned to the hands of its creators. As long as minorities and liberals dominate our thinking, there is no possibility of reversing our slide into the economic abyss. It is the economic fallout of the biologically determined work attitudes of our minorities combined with liberalism's emphasis on distribution that bears the main responsibility for our economic woes.

If we could get rid of the liberal-minority influence on our fiscal policy, we would not have to go through the agony of runaway inflation and a capitalistic Ragnarok. But if we fail, as it seems we are failing, all is still not lost. Our race has successfully passed through and survived many economic systems, from hunting and fishing to pastoralism, subsistence farming, feudalism, mercantilism and the various forms of capitalism. We certainly should be able to take on a different kind of economic system and make an equally great success of it. We cannot go back to 19th-century capitalism any more than an avalanche can go back to the mountain peak from which it broke loose. The economy is now riddled with so many controls and Americans have been so conditioned to government intervention in every phase of their economic life that a return to the old live-and-let-live economic doctrine of William McKinley would be out of the question.

Each time the government enters the private economic sector some particular area of the free market is distorted and each time it is distorted the equilibrium of supply and demand is thrown further out of whack. Decades and decades of such concentrated applications of state control have weakened the market economy to where the most that can be hoped for it is a slow and relatively painless demise without the cataclysmic reactions that usually accompany major economic changes.

But there will be some good in the ill winds that economics has in store for us. A government-operated economy might contain a concealed bonus by making it easier for the American Majority to regain its lost ascendancy. The abolition of private business in effect dispossesses everyone.

It takes away the vast wealth of the Jews, one of the primary causes of our dispossession. Without the ownership of the most influential newspapers, of the television networks and of more than half the publishing industry, Jews would lose their physical hold on their most important sources of power. Paul Samuelson, for example, would no longer have the opportunity to make gratuitous, ignorant and absurd stunts against the Majority in his *Economics*, which has now become the most popular textbook in college economics courses. On page 781 (eighth edition) we read: "Little has been told in our history books about the black civilizations and cultures that were flourishing in Africa when the noble Teuton was still cowering over his primitive campfires in Northern Europe." If Mr. Samuelson's economic writings are as accurate as his historical obiter dicta, they should be shelved in the fiction section of college libraries.

State ownership of industry and banking would also end speculation and usury, two other important wellsprings of Jewish wealth. Jews, of course, would play an enormous role in the new totalitarian government at its early stages, but without their money they would have to pin their destiny entirely on political control. In a country where one man, one vote has become a fetish, political control without wealth and without media control becomes a much more difficult task for a minority that allegedly represents less than three percent of the population. Those wiseacres who advise anti-Semites to get rid of Jewish domination by joining a Communist not a Fascist party are not as insane as they seem. The changes in the last fifty years in Russia would bear this advice out.

Socialism, if we should come to that, will only be a passing phase in the unfolding panorama of our future economic history. It can be certain that a socialist America would be very different from a socialist China or Russia. It can also be certain that there will be many other and more interesting economic systems that await our race in both the near and distant future. Indeed, the most logical economic development for America would be the establishment of a populist economy. Populism, although it was largely supported by a farm population that has now shrunk to seven percent of the work force, is in the American tradition. It would end the reign of what Henry Adams called the gold bugs. It would favor the producers over the consumers. It would help to reverse the flight from the farm. Most important, it would rehabilitate the Northern European work ethic.

Economy has always been called the dismal or gloomy science. Actually, like all

social sciences, it is still in its infancy, about where chemistry was in the Middle Ages. The alchemic mumbo-jumbo of present-day economics is both the cause and effect of its attraction to the minority necromancers who have assumed control of it, as they have assumed control of sociology, political science and psychiatry. It is no wonder that Jewish economists, such as Milton Friedman and Paul Samuelson, spend so much of their time on monetary problems. Our race thinks in terms of production. Their race thinks of securing the fruits of production, which can best be accomplished through the manipulation of money. As long as money abandons its true function of serving as a measure of work, just so long will minority members like Arthur Burns remain at the helm of the Federal Reserve, juggling interest rates and tampering with credit. Our race produced a Henry Ford, who was more responsible than anyone in history for bringing creature comforts to masses of working men. Their race produced an Alan Greenspan, President Ford's chief economic adviser, who plays games with the nation's wealth but who himself never created one iota of wealth.

Our wealth is now passing into the hands of a different breed of millionaire. The billion-dollar reserves of the huge foundations are controlled by liberal-minority types who are the very antithesis of the industrial magnates who set up the foundations. A black minister who knows next to nothing about automobiles is now a director of General Motors. Irving Shapiro, a lawyer who knows next to nothing about chemistry, is now president of Du Pont.

If we are ever to make significant economic progress again, wealth must no longer be allowed to accumulate in the hands of the professional money men. The rich man who is without culture or whose first loyalty is to a foreign nation can do immense cultural damage to his host country. What is right in the context of his own tradition is wrong in his new homeland. Often without knowing it, at other times with deliberate malice, everything he touches turns to gold for him and to ashes for the society at large. When an immigrant like Michel Fribourg, the owner of Continental Grain, piles up a fortune of more than \$500 million by speculating on the productivity of American farmers, the waste is so monumental that all the genius of American agriculture can hardly make up for it.

There is bound to come a time, if we continue our technological revolution, when money, unemployment and business cycles will disappear from Western society. All such economic primitivism will be replaced by an economy that provides for the optimum spread of human creativity. But none of this will occur, no golden

Continued next page

economic age can possibly be envisaged, as long as our economic destiny depends on population groups who again and again have proved themselves incapable of going beyond the rudimentary economics of a barter system or whose only contribution to advanced economic societies is to feed off them. The nonworker, the non-productive worker and the parasite must be physically separated from evolutionary economies and removed to areas where they can practice their tribal economics to their hearts' content.

Economics will only come into its own when it undergoes some intensive conceptual clarification. A truly high civilization will only come into its own when a college course in economics will be comparable to a course in astronomy or law. No study can be pursued intelligently unless there is some common ground of agreement about the subject matter. Meanwhile, instead of huckstering their own pet theories, economists might concentrate on clearing away the semantic underbrush that keeps their profession at such a childish level.

Capitalism's great merit, despite the whinings and exaggerations of Marxists, was its unbinding of human energies, its break with the dawn-to-dusk, sweat-of-the-brow farming that was the inexorable destiny of the overwhelming number of mortals in the salad days of civilized communities. Capitalism's great demerit was its accent on materialism, which is a corollary of too much economic freedom. Too much competition in the economic field results in an obsession with financial rewards to the detriment of our idealistic alter ego which cannot exist on dollars alone.

There will be much less freedom and much more deadening centralism in the economy toward which we are heading. But there will also be no television commercials, no \$200,000-a-year "work-comp" lawyers, no \$150,000-a-year "society" gynecologists, no Wall Street gambling casinos, no pornography, no **Washington Post**, no raging Zionist racism. You lose a few and you win a few. Nevertheless, let us hope we will move through the drab collectivist economy quickly.

We will if we keep our economic base, which has little to do with the charts and indices of our economic mystagogues, but much to do with the brains and sinews of the Majority. As long as Americans of Northern European descent compose the largest population group, as long as the imagination, innovation and work capabilities of the American Majority are not fettered too tightly, as long as the liberal-minority coalition does not trigger a devastating war in the Middle East, the economic possibilities of America will remain infinite.

But we will never move to a higher form

of economy until we clear up a few major misunderstandings. America is no longer an agricultural nation with most of its citizens living self-sufficiently on farms. Social security is here to stay and free medical care for everyone is inevitable because most American families are no longer able to take care of their sick and their aged. More government help, unfortunately, and not less is demanded by a suburban and urban society whose families can no longer pay for medical treatment, for higher education and for the care of their senior citizens. The day is long past when politicians of any race can tell gatherings of old people, who are almost entirely dependent on federal and local government for their well being, to vote for programs that would reduce the size of their monthly social security check.

Extensive social controls being in the cards, the problem reduces to who is going to do the controlling and for whose benefit. The only peaceful way to solve the economic impasse is through production. That means every healthy adult must be paid on the basis of how much he produces. Those who produce more, from the office secretary to the industrial worker to the computer programmer to the building contractor, should be paid more. Those who produce less should be paid less. This system of rewards would probably double American productivity in twenty years. For those who still refuse to work, work camps would be established where everyone would be forced to earn his keep. Or better yet, let us give the workhaters their own independent states by making them a present of those areas in which they now represent 75% or more of the population. The fungus, once it has no wood to feed on, will have to stop being a fungus.

Proposals like the above will be fought tooth and nail by the condottiere of the labor unions, the congenitally unemployed, the bureaucrats, the minority agitators and all the other elements in our society who do very well by doing nothing. But if some such system of incentives is not instituted (or restored), in a few more decades the American economy will not be too dissimilar from India's.

From an economic standpoint and from many other standpoints, the American Majority belongs to history's most dynamic race. What Majority members have accomplished in the past is nothing compared to what, free of the impossible work load of carrying an ever greater proportion of the country's and the world's population on their back, they will do in the future and do to the future.

Wallace can always scare the Democratic bigwigs, but he will never take their party away from them. If by some miracle he did get the Democratic nomination next year, the party would simply move away to another standard bearer. The Democratic donkey, it must be remembered, is not ridden by ordinary Democrats, but by Big Labor, Big Zionism, Big Media, Big City Ethnarchs and by various renegade and antiquarian Southern politicoes.

The airport-to-motel dynamism it takes to become president these days is lacking in Wallace, for obvious reasons, as is the charisma. In addition to his physical paralysis, he seems to be suffering from an acute form of acedia known as "respectability." The visits or rather the visitations from Kennedy, Humphrey and other members of the Democratic high command seem to have blurred his political perspective, as he luxuriated in the warmth and friendship of those to whom only a few years ago he had been totally and utterly *infra dig*.

Respectability is a siren call to political mavericks. It is even more siren to their social-climbing wives. That it is also politically and psychologically emasculating is not understood until it is too late. Unfortunately, politicians are not given previews of their niche in history. So Wallace will probably plod along, avoiding the real issues like all the other presidential aspirants, feeding off the memories and frustrations of those who hope against hope that he will not be like all the others, that Wallace will remain Wallace.

In the long run it is better to have an empty symbol than nothing. To parched throats, even water spouts are welcome. Since Wallace is the closest thing we have to a voice, it is either his coattails or none.

But let's not be deceived. He is not a leader. He is a creature, not a maker, of events. Like Senator Joseph McCarthy, he was propelled into the political depths by the media mercenaries who are more in need of a devil to hate than a god to love. As it was in the beginning, as it is now, and as it will be in the end, he comes to us with only one important recommendation: he is the greatest enemy of our greatest enemies.

In spite of all this, we must rally to Wallace. Even though he is only a symbol-ridden doppelganger. Even though too many votes for him may insure the defeat of the better of the two major party candidates, in the unlikely event there is any significant difference between them.

No matter. We must show our colors or we may forget we have any. If nothing else, the Wallace movement can be the dry run that will teach us how to put our man into the White House, come that roseate day when a genuine Majority candidate will be running for our highest office.



STIRRINGS

Instauration has small groups of supporters in most major and many minor American cities, and in a few foreign countries. Here is what some of them were doing last month.

Atlanta: The Oak Leaf Committee, formed to combat minority racism and political and economic discrimination against Majority members in the Metropolitan Atlanta area, had its annual meeting. The principal speaker was a former official of the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, who told how masses of aliens are being let into the country as the result of political deals. The Oak Leaf group has recently acted as a steering committee in planning a number of functions related to the cultural and intellectual life in the Atlanta area. Activities have included a fund-raising banquet for a neighboring college rightist group and talks by a Hungarian anti-Communist freedom fighter, a leader of a local policemen's association and an official of Britain's National Front. Among the committee's many projects was an attempt to persuade local bookstores to stock books such as *The Dispossessed Majority*.

Dayton: A prominent Daytonian wants to meet others in the area who think along the same lines as this publication.

Denver: A University of Colorado mathematics professor has conducted a running battle in the columns of a local newspaper with a Jewish history professor concerning the alleged six million victims of Nazi persecution. The mathematics professor says that it is all a hoax. The history professor has relied on the *argumentum ad Nazi*.

Los Angeles: A Southern California supporter ordered a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority* for M. B. Twining, a retired Marine Corps general, who has come out against Israel even more strongly than General George Brown, the head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Twining, by the way, made no apologies for his statement, which was in the form of a letter to the *San Diego Union*.

New York: Several Majority students in Fordham have banded together to establish the White Students Alliance. When news of this got out, the assistant dean, Father Charles Dunn, warned that if the organization turned out to be racist, it would not be permitted to exist. Like hundreds of other colleges Fordham has tolerated for several years the existence of minority racist groups on campus without any comparable threat from Father Dunn. When the white group offered to donate to

the Fordham library books "which radically define Christian culture," librarian Ann Murphy refused to accept them. She'd rather stick with the works of good old anti-Christian racists like Eldridge Cleaver and LeRoi Jones.

Philadelphia: Our man is watching the Shapp presidential boom by collecting an ever thickening file of newspaper accounts of the corruption that hangs like a poisonous and malodorous smog over the Pennsylvania governor's administration.

Somewhere in the South: A brilliant student supporter has not only infiltrated the Democratic club of a leading university, but last week was elected club vice-president. His reports of what transpires in the meetings are both hilarious and repulsive. Although their political line is cloacal Marxist, club members try to palm themselves off to other students as bona fide Democrats. At present the agenda is largely concerned with plans to defeat Wallace.

Washington, D.C.: Several congressmen have not only read but *purchased* extra copies of *The Dispossessed Majority*. One senator has even written a glowing letter about the book. The State Department has ordered a copy for its library and we hear tell the book is in some demand by foreign service officers, both active and retired, who are appalled by America's unevenhanded, brinkmanship policy in the Mideast.

Munich, Germany: We received the following reply from a questionnaire sent to our West German correspondent:

Q. What are the chances for a vigorous national revival in Germany?

A. *Almost nil for a long time to come. For all practical purposes the NPD (National Party) is down and out. The best we can do here is to work on a long-term educational program, without hope for any immediate political benefits.*

Q. How leftist is German youth?

A. *I would tend to think that, the younger the age bracket, the less so. "Critical" education has had the paradoxical effect of making a number of youngsters critical of their young Marxist-indoctrinated teachers, the newest arrivals from the normal schools. Here there are a few hopeful signs.*

Q. Will West Germany fight back if there is a conventional Russian military attack?

A. *Technically, the fighting strength of the Bundeswehr was never better than it is now. Will it fight hard? I hate to answer this. I have two cousins who have five sons between them. One of them lives near Hanover and the other near Berlin. The kids are all very good racial types. Three of them will serve their time in the Volksarmee (East German Army) and the other two will join the Bundeswehr within a couple of years. I shudder to think that the Volksarmee might fight, even though I know that the East German communist regime is despised by a majority of East Germans.*

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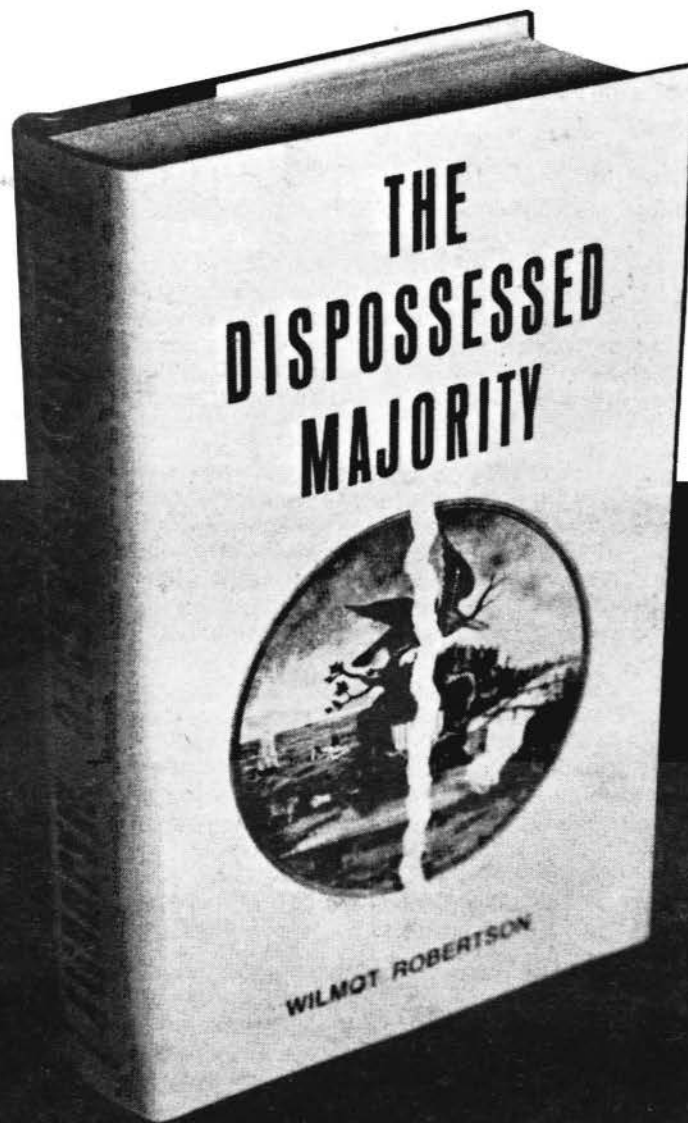
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