

*illic heu miseri traducimur!*  
*Juvenal*

# Instauration®

VOL. 8 NO. 3

FEBRUARY 1983



THESE GOOD CITIZENS ARE NOT LOOTING -- THEY'RE DEMONSTRATING AGAINST THE KLAN

# The Safety Valve

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

Cholly's "You know you're in trouble if" proves that all Instaurationists are units of a single healthy human organism. We are scattered woefully thin across the face of a hostile, festering planet. The immediate task is to help maintain even a tenuous linkage of this company until the deteriorating situation forces closer and tighter bonds.

Canadian subscriber

I-N-S-T-A-U-R-A-T-I-O-N spells "relief."  
600

We need a new unifying religion which will set us apart and legitimize and institutionalize our norms of behavior.  
770

I am thinking about becoming a "cheerful barbarian," as I don't intend to stay in Los Angeles, get eaten alive and eventually die of pollution and population congestion.  
900

If 953's letter (January 1983) is not a put-on, then the situation is even glummer than Cholly makes it seem. I cannot for a minute believe that there is any educated, intelligent and sentient person in America who has never heard of Walter Cronkite except through the pages of *Instauration*. Where would such a person get his information on what is going on in the world? "Blissful ignorance" is indeed the phrase to be used, but how can such a person help our side when he can't even identify our enemies? If the letter is authentic, then 953 cannot possibly know enough about the real world to make intelligent decisions about what is happening to us. He is glorifying an ignorance that is no help at all to our cause.

373

Instaurationists would have been thrilled had they attended the International Scottish Games in Atlanta a while back. A huge arena was the scene of a Tattoo, featuring military bands, Scottish bagpipes and dances from the old country. The audience was terrifically responsive. It even stood through three national anthems, and could and did sing our own. The only coloreds I saw were from the park clean-up crew, plus a couple in the U.S. Armed Forces band. I saw no one of Asiatic or Latino appearance. The number of people who showed up for hours of bagpipe squealing astonished me. The throng (about 20,000) which attended the weekend games to watch burly athletes in kilts and listen to hundreds of massed pipers and drummers made the greatest show of pure Majority power I can remember seeing.

303

I have noticed a very distinct pattern of eating habits by blacks aboard my ship. Whenever roast beef is on the menu, they all want bones, which they pronounce with a deep, bass, gravelly drawl, "Boooooonnnnz." I have never seen a black eating a cut of rare meat. This is reassuring, since I come rare and resist being cooked. But then I have a lot of boooooonnnnz, too, and if you heard them pronounce the word, you'd hope they don't notice that you had any.

Mariner

I see the radical right is still resurrecting and reinflating Hitler -- the Hitler who declared war on the U.S. when U.S. Steel was out-producing the entire Axis combined.

579

If Britain were to mix race evenly across the board with every person currently in the United Kingdom, it would wind up with just about the same racial structure as Argentina. In race, as in architecture, form follows function.

975

If the Zionist proxy known as the "American delegation" ever storms out of the UN because of that body's continuous anathemizing of Israel, then Americans could ironically benefit from their Zionist yoke. (1) The taxpaying U.S. serfs would be spared the yearly tribute of over a billion dollars to cover 25% of the UN's operating costs; (2) An American decampment would most likely compel the scurvy UN crew to relocate, hopefully to another Third World metropolis, since the Soviets and Japanese would never play host to such a darkening swarm. Loss of a home might possibly lead to the ultimate dissolution of that useless body. And might not the loss of one prominent Western country prompt others to leave? Then perhaps the suicide-trance of "international brotherhood" would be broken and Westerners could take wide-eyed stock of their perilous collective situation. Of course, no credit for America's withdrawal from that nest of parasitic holiday-makers in mid-Manhattan should be given to the Jewish lobby. After all, it was that same bunch which helped to conceive, instigate and propagandize the UN's creation -- and was then rewarded by the UN's creation of Israel. One more point: Why didn't America walk out, terminate funding or threaten to when the General Assembly rejected the South African delegation's credentials in 1974?

021

It goes without saying that nonwhite and Jewish themes and characters dominate the booboscope, morning, noon and night. But what I find even more disturbing is the fact that this "white" quota is virtually monopolized by "white" minorities -- some of them off-white or even dark-white. Except for the inevitable aesthetic prop -- the usual dumb blonde, the lovely model, the WASP stereotype (and of course the "bad guys" who are usually Germans or other "Anglos") -- whites are usually East Coast ethnics, often with accents that betray their first-generation status, as well as their grammatical slobbishness and poor English. Some of them talk no better than blacky.

886

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## CONTENTS

The Haters and the Hated.....	5
A Tale of Unrelieved Horror That Could Only Have Happened in Desegregated America.....	8
Exiles From History .....	10
Heidi's Last Gasp.....	13
Cultural Catacombs.....	19
Inklings .....	21
Cholly Bilderberger.....	23
Talking Numbers.....	25
Notes from the Sceptred Isle .....	26
Channel XX .....	28
Primate Watch .....	29
Elsewhere.....	31
Stirrings.....	34

□ I once took umbrage at a Cholly article stating that Jews were an empty people and did not really exist save in the light reflected from Gentiles. Cholly speculated this came from some weird ancient genes. I was nettled by the pseudo-genetics of the idea. But recently I've come closer to Cholly's thesis: Goys are the ones who determine that the Chosen exist by buying Falwellesque blather. The Chosen are the ones who pass into and out of subjective existence in their own subjective world by being noticed or ignored by us. Good old Cholly makes a very good latter-day Bishop Berkeley. Apropos pseudo-genetics, Dr. Johnson rebutted Berkeley on a day-to-day level by informing Boswell a rock in the street ahead did not exist. To prove it, he kicked it vigorously and almost broke his foot.

104

□ I fluctuate mentally and emotionally from "things are looking up" to "who cares anyway, so let's eat, drink and so on." It's nice to know there are some kindred souls around. I love your magazine, but it's so truthful it's sometimes painful to read. Why must some of us be so burdened with this terrible knowledge of what our future holds, while most of our racial cousins go blithely on with their lives?

757

□ Instaurationists should be advised that mental patients at California's Patton State Hospital for the criminally insane voted in the November election. State officials explained that the loonies were allowed to vote because "they are not in prison or on parole."

900

□ Never overcome by Vikings or other enemies, the stolid Finns are still rejecting refugees, even "boat people." Recently this alternative was urged on them by the World Council of Churches. Take Southeast Asians and mud people or be exposed as racists. The shocked Finns got the WCC threat over national radio. The question will not be debated. It won't even be an issue. With the Finns -- it's no dice.

803

□ These thoughts are triggered by a New York Daily News article bemoaning the growing phenomenon of "black teacher burnout." The problems of today's black students are so overwhelming, it seems, that black teachers who deal with them are worn down in a few years. The black teachers' professional and personal goals suffer as they fall toward their students' level. No doubt, this is a real problem for many black teachers, whose IQs average perhaps 100. But how much more frustrating it is for, say, a white math or science teacher with an IQ of 125 to be assigned to a ghetto school!

552

□ "Conservatism and Racism" (Oct. 1982) was a bit difficult to grasp. If not conservatism, what would you suggest?

075

□ "The Obsession of the Black Middle Class" (Oct. 1982) was immensely informative for I know little about blacks, only the turmoil they create!

111

□ Zip 580 is free, of course, to prefer Bruckner to Mahler. So do I, and I agree that "Furtwangler's recording of the Bruckner Ninth is one of the score or so of great recordings of all times. But to dismiss Mahler as a mere plagiarizer (of whom?) can hardly do, for one could easily call Bruckner himself a plagiarizer of Schubert, or Brahms or Beethoven. Even Toscanini, who reportedly despised Mahler, would surely have regarded him as one of the top hundred composers. Methinks Zip 580 is suffering from irrational anti-Semitism and would not have brought this particular charge of plagiarism against Mahler had the latter not been Jewish. Our greatness consists just as much in what we as a people collectively do as in the creativity of particular persons. Both Bruckner and Mahler were products of "the spirit of the age," and the important thing to realize is that it was our age. There simply has never been such a thing as a "Jewish age" since Biblical times.

801

□ Dear Inmate X: I read with extreme admiration the saga of your life in Instauration (Oct. 1982). The sort of courage and tenacity you demonstrated is an inspiration to us all. I long ago decided what I would do under similar circumstances, and your example will give me extra inspiration if ever it should prove necessary. You have done your duty and more, both for yourself and your country. I am writing to assure you that you need never have any moment of self-doubt, whatever you may do in the way of giving an impression which may secure your early release. But most of all, I want to assure you that some people out here are not going to forget you, and it is the fine example of people like you which keeps me going.

936

□ As the excellent article, "The Obsession of the Black Middle Class" (Oct. 1982), pointed out, the "mixed ones" are perhaps deserving of a portion of my sympathy. Despised by real blacks, distrusted by real whites, their lot is (as in that Gilbert and Sullivan opera) "not a happy one."

606

□ Think of it, women can sit on Anton La Vey's lap. Joseph Campbell will hug the more attractive ones to pieces and will kiss them goodnight. Galbraith, Buckley and other Kowardly Kosher Conservatives baby women. Yet Wilmot Robertson remains a ghost hidden behind a single paragraph. We'll probably never get to know what he looks like -- and women are more curious about things like that than cats. There are plenty of visible, affectionate heroes on the left and in the middle, but the far right has no visible heroes. We must all feel like the Russian peasants did when they chanted, "God is in His heaven and the Tsar is far away." We have no symbols or visible person to pull us together -- and we need that. Don't underestimate the power of a Che Guevara, a Fidel Castro, a Hitler, a Stalin, a Galbraith or a Joseph Campbell.

935

□ Dear Cholly: I don't want to see our nation collapse; only the rotten system. Must be some way to make people behave, save the pieces.

038

□ I take strong issue with Cholly's "You know you're in trouble if" you believe that "the ordinary people" of the U.S. would take steps against minority domination if they really knew how extensive it is. Maybe Cholly is referring to the demoralized denizen of the dreamworlds of Academe, TV-land, liberal churches or New York City. If a national racial reaction will ever occur, you must have faith in the general commonsensical traditions and values of the "ordinary" American. Naturally, leaders must arise and serve as catalysts for the American Restoration, and they will come. But without a real grass-roots movement of honest, hard-working, salt-of-the-earth "ordinary" American people, we'll always be down. Here in New Hampshire there is a slow but steady realization of what our problems really are, and I can't believe similar "ordinary" people out in Wisconsin, Texas, Mississippi and Utah aren't undergoing a similar education. By selling the American people short, Cholly makes the same mistake as our enemies. We "ordinary" people are slow to react, but when we do, our opposition better watch out!

030

□ Many Jews like to ascribe the recent "return of their ethnicity" to specific "consciousness-raising" events like the 1967 Mideast war. But if one goes to the places where most Jews live -- Los Angeles, say, or New York -- one finds a much simpler explanation. There are virtually no WASPs and few Majority members still around whose behavior might "rub off" on them.

117



□ I've noticed that young whites seem to have adopted a black ghetto culture and attitude. I'm not just talking about drug use, sexual behavior or music, but also their attitudes toward police and society as a whole. The working-class kids, of course, don't have a very large cultural gap to close to become like blacks. But even the middle-class kids have converted. Admittedly, blacks are still more crude, more destructive, more violent than young whites. But the hippies of the sixties had a certain caring, a reason for what they were doing. The kids of the seventies are a waste, and their effect on society is the same as that of blacks. America has about as much future as a terminal cancer patient.

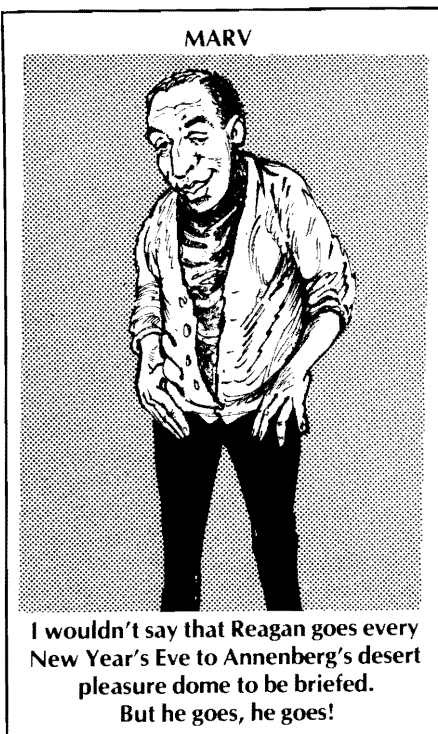
633

□ Yesterday, while dining with my mother in Jersey City, I heard the definitive Negro opinion of Columbus Day. One old Negro woman was complaining that this "ain't no holiday -- dat ole man been dead so long he oughtta be forgot by now." I wonder what she thinks of Martin Luther King Jr. Day. Incidentally, October 9 was Leif Ericson Day, officially observed only in Minnesota, as far as I know. Since the Vikings came to the New World centuries before Columbus, why was there not one, but two Columbus Day parades in New York? The first was a "United Hispanic Parade," whose grand marshal was "Mexican-born American" Anthony Quinn, who proclaimed, "We were here to meet Columbus."

191

□ Marv is neat, but I think he would look more Jewish is the tip of his nose hooked under a touch more and his chin was not quite so strong.

406



□ Who says that Nobel Prize winners are per se the cream of the crop? Would any of your readers want a baby that looked like Martin Luther King Jr., had the ethics of Willy Brandt, the dignity of Henry Kissinger, the foresight of Ralph Bunche and the kindness of Menahem Begin? We are in danger of falling into the same grievous error as our opponents -- setting up Man as a higher judge than Nature. We are assuming that the committee of the Nobel Prize givers is smarter than Mother Nature. Just like the liberals who think they can legislate racial differences out of existence. Just like the capitalists who think that monetary wealth is the measure of the man. Just like the Christians who think that goodness is measured by religious piety. Just like the Communists who think that the most praiseworthy are those who produce the most tractor widgets. Whatever happened to the human values -- the Natural values? If IQ is the greatest goal, just look around at the Western world and explain where "smartness" has gotten us. Give me medieval vigor any day! If material wealth is the end goal, take a look at the way the wealthy West is polluting the earth, destroying Nature, using up irreplaceable resources and annihilating wildlife. If religious piety is the goal, just look at the mental constipation it causes -- from the persecution of astronomers centuries ago to the persecution of geneticists today. Thanks very much, but I'll take my cue from Nature.

902

□ With the November issue, Instauration continues on its merry course of both saving America and scrapping it. Actually, Russell Means and Cholly B. (and I) are saying the same thing, "Europeans have long since lost all touch with reality, if ever they were in touch with it." Christianity, capitalism, socialism, Marxism, liberalism and now, last but not least, Reaganomics. Each is a form of insanity created by taking a small element out of context and expanding it into a universal principle.

202

□ My Western Civilization II history teacher thinks that Karl Marx was "brilliant," but was kept out of the teaching profession by "discrimination." He also thinks that the Bolsheviks overthrew the old order in Mother Russia to "modernize" the government.

330

□ May it be posited that canons and not canons present the greater danger to our people?

637

□ Why don't we hear more about Paraguay? For their nation to survive, Paraguayans had to fight off the inroads of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay simultaneously, with heavy casualties among their fighting men. Later on there was their little war with Bolivia, which they easily won. Today Paraguay is developing hydroelectric plants and will soon be supplying electricity to its neighbors, although the country still remains largely rural and its morale is not sapped by prosperity. It is governed by a benevolent despot, General Alfred Stroessner, who is much like the late Salazar of Portugal.

Australian subscriber

□ I am not one to defend Jews and Israel, but an active defense of the Palestinians would seem to compromise some of our ideals and put us in a hypocritical situation. Prior to 1948, Palestine was pretty much a backwater like Libya or Yemen. An enterprising group of fanatics managed to steal enough money and guns to boot out the locals and then proceeded to build a new state. The Palestinians got a raw deal, but so did the Amerindians, the bushmen of South Africa and the Maori of New Zealand. I can't imagine an honest Instaurationist wasting an excess of emotion on the plight of the Australian aborigines.

The Jews, by illicit means and huge amounts of money, have managed to do to a small area in the Middle East what Englishmen did to two continents and parts of two others. The Palestinians have become second-class citizens or refugees for the same reasons Amerindians became second-class citizens and were exiled to reservations. They were outgunned by a more efficient and technologically advanced people.

804

□ Many thanks to Mark Curtis for an eye-opener of an article in "The Obsession of the Black Middle Class" (Oct. 1982). A most incisive analysis. But thumbs down on Instaurationist 021, who seems to think a return to Odinism is "quatsch." I don't know what quatsch is, but I hope it's something nice, because 021 had better go back and study the situation more closely. Historically, he hasn't done his homework. It's time he got off his buns and talked to a few modern Odinists. Odinism is not just a ray of hope; it's the only ray.

136

□ As with most publications on the humanistic side of academe, philosophical journals are mainly concerned with avoiding anything "controversial." For the most part, they exist only to service the need for survival of those who must publish or perish. In fact, the entire philosophical profession is obsessed almost solely with the study of philosophers of the past -- with the history of philosophy. There are virtually no true philosophers among the professors of philosophy. Anything of philosophical portent today comes from somewhere else.

984

□ Senator Helms and the American right wing have transformed themselves over the last five or six years into religious or economic fanatics. They have left behind any concern for their race or the broad concerns of normal white citizens.

521

□ When a homosexual was violently attacked on a Long Island beach last summer, Washington Post columnist Richard Cohen traced the deed directly to a letter penned by a part-time staffer at Jerry Falwell's Thomas Reed Baptist College in faraway Lynchburg, Virginia. "Demagoguery" is what Cohen called the staffer's expressed opinion that "most decent Americans would rather be a Nazi than a homosexual." Since it is always open season on Nazis in America, Cohen must have reasoned that this rhetorical linkage made it seem like open season on homosexuals too -- hence the Long Island bashing.

026

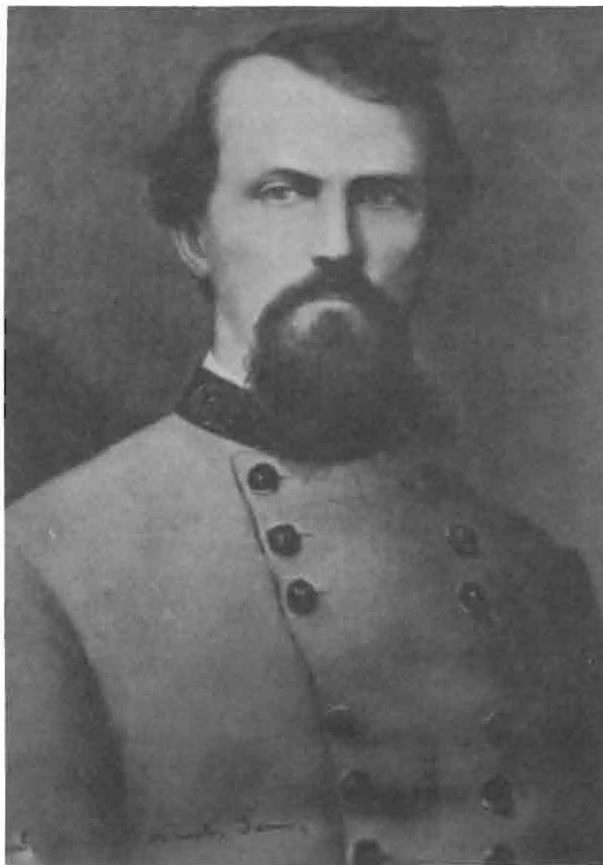
# THE HATERS AND THE HATED

If China had two distinct races, and their segregation had been a major tenet of Chinese social life for hundreds of years, and this segregation had been ended by a strong central regime during the 1950s and 1960s, millions of Chinese lives would have been lost during the years of change. Indeed, the fairly unique racial arrangements of the American South, had they existed in any Third World country, could not have been terminated without massive bloodshed and upheaval. Even in a Southern European nation like Italy or Spain, the ensuing violent deaths would have numbered at least in the thousands. As it was, in coolly Nordic Dixie -- its sultry, provocative climate notwithstanding -- the desegregation era deaths can be counted in *ones and twos*.

The great myth is that the extraordinary peacefulness of the white South's abdication of its most sacred social practices was largely due to the nonviolent *rhetoric* of black leaders like Martin Luther King Jr. The buried truth is that the peaceful change resulted from the *non-violence* (occasional rhetoric aside) of the Citizens Councils and other fire-eating white groups, who never behaved as their counterparts in any nonwhite country would have under similar provocation.

Let us not forget that King's methods of civil disobedience were usually compared to those of Mahatma Gandhi, whose endless calls for civility worked only for as long as Britishers confronted Asians in India. When the conflict became internal, Asians against Asians, *millions* died brutal deaths. Once the alien "tradition of the English Christian gentleman" was withdrawn, writes Raymond B. Cattell, the "inherent insincerity of the . . . aggressions hidden in 'passive resistance' " became apparent immediately.

What King and his followers did in the American South was only what any aspiring group anywhere would have done if confronted with a bunch of rather decadent "English Christian gentlemen." (Aspiring groups in post-colonial Africa must behave altogether differently if they hope to prevail.) The unprecedented restraint seen in Dixie was actually the doing of the militant white factions, who, *in a position to be violent*, killed



Lt. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest—Klan Founding Father

only a few people and bombed or burned only a few buildings during a 15-year period when a region of some 50 million people was being turned upside down.

It is no exaggeration to state that, in regard to their reaction to the civil rights movement in the 1960s, the American Ku Klux Klan was the mildest, most peaceable so-called radical or terrorist group of consequence in history. The Klan's record even at the height of desegregation stands in glaring contrast to those of various militant immigrant factions -- Chinese, Vietnamese, Hispanic, Sikh -- which have already commenced a bloody slaughter among themselves in the U.S. and Canada. The Canadian Sikhs, for example, are already indulging in religious/political killings at a rate about equal to the integration-era peak of all Southern crackerdom. The

Sikh community numbers only several thousands.

We are forever hearing that every large population group "inevitably" contains a militant wing. Shouldn't white Americans then be grateful to the militants among them for comporting themselves so passively while a difficult national transition was made? Shouldn't we see an occasional editorial in the *New York Times* or on the CBS Evening News ending with the words,

*Thank you, Southerners, for behaving so reasonably. Thank you for not running wild as any Asian or African or Latin would have done under like circumstances. The nation owes you a lasting debt of gratitude.*

Ironically, one must answer: no, we should not see such editorials, because our debt to Southern, white supremacist or Klan passivity will be anything but "lasting." In fact, the entire Nordic race has let itself down biologically by ceasing to produce that militant element which alone guarantees the survival of any people. Consequently, people of all other races now regard former "Klan country" -- places like Florida and Texas and, increasingly, Alabama -- as very desirable places to live. Even in darkest Bogalusa and Picayune, immigrants may rest assured that the locals are really just "English Christian gentlemen" who would not dream of harming a hair of their fuzzy heads. That sounds downright heavenly, and it is for a while -- until it becomes plain that America's Third World



immigrants are not about to go on without harming a hair of our unfuzzy heads.

It becomes more apparent with each passing year that the white fire-eaters of America did their people a great disservice by cutting their naughtiness level practically to *absolute zero*, thereby paving the way for tens of millions of interlopers with only the most primitive moral scruples.

The editorials of the future should say, sarcastically, "*Thanks a million*, Ku Klux Klan, for behaving in such a gentlemanly fashion. *Thanks a million* for not teaching unwanted intruders an occasional lesson, thereby permitting our once-fair continent to be overrun by warring Third World gangs." Needless to say, such editorials will never appear, the way things are going now. Instead, the Klan -- and all other manifestations of white nativism and white survivalism, even the mildest and most pathetically pleading -- will be treated as the national scapegoat, the Great Demon which all immigrant groups can agree to hate. Obviously, a militant black or Hispanic outfit could not serve this cathartic function, because militant blacks or Hispanics (of which there are millions) would literally raise hell if "public opinion" tried to cast them in the Demon role. But the Klan, precisely because it is the mildest terrorist group in history, makes the ideal universal whipping boy. The recent events in Washington make this plain.

Most Americans have some rough idea of what transpired in the nation's capital last November 27. Thirty-six Klansmen showed up to protest against the proposed granting of amnesty to millions of nonwhite aliens residing in their country. Some 5,000 counterdemonstrators, mostly black, were also on hand, promising to smash the Klan -- physically, they made it very clear -- should the 36 try to use their constitutional right and their parade permit to march up Pennsylvania Avenue. Seeking to avoid a massacre, the Washington police secretly bused the Klansmen to another location, where they were allowed to make a token protest and then sent out of town. Many of the counterdemonstrators, angry at being denied what they called their "right" to physically confront opponents whom they outnumbered 150 to 1, proceeded to vent their "righteous frustration" on everything in sight -- cops, cars, shop windows and merchandise. For more than two hours, a riot raged furiously, much of it within a few blocks of the residence of Ronald and Nancy Reagan.

That much just about everyone knows or should know. But few Americans are fully aware of the liberal/conservative establishment's reaction to these events -- a reaction which tells us infinitely more about the advanced moral decay of America than the fact that several hundred more Negroes went bananas.

Readers of the *Washington Post* were treated to a week-long demonstration of how completely the old American spirit of fair play has vanished. A retrospective article by Ken Ringle provided the single note of sanity in the madness. Ringle described the historic parade of August 8, 1925, when an estimated 35,000 robed Klansmen and women marched down Pennsylvania Avenue. The *Post* at that time called it "one of the greatest demonstrations this city has ever known," adding:

Accustomed to the big parades and pageantry, Washington was surprised by both the size and the nature of the klan demonstration. The Capital was unprepared for such a throng and such a spectacle . . . . Even those who differ with the philosophy of the klan were free in praising the great parade.

Ringle noted that Washingtonians stood ten deep along the

route to cheer the gay, orderly procession. Those who felt differently kept their thoughts entirely to themselves. The largest state delegations came not from the South but from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The mostly Nordic Protestant demonstrators accurately perceived that their land and their "square" way of life were perched over an abyss: "New York is now a foreign state," they warned. Little racism was manifested that day: "As long as the black remain black and the white remain white, all is well," said one speaker. Eighteen special trains had brought the Klansmen to town. Though they marched quickly in ranks 22 abreast, it took 3½ hours for their procession to pass a given point. Ringle ended his account on an almost pathetic note:

"Some day a child will sit on your knee," said a speaker that day, "and he will say: 'Grandpa, were you in the parade that day?' And what will be your answer?"

From the assembled Klansmen in the audience came the concerted reply: "We were!"

Of course, this never came to pass. The grandchildren of the 35,000 marchers were taught in school and on television that the Klan was simply "evil." And no nice old Grandpa wants his little ones to think he is evil. (So also goes the reasoning of many elderly Christians in the U.S.S.R.)

Despite its numbers in the 1925 march, the Klan was a minority even then. But its reason for marching -- to bring immigration under control -- was supported by a large majority of the American people. Thus, it was perfectly natural that non-Klan and even mildly anti-Klan people would turn out and cheer a bit as the impressive, dignified procession passed.

Today, things are much less natural. The Klan hardly exists, yet its clearly expressed reason for marching last November 27 -- to oppose runaway immigration -- is supported by an overwhelming majority of the people. A Roper poll showed that 91% of Americans want all illegal immigration ended now. Even blacks are against it. One expert study after another has shown that anywhere from 50% to 80% of immigrants are taking jobs away from Americans.

Many of the blacks who turned out to bash the Klan on November 27 distributed flyers demanding jobs from the Reagan administration. Yet that is precisely what the Klan was demanding. The blacks were joined in some of their mayhem by several hundred Palestinians. Apparently they cared not at all that many Klansmen had championed Palestinian rights. What a bunch of ingrates!

As for the Jewish Klan-haters, among them the late Norman Mayer, the anti-nuke freak who died a few weeks later after threatening to blow up the Washington Monument, they drifted away when the blacks and Palestinians predictably linked Israel, South Africa and the Klan in their chants. Many of the 23 stores smashed and looted in the rioting were Jewish-owned, and most of these Jews did not hesitate to call the black culprits "animals." Well, really now, what do they expect? How many Jewish merchants are flourishing anywhere in black Africa? It is only the white presence which makes Washington safe for Jews. The only thriving Jewish communities on earth outside of Israel (if one can call Israel "thriving") are in the Nordic nations and in partly Nordic France. And the long-hated Klansmen are simply a part of the militant, protective wing of the Nordic race -- a necessary social factor with obvious counterparts in every enduring race on earth. As with the black and Palestinian Klan-haters, one may say of the Jews, "some gratitude!"

There is no real reason for anyone to be hating 36 powerless, horribly outnumbered Klansmen in this day and age -- except that they serve the universal scapegoat function so desperately needed by a fractured nation.

How well they serve that function! Consider Dorothy Gilliam's column in the *Washington Post* (November 29).

The looting did no credit to the anti-Klan movement. But in any war[!], no matter how heroic are the soldiers, there will be some among them who will rape, rob and plunder. And wherever you have a large crowd where you don't check credentials at the door, a certain criminal element will be drawn as well . . . .

The sophistication of the masses was, in the end, a thing to behold. These were not bedraggled, struggling, drugged-out potheads. It was a strong racial and cultural mix: Latinos, blacks, whites and Palestinians.

At one point, when a black man was grabbed by three policemen, the racially, economically and culturally mixed crowd chanted, "Turn him loose. He is not the Klan. Turn him loose." The police let the man go . . . .

A riot is senseless and purposeless. The anti-Klan protestors had a right to their fury . . . .

So despite the violence and looting, yesterday represented a kind of limited progress and a healthy sign . . . .

It would be a shame if conservatives . . . don't get the message of the masses . . . . The KKK is part of a level of obscenity we won't tolerate.

Three times Gilliam described the rioters as "sophisticated." This rhapsody was too much even for the *Post's* readers to swallow -- but the way in which they protested was most revealing. Indeed, it was frightening.

One E.J. Haegelin wrote, "The KKK is without question a reprehensible, ugly and perverse organization in its methods and ideals. But . . . ." Michael Stempler wrote, "That the KKK represents *all* that is evil and obscene in America cannot be questioned . . . . But . . . ." Mark I. Croke wrote,

It is necessary to start almost any discussion on the recent Ku Klux Klan rallies with two statements: the Klan does enjoy a First Amendment right to espouse its views; and, the views espoused by the Klan are abhorrent and repulsive to the vast majority of Americans.

That having been said . . . .

Indeed, almost every letter printed by the *Post* (and there were many) contained similar fearful disclaimers. No one *dared* to criticize the Klan's outrageous opponents without first making it crystal clear they loathed the Klan. That such caution makes for boring and repetitive reading goes without saying. But then, *Pravda* is not exactly exciting either.

More importantly, the fearful disclaimers were often transparently false. The Klan obviously does *not* represent "all" that is evil in America. It does represent, however, an organization that goes beyond the shrinking limits of "acceptable" opinion. The point is that the "evil" in America *cannot be questioned*. This is the statement that *is* essentially true. The article you are reading now could only be printed in a handful of America's thousands of periodicals.

The letters to the *Post* against Dorothy Gilliam were almost unbelievably smug. Take this one from Benjamin P. Schoen:

Mrs. Gilliam takes a cheap shot at "conservatives . . . who created the climate in which the Klan rally could take place

. . . ." If conservatives are responsible for creating a climate in which (1) free speech is allowed even for unpopular groups, (2) the Klan could rally a grand total of 36 people for a march in the nation's capital (in contrast to the 35,000 Klansmen who marched here in 1925), then those conservatives deserve applause, not condemnation.

Mr. Schoen has forgotten one thing. There were not 1,000 times as many Americans concerned about the racial transformation of their country in 1925 as there are today. In fact, a tremendous body of evidence suggests that, while the number of racially concerned Americans is slightly less today, they are infinitely more worried and upset than their grandparents ever were. Why, then, did they not march in 1982? The only answer is a simple, four-letter word: FEAR.

Unlike in 1925, vast numbers of Americans fear to express their most heartfelt beliefs. Theirs is not simply a physical fear of being bashed by unrestrained black hoods; it's a fear of losing jobs or promotions by speaking out; and a fear of losing the precious love of family members who have been brainwashed to believe that marching peacefully against immigration is an "evil" which leads straight to the gas chamber!

Yes, Mr. Schoen, thinking white Americans live in fear, and the phony "conservatives" have as much to answer for as do the liberals in permitting this fear to grip a once open society. Tens of thousands of Washington-area residents would love to take part in a forceful "white survival" march, yet they have no means of safely doing so. Meanwhile, blacks, Hispanics, Jews and others march openly and regularly to defend their collective interests, and not a soul opposes them.

The hate directed at white activists is fathomless. When several Klansmen appeared beside the Capitol building with their wives, burly blacks came up to them and laughed, "You try to march, and we'll . . ." The things they said they would do to the wives' private parts are unprintable. The Klansmen could only look down at the pavement in despair. Any appropriate response would have landed them in the mostly black D.C. jail, where anything can happen.

The *Washington Post*, eager to print everything that the Klan-haters had to say about the Klan, devoted only a few short paragraphs in a single article to how the Klan was presenting itself:

Tom Robb of Arkansas, a Klan chaplain carrying a Bible, told reporters his group was protesting a bill in Congress that would grant amnesty to millions of illegal aliens who arrived here before 1977 . . . .

"The Lord will re-establish the foundation of this nation upon . . . white Christianity and western civilization," Robb said, when reporters asked what the general goal of the organization was.

Blood-curdling stuff, no?

Anyone who examines the literature put out by the Klan and its opponents in preparation for November 27 is in for a real education. One Klan flyer says: "Hundreds of billions of dollars are being spent on national defense, yet why should we have armed forces with expensive weapons when America is literally being invaded and conquered through immigration?" Another handbill says: "Passage of [the Simpson-Mazzoli immigration bill] would be the worst government action taken against white Americans since the *Brown v. Topeka* Supreme Court decision in 1954, which forced the integration of our schools." Everything distributed by the Klan was in this rea-

soned language. Nowhere did an iota of hate emerge in the Klan literature. Nowhere does it say "we have been invaded and conquered through the immigration of colored scum" or anything remotely similar. All the phraseology was carefully measured. This, then, is America's "lunatic fringe."

The anti-Klan flyers are exactly the reverse. One reads, "Lately these racist vermin are crawling out more and more openly . . . these low-life criminals . . . racist and fascist scum . . . capitalist bloodsuckers . . ." Another, "Drive these racist vermin back into their holes . . ." A third, "Only 28 of the racist swine turned out. They cowered like sewer rats . . . wetting their pants . . . two dozen fascist creeps. . . [marching] for genocide."

This hateful attitude also pervaded the letters and opinion columns of the supposedly tolerant *Washington Post*: "the Klan laughably strutting in a sheet-shrouded parade from beneath their rocks"; "the Klown march"; "that Neanderthal group of misfits"; "the terrorists -- that is, the KKK"; "vipers"; "hoodlums"; "ugly"; "vicious, violent, ignorant, cowardly, mob-minded"; "hooded idiots"; and on and on. One suburban reader was annoyed that fire hoses and "vicious police dogs" were not turned on the Klan!

All of this language says a lot more about the bottled-up

hatred of the "respectable" readers and writers of the *Post* than it does about the three dozen badly frightened, yet stalwart, young people from the farms and small towns of the Deep South.

Each of the *Post's* self-righteous ignoramus needs to be asked: "Have you ever in your life read a *single* book, a magazine, even an article produced by the Klan, or by other white survivalists?" They might then be reminded of the 50,000 or so hours they have spent perched before the boob tube, all of whose emissions originate with an ingrown, Klan-hating clan of Hollywood writers.

Yes, the *real haters* should be challenged on this point. Not that it would do any lasting good. An hour later they would be plugged back into Hollywoodspeak and NewYorksspeak again, blissfully oblivious to all real dissent.

We the hated, forbearing "swine" and "vermin" and the like, have but two words for supersmug Majority members who cheer when assorted Marxists, minority racists and street gangs shred the Bill of Rights. These two words are "sheep" and "robots." Without rancor, but with a trace of sorrow, we call them by their correct names, regretting our birth into so cowardly a species.

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## The Hi-Fi Murders

# A TALE OF UNRELIEVED HORROR THAT COULD ONLY HAVE HAPPENED IN DESEGREGATED AMERICA

What does it really mean to say that 22,958 Americans were murdered in 1980? To grasp the full significance of this figure, you should immerse yourself in the sordid details of just one of these murders, or in this case a triple murder after a sordid three-hour torture session. Read, if you can stand it, if you really want to learn about the age we're living in, Gary Kinder's searing new book *Victim: The Other Side of Murder* (Delacorte Press).

Those Americans who have not yet forgotten (if they ever heard of) the "Hi-Fi murders" in Ogden, Utah, in 1974, will vaguely recall a tale of several people being rounded up, forced to drink Drano, and then shot in the head. Few will stop to consider -- unless, perhaps, someone in their family has suffered a similar fate -- that those three hours of mayhem, torture and death still reverberate painfully and powerfully eight years later in the lives of the two survivors, their relatives and the relatives of the three who didn't survive. Paradoxically, out of all this mass desecration of just about every human value emerged the heroic story of one young man who, against all odds, refused to die.

Cortney Naisbitt was 16 years old in the spring of 1974, tall, thin, but well-muscled, with the blond good looks of most of his family. April 22 was the most exciting day of his life: he had soloed in an airplane. But he never got home to tell about it because, stopping off at his cousin's hi-fi store en route, he interrupted a robbery in progress and was forced into the

basement by two pistol-wielding blacks. Hours later, he had been reduced to a heaving, clammy, rubbery-blue, unrecognizable hunk of meat with tubes and hoses hooked in everywhere. Some doctors initially gave him just minutes to live. Incredibly, Cortney is alive today -- but it took him months of agony to do things like wiggle his fingers, swallow water, or say his first word. As he gradually came around -- a withered, infection-ravaged, yellow-skinned creature -- his pain and frustration were sometimes so great that he would scream "god-damn!" continuously for 24 hours. Those who struggled to pull him through one crisis after another often wondered if they were creating a monster.

Later -- much later -- Cortney learned to walk feebly, and even entered college part-time. His IQ slowly climbed to 123, and he renewed an interest in computers. This was not surprising for a boy who had planned on being an aeronautical engineer since he was five. Still, parts of his brain were permanently damaged by the bullet's impact, and the emotional trauma of his ordeal further compromised his talents. Today, while he can work difficult mathematical problems, he cannot explain what he has done; he often forgets what he was told three minutes earlier; and his motivation, formerly A-1, is rather poor. He is struggling to make it as a social worker of sorts -- and flying is far beyond his reach.

The man responsible for wrecking Cortney Naisbitt, brutally slaying his mother, and changing forever his father's and sib-



lings' lives, is a short, squat, ugly Negro from the island of Trinidad. Gary Kinder's description of Dale Pierre calls to mind all too many other black killers of white dreams. One of eight children in a family which mixed crime with piety, Pierre has a swollen and misshapen head, a broad nose and bulbous lips. His parents are strict Seventh-Day Adventists, but his mother's brother once decapitated their sister with a machete for no particular reason.

Needless to say, the family's past did not disqualify the Pierres from migrating legally to Brooklyn in 1970. Dale, then 17, had the usual visions of riches and white women dancing in his head. When his fortune failed to materialize overnight, the young Pierre decided to join the Air Force. He was soon stationed at Hill Air Force Base outside of Ogden, where, before long, he allegedly drove a bayonet through the face of a sergeant.

Homicide investigator Don Moore, 6' 6" tall and every inch intimidating, knew that Pierre was the guilty party, but all his evidence was circumstantial, and he could not make the 5' 5" runt crack or even fidget under tough questioning. Pierre's commanding officer, Colonel John Neubauer, also knew he was a killer, and once confessed, "I lie awake at night worrying about that guy. I just wonder who he's going to kill next." Yet even after Pierre was later caught red-handed stealing cars, the military bureaucracy could only crank slowly toward an "honorable discharge."

Before that discharge came, Pierre saw the Clint Eastwood movie *Magnum Force*. In one scene, a pimp pulls a can of liquid Drano out of a pocket in his fur coat and forces some of it down a hooker's throat. She claws and kicks and gags, but expires in less than a minute. Sweet. But it seems the lovely creatures in Hollywood, forgetting how impressionable America's criminal elements can be, neglected to test some Drano on a living person. And, as Cortney Naisbitt can testify, one does *not* die in a minute. In his case, it took weeks for his raw and bleeding esophagus to close up altogether. (It was later replaced in an 8-hour operation.)

In the course of the robbery Pierre and his black buddy took their own good time loading \$24,000 worth of stereo equipment onto a waiting van. As the hours passed, the original employee-hostages, Stan and Michelle, were joined first by Cortney, then by Stan's worried dad, Orren Walker, and finally by Cortney's worried mother, both of whom had come to find out why their sons had not come home to dinner.

Everything Pierre did was leisurely and haphazard. After tying her up, Pierre untied Michelle, an attractive 19-year-old, made her undress, raped her, tied her up again, and only then forced her to drink Drano. While she was vomiting, he shot her in the head. She only had one sock on when her body was found. She had left her clothes in a neat pile on a table while being forced to prepare for her last ordeal. The shot in the head must have come almost as a relief after what she had gone through. The indecency of the black savage pursued her to her last breath.

Consider the treatment meted out to Cortney's fellow survivor, Orren Walker. With guns at their heads, Walker and the other bound victims had no choice but to join what Pierre laughingly called his "cocktail party." Walker, who had worked with chemicals, guessed from the biting fumes and the sizzling in his mouth that what had been described as "vodka and some kinda German drug" was hydrochloric acid. He pretend-

ed to swallow, kept the Drano in his mouth and later let it leak out. He then coughed and gagged as violently as the others who had actually swallowed the poison. Sometime later, Pierre took a close-range shot at Walker's head and managed to miss. Minutes afterward, he shot again, this time hitting his target. Walker nevertheless remained conscious. Later still, Pierre cinched a cord tightly around Walker's neck and spent some time trying to strangle him. Finally came the *piece de resistance*: Pierre jammed a ballpoint pen into Walker's ear and stomped on it repeatedly, driving the point all the way through to Walker's throat. Yet when the killers finally left and the cops arrived, Walker managed to stand up and tell what had happened, the pen still sticking out of his bullet-shattered head.

The scene encountered by the cops, police technicians and ambulance personnel was so hideous—blood, guts and vomit splattered everywhere—that many suffered nightmares for some time. One can only imagine the feelings of family members as they learned the ghastly news, especially the feelings of the Naisbitts as they first saw their dead mother/wife and all-but-dead brother/son. There followed the never-ending series of complications which brought Cortney (and the rest of the family) brutally down every time he started to convalesce; the "openings" in Cortney's amnesia, when he seemed to relive April 22; the day that Byron Naisbitt finally told his hospitalized son why his mother never came to visit. Add to these horrors the horror of the American legal system, which repeatedly sentenced the killers to death but refused to kill them. To this day, Dale Pierre is on death row, but, as Kinder explains:

A convicted murderer condemned to death in the state of Utah will have his case taken through at least eight major levels of appellate review, nine if the final authority of the Board of Pardons is considered. In addition the defendant can bring numerous interim actions outside the established appellate process, each requiring briefs and argument before one or more courts.

The transcript of the first Hi-Fi Murders trial alone ran 4,400 pages and cost \$16,480.20. The direct cost of that trial was some \$54,000. Additional court expenses were over \$60,000; the incarceration of the men has added nearly \$250,000 (as of 1982), and Cortney's treatment has cost \$100,000 (not all covered by insurance), even though some doctors insisted on working for free. Then there are the various appeals costs. Yet the killers' identity was never in doubt.

Still, money has been the least of the expenses. After more than eight years, Cortney's sister, Claire, thinks of the crime every day. On the other hand, she hardly dares to recall fond memories of her mother, since they lead automatically to thoughts of her mother's horrible death.

While Claire Naisbitt still grieves, Dale Pierre is dreaming bigger dreams than ever. He writes, "I have always been obsessed with the idea of living easy." So he "will buy a little chicken ranch somewhere in California and go into the egg business"; or he will join Amway and end up with a silver limousine, a yacht and three corporate jets. He also remains something of a Bible-thumper, quoting the good book occasionally to justify his bad deeds.

*Victim* is lawyer Gary Kinder's attempt to show the other side of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*: a crime story no less gripping but seen from a perspective which any of us might someday share. Here, there is no sympathy for the killers, and the only blame placed on "society" is for its failure to hang the

murderers. Seven years in the making, Kinder's book is exquisitely crafted -- right to the closing monologue. There, Cortney's father, obstetrician Byron Naisbitt, a Job-like figure of infinite patience, quietly excoriates the American legal system, chal-

lenging it to release the killers if it will not carry out the verdict and sentence first reached in 1974 and reaffirmed repeatedly ever since.

## EXILES FROM HISTORY

Before the 1930s, many Jewish writers and speakers were much more candid about the profoundly *dualistic* nature of Jewish ethics -- its division of humanity into an "in-group" and an "out-group" -- than they have dared to be since. For half a century now, the great Jewish fear has been that telling the plain truth about themselves and their value judgments would lead to another Hitler. This severe self-repression has, inevitably, hidden Jews not only from their neighbors but increasingly from themselves. Many a Jew of high IQ and wide erudition no longer knows what he believes at the deepest levels of his being. He no longer *dares* to know because those beliefs have become so divergent from the mild, pluralistic mask which he wears for the non-Jews and, increasingly, for himself.

Some individual Jews have attempted to circumvent the pose so stiffly maintained by institutionalized Jewry, to get past all the pat verbal formulas and back into the realm of gut-level Jewish hopes and fears. They see truth-telling as the best way to avoid anti-Semitism. But a much greater number of Jews insists that the mask be kept on because the *goyim* (a fiendish lot) will otherwise manipulate what is behind the mask to justify attacking the Jews.

Still, the truth-tellers persist. They do not tell all the truth, but they come much closer than the bland "spokespersons" of the Jewish establishment. Philip Roth showed America the inner conflicts and resentments of many a Jewish male in *Portnoy's Complaint*, then later wrote a thinly disguised novel whose protagonist was a truth-telling Jewish writer taken to task by his elders.

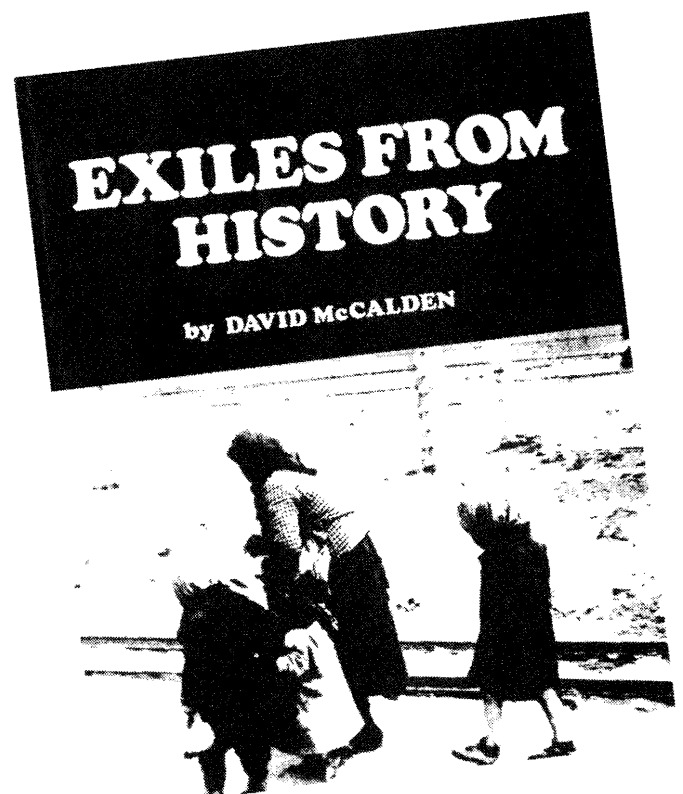
One group of Jews which had gone a hundred times further than Roth in substituting Jewish realities for Jewish "public relations" is the circle of psychohistorians who contribute to editor Lloyd deMause's *Journal of Psychohistory* (2315 Broadway, New York, NY 10024, quarterly, \$18 per year). The Fall 1978 issue of this journal (at \$6 a copy) is devoted entirely to the subject of "Judaism as a Group-Fantasy." It asks whether the ideas which Jews hold about themselves and others condemn them (and us) in advance to a wild Jewish roller-coaster ride through history. Most revealing is the lengthy lead article by Dr. Howard F. Stein, a University of Oklahoma professor of psychiatric anthropology, entitled, "Judaism and the Group-Fantasy of Martyrdom: The Psychodramatic Paradox of Survival Through Persecution." Stein's one great flaw is that he speaks too much of Gentiles persecuting Jews and not enough of Jews persecuting Gentiles (as in the early Soviet Union). This can be forgiven him, however, because of the abundance of light which he throws on the entire Jewish obsession with suffering and destruction. Other articles in the Fall 1978 issue have titles like "Jewish Radicalism: A Psychodynamic Interpretation," "The Israeli Illusion of Omnipotence," and "Jewish Rage in Art." Obviously, no one who is working toward an understanding of the Jewish psyche and its impact on modern culture and history can afford to be without this material, even if most of the

contributors are far less revealing -- and far less courageous -- than the singular Dr. Stein.

Stein has found a worthy Gentile disciple in a young social activist of Ulster Protestant background named David McCalden. The former editor of the California-based *Journal of Historical Review*, McCalden has expanded on some of Stein's thinking in his new book, *Exiles From History: A Psychohistorical Study of Jewish Self-Hate*.

Perhaps it is going too far to call McCalden a "disciple" of Stein, since he writes, "Even the most candid of Jewish thinkers avoid facing up to the inherent [self-hate] that lurks within the breast of Jews." This element of Jewish self-hate can be over-emphasized, however, which may be the one major flaw in this otherwise perspicacious work.

Despite his subtitle, McCalden is well aware of the true complexity of this problem of Jewish *self-regard*. At one point, he cites a Jewish scholar describing some Jewish leftists: "Their self-images varied between extremes -- from worthlessness to superiority -- and with many there was an attitude of martyrdom, a 'bittersweet' anticipation of revenge . . ." That is to say, revenge against the lucky, well-rooted Gentiles, whose feelings of self-regard do not fluctuate violently between extremes; revenge against *history*, against *nature*, which gave to



Jews the unique combination of a high level of abstract intelligence or IQ and a low level of physical attractiveness and emotional pleasingness.

Jewish self-hate, in short, does not derive from a total weakness or lowness of nature. If it did, Jews would simply invert all human values, embrace the nihilistic Sermon on the Mount or Nirvana, and put their faith in another world, as billions of low-destined souls the world over have always done. Such people, by the way, do *not* usually hate themselves: they are generally quite complacent and self-satisfied, like the fish in the sea.

It is rather a condition of *status inconsistency*, of high status juxtaposed with low status, which leads to the emotional distress felt by all "marginal" peoples. The black psychiatrist Frantz Fanon was much sharper mentally than most of the citizens of the country whose culture he wished to adopt (France). Still, he was a Negro, and regarded as such. This grave status discrepancy put him on a lifelong emotional seesaw. One day he saw himself as a Negro, the next day as an acute thinker. Obviously, a white from an old French family who was also an acute thinker would never feel the same self-doubts.

Sociologists have developed an entire literature dealing with *status inconsistency*, but, being sociologists, and part of a crypto-Jewish priesthood, they speak and write only of *social* statuses: for example, of a person's income level, of his or her education, of national (but rarely racial) origins. *Biological* facts, on the other hand -- such as whether or not someone has a big, ugly schnozz in the center of his face -- are passed over in all but the rarest of studies. Yet Jewish self-hate is, as David McCalden recognizes, a distinctly *biological* phenomenon: Jews who have reached the pinnacle of success within Western societies have remained profoundly troubled by their physical beings, which a part of them realizes do not *belong* at the pinnacle of any Western society. On the other hand, Jews who do not attempt to "pass," who remain 100% true-blue Jews, rarely suffer this kind of status tension.

Tragically, self-hate has usually arisen among people who had something, often a great deal, going for them. The most refined Jews are often the suicides. The truly weak, undeveloped masses of humanity go their merry way and proliferate like rabbits.

To concede the many good points of Jews is not, however, to deny the extreme danger posed to humanity by their bizarre, unbalanced position-in-life. Not only are Jews one-sided *biologically* (with an adequate abstract intelligence often far surpassing a weak emotional development and understanding of others), but they are also one-sided *economically* (with usurious occupations still predominating over productive ones) and *demographically* (with an international dispersion rather than national cohesion).

Jews are truly the fiddler crabs of humanity, and their single giant claw often gets them -- and the rest of us -- spinning in circles. Clearly, it is not a question of "blame" -- what Jew can help being a Jew? -- but of understanding. This is what McCalden means when, at the start of his book, he declares, "I do not have an anti-Semitic bone in my body." He is absolutely right if by that he means: "I do not blame any Jew, or anyone else, for being what he inescapably is." Unfortunately for inter-ethnic understanding, Jews do not customarily see things in this detached way. To them, what matters is that McCalden devotes his entire book to demonstrating that Jewish ideas, and the major Jewish personalities who have expounded them, are

profoundly flawed. This constitutes purest "anti-Semitism" to 99.9% of Jews, unless the critic offers a sure way out of the dilemma.

Certainly, the way out of the Jewish problem is *not* "better education" or anything of the sort, but a reconcentration of the entire Jewish people in one territorial setting. As soon as this happens, the 3000-year-old nightmare of the fiddler crab will begin to abate. With it, in time, would go the imbalance between Jewish usury and Jewish production, and the psychic imbalances built into the Jewish nature. Jews could become complete, symmetrical beings -- on a high level if they favored eugenics and automation. Symmetry -- national normalcy -- would then reveal itself as the true Messiah, the deliverer from evil needs and evil deeds, for which generations of confused Jews have prayed.

This *pure* kind of Zionism would be a very wonderful thing, unlike the compromised kind (now prevalent) which seeks a Jewish Israel as the head of an ongoing Jewish Diaspora which would continue to lord it over the various host populations. Since the Bible speaks of Zion someday ruling the world, it will be hard to make Jews accept a pure Zionism. But, ultimately, their mental health and perhaps human survival demands their acceptance of a normal role as "a nation among nations" (not, abnormally, a nation insinuated among the nations). This diminished Jewish role is what McCalden and all people of good will and deep understanding must aim at. The Jews themselves will resist their own normalization bitterly, but, as McCalden writes, "only by exploring, describing and alleviating" the Jews' unique love-hate relationship with themselves can "the rest of the world . . . be spared their xenophobia," a xenophobia which the Jews (powerful as they are) defensively project onto those around them, thereby creating big and little Hitlers.

In his Introduction, McCalden writes, "To describe or even to criticize any group's behavior patterns is not the same as wishing to destroy that group." For anyone to immediately jump to that conclusion, as many Jews do, suggests a profound psychological blockage. McCalden wishes that better-qualified academicians and therapists would confront this obstacle, but, since all organized groups come to behave like priesthoods, it will usually fall to outsiders and iconoclasts to make the real breakthroughs. So it is that author McCalden must put his own honesty and courage against the learned Goliath of the academy.

Goliath is vulnerable. McCalden cites the case of Professor Peter Loewenberg, a psychohistorian unworthy of the name, who dropped Lloyd deMause, Howard F. Stein and associates like a hot potato upon learning they would devote an issue of their journal to "Judaism as a Group-Fantasy." McCalden himself attended a Loewenberg lecture at the Psychoanalytic Institute in Los Angeles, and heard him tender the common Jewish claim that Germany's National Socialists had a Freudian "fixation" on excrement. Why else would they have "literally" turned millions of Jews into excrement? "The audience of students and psychoanalysts," writes McCalden, "didn't even bat an eyelid; I might have been the only person in the room to ponder on what kind of academic mentality could fantasize human beings turned into excrement."

McCalden became fascinated by this phenomenon of a highly qualified professor lying blatantly to his students and apparently suffering from "neurotic anal nightmares." He was moved to seek an explanation for the behavior and gradually learned that the same "denial of reality, the seeking of refuge

from facts" -- indeed, the same obsession with excrement, and projection of that obsession onto others -- was common throughout Jewish history. It became apparent that, "This is not just an intellectual exercise. It is a field of research that may very well have consequences for the future of the world."

*Exiles from History* proceeds to short chapters dealing with three major Jewish figures: Marx, Trotsky and Freud. All three emerge as titanic hypocrites who specialized in "exposing" the presumed hypocrisy of others. Marx, the great public champion of the proletariat, privately despised Slavs, blacks and workers generally. He also tended to despise Jews, but this was (naturally) a touchier subject. When son-in-law Charles Longuet casually mentioned Marx's Jewish origins in a flattering newspaper article, Marx became enraged and demanded that it never happen again. Nearly every Jew who crossed Marx's path "was subjected to anti-Semitic ridicule, usually of the most puerile kind, dealing with physical features and so on." When one of Marx's daughters married an octroon, the phony egalitarian referred to the poor man as "the gorilla," "the nigger," and so forth. *Goyish* sidekick Freddie Engels could be almost equally hypocritical. And so, to this day, are many leftist Jews and intellectuals. Somehow, their own deceit makes the brave public honesty of their rightist foes all the more galling.

There was a lot of self-hatred in Marx, who often signed his letters with "Old Nick," the Victorian slang for Satan. His sincere socialist opponents, like the ethnic Russian Michael Bakunin, came at last to see right through Marx and the international left in general, perceiving them as so many "agile, speculating Jews" -- revolutionary brokers, much as their cousins were literary brokers and financial brokers.

Bakunin's heirs lost out in the 1917 struggle for power because they lacked the Jewish Bolsheviks' international connections. In his chapter on Trotsky (Lev Bronstein), McCalden recounts what happened when Trotsky's Russia-bound ship stopped to refuel in Halifax, Nova Scotia (March 1917). The British authorities arrested Trotsky

on the sound rationale that he was heading for Russia to take Russia out of the Great War and thereby increase the Germans' capabilities on the Western front. But in a stunning reversal of "how things are supposed to be" the American President Woodrow Wilson intervened with the British, and Trotsky was allowed to continue on his way since he had the advantage of an American passport.

While pretending to be one of the "little people," Trotsky was actually linked to mega-bankers and politicians the world over. So were the other leading Bolsheviks, many of whom came from elite Jewish backgrounds. The true Russian populists, the Bakunins, never stood a chance.

Some readers will find McCalden overly generous in his interpretation of Trotsky's "contradictions":

It would be easy to dismiss Trotsky and his fellows as mere charlatans, tricksters and hypocrites. There can be little doubt that George Orwell based the pigs in *Animal Farm* on these crooks. But somehow, this "criminal" explanation does not totally fit the bill, for the "ideals" propounded by Trotsky and company were given theoretical support from respectable Jewish organizations in the West. Can it be that there is some "split personality" at work here, where the Bolsheviks actually believed in what they were advocating, but another part of their personality kept superimposing itself on top of their "princi-

pled" side? Did Trotsky perhaps fantasize that he was not Jewish; that he was not privileged; that he was in search of justice? Was there a side of him that was struggling to be Gentile; that craved to feel inside himself the Gentile values of honor, truth, courage, and fairness? Did he envy these qualities so much that he turned jealousy to hate; turned a wish-to-be-like into a wish-to-destroy? All we can do is speculate, because unfortunately little is known of Trotsky's real psychology. There are no personal letters, no opening-up to friends or family, no records at all of any substance. All we can do is line up Trotsky with his kinfolk in this psychohistorical study, and see if we can find any interesting patterns of behavior showing up.

Wherever our speculations may lead us, let us never forget the horrendous things which the Bolsheviks actually said and did.

Trotsky: "Blood and mercilessness must be our slogans." Again:

Terror as the demonstration of the will and strength of the working class is historically justified, precisely because the proletariat was able to break the political will of the intelligentsia, pacify the professional men of various categories and work, and gradually subordinate them to its own aims within the fields of their specialties. (*Izvestia*, January 10, 1919).

Zinoviev (Hirsch Apfelbaum):

We will make our hearts cruel, hard and immovable, so that no mercy will enter them, and so that they will not quiver at the sight of a sea of enemy blood. We will let loose the floodgates of that sea. Without mercy, without sparing, we will kill our enemies in scores of hundreds. Let them be thousands; let them drown themselves in their own blood! For the blood of Lenin and Uritsky, Zinoviev and Volodarsky, let there be floods of blood of the bourgeois -- more blood! As much as possible! (*Krasnaya Gazeta*, September 1, 1918).

At the same time these calls to genocide were resounding throughout the Soviet Empire, the "respectable" Western Jewish publications were saying things like: "There is much in the fact of Bolshevism itself, in the fact that so many Jews are Bolsheviks, in the fact that the ideals of Bolshevism at many points are consonant with the finest ideals of Judaism." (*London Jewish Chronicle*, April 4, 1919).

McCalden gives several such examples from that time. He might have added that this evil Jewish reaction to Jewish evil scarcely abated even when the extent of the evil became known to all. Just recently, Elie Wiesel, the high priest of the Holocaust, appeared before a New York Jewish audience and said, "In the beginning, the Communists, the Zinovievs, they meant well . . ." Wiesel was not entirely pleased with the outcome of Soviet Communism, but he was extremely proud of the overwhelming role his people played in bringing the terror about.

In his discussion of Sigmund Freud, David McCalden concludes, "Could it be that psychiatry amounts to no more than Jews telling the rest of us that we suffer from Jewish neuroses?" In a later chapter, he partly answers this: "In abusing clients with sexual and scatological terms, the therapist is telling more about himself or herself than . . . about the client." This may seem an extreme position -- until one examines the evidence behind it. Jewish psychotherapy has been proven repeatedly not to work, at least for Gentiles. This may explain why, in a Maryland study, nearly half of the patients undergoing psycho-

analysis were found to be Jewish.

On a larger scale, consider that, until Hitler came along, some of the great anti-Semites of history were supposedly the 15th- and 16th-century Inquisitors of the Catholic Church. Yet some of the worst of these persecutors were converts from Judaism. The "social neurosis" at work here was largely the Jews' own. But rather than admit this to themselves, they defensively projected it onto the majority Christian population. And, eventually, a part of this majority began to act out the role assigned to it.

"Why?" is the apt title of McCalden's closing chapter. We Gentiles can answer that question as readily as the Jews because, as the saying goes, "it takes two to tango" (or tangle). Earlier in his book, McCalden briefly considers the Gentile

naivete which is the "flip side" of Jewish paranoia. But "the detailed discussion of that gullibility must be left until another book." Let us hope this promise is eventually kept. In the meantime, we can find plenty to ponder in the information and train of reasoning that David McCalden lays before us.

Let us not assume we can teach others much. But let us insist on informing ourselves to the fullest.

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## Our Instaurationist reviewer was not too animated

# HEIDI'S LAST GASP

For many years one of the Majority's last redoubts in the entertainment industry was the animated cartoon. The pacesetter was Walt Disney Studios, virtually the only major Hollywood studio owned and operated by good ole boys from the Midwest instead of rug salesmen from New York. Remarkably, the cartoon units at the Jewish studios were also mostly free of minority control. At Warner Brothers a largely Majority crew of animators cranked out an endless stream of short cartoons for the theatrical market throughout the 1930s and 40s with only minimal supervision from the front office. Although Leon Schlesinger was nominally the producer of Warner Brothers cartoons, his disinterest in the finished product was notorious. As long as cartoons kept within their budgets and made money, directors like Chuck Jones, Tex Avery, Bob Clampett and Robert McKimson had free rein for Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig and other characters.

The reasons were many and various. The high degree of technical skill demanded by animation was probably the most important since Jews have seldom excelled in the visual arts.

Although critics have long accused Disney's animated features of excessive sentimentality, one has only to compare them with the cartoons produced by the Max Fleischer studio, the one all-Jewish animation house. Fleischer is famous for his early Popeye cartoons, still in abundance on television. In the late 30s, however, Fleischer produced a wide range of animated shorts, many in the same fairytale bailiwick as Disney's. These cartoons are seldom seen today, and it's probably just as well. An animation staff whose list of personnel reads like the board of directors of a synagogue is hardly qualified to make cartoons that appeal to non-Jews. In fact, Fleischer's Christmas films are hair-raising farragos of lathered-on sentimentality, overblown cuteness and misunderstood, misapplied emotion-eering. Disney's cartoons may have been sentimental, but they were permeated with a genuine depth of feeling that Fleischer's animators in New York City couldn't hope to duplicate.

The truth is, more may have been wrong with Fleischer's cartoons than just their essential Jewishness, urban sensibility and occasional Yiddish slang. Jewish cartoon buffs, leaving a Fleischer retrospective show of mind-numbingly bizarre and surreal Betty Boop cartoons, have been known to shake their heads and mumble, "What kind of dope were those guys on?"

Audiences fifty years ago must have been even more appalled, which may be one reason why Fleischer Studios never made it big and was eventually absorbed by Paramount.

Animated cartoons for theaters died a natural death in the early 50s. Television was coming in, theater owners were showing fewer cartoons, and costs had skyrocketed. The studios' cost-cutting became all too obvious. Gone were the lush backgrounds and the smoothly animated character movement so notable in earlier cartoons. In the end, most studios closed their animation departments entirely. Disney had long since moved into feature-length animation and live-action movies. The last new Donald Duck cartoon appeared in 1956.

It was at that time that two directors for MGM's cartoon unit, Joseph Barbera and William Hanna, were laid off after a decade and a half of grinding out Tom & Jerry cartoons. Seeing that television was the only major market available for animation, they devised a low-budget system of limited animation that would present the illusion of movement while remaining cheap enough to be profitable. The idea worked. Since then the number of animated cartoons and television programs to emerge from the studios of Hanna-Barbera has been legion. Their work is all over Saturday morning children's shows, where they have been joined by competitors like Filmation and the decidedly minority partnership of Rankin-Bass. Compared with the beautifully animated cartoons of yesteryear, the product is generally dreadful -- ugly, unappealing characters who barely move, and scripts that sound as if they had been written by first-graders for kindergarteners. The voices either imitate radio comedians of another era or just try to sound "funny." Along with the social taboos of the age (minority groups must be well represented, female characters must be presented in positive roles), the Saturday morning wasteland is enough to turn any child's brain to rice pudding.

Every once in a while, Hanna-Barbera takes a shot at a theatrical feature. One such was *Charlotte's Web* (1973), a generally creditable adaptation of E.B. White's children's classic.

Not so creditable was 1982's *Heidi's Song*, an animated version of Swiss writer Johanna Spyri's 1880 classic. In the first place, the novel has been filmed in live action at least four different times, including a 1937 film starring Shirley Temple.



Whether another version was necessary is questionable. Whether Hanna-Barbera was the studio to do it is even more questionable.

The one good thing about *Heidi's Song* is the character design of Heidi herself -- an adorable little blonde girl in a dirndl. The astonishing thing is that Heidi was *not* a blonde in the original novel! As Frau Spyri told it, Heidi's grandfather had taken up with a presumably Italian woman while off to the wars in Naples and Sicily. As a result, Heidi had dark brown skin, black eyes and curly black hair. But blondes are good box-office, so blonde Heidi became. Just the relief of seeing a decent little fair-haired girl act sweet and lovable on the silver screen in these dismal times almost saves the film.

But not quite. The movie is otherwise an abomination. Hanna-Barbera has been turning out Saturday morning hackwork for so long that it has apparently forgotten how to do anything else. *Heidi's Song* is cluttered with the buffoonish low comedy of Saturday morning, not excepting the studio's peculiar hallmark of snickering dogs. Every few minutes, the plot comes to a sudden stop to insert a musical number, usually to the vast boredom of the small fry in the audience. The songs are all vapid and unmemorable (credited to Sammy Cahn and Burton Lane), and reach a nadir of inanity when a delivery boy dances with his horse.

Negative ethnic stereotyping gets in some licks when a sympathetic, apparently French character in the book is changed to a goose-stepping Prussian. The story itself is confused, with a complete disregard paid to any rational progression of the seasons (when it's winter in Frankfurt, it's still spring in the Alps). Central European geography is completely rearranged (Peter the goatherd rides to Heidi's rescue from the Swiss Alps to Frankfurt in a matter of minutes). A dream sequence in which Heidi dances and plays with poltergeists and kobolds is rather nicely done, but that's early in the movie. After that, it's downhill all the way.

The strangest scene comes toward the end. The trend in animated features has been to hire celebrities to do the voices for their name value, even if it means warping the story to accommodate a big name (as in Disney's *The Rescuers*, based on Margery Sharp's children's book, where the heroine was changed to a Hungarian mouse to allow Eva Gabor to do the voice). Lorne Greene was hired to read Heidi's grandfather in a ludicrous Cherman accent. The other big name is Sammy Davis Jr.! In a movie calculated to offend both purists who wouldn't want a Negro anywhere near a story so European, and dewy-eyed liberals who would be pleased to see a minority in a "positive" role, Sammy took the part of the big cheese of a swarm of rats about to gnaw Heidi alive in a dark basement. The character, listed in the credits as "Head Ratte," wears a magenta "dude" hat and sings a song about how rats have to be mean, rotten and nasty.

Run, do not walk away from *Heidi's Song*.

The 1982 Christmas season's other major animated release was *The Last Unicorn*, Rankin-Bass's adaptation of Peter Beagle's fantasy novel. While more interesting than *Heidi's Song*, it was still a weird, unsatisfying melange, the product of running a beautiful European myth (unicorns) through the meat grinder of the minority mentality (an ineffectual magician named "Shmendrick") and then farming it out to a Japanese animation studio for production. The girl the unicorn turns into is the standard "pretty girl with a heavy heart" seen all over Japanese animation.



*Heidi being scolded by the unkindly Fräulein Rottenmeier*

Ominously, a majority of the endless animated Christmas specials that crowd the airwaves every year has emerged from the Rankin-Bass factory. Concocted by Jews and made in Japan, the specials have managed to define Christmas for whole generations of American children.

The theaters where I saw *Heidi's Song* and *The Last Unicorn* were almost completely empty. The kids were all lining up to see the re-release of *The Empire Strikes Back* -- and I can hardly blame them.

### Ponderable Poem

They have given us into the hands of the new unhappy lords,  
Lords without anger and honour, who dare not carry their swords.  
They fight by shuffling papers; they have bright dead alien eyes;  
They look at our labour and laughter as a tired man looks at flies.  
And the load of their loveless pity is worse than the ancient wrongs,  
Their doors are shut in the evening; and they know no songs.

We hear men speaking for us of new laws strong and sweet,  
Yet is there no man speaketh as we speak in the street.  
It may be we shall rise the last as Frenchmen rose the first,  
Our wrath come after Russia's wrath and our wrath be the worst.  
It may be we are meant to mark with our riot and our rest  
God's scorn for all men governing. It may be beer is best.  
But we are the people of England; and we have not spoken yet.  
Smile at us, pay us, pass us. But do not quite forget.

G.K. Chesterton  
The Secret People (last two stanzas)

# The Author of "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" Replies to His Critics

I would like to thank the government economist, the professor of philosophy and Cholly Bilderberger for their comments on "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" (May and June 1982).

Briefly, the fundamental thesis of my article can be reduced to:

(a) The basic function of DNA/RNA is the transfer of information to and from a different order of existence, here called the inframind.

(b) This function manifests itself in life forms in at least two ways: as memory and as evolution.

(c) Some of what impresses humans as "uncanny" is in fact only a manifestation of this same DNA-based information transfer in somewhat uncommon ways or with unusual intensity.

With the above recapitulation in mind, let us examine what my critics have questioned. First, those of the economist.

Contrary to his complaint, the table of the "Psychosomatic Externals of Religion" is by no means arbitrary, and it is simply not possible to construct "quite different tables . . . by the dozen." The descriptive material in the table is actually present in the ethnographic data extracted from the world's religions. The fact that I have tied the material to the respective cognitive structures and programs of the central nervous system (listed under "Aspects of the Self") should also be quite clear to anyone who has studied psychology above the rat-testing level.

Religion is not a "proto-science" (a common misconception). It is a self-imaging, and therefore self-definition, of man as a psychophysical subsystem of a psychophysical supersystem. Like art, religion *must* be antithetical (or at the very least, complementary) to science, since science deals with the outside world and feedback from it, whereas religion deals with the world inside man, and its self-expression. This antithesis is seen most clearly in the history of the white race over the last millennium. The overriding characteristic of this history has been the decline of religion and the contemporary rise of an increasingly "objective" perception of the world (culminating in science and technology). In other words, the deepsoul has been suppressed in favor of neocortical consciousness. It is the story of Doctor Faust. It is the process whereby evolutionarily surpassed stages invariably come to be viewed as "evil" (outmoded, neurotic mumbo-jumbo). Hence the general disparagement of the religious mind by those who are more highly conscious. This is actually due to the self-preservational fear of consciousness that it may fall back to that

earlier irrational, even semi-lunatic stage. But the negative side of this coin is that it is precisely the deepsoul -- with all its primitiveness -- which contains the lifedrive.

The economist suggests that the concept of God "is infinitely improbable." Why the concept of God should be "infinitely improbable" escapes me, unless one assumes an anthropomorphic picture of God such as the Christian Zeus, with all his Mediterranean trappings.

As for "my" claim that man is the cause of the universe, let me quote Charles W. Misner, Kip S. Thorne and John Archibald Wheeler (in *Gravitation*, San Francisco: W.H. Freeman & Co., 1973, pp. 1216f.):

Dicke (1961) has pointed out that the right order of ideas may not be, here is the universe, so what must man be; but here is man, so what must the universe be? In other words: (1) What good is a universe without awareness of that universe? But: (2) Awareness demands life. (3) Life demands the presence of elements heavier than hydrogen. (4) The production of heavy elements demands thermonuclear combustion. (5) Thermonuclear combustion normally requires several [billion] years of cooking time in a star. (6) Several [billion] years of time will not and cannot be available in a closed universe, according to general relativity, unless the radius-at-maximum-expansion of that universe is several [billion] light-years or more. So why in this view is the universe as big as it is? Because only so man can be here!

In brief, the considerations of Carter and Dicke would seem to raise the idea of the "biological selection of physical constants." However, to "select" is impossible unless there are options to select between. Exactly such options would seem for the first time to be held out only by the over-all picture of the gravitational collapse of the universe that one sees how to put forward today, the *pregeometry black-box model of the reprocessing of the universe*. (Authors' italics.)

The entire concluding chapter of *Gravitation* discusses in detail the *reason* for the universe. It is to be strongly recommended that thinking men and women actually read what the cosmologists themselves write, instead of what laymen write *about* their writings. Rather than offer ourselves up to 19th-century rationalistic materialism, which imagines everything to be composed of sensorily palpable, sharply defined "hard objects" (e.g., electrons as little balls) in Euclidean space, we would more closely approach truth by admitting the "mental" and very indeterminate nature of basic matter. The frontiers of modern science are a far remove from the rigidity of such materialis-

tic thinking.

Let us take in particular the discussion of information transfer via non-Euclidean channels. If, with a one-sentence metaphysics, we deny the existential possibility of any "classically acausal" correlations or of anything "unphysical," we abandon the entire discussion of the soul and memory to religionists, quacks and politicians, to say nothing of arbitrarily closing our minds to any alternative explanations of the world. It then becomes a matter of a no-win fight with seven-day creationists, astrologers, demagogues and those who would have us believe that they are "chosen" -- by a god of their own particular choosing.

What, one may fairly ask, is the evidence for an "inframind"? Exactly how does DNA/RNA (or other organic compounds or structures) in all probability accomplish the feat of memory-transmission to and from a different order of being, assuming this order exists?

For a long time it has been known that learning causes the formation of more RNA in the brain. In fact, the process of dreaming now appears to be, at least in humans, part of the process in which the short-term memory (stored primarily in the frontal lobes) generates the corresponding long-term memory by coding the RNA for it in the hypothalamus, a deepbrain organ. In this species-specific process, the short-term "causal" memory is fused with the genetically stored "phyletic" memory (DNA-coated memory of the phylum). And all research points to DNA/RNA as the main mechanism of both long-term and phyletic memory.

A foremost brain researcher, Dr. Paul Pietsch of Indiana University, in his book *Shufflebrain* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1981), explains what modern science has found out about memory and mind. He reveals that the brain matter stores memory (i.e., is not itself memory) by means of a Fourier transformation (a complicated calculus operation underlying holography) on a "non-physical" level of existence inelegantly called "transform space," and then recalls it from this level. This "space" (merely a way of labeling this level of existence, not any three-dimensional space in this world) is what I have called the inframind.

From Dr. Pietsch's investigations, which are far too exhaustive to be reviewed here, we can deduce that life's primary information-carrier, DNA/RNA, although not the only possible means of memory storage/retrieval in transform space (the inframind), is the smallest, most ubiquitous and most efficient, and hence primary one for life forms. And the memories it stores are not only memories of the individual but also the in-

nate, "instinctive" memories which generate racial morphology and behavior.

Further, regarding Julian Jaynes and his book, *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, Jaynes merely talks about the origin of modern consciousness and the voices and visions or archaic man, and their occurrence today. He never goes into the archetypes, except to note that hallucinations frequently include authority figures from one's own childhood. (As for being "ignorant of rival theories" of Jaynes: I have not only read Jaynes's book but listened to his lectures and held conversations with him personally on his theories.)

Finally, the "Gaia hypothesis" does not "decree" that the universe is an "Ineffably Interconnected One." It is a scientific hypothesis that life on earth has all the markings of a single living organism and therefore is a single living organism. The evidence for this is seen especially in the biology-favoring homeostasis of the atmosphere and oceans over billions of years.

My second critic, the professor of philosophy, after noting some similarity of the argument in "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" to the philosophy of Hegel, says that in Hegel it "can be argued" that "what is is what is best," and so, likewise, in the reasoning of my treatise it "can be argued" that the present state of the world is "best."

One flaw in Hegel's brilliant system is that it allows for little or no indeterminacy in evolution. His *Weltgeist* (the planetary inframind) is assumed to be an inexorable, dialectical path to consciousness in man, culminating in the state as the incarnation of inframental morality. There is, indeed, much in favor of Hegel's view. However, he was unaware in his day (1770-1831) of the indeterminacy of the quantum and the "slack" which consequently occurs of necessity in evolution in the Euclidean universe, to say nothing of what might be the case outside of this universe. This "slack" can result in evolutionary aberrations which can in no wise be explained with theodicies interpreting the state of the world as the best possible. Hegel supposed that the dialectical advance of the *Weltgeist* would overcome any threat to its progress. He did not anticipate that a wry twist could occur in his dialectic and that what has now happened could happen: the victory of criminals.

The professor might find it informative that the view of man as a sense organ of the earth is not derived from airy and purely deductive speculations, from German Romanticism, from Teilhard de Chardin or other, similar sources. In part, it is derived inductively from the theories and findings of modern science. Naturally, universal unanimity does not exist here. As Cholly has pointed out, this is also the weakness of my argument, since induction is never as reliable as deduction.

All of the new discoveries in biology are consistent with the great philosophical breakthrough of modern evolutionary epis-

temology, which has updated the realization, slowly developing since Kant, that life forms are *knowledge systems*. This breakthrough has in fact revolutionized all of modern biology.

British plant physiologist Rupert Sheldrake's *A New Science of Life: The Hypothesis of Formative Causation* (N.Y.: State Mutual Book & Periodical Services, Ltd., 1981) treats in much greater detail the morphogenetic interplay between inframental memories and bodily structure as the true basis of evolution. (Sheldrake does not use the term "inframind" but rather "morphogenetic fields.") Darwin's theory of natural selection only explains how the various species are restrained from overwhelming the earth (as hyperconscious man is doing now), not how mutations arise in the first place.

Initiation of some evolutionary mutation occurs when genes "jump" from one spot in a strand of DNA to another one, or get reduplicated or lost altogether. ("Jumping" genes were first discovered in Indian corn.) But the most fundamental part of mutation occurs when, in Sheldrake's view, the DNA in a zygote somewhere "remembers" the morphology of a species with similar DNA in a similar situation, a species extant at some other time or place. In fact, in Sheldrake's empirically testable theory, every member of a species, at its conception, "enters into morphic resonance with" (i.e., "recalls") the physical structure and function of its own ancestors in this way, and thereby makes their structure and function its own. In this manner (which we might call "zygotic anamnesis"), the genesis of each and every individual living form, whether plant, animal or microscopic organism, is a reenactment of the drama of evolution.

After morphological mutation has occurred, natural selection establishes the new form's role, if any, in the global organism.

But for man, the agent of natural selection is man himself. Not only can man commit true suicide; he can also convincingly deny to himself that he is doing so, until he is actually dead. Intentionally caused human death, of oneself or others, or both, occurs all the time everywhere. We may be about to annihilate most of ourselves, *en masse*, very soon now. The inhuman Jewish "antithesis" to the human "thesis" may in fact bring this about within the next decade or so, perhaps commencing with Israel's nuking of the Arab countries or wherever anti-Semitic governments might appear. The possibility is very, very real, courtesy of the USA.

What I am maintaining is that there is enough indeterminacy in the laws of evolution -- the same indeterminacy which in the individual constitutes free will -- to permit the emergence of a truly criminal species: one which can actually abort all evolution *instead of* growing into a vehicle of higher consciousness for the planet.

But let us proceed to what the professor finds to be the major difficulty, namely:

(a) The planet Earth is at least an indeterminate inframind, whose sense organs we are.

(b) Without DNA or RNA there is no life.

(c) The planet Earth, to be an inframind, must be alive.

Conclusion: the thesis contradicts itself, since it is obvious the planet Earth does not consist of DNA/RNA and, as per the premises, cannot be alive. Hence the whole idea is wrong. *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

What "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" actually maintains is that the sum total of biological organisms on this planet constitutes the information-gathering "body" of the planetary inframind. By "sum total" is meant not just what humans can see, but also the millions of viruses and bacteria that we breathe in and out every minute, as well as those in the oceans and those wafting out in space. A clearer definition might be obtained by comparing our planet with the others of our solar system. Those others are indeed lifeless in the sense that they have no (or at least no significant amounts of) DNA. On the other hand, except for the infrastructural bulk (core to crust) of our planet, the earth is indeed virtually a "pulsating mass of DNA and RNA." There are in addition many mysteries, such as why the oceans are not far saltier than they actually are, and exactly where all of the world's water is coming from (it should have evaporated into space billions of years ago) and how, at coincidentally just the right rate, it is being replenished, all of which hints that perhaps the planet's infrastructural bulk, too, is alive -- i.e., that knowledge-transmission ("thinking") is not dependent on organic molecules alone.

But perhaps the professor believes that spatially distributed organisms strewn over our globe cannot communicate over distance and across time. As Dr. Pietsch discovered, however, transform space, where memory resides, is not any three-dimensional space in this world. It is merely a Hilbert-Riemannian type of "hyperspace" which exists apart from the perceptual Euclidean space and perceptual Euclidean time of humans. But (in contrast to the illusory space and time we perceive sensorily) it really does exist.

Finally, it is appropriate to discuss what concerned Cholly -- the fickleness of science and the precariousness of our reliance on it. As Kant pointed out, we humans really have no exact idea of just what the realities are which underlie our perceptions in what we call space and time. For Euclidean space and time are *a priori* cognitive categories imposed by our innate mental structure, categories which make the process of perception possible. However, we can only formulate approximate scientific descriptions of what we perceive by using Riemannian (that is, higher-level, more-than-three-or-four-dimensional) geometries. In fact, the only real-

istic basis for modern philosophy is *hypothetical realism*. That is, we *hypothesize* that there is a reality outside of "us," but we do not *a priori* know this (although the man on the street thinks he does). We further hypothesize that external reality is *structured*. On the basis of these two hypotheses we can begin to explain the evolution of senses in planetary life forms. (Why have senses if there is nothing to sense?) And as a refinement of the brain logic evolved to apprehend the hypothesized structuredness, mathematics stands revealed as *structuristics*.

But, as any physicist or biologist knows or should know, the "bare facts" leave us far from the possession of conclusive knowledge about the ultimate reality of life or of matter. I do not wish to give the impression that, as Cholly has suggested, I am putting the cart before the horse by obsessively allowing the pieces of the puzzle, the "facts," to determine their own significance and the structure of the puzzle to which they belong. The fact is, it is our hypotheses that legitimize and shape our investigations, and "make" reality.

Quantum mechanics and non-Euclidean mathematics have recognized that what has been taken as "self-evident" and axiomatic up to now is in fact self-projection. It is only by observing all of the variations and aberrations of man and other life forms, and by doing our best to understand the data provided by the sciences, that we can begin to construct a mental picture of a whole, as opposed to preferentially collecting mere fragments of truth, unconnected to one another. This latter path is the way to eventual madness and death. It is also the essence of the psychotically utilitarian "American Way."

When we vicariously perceive the world with the help of our new scientific instruments, we discover, among other things, that the world is a *system*. As theoretical physicist and philosopher of science Gerhard Vollmer (in *Evolutionäre Erkenntnistheorie*, Stuttgart: S. Hirzel Verlag, 1975) points out, all true systems exhibit "super-summativity" (*Übersummativität*). That is, the whole is always greater than the sum of the parts and manifests characteristics which are not inherent properties of the individual parts. The human "personality" is such a system. So is the world system.

The supersummative world system has also manifested a remarkable homeostasis over at least 3.3 billion years, resisting all kinds of deadly, disruptive forces too numerous to mention. This overwhelming fact is but one indicator that the total biosphere is a single, living being.

The often hidden objection to this conclusion is the idea that the earth has no "mind" or "soul." Let us examine this contention.

The essence of mind or soul (*psyche* in Greek, *anima* in Latin) is information integration on a non-Euclidean level of existence. As explained in "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth," identical twins and purebred

animals of the same strain share information in memory on such a non-Euclidean level (transform space, the inframind, the morphogenetic field) because of their identical DNA and RNA. At a certain primordial depth in the planetary inframind, the common nature of all DNA/RNA must enable it to communicate with its point of origin. This origin, being extra-Euclidean, is consequently also outside of Euclidean time. It is always and ever here and now, "present in the present," from our human point of view -- the first of all memories. And this origin, simultaneously a reference point and a communications center for life on earth, would logically be the heart and "soul" of the truly living Mother Earth.

The planetary inframind is not something "other than" the inframental (Riemannian) aspect of individual living beings. It is rather the inframental portions of all of them, acting together as a total system. But as a system it is supersummative and forms a single, organized *mind*. Such psychic integration of psychic components can be seen on a small scale in the individual human mind. If it were not possible for the psychic aspects (memories) of individual strands of DNA to become hologrammatically related to one another on an inframental level, there would never be any such thing as an integrated human personality -- nor even a single multicellular colony or organism in which all the cells have identical DNA.

So likewise with the planet as a whole. The perceptually observed distance between two beings in Euclidean (cognitive) time and space may indeed correspond to some type of separation or distinction between them in Riemannian reality. But in Riemannian (transform) space such separation or distinction must be one of logico-mathematical relationship, not of visual space. And this means hierarchy and organization.

Further, if, on the level of the cosmic inframind, thought and memory did not automatically become organized hierarchically, connecting to "physical" on the one hand and to a "point of all origins" on the other, there would be no way to account for the universal identity of physical constants. And without this identity, it would have been impossible for life to arise from chaos.

"Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" does not at all claim that there is absolutely no such thing as "free will." Specifically, it claims, "The part played by 'free will' is small indeed, especially so in the less intelligent, less educated, and the psychologically impaired." Conversely, the most intelligent, most educated and psychologically most healthy (without quibbling about the exact definition of these terms) have the most free will. In other words, it is true that consciousness is also part of the inframind, a very concentrated and powerful part at that. It is also true that the less of it there is, the more the individual is swayed by the surrounding currents.

As for the consciousness of the modern

ethical racist, it is important that he or she understand that a person is not just a "mere" transmitter, or tube, to the rest of the inframind. Rather, analogously to our own sense organ, *what* one thinks -- the *interpretation* and *construction* one puts on one's perceptions -- is what is important and what is transmitted. This is quite different from advocating "a theory which says that nothing of a theoretical nature can be advocated" or proposing "as truths propositions that deny the possibility of advocating truths." Consciousness which is *exercised* (not submerged by the mystagogy of the hypnosis box) is indeed quite effective within its sphere of influence. Only the (now ubiquitous) self-defeat of those who accept the Christian self-deception, the Jewish perversions of history, and the nihilistic hyper-materialism of the modern world in general, negates consciousness. The American Christians have now even gone to the absurd extreme of adulating as their *de facto* spiritual leader a man whom their own scriptures have long warned against as the Antichrist: the new King of the Jews, the Prime Minister of Israel.

In conclusion, it can be said that the arguments of "Man as Sense Organ of the Earth" are best understood only from the perspective of evolutionary epistemology. Most traditional counterarguments are heavily tinged with "promissory Euclideanism" -- that is, they promise that everything will be explained in Euclidean-materialistic terms if we will just give their proponents enough time. Above all, the possibility of a non-material, non-Euclidean intelligence is anathema in such counterarguments.

Because of the eons-long selection period our senses and other cognitive structures have gone through, they are, individually, far better and more certain translators of external (and still hypothetical) reality than is our very recently acquired consciousness. In the typical case today, the deracinated white American's consciousness tells him that the alien is like him in every respect. Simultaneously, his senses and other cognitive structures -- evolved to enable a human being to survive -- convey an utterly different interpretation to his brain. Whereupon this unwelcome interpretation must then be suppressed to avoid cognitive dissonance. But over the long term, habitual suppression of this sort is tantamount to the most drastic form of nihilism -- autogenocide.

There is today only one issue of importance: life for the white race as a race. Otherwise the planet is doomed. And the one and only way for this race to sustain its existence is through a return to existential meaningfulness. The religions used to confer this on our ancestors. But today it can only be the noonday clarity of informed consciousness that imparts it to our culture-bearing strata. Most importantly, as the long and universal history of religions has shown, man's reason for existence *MUST* be understood as emanating from another dimension, from a Power Transcendent. Without

this acknowledgment the human soul rots, and we get the psychic cripple. The nihilist white liberal, the living dead man who unconsciously works for universal extinction, conscious only of form and oblivious to sub-

stance. Without transcendence, there is no basis for "ethical" racism or in fact for any type of "ethics" at all. For there is no basis for life. But if we have once grasped intellectually, "neocortically," the transcendent

root of life, then we must BELIEVE with fierce and unquenchable ardor that we have a reason for being. For this is the only way to reach back down into our deepsouls and retrieve the will to live.

## The Rise of the Radical Center

Kevin Phillips, the pundit who coined or popularized terms like "Sun Belt" and "New Right" a few years ago, has already begun taking a hard look at post-Reagan America. In a May 13 cover story for the *New York Review of Books*, Phillips suggests, "It didn't take a genius to predict on Inauguration Day that Reaganism would unravel." The omens were all wrong for a nostalgic restoration of traditional conservative economics. For one thing, the people who elected Reagan were not all conservatives; at least half were populists, men and women infuriated by the "cultural and moral revolution" of the past 20 years.

Phillips draws "four rough parallels" between the United States today and "Weimar Germany in the late Twenties." First, inflation (although temporarily under control) has given the middle class a fright. Second, a first national defeat in war has created festering resentment. Third, the *Volk* are alarmed by the erosion of traditional moral and cultural standards. Fourth, popular faith in the fairness and effectiveness of government and other big institutions has ebbed. One finds in the two cases a "kindred sense of debility."

"Bear in mind," warns Phillips, that in 1979 and 1980, poll after poll found 70-80% of Americans believing the nation had "gone off on the wrong track"; 50% favoring a new party; 60% looking to "a leader who would bend the rules a bit"; and 40-50% feeling that the use of force might be needed "to restore the American way of life." A Reagan failure will likely produce the radicalized return of this disillusionment.

Reagan's problem is a failure to "comprehend that . . . a combination of sentiments against 'government' and for certain federal programs characterizes the mind of the New Right electorate." As in the European and Japanese cases of "corporate statism," there are pressures building for intense cooperation between the government and certain "favored businesses" (and -- though Phillips did not dare add it -- certain favored *people* as well). America today is seeing the rise of what Seymour Martin Lipset calls "center extremism" and Donald Warren terms "Middle American radicalism." Not only here but throughout the Western world, says Phillips, there has been a rapid growth of paradoxical-sounding "revolutionary conservatism," which demands a reassertion of *identity* (religion, ethnicity and nationalism) and, with it, a clear sense of *direction*.



Kevin Phillips

The Reagan team read its 1980 landslide victory as "a mandate for experimental conservative, pro-business, pro-upper bracket economics" -- something it largely was not. The Middle American swing vote which elected Reagan chose him only out of desperation. Today, it sees nowhere to turn: "The present two-party system is coming to resemble a sinking ship, battered and increasingly weakened in each presidential election by angry constituencies and interest groups that seem like loose cannons on a deck." A third force is sorely needed.

Prediction: "I would say there is a 20 to 30 percent chance that either the radicalized New Right conservatives will take over

the Republican party by 1984, driving out many others, or the New Right will be looking for a new party vehicle of its own because of antipathy toward the GOP's heir apparent, Vice-President George Bush . . ." This does not mean that the New Right will be able to form a new majority of its own -- America may now be too fragmented and balkanized for that. It means, however, that the liberal/minority and conservative elites (each roughly one-quarter of the electorate) can probably no longer count on the votes of the "Silent" or "Forgotten" multitude.

Phillips recently told a reporter, "We may be at a point where it doesn't matter what president or party we put in, because we're dealing with a downtrend or deterioration that's in the historical cards. There are a lot of people who feel that the Western countries have passed their peak." European thinkers and doers were confronted with similar circumstances a half-century or so ago, and some responded by devising novel political systems which they believed would reverse the historical aging process of civilization. Their systems never received a fair chance. But, says Kevin Phillips, someday soon they may: "To future historians, the early 1980s are almost certain to mark a transition to a new politics, a new economics, and a new philosophy of governance. It seems fair to say that a decisive part of the American electorate has already become postconservative as well as postliberal."

### Ponderable Quote

The fact that most big city pimps are black is a phenomenon that is intriguing to law enforcement officers and sociologists alike. Many of them believe they know why the combination of black pimp and white teenage prostitute works so effectively.

James Greenlay, a sergeant with the New York Police Department, who specializes in runaways, believes one of the reasons to be that many white parents would not permit their daughters to date a black person. Black men have become, so to speak, forbidden fruit. Runaways are estranged from their parents, and when the girl arrives in the city she is probably anxious to flout their authority. "Now, most of our pimps in this city are black, and when a young girl meets a pimp on the street, she's determined to prove she is not prejudiced," Greenlay said. "She won't say no when he asks her to go for coffee."

Scores of teenagers like the blue-eyed, blond, once naive girls from farms and small towns have been funneled through a cruel pipeline that spills directly into the heart of Manhattan. A disproportionate number of them are fair-haired and of Scandinavian ancestry, and most of them grew up in the Northern Plains -- especially in Minnesota.

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