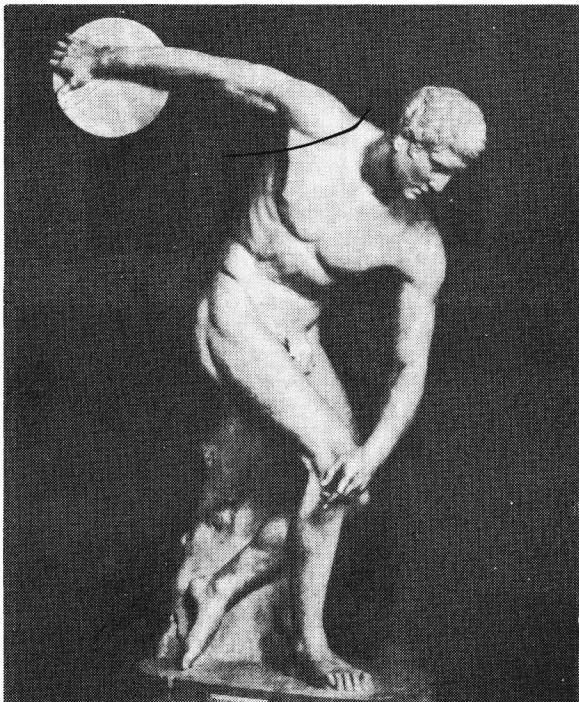


*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

Instauration

VOL. 1, NO. 11

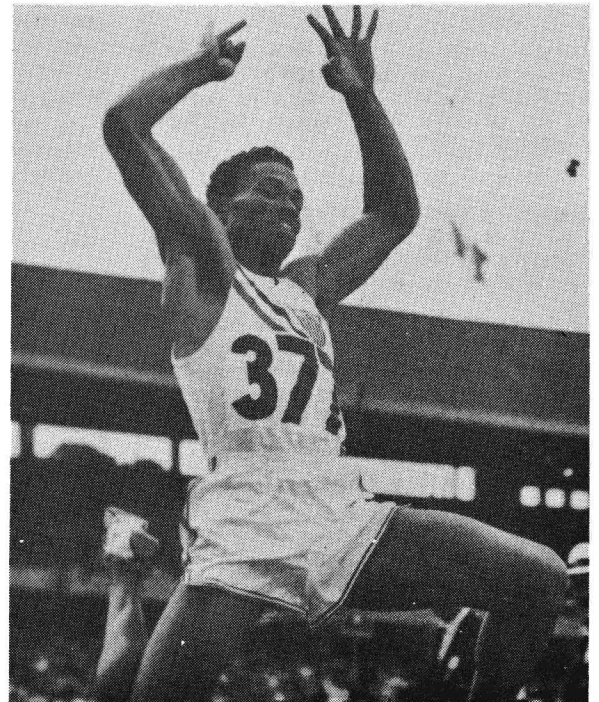
OCTOBER 1976



Ancient Medalist

OLYMPIC RACISM

(SEE PAGE 8)



Modern Medalist

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

General Pedagogy, Inc.
The Death of American Architecture
The Crisis in Modern Physics
Vlasov

I have been surprised to find that Christianity seems to have died in Europe. Apparently Italy and Spain are the only countries where the Christian religion is still practiced with much regularity. I must say that Christianity's demise does not sadden me in the least. It has not been a positive influence on the course of Western development for some time. You might say it has committed suicide. I am fascinated by the Marxists. Every problem they encounter is put to the test of dialectical materialism. By this process they finally arrive at a position upon which they can more or less agree. On our side of the fence, we seem to have no dialectical approach. This is unfortunate. Hegel and biology are on our side. I believe it is time someone combined the two so we too could have a method.

446 (on tour)

Your reference to Mr. Harry Oppenheimer as one of the richest Jews in the world is incorrect. It is true that some of his ancestors were Jewish, but he was raised as a Christian. He does not consider himself to be a Jew; the South African Jewish community does not consider him to be Jewish; he does not practice the Jewish faith and has no identification with Jewish culture or tradition. He is not, therefore, a Jew. But he is a leading liberal and active supporter of the "leftist" Progressive-Reform Party and his former son-in-law, Mr. Gordon Waddell, is a top executive in the giant Anglo-American Corporation.

South African liberal

I must say that Spain has been on the wane since the installation of Juan Carlos. Franco intended that this descendant of Queen Victoria be employed as un simbolo institucional, no como un caudillo verdadero. Monarchy is a clearly demonstrated failure vis-a-vis the Communist cadres. It can't even stand up to a democracy. One system, one system only, can stop the Communists internally in a non-Nordic country and Benito Mussolini originated it.

921

Rightwing nuts often intuitively feel what is going on, but are unable to explain or articulate it. They feel the minorities are manipulating them, but don't know just how.

200

Forget about all these damned professors. If the masses don't have the guts to survive, if they let the minorities push them into oblivion, then a few lying professors on our side are not going to make any difference. But if the masses come through and decide they are not ready for extinction, then all the professors in the world are not going to stop them.

208

Please cancel my subscription. In my opinion this is a hate sheet and naught else.

952

The Dispossessed Majority and Instauration are the two best literary reinforcements that have come over the pike to help the media-beleaguered Majority since the advent of Moosejaw Roosevelt and his New Deal.

107

What we need is a young man to go to Rhodesia and die. As the blacks close in, as the whites are plundered, raped, tortured and killed by the tens of thousands, our correspondent could send in monthly reports of the approaching doom. His last dispatch would go down in history as the apocalyptic warning of what the Fates have in store for the rest of us.

935

An article I read with special approval was "Berg, Berg and Berg" (Instauration, Dec., 1975). I do hope I may live to see a revival of the appreciation of genuine art. I can't help thinking that there may be a political motive behind absurdity in art — a desire to spread a feeling of hopelessness or futility among people of non-Communist countries, and thus to weaken them by making them feel that nothing is worthwhile.

English subscriber

The article "Nordic Revival in America" was extremely interesting, especially the reference to our music, which for too long has been said to have its roots in the ancient blues of the Negroes, without giving credit to its dramatic change in form and lyric when coming from Nordic minds. Of course, much music by our people is better off unheard, but nothing is ever one hundred percent.

190

I'm a man living in Alaska with friends several miles from the nearest town. We live in bear country on a salmon stream. We moved here a year ago to try and forge a new way for ourselves away from the cities, schools, movies and TV. Planting, fishing and building are our main activities. Since I've been here I've become aware of the minority question. Having been a major in history and social studies in college, I have a particular interest in such things. But being here, I have no job and no money. I am therefore making a request that you send me a copy of The Dispossessed Majority free of charge so that I may learn more fully the things that are dear to my heart . . . This world is full of characters out simply to take advantage of everyone and whom we must be wary of, but I'm making this request in sincerity and not simply to get something for nothing.

998

I now see myself as a journeyman apprentice, however opinionated, who has much more to learn before his opinions can be legitimately expressed. So I have been buckling down at school, trying to read and absorb as much as possible, trying to educate myself towards the day when what I say will be both sensible and seriously considered. I volunteered at the YMCA for tutoring in English literature, and was instantly assigned a tutee, who happens to be a friendly, if uncommunicative, Jewish girl. If that wasn't enough, I began this week conducting an introductory session in the English lyric at a social agency downtown called Urban Youth Action. As you may have guessed, my charges are, with only one exception, black. So I am coming to terms with educational integration at the most intimate level. I was frankly disappointed with the results of the first session . . . Most of my charges seemed utterly uninterested in what I had to say, and several were bluntly rude. The least one should expect of any student is respectful consideration, so at the end of the hour I told them that if they saw nothing worthwhile about the sessions, I would just as soon not come back. They of course instantly assured me that the whole thing was immensely satisfying and because I need the experience and honestly enjoy talking about poetry to other people, I agreed to return.

861

Incidentally, I think the word "egghead" is revealing in a racial sense. I have always felt it must refer to the Armenid skull. You'll find some marvelous examples in both Clauss and Gunther. There are also some in Baker's Race.

German subscriber

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Liberalism is dedicated to destroying one's sense of personal worth and to breaking one's self-esteem. This is what a college education is designed to do. It destroys whatever little bit of self-confidence the student may have had and bar-mitvahs him into the international brotherhood of sycophants.

201

I have now read five issues of *Instauration*, and believe it has great potential as a reflector of Majority mores and woes. Here, however, are several suggestions, hopefully constructive: (1) Do not attempt to imitate William F. Buckley. He has great moments; but his pretentious Latinized prose has turned many good people away from him; (2) Change the magazine's title to something less esoteric, perhaps *Majority Folkways*; (3) Do permit writers of letters-to-the-editor and features to use pen names. We must be anonymous. We do not have to strive hard to look it. Good reasons for this policy have already been cited by subscribers; (4) Feature a book review section devoted to a more thorough review of pertinent books than the occasional listing; (5) Do not give up on the college students. Although many are brainwashed, college-educated people will prove to be the most capable opposition, especially in this stage of the game (education), for we are the only ones, with rare exceptions, capable of writing books to refute the egalitarian fallacies.

306

Apropos your "Disinterment of a Truth-teller," Mr. Douglas Reed was published in 1967 (*The Battle for Rhodesia*) and either in 1975 or 1976 (*The Siege of Southern Africa*.) Though these are the only two in twenty-five years, there are no comments of his to the effect that he "became a nonperson" through any outside conspiratorial forces to keep him out of circulation. Maybe what explains his hesitancy to get involved is his disgust with the hypocrisy so prevalent today — what Sartre called "nausea" — but what we can invert to describe our attitudes towards the Sartres of the world.

437

There has been entrusted to my care a 1,200-page ms of a work of major importance, *The Controversy of Zion*, written by Douglas Reed (who I suppose needs no introduction) more than twenty years ago. In my view this work is more obviously relevant today than when it was written, the product of a great deal of scholarly research, much of it in the New York Public Library. Moreover, it represents Douglas Reed at his best, which means that it has all the Reed charm and clarity. Obviously it is not the sort of work the ordinary publisher would dare to handle and it is therefore not the sort of book which the book trade is going to help distribute. Reed himself was virtually sent into literary exile after the publication of *Far and Wide*. He now lives in Durban. When I say that the writing of this book took three of the best years of Douglas Reed's life, I think I have already told you quite a lot about it. I believe that if published it will rank as one of the half-dozen most important books written in this century. Could you help us find someone to subsidize its publication?

312

It is my feeling that women have helped put Carter where he is. They go for the broad idiotic grin, the cooing about "Luv," and the rest of Carter's line. This ties in with my earlier comments about not being able to find "male personalities" anymore. I really enjoyed the articles on Gentile and Sheldon. Someone was talking to me about Sheldon not long ago. I resolved to look into his writings more closely. Once again your publication has provided another much needed prod. I've done a good deal of reading on Gentile and the article which appeared in your magazine was brilliant . . . I have resolved not to read "The Game and the Candle" for the next few issues. I get too involved and it always ends too quickly to suit me.

011

In the April 1975 *Instauration* one writer noted with glee the manner in which the long hair of contemporary youths had served fortuitously to emphasize racial differences. In the July *Instauration* two letter writers have taken issue with that writer. One argued that long hair merely served to obscure differences between the sexes and cast aspersions upon the virility of "hippy" males. The second writer argued that such appearance was symbolic of "defiance of adult authority." He went on to argue that the "long hairs" were in fact archintegrationists and supporters of minority racism. Most of what the second gentleman said is true. But I suggest there's cause to rejoice in what he appears to see as only a sad occurrence. Can one really blame those who could no longer tolerate the sad joke which is (unfortunately) Majority culture in present America? Is it surprising that thoughtful young people abandoned a culture in which Lawrence Welk was the epitome of music, Billy Graham and his inane drivel the official religion, Reader's Digest a source of truth and knowledge and Richard Nixon the symbol of "true America." Perhaps these kids lacked the wit of H. L. Mencken needed to describe their feelings, but they could smell the cesspool. Are they to be blamed for leaving our cities to take up a bucolic life in what little remains of un-urbanized America? Perhaps some of them indulge in esoteric drugs. But is this worse than getting drunk on beer and watching some modern Neanderthals engage in so-called sport? It certainly wasn't Vivaldi or Beethoven, but briefly in the late 60s and early 70s the rubric of acid rock actually included music of some slight merit. Are the long hairs to be blamed for preferring it to the disguised Negroism of Elvis Presley or to the more sexually explicit Negroism that has again taken over music today? Are they to be blamed because they enjoy life, including sex, as did the old Greeks, Romans and Norsemen, instead of following the dictates of Saul, Augustine and the rest of that Semitic crew? If things are to truly change it will be these folk, and not those who walk around with flags in one hand and the Bible in the other, who do it. They need education and time. But they are worth far more than the boobs that fill the churches and the YAF rallies.

306

Lady politicians in any capacity, ugh! Explain to this female why men ever let it happen.

038

It seemed to me that a good many letters which *Instauration* has published lately expressed some combination of these ideas or feelings: the feeling of almost absolute isolation in their awareness of belonging to "The Dispossessed Majority;" the wish to meet, fact-to-face, with similarly aware persons in their own area to explore what they might do together. There are many battles to be fought — and I salute the people who have been pushed so far that they are willing to get out into the streets to demonstrate or do battle at the risk of getting their heads bashed and being hauled off to jail. But to open our minds to the many issues involved, the first and most persuasive approach is simply to demonstrate anti-Majority discrimination. It is also the only approach that is relatively immune to smear tactics and all the well-rehearsed denunciations.

338

I am weary wallowing for decades in diabolical deception . . . our demise a foregone conclusion . . . a gruesome future, if any, for the middle and working class . . . our biological existence at stake . . . talk becoming ridiculous! I want to know about the editor; his life exploits. Once a dedicated liberal? Agent provocateur?

410

In one of the recent issues of the magazine a letter suggested that an employment opportunities section be included. This interested me as I am at present searching for a job. With that in mind, I was wondering if you would print the notice that one of your readers recently graduated from college with a B.S. degree in Business Administration and is looking for a job. Any prospective employer could then contact you to discover the name. In that way, anonymity would be maintained. If this is possible, it would be greatly appreciated.

147

I am presently listening to Mr. Cronkite (*Krankheit*) give a summary of the Democratic Convention and Jimmy Carter. I must admit that Carter is impressive in his victory, but how much of that charm and charisma has to do with his appearance? He reminds me of a blond Kennedy.

191

A few well-chosen words say much in a small space. For instance, I had the recent pleasure of stumbling upon the complete definition of usury: demanding in law what does not exist in reality.

100

I have read the past seven issues of your publication and nowhere have you recommended the reading of books on history, economics, political science, etc., which would aid intelligent white members in defending themselves against verbal attacks from the liberal-minority coalition. There are "black and Chicano studies" programs at most government-supported universities. I would like to ask someone . . . to propose a reading list for a "white studies" program.

802

Instauration is in my experience the only rightwing journal that is both scholarly and free of the shamanistic taboos that mar journals such as the *National Review*.

191

GENERAL PEDAGOGY, INC.

We are in a land of monsters, but with no hero to rescue us. Hydras, Hydras all around us, but no Hercules to slay them. In the salad days of monsters two heads did not grow back until one was cut off. Our modern Hydras multiply their heads without benefit of Herculean decapitations.

Take education. In the last ten years the cost of "learning" increased 158 per cent, most of which was earmarked for teachers' salaries. In the same period enrollment went up 23.2 per cent and is now actually declining. (The massive jump in the student population, which has now reached the staggering total of 60 million, began after World War II and ended in the late 60s.)

If the cost of primary and secondary education continues to mount at the present rate, by 1982 the annual outlay per student will be \$10,000 and represent 30 per cent of the gross national product. Almost four-fifths of this perennially renewable Nibelungen hoard will be paid out as wages to administrators and teachers.

Teachers used to be underpaid. Now a Chicago public school teacher fresh out of college earns \$9 per hour; \$12 an hour with a few years' experience under his belt; \$17 an hour when he makes it into the hierarchy. These computations are based on the Chicago teacher's 40-week year, 30-hour week and 6-hour day, with 12 paid holidays, 10 days of sick leave and 3 days off for "personal business."

The great leap forward in teacher remuneration might possibly be justified if there had been corresponding leaps in student achievement. But, as we all know, everything has gone up in education except education itself. An illiterate was once a person who had never gone to school. Now we are teaching people to be illiterate. Recent studies have shown that 20 per cent of high school graduates are not capable of counting money, making change, writing checks and ordering a meal in a restaurant, not to mention filling out government forms or job applications.

As for character-forming, morale-building and developing a sense of history in the student — once as important as the three R's themselves (which today too often stand for rape, robbery and riot) — education is now a lamentable failure. Only minority children are given a rosy glimpse of their past, often by the falsification of textbooks.

Learning is way down in the school room, but crime is way up. As many as 100 murders have been committed in elementary and high schools in recent years. Violence (70,000 physical assaults against teachers and administrators, several hundred

thousand assaults on students), the restroom protection racket aimed at white students, mostly of the weaker sex, and the nihilism of professorial and undergraduate psychos have helped to lower the whole educational system into a sinkhole of barbarism. We will pass over the epidemic of vandalism against school property, which runs into hundreds of millions of dollars annually and has included the bombing of science laboratories and the burning down of school libraries.

Never has there been such a bumbling, mind-numbing bureaucracy as the American school system and it is becoming more Hydra-headed every semester. As one expert puts it, "If the Ford Motor Co. were managed like our schools . . . a car would cost \$100,000."

And all the while the courts and government agencies overflow with decisions and orders that intensify the chaos they are intended to end. While IQ goes down, while average test scores fall off each year, while teachers promote poor students just to get rid of them, while half the graduating class in some colleges are given A's, while discipline becomes a lost art, while classrooms become racially mongrelized and socially jungle-ized, edict after edict pours forth from the bureaucratic mills, setting new quotas, ordering more busing for racial balance and calling for more remedial programs. As an example of the latter, in 1965-68 more than \$3 billion was spent by public schools on six million "disadvantaged children." It was the most expensive compensatory program ever attempted, yet no significant improvement in educational achievement was noted. Unsurprisingly, as a result of all this academic boondogling, the morale of the intelligent and dedicated teachers who remain in the system is being reduced to zero.

Voice in the Wilderness

Perhaps the most searing indictment of American education in recent times is a book entitled **A Tyrant in Cap and Gown** by Carl Walter Salser, Jr. (Halcyon House, 2540 Northeast Union Avenue, Portland, OR 97212, \$7.95). Salser points up the thesis that education has become the country's most powerful and power-hungry institution, with a gross annual income of over \$100 billion, compared to General Motors' \$30 billion. Ralph Nader, Salser says, prefers to attack safe targets and will not take on anything as large, important and corrupt as present-day education. He is a David who prefers to fight other Davids and allow

x

THE DEATH OF AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

It is precisely because the final goal of architecture is universality that it first must be rooted in time and place. Only in transcending these limitations does it become great. Regionalism is a qualifying discipline which insures a sense of quality. Universality unrelated to regional roots is all too obnoxiously obvious; and ultimately commonplace. This rootlessness is the vacuous sophistication so characteristic of our big cities.

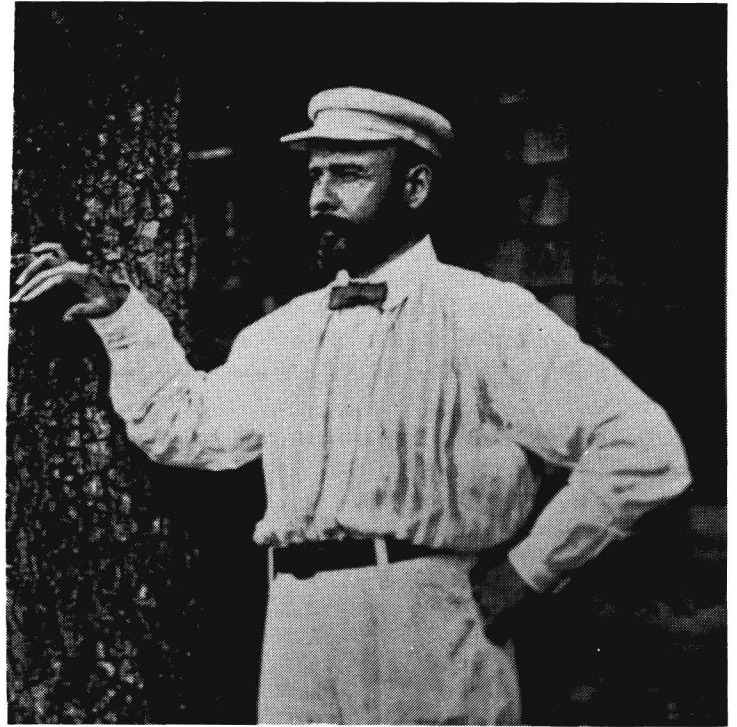
Regionalism is a creative ingredient in architecture. It makes for an intimacy that prevents architecture — and all art — from lapsing into formality or formula. Architectural diversity depends upon the consideration of the diverse factors of regions: past history, temperament, ideals, habits, climates, raw materials, geography, and such an old-fashioned item as individuality.

According to our modern architects, regionalism has been made obsolete by technological progress. Philip Johnson and H. R. Hitchcock, Jr. have stated:

The architect has a right to distinguish functions which are major and general from those which are minor and local. In sociological building he ought certainly to stress the universal at the expense of the particular. He may even, for economic reasons and for the sake of general architectural style, disregard entirely the peculiarities of local tradition unless these are soundly based on local weather conditions. His aim is to approach an ideal standard.

This "ideal," boiled down to its essence, is the ignoring of historic tradition and the theoretic grafting upon society of utopian ideas. Inevitably, the problems of "sociological architecture," while they leave us politically free, engender cultural collectivism.

This pragmatic-liberal ideology is dominant among our "intellectuals," who have given themselves the task of rebuilding our cities in the next forty years. For instance, the Kennedy family has recently selected the



LOUIS SULLIVAN

"internationalist" architect I.M. Pei to do the Kennedy Library. On the other hand, the Guggenheim Museum in New York caused a great debate just because it didn't "conform" to the homogeneous city-scape of the utopians.

Modern Architecture

With few exceptions for individual sparks of talent, expressed largely in a formal sort of lyricism, modern architecture has become afflicted with rectilinear rigor mortis, the chief difference between architects being that one clique specializes in "rechopped" rectilinear and the other in "channeled" rectilinear. The differences between Mies van der Rohe's Seagram Building, Gordon Burnshaff's Lever House and Eero Saarinen's CBS Building, all in New York City, are solely in the proportion of rectilinear shapes.

It is claimed that technology has made this uniformity not only necessary, but desirable — a deterministic fallacy that is an abdication of man's role as a creative agent. Instead of shaping his architecture himself, man must have his architecture shaped for him by a machine. What has been lost sight of here is the difference between a work of art made with a machine and a work of art being a machine.

Due to its emphasis upon structure, modern architecture is supposedly, to use Sorokin's terms, a revolt against sensate nineteenth century culture, and a return to the more structural architecture of the ideational Romanesque and idealistic Gothic. The truth is, it is sensate culture incarnate. In the world-

Continued On Page 15

THE CRISIS IN MODERN PHYSICS

Reality is more than mathematics

Observing the present situation in modern physics, the most "exact" of all natural sciences, we discern two principal trends:

First there is a vast overestimation of mathematics, which has risen from the servant to the master of physics. Reality is determined indirectly through physical measuring devices and the various and manifold qualities of phenomena are reduced to mathematical principles. How far this overestimation of mathematics can go is summed up by Professor Dirac's statement:

"The beauty of equations is more important than agreement with the experiments. . . . It appears to be a basic characteristic of nature that physical laws are described through mathematical theory of greater beauty and power (than the laws themselves). Perhaps one can characterize the situation by saying that God is a mathematician of the highest rank and has used very elevated mathematics in the construction of the universe. . . ." The efforts of Heisenberg point in the same direction, desiring as he does to explain the universe in a single "world formula."

Hand in hand with this "mathematitis" goes, among nearly all present-day scientific cliques, a basic rejection of all attempts to establish discoveries in the broader context of a truly physical perspective. The dominant **Positivism** dismisses as fantasy and speculation every thought that transcends the mathematical description of measurement. Efforts to make the events of nature accessible to human **understanding** are dismissed as impossible, senseless or "inessential."

To uphold this Positivist dogma science is even prepared to sacrifice reason itself. Paradoxes and the most contradictory assertions are treated as "correct," with the implication that what is mathematically proven needs no experimental proof.

Examples are legion — from the wave-corpuscule dualism of molecular physics, to the "absolute" constancy of the speed of light, to the clock paradoxes of Relativity. All of which point to a peculiarly ambiguous relationship of modern physics to reality.

On one side we have a petty fixation with dubious phenomena. On the other we are drowned in speculative mathematical theories, which have scarcely anything to do with reality. What is totally lacking is a solid philosophical basis.

The situation is further complicated by the political and propagandistic accent of modern physics. If the present trend continues, physics journals will soon contain more sociology than science. The much discussed "reverse education" (**Umerziehung**) has not come to a halt even in physics. Here we might note that after 1945 many worth physicists were either ignored or persecuted while less worthy ones were promoted to world fame by propaganda. The latter with their sensational theories dominate the field even today. The most prominent, of course, is Albert Einstein, who has

been elevated to the rank of "greatest genius of all time." A morally responsible, conscientious search for the truth, as G. Barth has remarked, has nothing to do with the matter.

One of the main reasons for the present crisis was and still remains the narrow Positivistic concept of reality: the belief that the physical measuring device alone furnishes us a correct view of the world. To avoid the fatal mistakes generated by this conception, we should formulate, at least rudimentarily, a concept of reality that avoids such Positivistic contradictions. Only this kind of thinking will lead modern physics out of its philosophical crisis.

The Evolution of the Physical World Picture

Modern physics' concept of reality is the result of a long historical evolution that took its point of departure from Immanuel Kant. Kant was one of the first to attempt to come to grips with "reality" and simultaneously to demarcate the borders within which the human mind is able to perceive and understand it. His view of the subject enters the history of philosophy as Transcendental Idealism and can be formulated roughly as follows: Reality consists of single discrete things, which exist "in themselves" (**an sich**) — in other words, independently of our perceptions. This **Ding an sich**, as Kant calls it, is, however, incapable of being grasped by the human consciousness. For man it is transcendent, lying beyond the boundaries of perception. Within the sphere of our consciousness we can perceive only certain special characteristics of what is real. A thing that is round, smells well and tastes well we name as "apple." But we know this thing only on account of its characteristics. The reality underlying these traits is forever impenetrable by the human mind.

In the natural sciences the application of the empirical-inductive method has always proved to be the most fruitful means of gaining knowledge. This holds only those assertions as true that are experimentally demonstrable.

Every metaphysical pronouncement which necessarily rests on unprovable assumptions is eliminated from the cosmic picture of the exact sciences. To this radical Positivistic exorcism the **Ding an sich** fell victim. In the meantime only the more measurable traits of a thing are recognized as "real." This extreme Positivism, which still governs today, teaches that the organs of sense mediate an ontologically correct view of reality only through a physical measuring apparatus.

This kind of conception poses for classical physics only insignificant difficulties. In modern Relativity and Quantum theories, however, the contradictions to which it leads have in turn led to the result that the

A tragic victim of Western betrayal

VLASOV

Most of the horrors that resulted from the Yalta Conference of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill in February 1945 are well known in general terms. The main catastrophe, that of agreeing to a set of conditions that ultimately resulted in the enslavement of half the continent of Europe by the Kremlin is a familiar nightmare that still haunts the United States today. The Communist seizure of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, part of Finland and half of Germany was agreed to and carried out by brute force, without regard for the principle of majority rule, now applied so rigidly to Rhodesia and South Africa by the U.S. Secretary of State. These European seizures led later to the Communist conquests of China, North Korea, Cuba, North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and Angola.

What still remain unknown are many of the smaller tragedies derived from Yalta that were never reported in the American media either at the time they occurred or later. One such dreadful sequence of Yalta was the use of American and British military personnel in Europe from 1945 to 1947 as an adjunct of the Soviet NKVD.

Under the Yalta Agreement the U.S. and Great Britain committed themselves to repatriation, by force if necessary, of those persons who had been citizens of the Soviet Union on September 1, 1939 and had either been captured in German uniform; or were members of the Red Army on June 22, 1941; or had collaborated voluntarily with enemies of the Soviet Union. It must be pointed out that the concept of "forced repatriation" did not, then nor now, exist in international law and that the U.S. government was well aware of its illegality. This is confirmed by a State Department note sent to the Soviet Embassy in Washington on February 1, 1945, in which explicit reference is made to the Geneva Convention to explain why Russian prisoners in German uniform should not be repatriated against their will. The U.S. would respect this policy of not repatriating foreign nationals against their will a few years later in the aftermath of the Korean War. However, the forced repatriations of 1945-47 in Europe of unwilling prisoners of war, and even civilians and emigres who had never been Soviet citizens, were carried out as a result of orders issued by the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff. On August 25, 1945, General Patch, of the U.S. Seventh Army, apparently doubting the legality of the order, asked Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Forces (SHAEF), whether he, Patch, should direct the repatriation of such persons. SHAEF, in the person of General Eisenhower, characteristically bucked the order to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington. The Joint Chiefs of Staff took four months to compose the following

answer: "All Soviet citizens who were in the territory of the Soviet Union on September 1, 1939, must be repatriated without regard to their personal wishes and, if need be, by force."

As can be seen by the wording, this order went far beyond even the illegal terms of the Yalta Agreement. And it was not just the U.S. military authorities alone who were affected, but also the British forces and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration as well (by their top-secret order No. 199).

In early 1945 there had retreated to within the American Occupation Zone in Czechoslovakia the 600th Infantry Division (Russian) of the Wehrmacht under the command of ex-Soviet General Andrey Andreyovich Vlasov who had, in December 1941, successfully held the center of the Russian forces that had thrown the Germans back from Moscow. Captured later by the Germans in the Battle of the Volkov, Vlasov indicated that, although a Russian patriot, he detested the Communist tyranny in Russia and believed he could organize large, anti-Communist armies among the Russian populations overrun by the Germans, estimated at over 70,000,000 people. In this he was strongly supported by an influential faction within the German Wehrmacht who believed that the Nazi policy toward the conquered eastern peoples was a fatal error for Germany. Himmler's policies, this group believed, were forcing anti-Communist Russian troops to fight more efficiently and to the death, and causing German manpower losses that Germany, with one fourth the size of the Russian population, could not afford. Vlasov, a physical giant with an impressive flair for leadership, was certain that he could recruit a large, anti-Soviet military force. "Russia," he said, "can only be conquered by Russians." Vlasov, a Slav, could not sympathize with the Nazi ideology, and he had issued repeatedly, with amazing disregard for the Gestapo and the Nazi hierarchy, a call for a democratic, free Russia, based on the American political model, and he did this publicly and officially at Hradcany Castle in Prague on November 14, 1944, with a manifesto outlining a constitution for a future republic of Russia. The Nazi authorities assented to this largely because by this date, as the politically sagacious Vlasov knew, they had no choice. He had got this far through the protection of certain powerful military figures in the Wehrmacht who opposed the Nazi eastern policies. By the date of Vlasov's address in Prague, the downfall of the Third Reich was certain. The Nazis knew it and Vlasov knew it.

In 1942, 1943, and 1944, when Vlasov could have raised several million troops from the Russian population, the Nazis, as a fundamental point of their ideology, had opposed Vlasov's views. The Slavs, according to Heinrich Himmler, were subhuman and

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NEXT STOP: TEEN INCEST

The toboggan of pornography is gathering momentum in its frantic slide into the pit of total lubricity. A new picture book by a degenerate American photographer and a degenerate German-Jewish "educator" entitled *Show Me* (St. Martin's Press, N.Y.), purports to advance the sexual liberation of children by explicit photos of teens and pre-teens engaging in perverted and non-perverted intercourse. No holds are barred. There are even pictorial and written hints that incest might be a good thing. As the advertising blurb says, "For those children and adolescents who have as yet but little experience the pictures offer at least a graphic introduction to sights and activities they will see and practice in later life."

Although quite acceptable in New York publishing circles, *Show Me* was too much for Canadian authorities who charged the book was obscene, just about the legal understatement of the year. Even Marshall McLuhan, the media-approved racist (he thinks blacks are superior to whites), had to object. He refused to say if the book was obscene, but did allow that the book was "straight out of Nazi Germany." Since *Show Me* was originally published in West Germany in 1974 by an anti-Nazi publishing house, McLuhan's backdating makes little sense.

Various psychologists, educators and priests criticized the book, but Rabbi Gunther Plaut and Barry Brooks, a minister of the United Church, testified in its behalf. At this writing the matter has still not been resolved.

OPEN LETTER TO CHARLES KURALT

What galley slaves you media fellows are! You talk smoothly enough, often with eloquence, until you remember the whip above you. Then you spike in your distortions and your falsehoods.

I followed your personal "Road to '76" with appreciation and emotional involvement until you arrived at the Philadelphia Statehouse and offered your quotation from Jefferson in which you took his remark on the Negro off a panel in the Jefferson Memorial in Washington: "Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." Either you knew, or should have known, that when Jefferson, nearing eighty, wrote that sentence he followed it immediately with a second one: "Nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live under the same government."

This sort of sickening deception meshes well enough with the reading of the Declaration of Independence by a Negress at Philadelphia on July 4, 1976 and with the implication that in speaking of "equality" the Declaration included social and genetic equality — which it obviously did not.

And it meshes well with the use of the magnificent "Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose words and music are

neither Negroid nor Jewish, as a sort of theme song for your entire CBS Happy Birthday presentation, cloaking as it did the fact that it came through networks controlled by our dominant white minority and was slanted at Negroes. It somehow reminded me in reverse of a phrase in *Psychology Today* (for June) which speaks of our "Puritan culture living on the intellectual capital of Jews." Here, for once, was a case of Jewish intelligence making the most of the cultural capital of Puritans.

But on the first and most vicious point, I leave with you a sentence from Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all."

OLYMPIC RACISM

The first Olympic games were held in 776 B.C. and continued with some interruptions until A.D. 394 when they were abolished by the Christian Roman Emperor Theodosius. The first games lasted only one day and were confined to one event, a foot race the length of the stadium. Later the games were extended to seven days and included different types of foot races, discus and javelin throw, broad jump, boxing, wrestling, chariot races and other events.

All competitors had to be Greek and no non-Greek (barbarian) was allowed to compete. Women were not permitted in the games, even as spectators. Everyone involved, participants and judges, had to swear a solemn oath before the start of the game to compete and act fairly. (The strictly Nordic concept of fair play has been around a long time.)

The games were so important that the history of Ancient Greece was dated in four-year periods called Olympiads. Victors were awarded a simple branch of wild olive and celebrated in song, poetry, painting and sculpture. Some Olympic-inspired poems and statues have become the glories of Western art.



BARON COUBERTIN

A French aristocrat, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, succeeded in reviving the Olympics in Athens in 1896. Since then the games have been held every four years, except during World Wars I and II. Winter games were begun in Chamonix, France, in 1924. The custom of igniting a flame with a torch carried by runners from Olympia, Greece, was begun in the 1936 games at Berlin. These were the games photographed by Leni Riefenstahl and made into one of the great motion pictures of all time, a film still banned in many American cities.

Until World War I the number of participating nations was relatively small, and the games and the events were

dominated by Europeans and their racial cousins overseas. Racism entered the Olympics in 1936, when world Jewry almost succeeded in keeping the U.S. out of the games which were held in National Socialist Berlin. Unable to get their way, the vengeful media featured the victories of American Negro Jesse Owens, who won four gold medals, to the exclusion of practically all other news.

As could be expected in a heterogeneous reenactment of a sport and cultural festival created for and by Nordics, racism intensified in the post-World War II years. Blacks from the U.S. and the new African nations began to dominate the track events and in Mexico City in 1968 two American Negro runners gave the clenched fist salute while receiving their awards. In the 1972 Olympics at Munich, Israeli athletes held hostage in an airplane by Palestinians were killed during a gun battle between German police and their Arab captors, after which American Jews once again tried, and once again failed, to remove the U.S. team from the games.

South Africa has been banned from the Olympics while Black African nations who practice violent forms of anti-white racism have been welcomed with open arms. In the games held this year in Montreal most African countries decamped at the very last moment because New Zealand had been permitted to compete. New Zealand's crime was to have participated in some non-Olympic sports with South Africa.

The Olympics will probably continue to degenerate into the same racial dogfight that now characterizes the United Nations and most other international bodies. The Greeks knew what they were about when they restricted their games to themselves. Meanwhile, the Russians have managed to win more Olympic medals of late than any other nation by turning sports into big business and Communist East Germany, with only 17 million people, is winning almost as many events as the U.S. by the simple expedient of breeding a special athletic caste.

All in all, the Olympic games are just one more casualty in the perversion and etiolation of Western culture. The process can be reduced to an immutable social law. Imitation is not the sincerest form of flattery, but the surest form of debasement.

SELECTIVE MORALITY

Charles Evers, Mayor of Fayette, Mississippi, was for years one of the most flattered blacks on the evening TV news. Recently Evers was brought to trial for evading more than \$50,000 in income taxes from 1968 to 1970. An admitted onetime pimp and numbers racketeer, Evers is the Democratic National Committeeman from Mississippi. Jimmy Carter, who makes such a fuss about morality in government, has had nothing to say about Evers' newest brush with the law. Carter maintained the same stony silence about another of his influential supporters, Wayne Hays, the Representative from Ohio, who specializes in tax-free fornication. Although there are biblical injunctions to speak out against evil, our twice-born, hyperbolic Christian actually supported the reelection efforts of Congressman Hays, until he decided to withdraw. There is no hypocrite like the religious hypocrite.

The Cultural Catacombs

THE HOAX OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

If there was ever a time in human history when falsehood was about ready to put truth permanently out of business, it was the last three decades — from the cocoon stages of the Six Million Myth in early World War II through the avalanche of death camp propaganda in the late 40s to the present era of total acceptance. How can a lie be nailed down when the whole world believes in it, when 99.99 per cent of the world's magazines, newspapers, textbooks, educators, scholars and historians pay total obeisance to it? In America, a few whispers of protest were quickly and efficiently consigned to the silent graveyard of the extreme right, while in Germany the few brave souls who raised some troublesome questions were brought to court and in some cases jailed.

It is a strange sort of truth that must be upheld by lawsuits, jail terms, threatening headlines and social ostracism. But it is not strange that an obnoxious piece of trumpetry wins the world's credence. When the earth was declared to be officially flat, the people said yea and the intelligentsia tactfully kept its counsel. Only once in a thousand years does a Bruno come along. Only rarely will a man of wisdom, in contrast to cranks and visionaries, put his life on the line in a lonely fight against an institutionalized lie. Today's Bruno goes by the name of Arthur Butz, the author of *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*.

The few books contradicting the Six Million Myth would fit into a molehill and leave enough space for a good many moles. The books that have fertilized and canonized the myth, stacked on top of each other, would reach as high in the sky as a factory smokestack. The con books were reviewed in *Instauration* (December 1975). For almost three decades the pro books have been reviewed lavishly and lovingly in the *New York Times* and its media satellites. Unfortunately, the printing, writing, editing and general format of the con books do not match their good intentions.

All the more reason that *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, a model of scholarship, research and erudition, deserves the fair and open hearing that the liberal-minority coalition is determined it shall not have. One of the greatest works of counterpropaganda ever written, it clearly demonstrates that the West's will for truth, though moribund, is not dead. It takes courage to wrestle with a taboo that no respectable historian and no respectable publisher would dare to touch. It takes immense courage for the author to write such a book under his own name. As a professor at Northwestern University, Dr. Butz has opened himself and his career to attack from some of the world's most rabid and most vengeful organizations. Since he is an Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering, he will, of course, be attacked for not having the proper credentials — attacked by the very same crowd who wildly applauded Einstein's and Oppenheimer's neurotic excursions into politics.

The whole Six Million Myth, writes the author at the very beginning of his book, is a

frame-up spun out of whole cloth. He then proceeds to show how it was born in the early days of World War II in the minds of members of the War Crimes Branch, the OSS (the father of the CIA), Rabbi Wise, Bernard Baruch, Treasury Secretary Morgenthau and his assistant, Soviet agent Harry Dexter White, and the little-known Colonel David "Mickey" Marcus, the West Point graduate who, while serving as Supreme Commander in the Jerusalem sector for the Israelis in the 1948 Arab-Israeli war, was killed by a trigger-happy Jewish sentry. It is Dr. Butz' considered opinion that the framework of the Six Million tale was prepared a few years before the "events" it is "based" upon were supposed to have happened.

From Washington the center of action moves to German in 1945 and the various war crimes trials, at which German refugees in American uniforms played commanding roles. Brief but highly informative profiles are given of such behind-the-scenes characters as Robert Kempner, a former Prussian police chief and other anti-Nazi refugees who obtained affidavits and perjured testimony from German prisoners by a sickening combination of torture (including crushing of testicles, knocking out teeth, burning splinters and starvation), mock trials, threats against prisoners' families, false promises of immunity, an abominable spectacle that will go down in history as the American edition of Stalin's show trials. After disposing of the claims about extermination camps in Germany proper, which even Jewish organizations now admit never existed, the author focuses most of his attention on Auschwitz, which has remained the chief prop of the Six Million Myth and where "reputable" Jewish scholars still insist four million Jews were gassed to death or were disposed of by other equally abhorrent means. The long and deliberately neglected history of Auschwitz as one of Europe's largest wartime industrial projects is finally brought to light, while the "confessions" of Nazi camp commanders who were tried and hanged by the Communists are carefully scrutinized. Dr. Butz also examines the gruesome "I was there" reports of various Jewish doctors, escapees, SS informers and double agents, most of whom have since disappeared into anonymity. He finds the reports fictional and measures their accuracy against contradictory statements by more reliable eyewitnesses.

Typhus, exacerbated by the Allied air forces' complete destruction of the German supply system in the closing days of the war, was largely responsible for the approximately one million Jews who did die in World War II, Dr. Butz asserts, and the gassing and extermination propaganda was only a mishmash of old Talmudic exaggerations (the Talmud claimed four billion Jews were killed in Bar Cocheba's 132-135 A.D. revolt against Rome), deliberate U.S. government fabrications, wartime dementia praecox, Jewish vengeance and Bonn subservience to the "liberators." Zyclon B, the gas supposedly

used to do away with so many millions of Jews, was a common insecticide used to get rid of body lice that carried typhus. The Auschwitz "smell of death," so widely publicized in the mass media, came mostly from the factories involved in the hydrogenation process for the manufacture of artificial rubber.

There are as yet no authenticated state or other official documents to puncture the Six Million Myth, obviously because no government would dare to release them in the present climate of world opinion. Senator Taft and Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark were the only public figures in the Western world who had the courage to speak out against the shameful perversion of the Nuremberg trials, which helped feed the myth. The "great" liberal justices, Warren, Black, Douglas and Jackson, who should have been the first to cry out against the infamy, kept their silence. Jackson, in fact, presided over the prosecution in the Nuremberg trials and turned out to be the chief kangaroo in history's most infamous kangaroo court. It is fitting to note that one of the four judges of this juryless trial was a Soviet general, whose countrymen a few years earlier had murdered thousands of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, a neat little massacre that the *New York Times* originally tried to pin on the Nazis.

Dr. Butz firms up his case with a chapter on the Hungarian Jews, 400,000 of whom were supposed to have been transferred to Poland and murdered in 1944. In Hungary the International Red Cross had been permitted to take up the Jewish cause, so Red Cross officials knew better than anyone the fate of their Jewish wards. The official Red Cross reports on the Hungarian Jews in 1944 contain no information about the transport or extermination of any sizeable number of Hungarians anywhere. The Myth of the Four Hundred Thousand, like its parent myth, was based almost entirely on fabrication and forgery.

Dr. Butz brings up other evidence to demolish the death camp propaganda — the tens of thousands of Polish Jews who moved into Germany after war's end, the contradictory testimony that emerged from the Eichmann "trial," the manipulation of Jewish census figures, the "reopening" of Auschwitz years after the war under Polish Communist auspices. But the main part of his argument is so plausible the reader hardly needs additional confirmation.

The Hoax of the Twentieth Century is a book that will germinate in the minds of men until civilization reaches the point where it will never again let history become the prey of a massive racial defamation campaign. If Israel could only be founded on a hoax and can only endure on the annual dividends produced by such a hoax, it is doomed to an early and ignoble demise. And once the truth is out, anti-Semitism is certain to reach levels never dreamed of by the most virulent Nazis.

Dr. Butz' work, to the discredit of the American publishing industry, had to be printed in England. It may be ordered from the Historical Review Press, 23 Ellerker Gardens, Richmond, Surrey TW10 6AA, England. The price is \$5, plus postage.



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

RACIAL TAGGING

Racial identification is a tricky game. As we keep our eyes open we stumble across the most surprising information. Recently we have been looking into the Portuguese origins of public figures considered to have been solidly Northern European in racial makeup.

Thomas and Heinrich Mann, two of Germany's most celebrated 20th century writers, fled their native country during the Hitler era and came to the United States, although Heinrich overflowed with love for Stalin and the Soviet Union. Having written a strongly conservative and even somewhat racist book when he was young, Thomas nevertheless married a Jewess and ended up as an admirer of Communist East Germany after World War II. Heinrich actually returned to East Germany as a hero. In spite of their having been treated by the world anti-Nazi press as prototypical "good Germans" — i.e., non-Jewish Germans who fled Hitler — it turns out that the Mann brothers' maternal grandmother was a descendant of Portuguese settlers of Brazil.

Then there was John Philip Sousa. This most "American" of bandmasters had an exiled Portuguese politico as a father and a Bavarian mother.

There was also a broad Portuguese streak in the ancestry of John Wilkes Booth, the "Southerner" who killed Lincoln. On his mother's side he was descended from John Wilkes, the agitator and womanizer who forged an alliance between rich London merchants and the Cockney mob that gave England another boost along the road to ochlocracy. On the father's side his great-grandfather was John Booth, a Jewish silversmith who emigrated to England from Portugal. Booth's father, Junius Brutus Booth, was an actor who moved to America in 1832. Lincoln's assassin was also an actor, but never attained the fame of his brother, Edwin. As a second-generation American who traveled widely in his profession and

who was only nominally a resident of Maryland where his family maintained a home, Booth could hardly be described as a typical Southerner. Very few history books, however, contain the information that John Wilkes Booth was the descendant of a Portuguese Jew.

On the other hand, another assassin — Carl A. Weiss, who killed Huey Long — has often been considered a Jew, though it seems he isn't. Weiss hated Hitler with a cold fury, would not visit Germany in his trips to Europe, looked somewhat Jewish, had a name that could easily be Jewish, but is called a Roman Catholic. Yet Disraeli, Ricardo and Heine, though Christians, are still identified as Jews.

It's all very confusing. And it becomes more so when we consider the case of Drew Pearson, the most insufferable of all columnists, who all during his lifetime was designated a Quaker, despite his mother having been the daughter of a Jewish dentist.

It becomes ever more confusing, when an ad for a bicentennial telecast in TV Guide listed Robert Fuller as an Italian-American, Karen Valentine as a Portuguese-American, Tom Kennedy as an Irish-American and Sid Caesar as an "International-American."

RELIGIFYING HITLER

It did not take a prophet to know that Napoleon would become a cultic figure after his death and haunt French politics for a century. One hundred and sixty years after his demise, a Bonaparte pretender to the defunct French Empire is still waiting in the wings, even though the Napoleonic legend has seemingly been etherealized into insubstantiality.

What about Hitler, another world figure, who sprouted from much humbler beginnings, attained more ecstatic but briefer moments of glory and then expired in far more dramatic circumstances?

Each was a towering symbol of nationalism, but Hitler also stood for race. It was difficult for a Swede, a Finn or an Austrian to go overboard for Napoleon, after he had proclaimed himself Emperor of the French. For future Hitler worshippers, however, racism can be expected to override nationalistic constraints. Any Aryan — i.e., non-Jewish white who is not too dark-skinned, dark-eyed or dark-haired — can qualify.

Napoleon was the villain of Europe after his final defeat at Waterloo in 1815. Yet in 1840, only twenty-five years later, his ashes were brought back to France and triumphantly interred in one of the world's most lavish mausoleums, the Invalides.

Thirty-seven years after Hitler's death by poison and bullet, few people anywhere would recommend digging up his scorched bones wherever they have been secreted by the Russians, and giving them a hero's resting place. Indeed, anyone who tried it would probably be thrown in jail. Yet in many lands there are already some stirrings of a Hitler cult, perhaps even of a Hitler religion.

The high priestess of the Hitler mystique is Savitri Devi, a half-English, half-Greek true believer and seeress, who married a Naziphile Brahmin in Calcutta. It seems to be her purpose to add the Fuehrer to the

pantheon of ancient Indo-European divinities who ruled over the proto-Nordic soul before Zeus, Odin and Indra went their separate ways. Here is her description of Hitler's birth in Braunau-am-Inn in 1889, excerpted from *Pilgrimage*, one of her many privately printed works which some hope may be the inchoate rumblings of a Hitler Holy Book:

"And far beyond the clear sky of the little town and the thin atmosphere of this little planet, in the cold, dark realm of fathomless Void, the unseen stars had very definite positions; significant positions, such as they take only once within hundreds of years in relation to any particular spot on earth. And at the appointed time — 6 o'clock in the afternoon — the Child came into the world, unnoticed masterpiece of a two-fold cosmic Play: of the mysterious artistry of Aryan blood in infinite time; of the mysterious influence of distant worlds in infinite space. Apparently, just another baby in the family. In reality — after centuries — a new divine Child on this planet; the first one in the West after the legendary Bal-dur-the-Fair and, like He, a Child of the Sun; a predestined Fighter against the forces of death and a Saviour of men, marked out for leadership, for victory, for agony and for immortality."

We will not comment on the above except to say we have detected some strange theological echoes.

JOCASTA COMPLEX

The life of a Jewish woman was always difficult, but in the ghetto she never knew the difference. She came into the world unwelcome — "Woe to the father whose children are girls." In the synagogue she was quarantined in a screened-off prayer-room. According to M. and K. Piechotka, authors of *Wooden Synagogues*, "Prayer rooms for women did not begin to appear in the plans of synagogues until the end of the 16th century." When they did appear, "Religious rules required separate entrances for men and women." The bride was a silent participant in the marriage ceremony (Goldin, *The Jewish Woman and Her Home*). The Shulhan Arukh specified how many times a week the husband was obliged to honor his wife — in the case of the "scholar" husband only once.

Part of the month the wife was unclean and subject to humiliating rules. When her time for "purification" was complete, she had to go through the public streets, seen by all, to a ritual bath. She was never permitted to forget her husband's daily prayers, "Blessed be He who has not made me a woman." All too often she supported the family while her husband "studied Torah." The Besmedresh, the all-purpose club-synagogue-exchange, was off limits to her. This makeshift, squalid room, with no women to keep it clean, also served as in indoor playground for male adolescents to prevent their exposure to non-Jews.

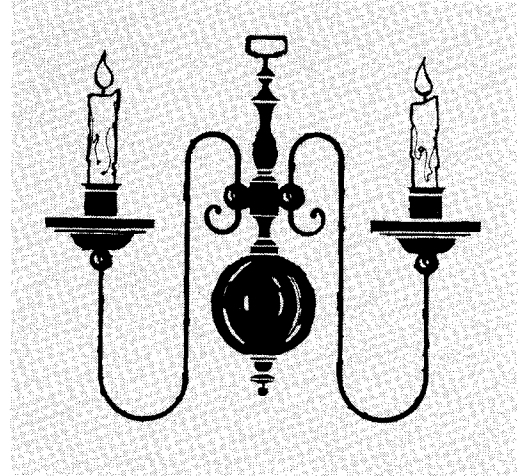
At home there was little beauty or order: "Given the amount of time women spent out of their homes earning money, it is not surprising that many households did not run

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THE GAME and THE CANDLE

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



The Action So Far: The Old Man, a Midwestern oil magnate, elects a president in 1912 who promises him a Federal Banking System, nationwide prohibition and control of the State Department. Later, an English Lord offers the Old Man a fifty percent interest in Middle Eastern oil if he will put the U. S. into World War I on the side of Britain, which he obligingly does. Twenty years later the Old Man's oil empire, now in the hands of his descendants, is feuding with Huey Long. Negotiations are opened with Harry, a White House aide, and Dex, a Stalinist, to get rid of the Senator. A few years later the Communists' nominee for Army Chief of Staff is opposed by Harry, who is warned by the Publisher that the only way to start World War II, which they both want, is to persuade Russia to abandon Spain to Franco. The Kremlin reluctantly agrees to go along, provided General Marshall is appointed Chief of Staff. Later Harry is appalled by the Russian-German Nonaggression Pact and is even more appalled when the Publisher explains that Henry Wallace should be Democratic vice-presidential candidate and Wendell Willkie Republican presidential nominee in 1940. Meanwhile, interventionist forces push the U. S. to the brink of war, and the Russians, working with Marshall, set the stage for Pearl Harbor.

PART ONE, ACT V

Scene 5: A small room in Tokyo in 1940. Two whites are present. The Agent is sitting at a table and working on some papers. The Cipher Clerk sits doing nothing. A young Japanese enters.

AGENT. Ah, Saionji, I've been waiting for you. Did the Ministers decide right?

SAIONJI. I think they decided exactly what you want, or almost exactly, so all we have to do now is get off the cable to Moscow.

A. Just as I hoped they would. (indicating the seated man) I was so sure of it I brought along one of the cipher clerks from the Embassy. Go ahead and dictate what you think we ought to send. I'll stop you if I want to change anything.

S. Fine.

A. (to the clerk) Make it to Molotov, eyes only. (The clerk nods and poses a book and pencil.)

S. (dictating) "I have received extremely important and secret information from Oumansky and since he is now in Moscow he can inform you thoroughly."

A. You don't want to say specifically that we know the American fleet will be concentrated at Pearl Harbor?

S. I think from what I said they will know we know. In case anything goes wrong I'd just as soon leave as vague a record on that as possible.

A. Yes, I suppose you're right. Go on.

S. "Saionji passed this information through his family and connections and the matter was thoroughly discussed at the highest levels of the Ministry and the War Council. Situation is extremely tense but moving favorably for us. All minor difference of view within the Ministry have been ended by receipt of Oumansky's information and there are now only two courses of action open for consideration. First: Immediately, even as late in the year as this, attack Soviet positions along the railroad into Siberia as far towards Lake Baikal as the weather will permit. At the same time cut the trans-Amur Railway and overrun Vladivostok by amphibious attack. Advocates of this view have now given up their hope of American neutrality but nevertheless still believe that by properly collecting and husbanding their air and naval strength between the Bonins and the Kuriles America will be faced with a long, indecisive and bloody war if she attempts to attack the Japanese home islands while Japan can occupy eastern Siberia with comparative safety. Advocates of this strategy admit that Chiang could with round-about American aid recover much of South China but they are hopeful that if Japan attacks Russia, Chiang can be induced to accept a reasonable settlement since he can then liquidate his Communist enemies. The Ministry is disposed to be much more generous to Chiang than a year ago. Advocates of this view also point out

that even if their hopes of overrunning much of the Soviet Far East before bad weather turn out to be wrong, this line of action will of itself, instantly snap the vital communication line through Vladivostok over which the Americans have been pouring great quantities of military assistance to Russia. In any event they feel certain of being able to mount a full scale offensive in the Spring along the Trans-Siberian and the Turk-Sib and are confident that by the Fall of 1942, despite anything America may do, they can effect a junction with the German armies near Astrakhan. Such an event could only mean the destruction of the Soviet Government. . ."

A. You can't say that even if it's true. (to the clerk) Change Astrakhan to its new name Stalingrad and make the last sentence read, "Such an event would bring the Soviet Government face to face with the gravest crisis in the twenty-four years of its existence." (to Saionji) Go on.

S. "Opponents of this view, led principally by members and associates of the Saionji family, believe that under no circumstances can Japan afford to fight two powerful enemies at once. They disregard England, concluding that by refusing to seek reasonable accommodation with Germany she has become the mere jackal of America and Russia and will therefore be required to fight Japan by either of the other two should war develop in the Far East. By committing themselves to the principle of fighting only one major power, this group has effectively foreclosed any possibility of attacking Russia since they are now convinced that nothing they can do will prevent America from attacking Japan. On the other hand they are aware, both by the very nature of the situation, Russia will gladly continue her policy of benevolent neutrality towards Japan while Japan will be willing to permit the continuance of the American supply route through Vladivostok, providing only that the vessels engaged in this operation fly the Soviet flag."

A. (interrupting) They'll love that. That's more than they dared hope for.

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S. "The news from Oumansky has decided the entire cabinet at least momentarily that the views of this group are substantially correct and that faced with the choice of fighting both Russia and America together or America alone, there is no longer any question of what must be done. Accordingly, Admiral Yamamoto has been ordered to prepare a heavy carrier attacking force to be at sea ready to strike the selected target on the first Sunday in December. I wish to emphasize, however, that this decision is neither final nor irrevocable. Should America show any sign of relaxing her military pressure on Japan or should Soviet actions convince the Ministry that Russia will not remain neutral, Admiral Yamamoto's projected attack will be cancelled and the strategy of the first group adopted. Only positive assurances of Soviet neutrality can make the second course seem less perilous. In this connection you must bear in mind that there are powerful individuals here, not yet sufficiently supported to constitute a group but potentially able to become dominant under some conditions, who have concluded from the insincerity and evasiveness of American policy that the U.S. is not pursuing its own objectives in the Far East but is being pressed into an anti-Japanese position by the operations of a pro-Soviet faction within American politics. The fact that Oumansky obtained such a striking success in what from an American view must seem so ill-advised a manoeuver is considered by many as a confirmation of those views. Further confirmation appeared from Japanese espionage reports indicating detailed conversations between Oumansky and the special American adviser to Chiang, conducted prior to the German attack on Russia. The substance of those conversations was not learned but that they occurred at all and during Russian-German cooperation seemed to indicate a degree of Soviet manipulation of American policy that had not been suspected. The individuals who are so persuaded are thus convinced that Japan faces two enemies in any case and should therefore attack Russia first. They believe that with German assistance they can destroy the Soviet Government before America can conquer Japan, thereby leaving the Soviet faction in the United States cut off from its source, at which point, they argue, American interests would once more assume control of American policy in the Far East and a reasonable settlement could be anticipated. On the other hand to attack America and leave the Soviet Government undisturbed is to start a war that has no rational conclusion except in the destruction of Japan, since America would have no intelligible objective in that war except to carry out the desires of its Soviet faction. I mention this difficult and somewhat embarrassing side of the situation here in order to press upon you the urgent necessity of giving Japan assurances of the most benevolent Soviet neutrality in order to destroy the persuasive position of these individuals. These assurances must be

concrete and immediate. As a very minimum they require the removal between now and the first of December of units comprising the bulk of the offensive strength of the Soviet armies east of Lake Baikal. The Ministry will expect that the Japanese Military Attache at Moscow will be immediately invited to the Soviet Far East so that he can communicate the confirmation of this removal to the Japanese Government in adequate time.

A. (laughing) That's putting it on the line. They'll do it. Go on.

S. That's all. (to the clerk) Sign it "Sorge."

Scene 6: A park bench in Rock Creek Park, Washington, December 7, 1941. The Chief of Staff is seated. Litvinov, a plumpish man with plain spectacles and slightly foreign dress, enters.

LITVINOV. Ah, you must be the famous military man of whom I have heard so many favorable things. I am Litvinov, Maxim Litvinov.

CHIEF OF STAFF. Good morning, Mr. Ambassador.

L. It is a good morning, is it not. Almost like a crisp December Sunday in the Crimea. Brisk but not cold. Is this the usual December weather of Washington?

C. It's not unusual. You must have just arrived.

L. Indeed, just. Just ahead of the east wind and the rain, in a way of speaking. Manila, Midway, Honolulu. It was touch and go getting through. The stupid British held me up for several days in India. Otherwise I would have been here with time and enough to spare.

C. So?

L. So I just got here last night, and, of course, I cannot present my credentials on a Sunday, can I? That would shock the proprieties of your Christian nation, would it not. But you and I can discuss business of mutual interest, can we not, my dear Colonel? Even on Sunday?

C. If we don't take too long. As I'm sure you know, the situation is very tense with Japan.

L. Yes, we Russians are a backward people but we do our best to keep informed of the doings of the great civilized world. Incidentally I thought most pleasantly of you and Oumansky as I flew out of Honolulu yesterday. Or was it the day before? I become most confused crossing that date line. How you change a day right in the middle of lunch or something, it's a thing I don't pretend to understand. I just do as I'm told, as a good public servant should, knowing that the experts have figured it all out and however strange the procedure seems, wiser heads than mine have worked out the correct solution. As I say, I thought of that as well as of our gratitude to you and Oumansky as I left Honolulu, because from the plane I could see all your beautiful battleships all there in Pearl Harbor. It is a sight we poor Russians cannot match. We do not even pretend to have a fleet of those

awe-inspiring monsters. I felt as I saw them that it was almost a shame that most of them were going to be burned and sunken wrecks so soon.

C. (suddenly worried) Wrecks? So soon? Are you sure?

L. (looking at his watch) Well perhaps not as soon as I thought. Time zones so confuse me. It is how many hours difference to your Hawaiian Islands?

C. Six hours.

L. Well, then it is not yet five o'clock in the morning there, is it? So it will be two to three hours yet before they are sunk.

C. Sunk? What are you talking about? Not by your forces certainly. By whose?

L. By the Japanese, of course. Who else? My dear Colonel, how could we Russians possibly sink your fleet? We have no aircraft carriers. We have no land-based bombers that could reach your Hawaiian Islands. Of course, the Japanese.

C. (both perplexed and more than a little scared) But how would you know?

L. My dear Colonel, you must suspect how excellent our intelligence is in Japan. And of course with us, intelligence is predominantly political intelligence — and guidance, too, I believe one might say.

C. There is no practicable way the Japanese could possibly launch an air attack against our fleet at Pearl. No way at all.

L. There was no practicable way, My dear Colonel.

C. A strike sufficient to do the damage you are talking about isn't prepared in a few weeks, Mr. Ambassador. No one could assemble the ships and the planes and get the massive project organized and off in less than two or three months. And when they started to put the expedition together, how could they know the American fleet was going to be at Pearl when their raid got there two months or so later?

L. Well, as it turned out there was a way.

C. And no one, least of all the Japanese, would risk sending a great striking force out across the Pacific to find the American fleet gone when their bombers got there. An act of war and the American fleet undamaged — and their own fleet half across the Pacific from its bases? An impossible risk.

L. But in this case adequately insured against, as you of all people must know, my dear Colonel. Thanks to you and Oumansky.

C. (furious) Don't mention that man's name.

L. Come, come, you must not give way to emotion. You must now realize that you are for the first time experiencing the strain of military action and military command. You must not let your inexperience in these fields try you too sorely. You will recover from this momentary crisis brought about by suddenly realizing that you are responsible for sending many men to their deaths. That is the nature of military command. It has to be done as a routine matter. It is inescapable. But the first experience of it is always a grave strain, which is why all armies make the rule that we violated in obtaining for you your

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present office, that combat command experience is essential for flag rank. But in your case, as you realize, there were overriding considerations.

C. (refusing to be drawn from his own line of thought.) But how could the Japanese know in October that the fleet would be there in December? Tell me that. How could they?

L. Because on Oumansky's assurance that our wishes were being complied with, we told the Japanese. Quite simple.

C. Really? And how could Oumansky have been in a position to assure you? Tell me that?

L. Ah, my dear Colonel, that will have to be your problem.

C. You think I'm going to stand still for this and let the fleet get bombed without warning? Well I'm not, no matter what hold you have over me. I'll telephone the Hawaiian command and in an hour the whole fleet will be on battle alert. Then we'll see what damage your friends the Japs can do!

(He starts to leave. Litvinov sits impassively on the bench. Something in his utter indifference to the Chief of Staff's departure makes the latter hesitate.)

L. You have perhaps an afterthought? Something else to say?

C. No. I'm going to warn the fleet. I'm surprised you don't try and stop me.

L. All I will say is that you need not be in such a rush to be a hero. You have easily two or three hours to spare.

C. I'm not trying to be a hero. I don't think you understand the situation at all. This goes beyond anything. . .

L. (interrupting) . . . beyond anything you thought could happen when you first began to cooperate, over so little, with us? True. (The Chief of Staff slowly drifts back to the bench as Litvinov goes on) I'm afraid, my dear Colonel, you are caught in what in our quaint Marxist jargon we call an objective situation, presumably because, as you can see, they can be so intensively subjective. You can save your fleet but then, alas, no one will ever believe it was seriously endangered. So your hero role is known only to yourself — and to us, of course. You could afford, at any rate for a time, the enduring animosity of the friends of the Soviet Government, but only if the United States would not in a few hours be allied with the Soviet Union against Germany. As we know it will be.

C. That's why I can't understand your willingness to hurt us so badly.

L. My dear Colonel, you prove repeatedly the wisdom of Clemenceau's remark that war is much too important a matter to be managed by soldiers. The fact that the Soviet Government desires American assistance against Hitler's Germany does not make the two powers indissolubly united in political efforts of all kinds for the future, does it?

C. Of course not.

L. So consider your battle fleet from our point of view. Exercise your wits. Try to picture that fleet from a purely objective Marxist-Leninist viewpoint. What can it do for the world revolution or the Socialist Motherland? The question answers itself. Obviously nothing at all. If anything, it is a long-term menace to us by strengthening latent fascism, colonialism and so forth. The main point is that your battleships can be of no immediate use to us and can indeed be a very great long-range menace. Your escort ships and sub fighters are very valuable in maintaining secure communications for your Lend Lease shipments. But of what value to us are your battleships? We do not need them against Germany. All of them together could not force the Baltic or even cross the Channel. But against Japan, ah, there is the trouble. They would give you quick command of the Pacific. In short order you could annihilate the whole naval potential of the Japanese Empire. You would be the undisputed lords of the western Pacific and we poor Russians would shiver in our maritime provinces sitting there only by your majestic leave. Should we be in favor of that? China? With undisputed command of the sea coast of China we, who have pioneered our way across all Siberia and Gobi would be nowhere. Nowhere at all. We could operate in China only by your leave. Netherlands India? With your fleet in the way, the Japanese could never approach it. How then could the Dutch be driven out if we do not let the Japs do it? My dear Colonel, you are now high enough in the world of military life to realize that wars are fought for a purpose, to take something that someone else has and either keep it yourself or give it to your nominee. That is the only purpose of war. The only one it ever has had and the only one it ever will have. Any other purpose is purely official. (looking at his watch and changing his tone from abstract comment to direct command) Now as to you personally. Let us suppose you decide after all to play the hero despite the objections of the Soviet Government. You warn the fleet command. The Japanese raid is a failure. A few hundred men are killed. A few ships are damaged. Fine. So who will then believe it could have been a great military defeat? No one. And what happens? In a few weeks all the great liberal papers will be complaining most bitterly of the inept military command in Washington. It permitted the fleet to be concentrated. It should have done something else. Anything else. Quite clearly you personally will have new enemies but no new friends. You will have lost us. You cannot long keep the big liberals. They are never comfortable liking too much someone we wish to destroy. Certainly your fellow officers will not suddenly befriend you. You see? So in a few months you will no longer be an asset to a war plagued President and there will be a new Chief of Staff. That is the way democratic governments work, is it not? (pauses) But if the fleet is lost, what then? It will be a national disaster. The great papers will call upon all to forget past

mistakes and unite in support of the commander-in-chief who must not be vexed by uninformed criticism of his military advisors in a time of such grave crises. That is the way it works, is it not, my dear Colonel? That is what a press is for, yes?

C. But this will pinpoint me.

L. Don't concern yourself too deeply over it. These things are never as difficult as they seem to an intelligent person. I mean public reactions. What are the chances that the vital question you ask about the fleet will ever be raised? Of course, if nothing is done about it probably they will be. Hence good strategy requires the opening of a publicity offensive on another front, as it were. Another experience in command strategy of which you are clearly in need, my dear Colonel. Do not permit the wrong questions to be raised. How the Japanese could know that your fleet would be at a certain time at Pearl is simply not to be discussed. Never mention it. Instead ask angrily and insistently who could have told the Japanese that the fleet is there, this morning. The answer to that is clear. Obviously the Japanese of Hawaii. They could see the ships yesterday, could they not? Start an intensive round up of all persons of Japanese blood. Elementary.

C. (brooding) Impossible. We would have locked up one-third of the islands' population.

L. Ah well, lock up the Japanese on the mainland then. It hardly matters, my dear Colonel, how sensible, or even how plausible, your counteraction. This is for you a political operation. All that matters is a distracting noise. Create the noise and rely on the friends of the Soviet Government to play it properly from there. They will have to do it mostly by ear, of course, because it would be perhaps indiscreet for us to start a positive story that our good friend the Chief of Staff is in no way to blame for the disaster to the fleet at Pearl. It would, I fear, harm rather than help you as you well know we have no wish to do. None at all.

C. Not at all.

L. Do not be bitter. You could hardly expect the help we have given you in obtaining the high station that your ambition craved could not have a few disagreeable moments connected with it. Of course, this kind of action makes it more difficult for you to salve your conscience with the pretty story that after all we are all in this great noble democratic adventure together; that to serve the Soviet Government or to serve Roosevelt is all about alike. Our little discords are bound to arise and you should not be overly distressed by them. Besides, in the objective reality of world politics, the destruction of your fleet at Pearl is actually Roosevelt's fault.

C. How his? He never wanted to put it there. I had to . . .

L. Not a narrow responsibility in that sense. Broad responsibility in the frame of social and political objectives. If he had not tried to back his way into the war by

provoking Japan to attack him, this could not have happened. Obviously the Japanese are not attacking him out of the pure distilled evil of their imperialist and capitalist hearts. They are attacking him because he has persuaded them that he is going to attack them. Of course, our friends in Japan have helped in that persuasion, but again, without the objective fact of Roosevelt's pressure, all our effort to excite the Japanese would have been empty. If Roosevelt had honored his pledge to France and England, and indeed to us, there would never have been any need for this unfortunate round about way of getting him into the war. And of the special form of our assistance.

C. When did he ever give you an assurance? France and England maybe. But not you.

L. We felt so. So I am told. We felt that your thin friend Harry's assurances in connection with our withdrawal from Spain were pretty much in that nature.

C. Well, I can see that you might feel that Roosevelt has a commitment to come to your rescue, but . . .

L. Not rescue. Assistance.

C. All right, assistance. Whatever you want to call it, it makes us allies of a sort. And then you help the Japanese destroy our fleet. Not a very decent way to treat an ally, a friend. It makes me wonder how I could ever have been associated with any of your . . . your friends in this country.

L. You would, perhaps, like to bring our little association to an end?

C. It would be a relief!

L. Perhaps for a moment. (again looking at his watch) Now I think we have been together long enough this pleasant Sunday morning. There will, I think, be no occasion for us to contact you frequently for some time. You know generally what we desire. You should adjust your military policy as well as you can with the open views of our military liaison people. We realize that you will not always be able to do that. We know Roosevelt will often listen to Churchill and to his naval advisors. We do not expect miracles.

C. (who has been only half attending) I think I shall have to send some sort of warning to Kimmel and Short. It is too dangerous not to. You cannot be the only person in Washington who knows about the attack, or who knows that we met here this morning.

L. Who would know that?

C. I don't know. There's no way you can know positively. How many people in Washington know me by sight? It may run into the thousands. And there are people who know we have cracked the Japanese code. After the attack all sorts of questions will be asked. People will remember things they would otherwise normally forget or overlook. I must protect myself against that contingency. You can see that.

L. Yes. I can see that, but you must not send a message that would truly alert the fleet command. The Japanese must have the advantage of total surprise. It is

indispensable. Cannot you send a message that you know will not be delivered till after the fleet is sunk?

C. I could use the regular coded military cable service. That would take four or five hours to be delivered at Pearl.

L. (looking at his watch to be certain) That would be fine. Do that.

C. But if I send a message at all how would I explain not using the radio telephone and getting the word through instantly?

L. (thinking) You might say that you were afraid such a message would be picked up by the Japanese and construed by them as a warlike gesture, which, of course, everyone knows Roosevelt seeks to avoid.

C. Would that sound very reasonable when I know that the Jap planes are already airborne?

L. No, but. . .

C. And when the phone is scrambled anyway so no Jap could understand what was said even if they picked it up?

L. No. I admit the explanation is hardly plausible. But it is perhaps the best you have. In any event you must use it if you cannot think up a better one.

(The Chief of Staff slowly walks away to the right and leaves. As Litvinov sits quietly on the bench, a man in dark clothes emerges from the shadows on the left. In his hand is a long-barreled target pistol with a telescopic sight. He looks questioningly at Litvinov.)

L. No, no. You were excellent insurance, Sasha, but there will be no need for your services. The Colonel will live a long life and still do us many favors. He is now a prominent man among the Americans, the Colonel. He cannot afford acts of heroism that could not be explained publicly to his fellow countrymen.

(To Be Continued)

Pedagogy Continued From Page 4

Goliath to go in peace, Goliath being not only the educational establishment as a whole but the National Education Association (1,800,000 members) and the American Federation of Teachers (250,000 members), which is headed by a professional budget wrecker named Albert Shanker. If these two juggernauts should merge, a step they are considering, their combined membership dues would bring in some \$200 million a year. In fact, one educationist has claimed that the total annual take from members would reach \$500 million a year by 1980. A half a billion dollars annually could be calculated to buy a lot of action in national, state and local governments.

Wouldn't it be nice if all this ready cash was going to be expended for the improvement and upgrading of the educational process? Unfortunately, most of it will go into the pockets of union officials, into pension funds and into huge lobbying campaigns. The unions need money for teacher strikes, even where they are clearly illegal. As for the "non-political" stance of the NEA, it mailed a notice to

1,800,000 teachers in 1972 asking them to contribute a day's pay to the McGovern campaign. This election the union expects to spend \$750,000 on Carter and his Democrats.

The current union battle cry is fewer pupils per class, a roundabout way of demanding the employment of more teachers. Considering the present crop of educators, more of the same would be a near disaster. It is true that too many children in a classroom augment disciplinary problems. But discipline only becomes unmanageable when the teacher is a poor disciplinarian and lacks the proficiency to arouse student interest in the curriculum, and when students have had permissiveness and violence bred into them at home.

One of Mr. Salser's main points is that education cannot work when differences among students are too pronounced. In the old days of homogeneous America, the incapable and unqualified did not attend school or, if they did, did not stay around long. Today the less qualified are encouraged not only to remain in school, but to stay as long if not longer than the better qualified. Consequently, the spread in pupil intelligence is widening each year, widening even faster than the racial spread. Packing these extreme mental and physical disparities in one school room is making teaching in some areas an almost impossible task. What are our educational leaders doing about it? They are making the impossible even more impossible, as evidenced by the words of Helen Wise, a recent president of the NEA, "If you hold back the slow child, he will get slower."

Salser's principal solution for the educational impasse is "individualized instruction" by teaching aids, which he claims can easily replace 75 per cent of the contemporary teacher's work. By relying much more heavily on advances in audio-visual learning techniques, the student, Salser insists, will be able to learn more on his own — and the teacher can concentrate more of his or her time on the bottom and upper strata of the class. If an ever smaller number of American farmers can produce an ever larger amount of food, then why, Salser asks, cannot the same technological progress take place in education?

Race the Unmentionable

Like almost every other contemporary pedagogue, Salser carefully bobs and weaves around the racial problem. It so happens that the farmers whose productivity he found so praiseworthy are independent-minded Majority Americans, almost to a man. The teachers, on the other hand, are either indoctrinated Majority types or minority members, as are a growing number of the pupils in integrated schools.

Salser seems to forget that the great institution of American education, which has accomplished such wonders in the past,

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has undergone a radical transformation. Its bloodlines — and therefore its guidelines — have changed. When the people go, the institutions go. When those who on their own could never create even the rudiments of an educational system or who could never raise their own learning process above primeval levels of theological nitpicking begin to infest a complex educational system encompassing dimensions of learning heretofore unimaginable in history the schools sicken unto death.

Salsler is to be commended for his straight talk and straight thinking about many tentacles of the educational octopus. Some of his recommended cures are worth more than cursory consideration. He is to be criticized, however, for going after a sacred calf while covering up for a sacred cow.

Remove the Unassimilable Minorities from the educational system and give them the wherewithal to set up their own schools and colleges — and Harvard will become Harvard again and Majority public and private schools will again become the seedbeds of Western civilization in the New World. As the departing minority students take with them their drugs, their knives, their envy and their alienation, as the Majority students who still cling to minority ways are expelled, civility, reason and incentive will return to American education. Diplomas will again be evidence of acquired knowledge, not a certificate of time-serving and ignorance.

If separate but equal education, which served America so well during an extended period of our history and the abolition of which marked the beginning of our educational decline, is not rehabilitated, Majority education will have to move outside the classroom or perish.

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renowned Bauhaus of Walter Gropius, the artistic effect depends not only upon the huge surfaces of glass, but upon their reflection onto and into each other. Reality has been reduced to surfaces and the surfaces have been multiplied. The same holds true for so much of the rest of our grey flannel functionalism. The bare fact soon becomes barren of any spiritual value.

Older architectures were of organic, not mechanistic form, and were symbolic of a supersensory realm of values. When present-day architects build churches — on somewhat rare occasions — they all too often come out looking as if they were factories designed by atheists, i.e., Mies's I.T.T. Chapel and Le Corbusier's Ronchamp (the latter with the pathetic apology of the architect that it represents "twentieth century man's attempt to believe"). Eero Saarinen is a little more forthright when he classifies his church architecture as "almost religious."

Mies's architecture has rightly been associated with "the climate of Plato." But the notion of independent existence is an

anachronism that has been criticized by Alfred North Whitehead. The idea of completeness in itself within its own independent frame destroys the sense of mystery. For instance, Mies's Seagram Building is a work of architecture which is complete, independent of its surroundings and accordingly stripped naked to the bone. The contrast with Gothic architecture is obvious. Every Gothic cathedral is not only international but distinctly regional. Equally important, Gothic "incompleteness" imparts a sense of mystery.

Another factor differentiating modern from Gothic architecture is the former's theoretical perfection, a debt to Renaissance rationalism. The shift of interest from the Gothic to the Renaissance style was really a shift from symbolic to theoretical perfection. Modern architecture's demand for mechanical exactness (which exactness Whitehead has characterized as "fake") is proof, once again that it is not a step towards ideational culture but an anachronism of sensate culture.

Our Wasteland

The problem of the ugliness of industrial society is related to the disintegration of sensate culture. It is a matter of concrete feeling having become divorced from abstract knowledge. No abstract reading of the "great books" is likely to raise our architectonic standards. Indeed, in the United States we have the situation in which one of the most literate countries in the world is rapidly becoming the ugliest.

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about our current cultural explosion is that it has no architectonic character. A painting here or a sculpture there may have some beauty. But the country at large has been left to sow its seeds of ugliness. Without architecture art serves as the fig leaf of an ugly age.

There will never be the required cultural synthesis as long as egalitarian liberalism is the reigning social philosophy. The whole notion of hierarchical ordering is foreign to it. The demand for constant change is anathema to the social urge to build great architecture. Architecture is synonymous with permanence. Consequently, a deracinated society cannot build creative architecture. The contrast between Gothic and Renaissance architecture illustrates this. The Gothic ages were rooted in a transcendental conception of reality, which created an architecture unprecedented in our Western tradition. The Renaissance was an era obsessed with time, as ours is, and accordingly it built a time-bound eclectic architecture.

The hierarchical ordering of the Middle Ages was permeated with religion, so that even matter was suffused with immateriality. It was just because there was no separation between spirituality and down-to-earth life that an everyday art like architecture was felt to be the most important art.

When in the Renaissance hierarchical ordering was abandoned, man became an end in himself. In overvaluing himself, he devalued the world. Matter and Mind were no longer organically interrelated (recall Descartes). When we assume "the bare valuelessness of mere matter," it becomes possible and even necessary to exploit nature. In becoming "mere matter" the world ceases to have any intrinsic esthetic importance. Art becomes a frivolity and architecture ceases to inspire. As proved by the French Revolution with its defacing and destruction of Gothic architecture, the subjectivist culture must seek to destroy the architectonic culture.

American Architecture

Lewis Mumford, in "Sticks and Stones," has shown that one of the last acts of a dying Medieval Europe was to plant a seed in the New World that eventually became the American Architecture of Jefferson; Henry Hobson Richardson, the "shingle style" and neo-Romanesque; Louis Sullivan and the Chicago School; and Frank Lloyd Wright and organic architecture. Rooted in regionalism, a sympathetic attitude for nature and a respect for individuality, this architecture was the first art to master the machine and put it to human use. If modern architecture is any indication, it may also prove to have been the last.

The ineffable mysterious quality of their work has caused it to be written off as "romantic escapism." But, the mystery of art is what makes it perennially interesting. The advocates of dehumanized art are the real escapists. This quality of mystery was infused in the work of Sullivan and Wright by complex geometrical forms. It is best seen in Sullivan's ornament which was "of the surface, not on it." Wright made use of it in his floor planes, and his work has often been called horizontal or prairie Gothic. In Europe, besides a few art nouveau architects such as Mackintosh and Van de Velde, this form quality is best seen in the work of medievalist Antonio Gaudi. When in his old age Louis Sullivan was asked his opinion of Gaudi's Cathedral in Barcelona, his reply was that it was one of the highest flights of the creative spirit of our time. There can be little doubt that in Europe as in America a mechanistic social system has chosen to ignore its organic architecture.

It is not enough to say, with New York architect Edward Durrell Stone, that our present scorched earth policy makes us want to commit suicide. No less than a complete break with the prevailing ideology is needed. But first an overall view of society is required. No social philosophy that makes change for the sake of change its cardinal tenet is likely to preserve the past for the sake of preserving it.

A society doesn't acquire culture after it has become affluent. Art is not a luxury item, but the very essence of life, a spiritual efflorescence that is an "unbought grace."

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The richer we become, the uglier we become. No amount of mere money spent on "the public domain," as Professor John K. Galbraith desires, will cure the problem of social taste. It will make it worse by deluding people into thinking that our automated architectonics, divorced from spiritual values, is in itself progress — a progress that is the opium of our so-called "intellectuals" and one that distracts attention from whatever cultural synthesis we already have.

Mass Destruction

American architecture has both been ignored and destroyed. The death toll of Wright's and Sullivan's great buildings is too long to recite. Over half of Sullivan's buildings have been either razed to the ground or altered beyond recognition. Wright's buildings have fared better, but Japan is getting ready to tear down his epochal "meeting of the East and West," the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. Owing to the fact that there are no longer any rich people in Chicago with enough taste to acquire either Wright's Oak Park Studio or his Avery Coonley House and keep them intact, these buildings are being "progressively" ruined. Two years ago Sullivan's Babson Residence (Chicago) was destroyed along with his swan song, the Garrick Theatre (Chicago), to make way for a parking ramp. This year his Dooley Block in Salt Lake City will be demolished. His finest essay in small residences, the Albert Sullivan house in South Chicago is almost certainly doomed. And there is the sad case of the greatest American house ever built: the Robie House owned by the "progressive" University of Chicago and now being allowed to turn into a shambles.

All this with hardly a note of protest. But what else could be expected when modern architecture is solidly controlled by the intellectual devotees of an "international style?" The American Institute of Architects has protested the destruction of Penn Station in New York City (a building that owed its design to the "international style" that swept the country after the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and destroyed the grass roots of the Chicago School), but didn't raise a peep about the destruction of the Garrick Theatre. At the very moment we were hearing a lot of gibberish about a "flowering of the arts," one of the world's great buildings was destroyed to make way for a parking ramp. To understand the banality of the destruction of the Garrick Theatre it is necessary to try — hard as it may be — to imagine Venice destroying the Doges Palace to make way for a horse stable, and a mere seventy years after its erection. It is worth noting that the Garrick Theatre was done away with by a judge reversing lower court rulings protecting it and that Arthur Goldberg, then a member of President Kennedy's cabinet, chose to defend the right of a wrecking company to destroy it.

Our country is an artistic wasteland relieved by a few works of architectural achievement that are rapidly disappearing. In the end the ugly egalitarian "boxes on the hillside" will be all that are left.

If there is an organic unity between culture and society, the treatment of our indigenous architecture portends political calamity. It is well to consider the fact that National Socialist Germany, anti-Semitic though it was, left standing the greatest Jewish architectural achievement to date: Eric Mendelssohn's Einstein Tower. Communist Russia, anti-religious though it is, has carefully preserved its church architecture. Yet in the United States a mindless, tasteless bureaucratic capitalism is indiscriminately destroying our greatest social art.

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world view of modern physics threatens to sink into a boundless relativism.

The Abyss of Relativism.

The difficulties began about 1905 when Albert Einstein produced his "Special Theory of Relativity," which makes reality dependent on the standpoint of the observer.

All effects of Relativity — expansion of mass, contraction of distance, dilation of time, and so forth — are strictly speaking only effects of measurement, caused by the finite speed of light. On a spaceship which moves away from earth at a velocity approaching that of light, there passes, by virtue of the dilation effect, almost no time. This fact could only be established by an observer who remained on earth but was able to observe a clock in the spaceship. For the astronauts of the spaceship the situation would be directly reversed. They would think that the clocks on earth were standing still, while in their space vehicle time passes entirely normally.

Modern physicists, including Einstein and Max Born, considered these discrepancies in time measurement as real differences of time. This allows them to come to the paradoxical conclusion that one twin who had undertaken the space voyage and returned to earth would have aged only a few years, while the twin who had remained would be an old man. The question, however, as to which of the twins indeed is really aged and which remains young remains open. According to Relativity, what happens in both systems — the earth and the spaceship — is equally valid. All attempts to resolve this contradiction satisfactorily have so far failed. They cannot succeed because the contradiction arises in the first place through the fact that effects of measurement are taken for real facts.

Out of the General Theory of Relativity arises another example which reflects the crass mathematics of the Positivistic conception of reality. Among the most recent discoveries of astronomy are the so-called "black holes," whose existence was

predicted by Einstein. These are stars which have used up their total store of energy and, as a consequence of their own immense gravitational force, are reduced to a very small volume. No limits for the shrinking of these stars are set by Relativity, which posits that if their mass is of a certain amount they can collapse, within about an hour, to a single point.

Furthermore, according to the General Theory, these "gravitational collapses" should appear entirely differently to different observers. By virtue of the giant gravitational field, the light which the star emits is slowed, as the mass is drawn together. Within a certain boundary — the so-called "black sign radius" — the increase of gravitation is so strong that light can no longer leave the star. An external observer can, of necessity, only follow that stage of the collapse during which light still reaches him. Because the speed of the outward-bound light continually slows down, it would appear to him as if the star were always nearing its black sign radius, without ever reaching it.

Relativity treats both measurements — that of the internal and that of the external observer — as real relationships. Because they contradict one another, the conclusion is drawn that this reality is itself relative. On the other hand, it must occur to the logical thinker that the star "in reality" continues to shrink to the point where it cannot shrink any further, independently of whether or not this is determinable by an external observer.

Modern physical theory is full of such misunderstandings. It would be too demanding on the reader to list them all. We might briefly mention, however, the wave-corpuscle dualism of the Quantum Theory, which permits reality to be formulated out of measurement problems. Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle posits, on the basis of the imperfection of our measurement capabilities, an imperfection of reality.

All this seems to demonstrate with great clarity that in the world picture of modern physics there is no place for an unequivocally definite, objectively existing reality. Every observer has his own "world." One and the same thing even "appear" to different observers in an entirely different way.

The inescapable conclusion of this conception is a total Relativism of the basic principles of natural science, a Relativism which speaks disdainfully of a real external world independent of human consciousness. In its place modern physics offers a partly calculated, partly measured world of appearances.

Reality as a Transcendental Whole

The way out of this dilemma will be found when we realize that the validity of the Relativity Theory is limited to a mathematical description of measurements, and to nothing else. As the philosopher Nicolai Hartmann has demonstrated, no ontological reality can be attributed to relativistic effects.

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Reality in this case can best be compared to perspective, in which one and the same body appears differently to every observer, without, of course, affecting its objective form. Hermann Weyl in his *Raum-Zeit-Materie* has also relevantly characterized the Lorentz Transformations, one of the foundations of Relativity, as a "velocity perspective."

But this is only a partial solution to the problem. The root of the trouble lies deeper, as we have discovered already with Kant's *Ding an sich*. It is wrong to assert that everything has in itself definite characteristics. Categories alone are not the determinants of reality. This can be illustrated by a simple example.

When a man sees a leaf, he will establish that it is green. For a fish — whose capacity for color vision is lacking — the same leaf will be grey. Which color, then does the leaf "really" have? It is obvious that the color of the leaf is not only dependent upon the thing "leaf." It is also dependent upon the observer. More exactly, it depends upon the correlation between the object and the observer. This relational dependency, through which reality largely is determined, is ignored by Kant. Nowhere does it appear in modern physics.

Yet the correlation "between" the perceived thing and the perceiving observer, via measuring devices, is an eminently real relationship. If perceiver and perceived are not both taken into consideration, we obtain a one-sided and incomplete picture of reality. Solely by virtue of this incompleteness is reality relative. This is especially clear when we consider movement. That every movement should be "relative" has already been accepted in classical mechanics. An automobile moves in relation to the earth entirely differently than it does in relation to the sun. But this indefiniteness disappears immediately when we apply the principle of correlation. A single body has in itself no movement whatsoever. Motion takes place when at least two bodies move toward, or away from, one another. Motion, in these conditions, is going on continually with an unambiguously defined speed that is physically real and independent of every frame of reference.

This "relational principle" can be applied in almost all areas of physics. Reality consists not of single discrete "things" with definite "characteristics," but manifests itself much more in the vastly manifold relationships between these things, which one may not incompletely observe and detach from their total context. In this sense these relations constitute a transcendental, cohesive whole, of which every physical measurement comprehends only a part. The task of natural philosophy is to draw this information together into a harmonious, uncontradictory whole.

Modern physics — at least as it is presently constituted — gives us a very distorted picture of reality. Regarding the

necessity of transforming the present scientific world picture into a "true world picture," Vienna University Professor Herbert Pietschmann maintains: "It was my desire to show here, in all clarity, that a true world picture, that conveys a view of reality, should not limit itself to the world view of natural sciences. It must be conscious that essential realities are from the very beginning closed out of this picture, and that it is not possible within this picture to attain these realities. . . . Because the view of reality we strive for goes well beyond natural science, it will necessarily fall within the compass of philosophy."

May these words of an educated physicist not fail to impress the "modern" scientists who today still believe they can explain reality through abstract-mathematical "formulations" and "fetching, beautiful equations." May these words also not fail to impress them that without a solid philosophical basis modern physics cannot, in the long run, continue to exist.

Adapted from an essay by Norbert Koemle appearing in the German conservative monthly *Nation Europa*.

Vlasov Continued From Page 7

doomed to extinction by the *herrenvolk*. Hitler did not want a free, democratic Russia and Vlasov, the most prominent captured Soviet general, was squelched. However, by November 1944, a free, democratic Russia to the Germans looked infinitely preferable to what was coming at them from the East, provisioned and armed with Rooseveltian Lend Lease. In that month of a war marked by singular and irrational political actions, the supreme paradox had at last taken place: Hitler and Himmler were arming an eager democratic liberation army and Roosevelt and Churchill were provisioning, through \$34,000,000,000 in Lend Lease, the depleted, badly bled armies of a pitiless tyranny.

The German "Ost" policy, aimed at the enslavement of the eastern peoples, was abrogated too late. Vlasov, freed to operate, formed two divisions which went into battle against the Communists furiously and successfully, but not until April 14, 1945 when the Soviet armies had already penetrated deeply into Germany and Czechoslovakia. All was ridiculously too little and too late, but Vlasov and his men still wanted to fight. Broadcasting from Prague on April 25, 1945, less than two weeks before Germany's surrender, Vlasov appealed to the nations gathered in San Francisco for the founding of the United Nations. The Czechoslovak democratic forces informed Vlasov's men that if a Czech democratic government held Prague when the Americans arrived, they would be willing to grant asylum to Vlasov's troops in a free Czechoslovakia. Vlasov was also urged to fly to Spain before the final

German collapse, but he refused to leave his men, although a plane was ready to take off. "I had every chance for victory," he said, "but the Germans decided against it. I must follow my course to the end." On May 7, 1945, the Czechoslovak democratic forces voted to accept the aid of Vlasov's forces in the liberation of the city of Prague. News of Germany's capitulation reached the Czechs on May 8. To be interned by the American Army was now the Vlasov forces' last hope for survival.

The second division of Vlasov's Russian Liberation Army made contact with the U.S. Army on May 5, 1945, and received an ultimatum to surrender within 36 hours. Meanwhile, the first division moved in forced marches to surrender to the American forces at Pilsen. The series of events that ensued paint a dark picture of U.S. political blankness or worse. The 162nd Soviet Armored Brigade moved up to within two miles of the American lines. There was the danger that the Soviets would advance at dawn to overwhelm Vlasov's soldiers, which would mean death to all personnel, either by direct execution or the familiar Communist technique of slow starvation, overwork, and neglect in Soviet concentration camps.

During the night Vlasov drew up a memorandum in which he stated that the Russian Liberation Army leaders were ready to appear before an international court, but that it would be an atrocity to turn over these tens of thousands of troops to the Red forces and thereby condemn them to death. The text was transmitted by radio to the Allied Supreme Commander, who refused forthwith to give Vlasov's Liberation Army permission to pass into American custody. At this fatal decision, Vlasov's other division quickly gave the command "break ranks," and the completely intact and disciplined force disintegrated within minutes.

That night the great Red manhunt began without interference by the American Army. Special execution squads of Soviet commandos slaughtered or seized about 10,000 men. Half of the small number that managed to get through to the Allied Zone were violently dragged back and turned over to the Soviets. Vlasov himself was permitted to be removed from a column of eight automobiles under escort by an American armored scout detachment. One group of Vlasov's men, numbering 815, were saved by the American Army commandant at Friedberg who, ignoring his orders, provided them with transit passes to Munich. This was a curious incident: there is no record of disciplinary action against the U.S. commander nor of Soviet protests. However, another sizeable group of Russians under an officer named Baltsev got to Bavaria where they encountered an American armored corps commander who said he was prepared to accept their surrender and not turn them over to the Soviets. This promise was not kept; a wave

Continued On Next Page

of suicides took place, but a Cossack contingent broke loose and fought its way over the Austrian border. The largest contingent of these unfortunate victims of Yalta consisted of approximately 35,000 men, women, and children camped near Linz. The closest Allied commander was British and he promptly pledged that none would be turned over to the Soviets.

This proved to be the most unfortunate, and largest, contingent of the Free Russians. On the road they were surrounded by British tanks and turned over to the Soviets, one Turkic component being "repatriated" at Tarent. One group of Cossacks, surprised by Soviet hunters in the East Tyrol, defended themselves to the last man. Hideous scenes were common as the NKVD closed in, accompanied by a wave of suicides. In a savage resistance in one spot to the British, a Cossack contingent lost 132 men killed. British commandos hunted down the refugees until the operation was finished.

Free Russians were turned over to the NKVD not only from Germany and Austria alone, but from Italy, France, Denmark, Norway, and even the U.S. The last to be handed over were the generals — all either killed themselves or tried to. On August 2, 1946, *Izvestia* carried a terse item announcing their executions. The list was headed by General Andrey Andreyovich Vlasov. This despicable phase of American and British cooperation with Stalin can be summed up in the last words of one of Vlasov's officers, Colonel Meandrov, shipped back to Russia in 1946:

Streams of blood will flow with the approval of the democracies. The Soviet Union will try to keep it a secret, but the blood will seep through and besmirch the democratic slogans of the freedom-loving nations. But we will know how to die with dignity.

Cultural Catacombs

Continued From Page 10

smoothly, that meals were haphazard and children were often left in each other's care at an early age" (*The Jewish Woman and Her Home*, p. 70).

Jewish women had every right to take a dim view of parenthood in general and men in particular. The girl, ignored by both father and mother, grew up observing the daily exaltation of the male and the depreciation of the female. When she entered into her arranged and brokered marriage, she often discovered she was doomed to live out her life with a loutish egotist, who had been ruinously spoiled by a doting mother. Traumatic is hardly the word for such an experience. Almost in revenge, the admiration and love she had expected to pour on a worthy husband was shifted in unwholesome torrents on sons, who in turn married women who learned to have no feeling for them. Freud had his chronology mixed up when he devised his Oedipus Complex. It was not the son who becomes abnormally attached to the mother, but vice versa. The Jocasta Complex, however, is not exclusively Jewish. It runs in Arab and Hindu families,

and it has appeared in royal marriages in Western Europe.

In the ghetto, Jewish women knew no better. But when they came to America and saw the American Dream in operation, they began to see how poorly they had been treated. But even here — even now — in an open society where they are confronted with the Western partnership between husband and wife, they cannot diagnose what ails them and has ailed them since they first became Jews.

In spite of the secondary status of women within Jewish religious life, there was much in the Jewish historical experience that enabled the woman to develop her human capabilities. Perhaps the most important phenomenon she was spared — as women from other Western cultures were not — was the impact of the "macho" mystique, which was shunned within Jewish culture. Deprived of political independence and, in most places, of the right to bear arms, Jewish men denigrated physical prowess as a cultural ideal. Instead, they cultivated intellectual and spiritual pursuits. They expressed their masculinity in the synagogue and in the house of study, not on the battlefield and not through the physical oppression of their women. The absence of the macho mystique also freed Jewish men and women — until they assimilated into modern Western societies — from the sharpest differentiation of gender characteristics: the strong, emotionally controlled, yet potentially violent male versus the weak, emotional, and tender female. Jewish culture "permitted" men to be gently and emotionally expressive, and women to be strong, capable, and shrewd. These qualities were suitable for women who were responsible for sustaining their families in environments that were often hostile. (*The Jewish Woman and Her Home*, p. 14.)

"They expressed their masculinity in the synagogue and in the house of study." Was there ever a woman, ever a Jewish woman, who was happy with this kind of masculinity?

The Jewish children of these transitional (immigrant) fathers perceived them as somehow inadequate when compared to the fathers of American children that were typified in books or, later, in movies. The Jewish fathers were viewed as being different because they did not possess the "manly" qualities that were assumed to belong to American men as a birthright. And conversely, the strength and drive of their mothers — behavior traits associated with masculinity in America — were seen negatively and despairingly (*The Jewish Woman in Her Home*, pp. 247-8).

Have Jewish boys in America been ashamed of their unmanly fathers? Freud's shame for his father's cowardice was based on one incident, which seems to have poisoned his life. During the 60s Jewish young men and women vented their hatred of their parents all across America. Jerry Rubin actually urged murdering them.

Does dislike for parents explain a disputatious little book by Anna and Arnold Silverman called *The Case Against Having Children*? Does it explain the commanding Jewish role in the National Organization for Non-Parents, whose members are known as the NON's?

The media paint a different picture of the Jewish family. Remember Ma Goldberg? But, on second thought, Betty Friedan and Golda Meir and Barbara Walters and Katharine Graham and Dorothy Schiff and even "Dear Abby" have all been divorced.

WAGNER AND THE CENTENNIAL

July 4, 1976, the American public was treated to one full day of mindless media pap, misstatement and misinformation. Those choosing to ignore the sickly sweet commentaries of Cronkite, Chancellor and Co. could enjoy the "musical talents" of such products of twentieth century American kitsch as the Hues Corporation, Labelle, José Feliciano Call and "The Great American Celebration" with Ed McMahon.

Few Americans realize that the Centennial celebrated 100 years ago included a worthwhile musical talent. It is hard to believe but the American Centennial Committee paid none other than Richard Wagner \$5,000 to compose a march in honor of the nation's 100th birthday. "The American Centennial March" is hardly Wagner's greatest work, but in comparison to what went on 100 years later, it was the music of the spheres. Despite having sat through eighteen marches and anthems of other nations previous to hearing Wagner's march, the audience was deeply moved. Later, Wagner personally conducted a "sympathetic" performance at Bayreuth. The American Centennial March is available on Angel disc S-36879.



Portrait of the young Wagner by Ernst Kietz.

Cape Canaveral: Howard Allen has received several unsolicited manuscripts, some deserving to be published, some not. In every case the author seemed to be under the delusion that rightwing publishing is no different than any other form of publishing, that is, the publisher accepts the manuscript, gets it printed, merchandises the finished book, pays the author his royalties and everybody gets famous and makes money. Unfortunately, one major cog is missing from this idealized mechanism. Books favoring the Majority do not get reviews — and without reviews the whole sales operation falls apart and, instead of making money, everyone loses money. Only part of the advertising and promotional cost of such books is ever returned in the form of sales. Consequently, there is no money for royalties. In fact, unless a book is subsidized by a friend or admirer, or by the author himself, there is no money to publish it.

The situation could be compared to manufacturing Cadillacs without being allowed to have any Cadillac sales agencies. The key to book sales is a review in the *New York Times*, *Time* or *Newsweek* and interviews with the author on various TV shows. These promotional prerequisites are forbidden books that have a Majority slaub.

To provide would-be authors of forbidden books with advance warning of the problems they will face, we reprint part of a small booklet entitled *Samisdat* written by Christof Friedrich, a Canadian writer who tells of the trials and tribulations of becoming your own printer and publisher.

The writer can save his money by living frugally, adding dollar to dollar until he has amassed the thousands necessary to pay the printing bill. Then he may start looking for small job typesetters and starving commercial artists, all intimidated, who in the dark of night will assemble his work into printers' forms. Then he must find a lithographer to process the films into plates and so forth. Each step of the way the author realizes that he is at the mercy of the people he deals with as to prices — and mistakes. Eventually he finds some small printshop which is willing to print a small edition upon its small, uneconomic press. After printing he must find a collating and bookbinding firm willing to risk its neck by processing his book into the finished product.

At last comes the day when the author arrives at the back door of the bindery in his own or a friend's car to pick up the pitifully few boxes, the culmination of all his efforts. Paying cash, as he has done all along the way, he takes his treasured books home and hides them in his apartment or basement.

Congratulations! He has written and published his book. How many people are able and willing to go through all this hardship, trouble, effort and heartache? Five per cent? We think the proportion is far less.

Now he has the book in his hands! Where will he sell it? How can he sell it? The cost to him, in terms of money is five dollars. Of course this does not take into account his many hours of thought, research and composition, spent in grim loneliness as the only man on earth who cared about something more than food, sleep, sex and drink. Regardless of the fact that publication has virtually bankrupted him, his book is not a slick, colourful production. It cannot compete!

Again he saves every nickel and dime, piles quarter upon quarter, dollar upon dollar, scrounging enough to place a small advertisement in local newspapers. Nationally circulated magazines often charge thirty or fifty dollars a word, or eight hundred to a thousand dollars per column inch. If he is lucky, his ad may get past the scrutiny of the Editor, the Inspector of Classified Ads, the Advertising Council or some other censorship body. He is elated! His ad has been

accepted and he is about to make a breakthrough.

Elation and euphoria turn to despair very quickly when there is "no response" to his book. Usually he finds that the sales don't even cover the cost of the ads, not to mention the cost of wrapping, addressing, stamping and mailing. Moreover, there is the additional cost of replacing orders which are lost or damaged in the mails. His morale is near the breaking-point, but his troubles are only beginning.

A number of individuals and organisations, both private and governmental, have become alerted to his writings. Soon, he is visited by plausible characters pretending an interest in his book. Desperately he grasps at their straws of hinted help. Once again, he is exuberant! Finally someone has taken notice of his lonely, idealistic struggle. For awhile he is buoyed by new hope and great visions. But nothing happens, at least nothing of benefit to him.

Suddenly he receives threatening phone calls. His wife and children are menaced. His employer receives visitations, letters and anonymous phone calls. Then come the tax assessors, the city licensing inspectors, all with lists of difficult questions which only a qualified bookkeeper and maybe an attorney can answer suitably. Fire inspectors determine that the storage of so many books and papers constitutes a fire hazard. The postal inspector demands to know what he is selling through the mails.

If these formidable and inscrutable foes have not broken and embittered his spirit by now, he soon finds himself besieged by charges under the various "Human Rights Acts," libel suits, copyright infringement allegations and so on.

By now he is broken, unemployed, divorced, a penniless recluse, ready to be hauled into court where he will be "defended" by a court-appointed public defender who is anxious not to offend "his peers," that is, the puppet masters who secure him his job and who decide upon the appointment of the judge now glowering down upon him and the wretched author.

For his "far-out," "abnormal" thoughts the writer is made to suffer a mental examination, necessitating a stay in an insane asylum until the "findings may be evaluated." In consequence, he suffers traumatic damage to his self-respect and his family and friends (if he has any by then) suffer all the more.

If he escapes this orchestrated persecution with body and soul intact, he is a rare man, indeed. Thus does our "freedom of thought and expression" give another soldier in the cause of Justice his baptism of fire.

Vienna: I drove into Vienna yesterday. It was quite a drive, I can tell you — more than 11,000 kilometers. Crossing Saudi Arabia was a feat in itself. We took the northern route across the country and the heat was intense. However, at night it was very pleasant as we slept out under the stars, with the children in the car. From Turayf in Saudi Arabia to H5 on the Amman-to-Baghdad road, we had to cross 140 kilometers of sheer desert, with no road, and tracks running in all directions. I dug two Arabs out, who had got stuck in the soft sand and seemed incapable of understanding that they must not turn the steering wheel to one side or the other while reversing. By dint of using my watch and the sun, I reached the Amman-Baghdad road. Of course, large lorries do this trip daily, but their clearance is much greater. Cars often get lost with some unfortunate results.

Jordan was fine and we had a beautiful trip down to Petra. The government guest houses are not cheap, but well run. Petra really is a "rose-red city half as old as time," and Jerash has extensive Roman remains. After that, Syria with its constant wails for bakhsheesh (even by the border guards!) and its atmosphere of socialism and demoralization was quite a comedown. Damascus was the one place which had no hotel at all with any protected parking

place, so I had to unload every damned thing for the night. Thievery is rampant. But once in Turkey, which is fiercely race-conscious and has progressed considerably since I lived there in the 50s, everything improved. Food is really good, accommodations can be good, too, and the fact that I speak the language pretty fluently made all the difference.

The one real drawback to Turkey is that foreign women tend to be regarded as fair game, and I could not leave my wife for as much as five minutes. Still, we had a truly wonderful drive along the south coast from Mesrin to Antalya. It is one of the most scenic places in the whole world. We reached the ancient Greek city of Termessos, high in the woods and carved out of enormous blocks of limestone above the sea plain of Pamphylia. Then we slept in a bedbug-infested hotel on the plateau of Burdur, before continuing our trip up the west coast to Ephesus, Pergamum and Troy.

Crossing the Aegean, we found the Greeks demoralized, having lost out to the Turks repeatedly. As in Britain, they look to the European Economic Community, rather than their own efforts, to lift them out of the slough of despond. Still, the Greeks were friendly in the villages by the sea and it was a great deal better than Yugoslavia, which is my *bête noire* among the Balkan states. Years ago I noticed how much more cheerful and friendly the Bulgars were, although nominally hardline Stalinists. I am now convinced that Yugoslavia is a mess because it is a collection of mutually hostile peoples forced together by President Wilson (or Judge Brandeis and Colonel House). Croatia and Slovenia were a bit better. By the way, the Slovenes have a Vandalic racial element, which shows up in some of the girls.

Dallas, Texas: One of our subscribers recently received a solicitation from *Human Events*. On the cover of the envelope was printed, "Don't Open Unless You Wish to Remain Uninformed." The following is our subscriber's letter of reply: "I consider your communication the epitome of gall and deception. I am better informed than you are and I resent this kind of sneer from a publisher who has not read *The Dispossessed Majority* and has refused to accept a paid ad promoting its sales, who has denied his readers the truths of this great inquiry into the meaning of race and its significance in the future of our great country. No doubt you have done much good with your "biased" articles over the years, but I am positive that your "bias," being quite full of holes and inconsistent with full disclosures, rejection and cooperation in the suppression of this great book and other similar careful inquiries of this nature, will not preserve freedom here in America. I think I can keep up with the Washington scene without depending on a prophet with a broken staff, such as your owner, publisher and book reviewers."

Georgia: The Oak Leaf Committee held its first summer outing in a welter of activity, which included square dancing, swimming, canoeing and games of skill and chance. A movie was also featured on the two-day weekend — *Four Feathers* with Richard Arlen and Fay Wray.

When civilizations collapse, the mediator is out of a job. His face wears a dreamy expression of half-triumph and half-regret, as goats browse among the ruins, his ruins. For more details, order *The Mediator* by Richard Swartzbaugh, \$5 postpaid, Howard Allen, Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.

