

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

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FRANZ BOAS'S GIRL FRIDAY

□ National Review's invincible ignorance on the subject of race renders it ever less worthy of serious consideration as a journal that is opposed to the smelly little orthodoxies of our time. One senses that when America's urban centers revert completely to the jungle, Buckley's mag will still be screaming at the top of its lungs about Russian nuclear warheads.

121

□ Another one of those exercises in futility, better known as a Klan rally, took place in Meriden, Connecticut (April 3, 1983). Though the Klan (as always) was hopelessly outnumbered, the "nonviolent" ultra-lefties (also, as always) screamed and chanted violent hate slogans like "Death to the Klan." One of them explained that the "potential for violence comes from the Klan itself, which is a terrorist organization." Nevertheless, it was these "nonviolents" who were ranting and raging about "death." Meanwhile, most of Meriden's citizens stayed away from the Klan, the demonstrators and the 300 state and local police in riot gear. One resident was quoted as saying that the Klan has no support in Meriden because "every time they come here they get rocks thrown at them." Sounds to me like the Klan is a terrorized, not a terrorist organization.

304

□ On my visits to our local Post Office, I occasionally overhear blacks conspiring with each other. I've learned to pay attention to these mutterings, as they often talk of job openings (in the USPS and civil service) that I wouldn't hear about otherwise. Yesterday I overheard a black politician talking to a couple of brothers about the importance of getting their own kind into office, "because once you're in . . ." This was foiled by a lot of whispering, probably black racist remarks so blatant that even a Negro would choose to conceal them.

048

□ No surprise to hear that Senator Fat Face was among those who "stand accused of violating the narcotics laws they have prescribed for the rest of us" (Jack Anderson column, April 27, 1983). So were Ron Dellums (D-Mich.), Charles Wilson (D-Tex.), Gerry Studds (D-Mass., who has since admitted to worse things than drugs), Parren Mitchell (D-Md.) and one lone Republican, ex-Congressman Barry Goldwater, Jr.

802

□ Hollywood is moving deliberately (and with increasing speed) toward a complete breakdown of all moral standards. As Roger Ebert of the Chicago Sun-Times says, Hollywood is "reaching for the big X." Even PG-rated movies have nudity these days. The only things that will sell (in the minds of swinish producers) are nauseating "horror" flicks, saturation sex-a-thons, smarmy propaganda and violence, violence and more violence.

902

□ In regard to your article on Huxley (May 1983), he once characterized himself as an "Episcopagus."

870

□ Has anybody ever noticed what was going on in II Samuel -- the story of Uriah the Hittite, King David and Bathsheba? Hittites were Indo-Europeans, of course; Bathsheba could have been residually Nordic. In any case, an awfully pretty shikse. King David, a self-centered, hot-wired bloodletter all his life, personifies the Jewish obsession with owning and operating shiksas, that obsession so honored today in Hollywood, Broadway and Las Vegas. From the union of David and Bathsheba came Solomon, close to half-Aryan, into the midst of the ancient Jews -- Solomon who was noted for wisdom, emotional balance and decency.

073

□ I would like to commend "An American of Italian Descent" for his article in the May issue. The WASPs of Instauration are in my opinion entirely too selective. The Irish, being Catholic like the Italians, are the back of the neck in The Dispossessed Majority. Italians not assimilable? Did you ever take a good look at Sophia Loren or Gina Lollobrigida? As an Irishman, I have as part of my family many Italians. They are great people, and proud of their heritage. The Italian-Irish offspring of these marriages can be spectacular. Above all, these people have the good sense to propagate. Contrast this to the negative birth-rate of the Nordic countries. The white genes of future generations may not be Nordic except for that part of the population which remains Catholic.

110

□ Seeing as how I'm probably one of the only Instaurationists who watched a few segments of the TV show celebrating the 25th anniversary of the black record studio, Motown, I feel obligated to offer a brief report. A black male crooner had a love song duet with part-Mexican and full-time renegadess Linda Ronstadt. What a long way we've come from the days when TV-land was in turmoil about Harry Belafonte's chaste kiss of Petula Clark. One by one the barriers have fallen. Hosted by Richard Pryor, the show was a two-hour-long explosion of nostalgia and syrupy sentiment on the subject of black music and black culture. More than a few of these "spontaneous reflections" were obviously being read. Guess what the first credit on the screen was when the last song had been sung and the last tear had been shed? "Written by Buzz Kohan." Lord, how they mediate!

403

□ Can't someone come up with a cute term for the white racial turncoat on the order of the black "Oreo" (black on the outside, white on the inside) or the Latino's "coconut" (brown on the outside, white on the inside)? How about "whitewall," as in black tires with white outside circles?

606

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□ In the loosely knit German community where I was born, there was an enterprising young man from a neighboring town, who dealt in scrap metal, a commodity much in demand after World War I. One day it was announced he was going to marry a local girl. It was a "mixed" marriage, the young man being Jewish and the bride's family Catholic. The groom made the usual speech about having won a "prize" for a wife and then, apparently realizing that he was pretty much of a stranger, felt obligated to tell something about his past life. Among other things, he told us that after the collapse on the Western Front he had pinned a "badge" on his lapel, went to the local railway freight yards and took charge of incoming war materiel, principally horses, which he sold for his own profit. I was appalled to hear of such behavior. Perhaps not to spoil the wedding feast, no one said anything.

Some years later I migrated to the United States. Came World War II and the four-way split of German territory. Luckily, my birthplace did not fall behind the Iron Curtain. On a visit, I inquired about the fate of the young couple. The man, I was told, had been tried and executed by the National Socialists, and his widow was living in England on West German restitution money. The question arises: Why hadn't this man, who had committed a traitorous act against Germany been prosecuted earlier by the Weimar government?

In Basel, Switzerland, in 1927, before I went to the States, the local youth hostel was devoid of any occupants when I got there on a short vacation jaunt. Nevertheless, the innkeeper informed me that all the beds were taken. All he could do was offer me a pallet on the floor, which I gladly accepted. Soon I was sound asleep. It must have been near midnight when I was rudely awakened by a group of young boys and girls kicking me. One of them said, "Let's throw this German pig out." Being drowsy and disoriented, I couldn't make much sense out of this. Finally one girl said, "Oh, leave him alone." They dispersed shortly afterward.

The next day all this fell into place. I had noticed while signing the register Jewish names from towns all over Germany. A Zionist Congress was in progress. The youths who had called me a "German pig" were all German citizens. Remember, this was in 1927, six years before Hitler took over. My second question is, why did these young "Germans" feel such outright hostility toward their fellow non-Jewish countryman? Did they, like the Jewish bridegroom, have no allegiance to their country? When one is young these two incidents are soon forgotten. But in the light of subsequent events they were hints of what was to come and what still may come.

212

□ I'm Nordic and proud of it. But I prefer not to deceive myself. The days of Nordic greatness are long gone and show no sign of revival, so why wallow in nostalgia? If you want to single out a race which is proud of itself, and has reason to be, how about the Japanese? On this planet Earth, there are civilized and uncivilized peoples, peoples of whom we could use more, and peoples of whom we could use less. It is just nonsense to consider the great eugenic dividing line as Nordic/non-Nordic.

Expatriate living in Spain

□ Dorothy Stratten was a stunning Dutch-Nordic girl. As such, she caught the eye of a minority semi-pimp, Paul Snider, who ultimately extinguished her beauty with a shotgun. Snider apparently learned his trade at the feet of Vancouver's black pimps and picked up enough sweet talk to inveigle Dorothy into marrying him. He planned to use her charms and physical assets to make himself rich and famous. His schemes led him to the door of a far more subtle pimp, Hugh Hefner. The Canadian beauty was soon rocketed to the pornographic heights of Playmate of the Year. Around this time, Dorothy became entangled with movie director Peter Bogdonovich, a member of the Chosen, who had apparently grown tired of blonde, blue-eyed Cybil Shepherd. Snider, meanwhile, was growing desperate because Dorothy was no longer his to exploit. When she eventually agreed to have one last meeting with him, he blew her apart with a shotgun. Fearful that this tragedy might result in some unfavorable publicity, Hefner ordered one of his hacks to write a film scenario that made Mr. Playboy look like a Good Samaritan. Dorothy was so young and so beautiful! It was all so tragic! And Hef had really been so good to her!

In the TV movie, the actress chosen to portray Stratten was the relatively homely Jamie Lee Curtis, the daughter of Jewish actor Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. One more insult added to one more injury.

513

□ Just finished reading the May issue of *Instauration*. I was quite amused at Zip 234's reaction to the exposé of La Boca Grande's lesbianic leanings. You'll pardon me for laughing raucously up the left sleeve. I never cease to marvel at the stuff of which sainthood is spawned, which accounted for the added enjoyment of your "Saint Andy" piece -- very apropos.

820

□ According to the 1980 Census, Mississippi's white population is 1,615,000; its black population, 887,000. According to the 1981 Statistical Abstract of the United States, in 1979 Mississippi had approximately 23,000 white and 22,000 black births. As these two figures have been on a steady path of convergence for the past decade (and probably long before), I think that now, in 1983, Mississippi may very well have the honor of being the first state in the mainland to have a larger number of nonwhite babies than white babies. For the better part of this century, Mississippi engaged in a steady export trade in Negroes to the once white cities of the North. This voluminous torrent surely made great and indelible black swaths in the cities of America. Yet, after all those years and all that one-way traffic, Mississippi is probably even deeper in the racial hole than ever.

304

□ It's always a pleasure to watch one of Phil Donahue's propaganda sessions go down in flames. This morning he had on the leather-booted, lantern-jawed, linebacker-built Judith Arcana, authoress of *Every Mother's Son*, whose anti-male rhetoric was roundly denounced by Majority women in the audience, much to Donahue's distress. Over and over they spoke of their masculine husbands and respectful sons. Ms. Arcana was horrified.

980

□ A friend of mine with a Pakistani neighbor, who is 26 and studying for an M.A. at the University of British Columbia, was recently trying to explain to him the events taking place in Europe. In the process he loaned the Pakistani a copy of Francis Yockey's *Imperium*. Later he received the following note:

Yockey is a racist with a very narrow-minded view that conceptualizes European people as being superior to all other people in the world. There is no place for a man like Yockey in history . . . I would doubt very much that Yockey can comprehend the revolutionary laws of Marxism. Down with the reactionary, revisionist, illusionist [sic] Yockey. A true enemy of the people. A lackey for bourgeois ideology. My friend, you need to reevaluate your political and philosophical world revolution! If you do not overcome your bourgeois [sic] illusionism then I am afraid that you will be *snuffed* when the world revolution occurs.

Canadian subscriber

□ I especially liked the article by "An American of Italian Descent" (May 1983). The author brings out many pertinent points. The white race is in a total war for its survival, and the one thing that will assure its losing the war is the enmity, diversity and non-cooperation of the various white racial segments -- Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean. If our white racial groups must fight, let it be after our survival is assured.

902

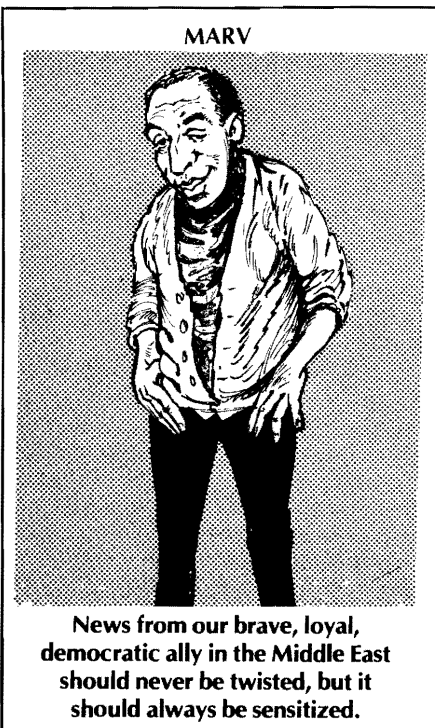


□ In the May issue, Zip 543 notes how Western culture would continue quite nicely if the likes of Julian Bond, Cesar Chavez and Bella Abzug were "suddenly teleported to a distant galaxy." Please, Zip 543! Don't even joke about such a thing. For if there is one supreme and ultimate task for us Instaurationists, it is to do everything in our power to guarantee that outer space colonization will be a "whites-only" enterprise.

141

□ How many Protestant and especially Catholic parochial schools have heavy nonwhite enrollments? A great many, obviously. How many Jewish religious schools can make that claim? Virtually none. And yet there are Sulzberger, Rosenthal and Frankel editorials every other day in the New York Times cheering every plan for school busing and integration. How many Jewish left-liberal ACLU types are in the forefront of the gun control efforts in which their opponents are smeared as NRA redneck sadists with "sexual problems which create their need for a gun"? How does this stack up against those Uzitoting West Bank settlers with their incessant harassment of the Palestinian population? Let the U.S. provide military assistance to anticommunist regimes in Central America and it's called "supporting fascism" and getting involved in "another Vietnam." Let Israel sell the same regimes arms and it is merely "spreading out the fixed costs" of its arms industry. Let the U.S. have anything to do with South Africa, and we're "propping up a white racist regime." Let Israel trade and generally cooperate with South Africa, and this simply reflects the fact that "the only democracy in the Middle East is not in a position to turn down any help or friendship." And so it goes.

778



□ To the best of my recollection, we have had two major prime time TV exposures of Argentina (apart from the whole Falklands episode): the TV movie of *Evita* starring Faye Dunaway, and the even more atrocious TV film about Jacobo Timerman, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*. The first was the usual pop culture travesty, worthy of note only because of a ridiculous scene in which some wicked Nazi buys his way into Argentina after the war by bribing Peron with gold. The Timerman show portrayed an evil, anti-Semitic Argentine regime which existed only to torture noble Jews like Jacobo. That's it. The sum total of many centuries of Argentine history as revealed by network TV.

214

□ If we had a one-world government, the U.S. taxpayer would have to support the Communist bloc and the Third World. But we do that already.

300

□ I am dating a Nordic woman with sound instincts and "confused" mind -- are we not all confused by liberal-minority propaganda? The important thing is to woo her, marry her, and get her with child, rather than try to persuade her to accept Instaurationist views. Some of those views will come naturally with age -- people generally outgrow liberal-minority influence when confronted with the hard facts of daily life in America in the 1980s.

Lutheran seminarian

□ Don't you just love it when you read about how the ADL and similar organizations claim to be "carefully monitoring" the activities of hate groups such as the Institute for Historical Review? How did the U.S. ever get by from 1607 to the early 1880s when the first massive waves of the Chosen started arriving on these shores, ready, willing and able to police our thoughts for any signs of "hate"? Just think! For 275 years Majority members roamed wide across this continent, completely unmonitored by thoughtful and conscientious Jewish organizations. It's a miracle we're even here!

441

□ PBS has been rerunning Carl Sagan's *Cosmos*. What an embarrassment to watch. You'd think that a subject as quintessentially vast would find the project's producers dwelling upon something other than repetitive and lingering views of Sagan's nostrility.

448

□ There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in Hugh Hefner's philosophy -- genital herpes and AIDS come to mind.

975

□ Do not forget that aside from President Mitterrand, the three leading authorities of France are Jews: the Cardinal, the Minister of Justice and the head of the rich, powerful and ruthless Communist-led union, C.G.T.

French subscriber

□ Crete for the Palestinians? Jordan for the Palestinians? How about Palestine (or just a piece of it) for the Palestinians?

100

□ Gore Vidal poses something of a dilemma for the Instaurationist. While there is much that is despicable about him (his incessant proselytizing for homosexuality and his hard-left politics), he occasionally has his golden moments. His witty putdowns of Falwell-type TV hucksters are a delight, and he is right on target with his scorn for the fraudulent pretensions of American higher education. His criticism of novels "written-to-be-read-by-other-English-professors" is brilliant.

Vidal's roots go deep into the nation's past, and his essays reveal a solid feeling and respect for American history. Though he does not challenge the nation's gradual alienization head-on -- that would obviously be suicidal -- he is not afraid to discuss the obscenely inflated reputations of what he terms literature's "Jewish giants" (Mailer, Bellow, Malamud), right-wing support for Israel (admiration for the Jew as bully), the persistent Jewish inability to write lucid English prose and the pernicious fulminations of such late-blooming kosher conservatives as Norman Podhoretz and his better half, Midge Decter. Vidal knows quite well he can only push so far, and he periodically lets the Jews know he's really on their side by expressing his contempt for the right wing which supposedly wants to put all Jews and gays back in the death camps. Given the realities and delimitations of contemporary discourse, Vidal's soundoffs are about the best that can be expected from any public figure.

As one who cheered Buckley in his 1968 TV debates with Vidal, I now find I honestly prefer the latter, whose sporadic willingness to joust with America's ultimate taboo comes very close to compensating for all my previous reservations about him. Vidal would never stoop as low as Buckley did when he wrote, "Shalom, Sharon" in his *National Review* to congratulate the Butcher of Beirut upon the successful completion of his murder blitz.

462

□ A reasonably attractive young South Asian woman just passed me on the street. She smiled slightly and batted her eyes seductively. Millions of years of evolution had me primed to smile back. But race overcame, and I looked blankly right through her. I was thinking, "She shouldn't be within a thousand miles of here." The innocent young thing, of course, had no inkling of the ideological forces which had mass-propelled her kind into what used to be my neighborhood.

802

□ To Zip 329 (May 1983): You say you're considering a move to Australia or New Zealand. Now, there's probably not an Instaurationist alive who hasn't fantasized along these same lines, and for obvious reasons. Given current trends, it would seem to be the only way of having a reasonable chance of having white grandchildren. Nevertheless, please don't go! We haven't lost this continent yet. Let's adopt the mentality of our Afrikaner brethren who have resolved "not to give up that land of theirs easily."

144

□ "No Chance for Conservation Without the Majority" (May 1983) was an excellent article. It reminded me once again of what a profound dynamic political movement Instaurationism will become. Like nearly everything else in American civilization, conservationist activity has become distorted by virtue of its preemption by the liberal-minority coalition. Twenty years ago the word, conservationist, evoked an image of some pipe-smoking old Majority salt with a profound love of nature. It now brings to mind some brillo-haired Marxist "no growth" Naderrite filing a brief in a federal court aimed at immediate cessation of all industrial activity. While the American Majority, in pursuit of Cholly's produce-and-consume society, has surely been guilty of ecological shortcomings, let's not forget that most of these errors were inevitable in the creation of an advanced industrial society. Sure, Haiti does not pollute like the U.S. But that's because Haiti is not much above the level of a hunter-gatherer society! The great conservationists of the past were invariably Majority members -- George Marsh, Gifford Pinchot, Benton Mackaye, the Southern Agrarians, Robert Marshall, John C. Merriam, and finally (of great significance to modern Instaurationists) Madison Grant and the eugenicist, Henry Fairfield Osborn. Grant especially epitomizes the position advanced by the author of the article. He was involved in a wide range of conservationist activity, and he was an early advocate of the most sacred of all American conservationist movements -- the conservation of Majority genes.

677

□ Remember that accident in which actor Vic Morrow and two Vietnamese children were killed in a helicopter crash? The director of that particular segment of the recently released film, *The Twilight Zone: The Movie*, was minorityite John Landis, who has been indicted for involuntary manslaughter and violating child labor laws. In the Landis sequence, Morrow plays a racist who, through the magic of science fiction, is able to experience the "terror of a black being chased by the Klan," the "fear of a Jew being persecuted by the Nazis," and the "horror felt by Vietnamese children being shot at by U.S. Marines." Morrow was killed during the climactic scene in which he presumably put his newly acquired anti-racist religion to work for "mankind." So the Hollywood culture vultures ended up killing two oriental kids (through gross negligence) in a film designed to build up sympathies for them at the expense of the gook-hating, racist U.S. Marines! Assuming that Vic Morrow was a Majority member, how uneasy he must lie in his grave, knowing that he gave up his life while participating in yet another Hollywood smear against his own country. And how sad the fate of those two kids, meeting such a violent death at 2:00 a.m. when they should have been home in bed. Their parents have as little to be proud of as Morrow.

121

□ I must object to Instauration's repeated use of the pejorative "Nazi" rather than the proper, more neutral "National Socialist." "Nazi" occurred five times in the Hess article (June 1983). "National Socialist" did not appear at all.

222

□ A recent article in *New York* magazine on the 1983-84 television season states, "The biggest real change in the new season is that blacks and women have come into their own. In the new shows they're everywhere, including heading the CIA and a hospital staff." The author speculates that this may in part reflect a loss of white viewers to cable and pay TV. True to liberal-minority form, she laments the fact that there still aren't any shows with positive black female role models. That such a remarkable invention as TV, the product of Majority scientific genius, should have ended up as what TV critic Gary Deeb aptly termed "a sonic and visual slum," should be a cautionary tale for all of us concerned with the role of the culture destroyers loose in our midst. There's something about nearly every "entertainment" offering of the commercial networks that makes me realize that its proper milieu is the shabby living room of a ghetto housing project, its soft drone and shifting images providing the perfect backdrop for the angry scenes enacted upon the occasion of the father-of-the-brood's biannual visit.

254

□ I am eagerly awaiting Barbra Streisand's film *Yentl*, which she apparently produced, directed, starred in -- the whole ego trip. This particular venture is quite representative of a singularly distasteful modern phenomenon in which the successful, secularized Jewish "artist," fed up with Beverly Hills "rootlessness," I suppose, suddenly discovers the glorious world of the shtetl and all the wondrous traditions of the Eastern European Jewish life that their ancestors once knew. Fifty years from now the average white American will undoubtedly feel a stronger identification with the shtetl than with Plymouth Rock. By then our national language will probably be restructured Yiddish. Let us hope that a few quaint English phrases will find their way into this new lingua franca.

499

□ A bleached blonde Jewess recently asked a beauty technician here in town to have her other hair dyed the same color in order to fool a boyfriend into believing she was "natural."

672

□ The "survivor" who reported that Germans threw babies off the roof of a building in a Polish town (Instauration, June 1983) may have mixed up what he thought he saw with what he had read in his Good Book. I refer to the last verse in Psalm 137, "Happy shall he be, that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Pretty inspirational stuff, what?

100

□ When I was a Majority activist at the University of Georgia in the early 70s, we got a lot of mileage out of a quote by the director of admissions, commenting on the rejection of a Negro's application: "If we'd known she was black, we would have let her in." This confession of declining standards has been surpassed by a recent quote from Virginia Trotter, vice president for academic affairs, who declared: "We accept every black that meets the academic requirements, and we generally make exceptions if they don't."

302

□ The article "Preferred Female Traits" in the *May* Instauration raised some interesting points. According to the poll of American men "by a leading women's magazine," 29% of the respondents said they preferred blondes and 36% brunettes. A similar poll of Frenchmen by the magazine *Elle*, reported in the *Miami Herald*, (June 23, 1983) under the title "Blondes bomb in French poll" revealed similar results: 26% of the Frenchmen preferred blondes (light blondes?), 5% preferred "dusty blondes" (dark blondes?), 39% preferred brunettes, 1% redheads, and 7% "other colors" (?). The first two categories add up to a 31% preference for blondes. The *Elle* article also reported that blondes were regarded as "inaccessible," whereas brunettes were perceived as "warmer, more temperamental and above all, easier to seduce."

The *Miami Herald* interpreted this as a put-down of blondes, but an analysis of these numbers in the terms of supply and demand indicates quite the opposite. Only about 20% of adult American women are natural blondes. Among Frenchwomen the proportion is no more than 8%. Consequently, the French demand for blondes exceeds the supply by about 400%, whereas the French supply of brunettes exceeds the demand by 200%. Similarly, the American demand for blondes exceeds the supply by about 50%, whereas the supply of brunettes exceeds the demand by over 200%. This can hardly be interpreted as a put-down of blondes!

Also, what type of brunettes do the American and French brunette-lovers prefer: Northern European types (e.g. Jaclyn Smith, Veronica Hamel, Susan St. James, or Lynda Carter), Southern European types or non-European types? Northern European brunettes, who constitute the majority of their race, often suffer from the tendency to lump them, as "brunettes," with other racial types who, of course, are almost exclusively brunettes.

The results of these polls were packaged and reported in such a way as to indicate to readers that what they have always unquestioningly assumed or "known" to be true (i.e. that men prefer blondes) is in actuality not true. Nevertheless, in virtually every situation or circumstance blondes still elicit more attention and a more pronounced reaction from men than brunettes of comparable attractiveness. Actress Loni Anderson, a brunette, noted a dramatic change in the reaction and attention she received from men, both in kind and degree, when she bleached her hair light blonde. She suddenly became a goddess on a pedestal. The many millions of other women who lighten their hair obviously share in this perception.

In both advertising and entertainment it has long been known that blondes are "good box-office" and that "blondes sell." The counter sales of magazines tend to be significantly higher when a blonde is on the cover. The modeling profession is not only dominated by Northern European models in general, but by blonde models in particular, due to the strong preference given them by their mass audience -- and this in a country where only 20% of the women are natural blondes.

330

□ Justice in this country is a matter of clamor which goes by the euphemism of "public interest."

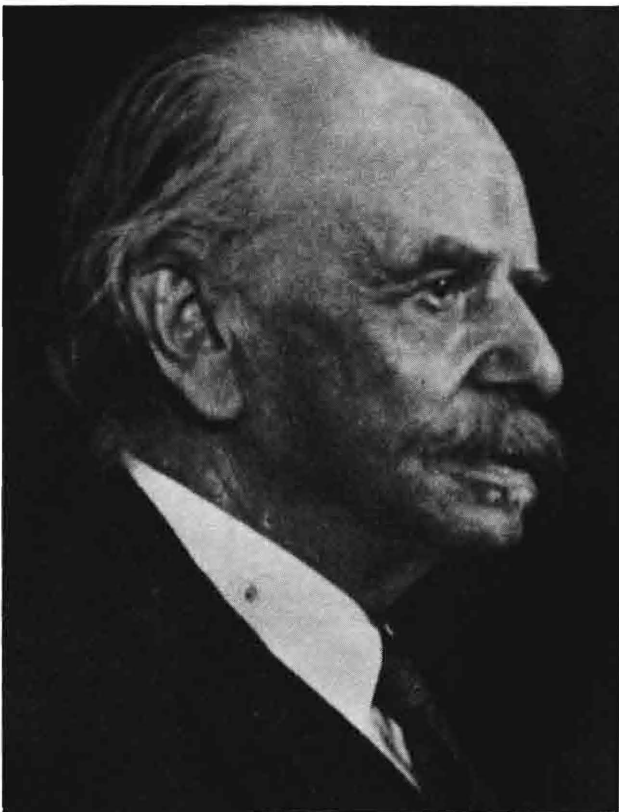
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THE TRIBAL FORCE BEHIND MARGARET MEAD

Biologist Garrett Hardin observes in *Stalking the Wild Taboo*, "The members of a tribe . . . have an immense competitive advantage vis-à-vis society in general if the rest of society does not think in tribal terms. This is true even if the members of the tribe violate no law of the encompassing society."

Franz Boas (1858-1942), the godfather of "cultural anthropology," was a member of a tribe. So was Emile Durkheim (1858-1917), the godfather of "social anthropology." Many Jewish intellectuals have tended toward a combative "us/them" outlook on life which, in all fairness, comes naturally to members of a group that has survived for thousands of years as a small minority. The symptoms of this attitude are not hard to find, as the critic Stanley Edgar Hyman pointed out in a 1954 *Commentary* article entitled, "Freud and Boas: Secular Rabbis?" The Boas personality was one of "extreme quarrelsomeness and a ferocious addiction to polemic." There was "a general crustiness in all personal relations except those with devoted students, where he was fatherly, and with primitive peoples in the field."

For Hyman, "the shape the lives of both Freud and Boas took is . . . that of the secular rabbi, the figure of moral authority filling the gap left in our private culture by the retreat of the religious leader." Freud, with his "sacred texts and commentaries," became "a great wonder-working rabbi after the ancient fashion, perhaps the Vienna Gaon [a Jewish title of honor] himself And if Freud is the great Gaon of Vienna, Boas is surely the Tsaddik [Jewish holy man] of Morningside Heights,



"Papa Franz"

the 'Papa Franz' who used to strike his students, [while] leading his Talmudic disputations . . . [and] preserving in perpetuity the roles of master and disciple."

Hyman admits that Boas was "a lifelong warrior against any form of racism . . . clearly the exiled Jew writ large." The notorious Boas study (1910), which purported to show sudden changes in the head forms of immigrants' children, was, like a lot of his other research, "rooted in [the] personal needs [and] weaknesses" of a would-be assimilated Jew. Yet this same Boas believed, in Hyman's words, "only Jews have a capacity for languages." Hyman suggests "this prejudice seems to have confined his favorite students, who became the leaders of American anthropology, almost entirely to Jews."

By 1926, according to the historian of anthropology, George W. Stocking Jr., the favorite students of Boas headed every major university department of anthropology in America. Thus, at a time when only several hundred Jews held academic posts of any importance in the U.S., one of Judaism's great "secular rabbis" had gotten his prize pupils, mostly Jews, into all the key anthropological positions! Concurrently, this same academic clique took control of several of the leading anthropological journals and associations and used them to drive the Nordic eugenicists who had dominated the field only a decade earlier into the outer darkness of moral vilification.

Most of this happened in the 1920s. As late as 1919, a majority of the American Anthropological Association's governing council had censured Boas for his divisive polemics and power-hungry tactics. The years immediately following World War I were those in which abstract art conquered many of the West's cultural capitals, music became atonal and Marxism and "nurturism" became staples of European and American thought. Obviously, these were years of extreme vulnerability for Western civilization and the exhausted race which had made it.

This chronology should be kept in mind in 1983 as one reads the reviews of Derek Freeman's masterful debunking of the entire Boas school, *Margaret Mead and Samoa: The Making and Unmaking of an Anthropological Myth* (Harvard University Press). All too typical is Paul Robinson's account in the *Washington Post*. He is forced to concede that Freeman's harsh depiction of Samoan behavior is basically sound (especially since it squares with the accounts of scores of competent observers, both Western and native, for more than 200 years), while Mead's vastly celebrated 1928 yarn, *Coming of Age in Samoa*, with its pre-hippie "love-ins," is way out in left field. Robinson spends three-quarters of his review grudgingly admitting that Mead was deceived by both the natives and herself (though he ignores Freeman's detailed evidence that Franz Boas set up the inexperienced 23-year-old for the deception). Then, near the end, and like a lot of other reviewers, Robinson abruptly switches gears. Freeman may be right on the facts, and Mead outrageously wrong, but "like Rousseau before her, Margaret Mead belongs to the party of humanity." Her book will endure, while Freeman's "mean-spirited critique" will fade. *Coming of Age* is "generous and life-affirming," but

there is neither vision nor generosity in Freeman's book. Perhaps one might argue that its appearance was necessary for the anthropological profession to put its intellectual house in order. But even here I am suspicious of the scientific pretensions that Freeman entertains for the discipline -- they sound like something left over from the 19th century -- and of his atavistic[!!] call for a "synthesis" of biology and culture.

Robinson's words demonstrate that a great many highly intelligent readers of Freeman are far more annoyed than grateful that his "revenge of biology," as Robinson calls it, has wrecked a cherished myth. This myth of absolute cultural determinism -- and, conversely, of the unimportance of age, gender, race and other biological variables -- will long "retain its vitality," writes Robinson, "because it embodies the aspirations of an age." This supposedly golden age, again, was the 1920s, when (by an extraordinary coincidence, as some would have us believe) an ancient tribe after long centuries of enforced hibernation assumed command of many important posts in our civilization. It was no accident that this tribal takeover coincided with our detribalization and hypermodernization. Margaret Mead was among the BYDs (bright young dupes) who were granted a leading role in the 1920s by the Boasian academic mafia. Unlike some of her cohorts, she retained that role, until her death in 1978, by never opposing the tribal interests which lay behind it.

A Nobody Comes of Age

Margaret Mead was a nobody during her first year at Indiana's WASPy DePauw University. Had she been accepted by a sorority and not, as a bookish Easterner, been treated as an outsider, she might have remained happily in that prairie power vacuum. The world would never have heard of her.

She felt much more at home at Barnard College in Manhattan, to which she repaired in her sophomore year. Soon she and her classmate, Deborah Kaplan, were discussing "whether or not Jews had a 'chromosome' for social justice," as Mead tells us in her autobiographical *Blackberry Winter*. It was at Barnard-Columbia that she first ran into Boas and fell for every jot and tittle of his hot anti-biological gospel.

The Herr Professor, as Mead did not call him, was pretty well convinced that adolescence need not be a time of stress and conflict. To dig up the evidence to prove him right, he soon had his female neophyte packing her bags for Samoa. The South Seas, as Derek Freeman reminds us, have long

figured in the fantasies of Europeans and Americans as a place of preternatural contentment and sensual delight. So, as Mead reports, her announcement in 1925 that she was going to Samoa caused the same breathless stir as if she had been "setting off for heaven."

Once in Samoa, Mead scarcely learned the language, lived with an American family, and failed to establish meaningful contact with the natives except for some adolescent girls.

The ensuing nine months were a period of near desperation. One sympathizes with the 5' 2" woman, still slight and insecure, who, pushed in way over her head, took to muttering, "I can't do it. I can't do it." By the end of her stay, writes Freeman, "she felt a 'fierce longing' for contact with people who would understand her work, and who would give her some perspective on whether she had actually done what she had been 'sent out to do.' "



Margaret in Samoa

After her return to Columbia, the unstinting and uncritical praise of Boas answered this *cri de coeur*, although Papa Franz apparently never took the basic precaution of seeing if his pupil's hurried data-gathering on Samoa jibed with the information that European explorers, merchants and missionaries had leisurely assembled over decades of intimate contact.

A large part of the Boas myth is that he introduced a previously unknown methodological rigor to an undisciplined field. The reality was nearly the opposite. There is very little rigor in his glowing foreword to Mead's South Sea fantasy, in which he describes her Samoan idyll as "empirical" proof for his pet theory that troubled Western adolescence was the product of faulty cultural choices rather than of biological imperatives.

Just how wrong did Mead get Samoa? The "clash of quotes" (see box on next page) between her slapdash account of Samoan temperament and sexual behavior, and the careful documentation of Derek Freeman, gives more than an inkling.

Anthropological Celebrity

Mead's reward for seeing Samoa upside-down through a Boasian optic was instant worldwide fame and endless citations in the burgeoning new anthropological literature which was beginning to heap abuse on learned and conscientious physical anthropologists three times her age, who were denounced as those "heredity fiends, the eugenisists." Freeman sets us straight on some critical dates:

As George Stocking has shown, "the working out of all the anti-biological tendencies in behavioral science and the complete dissemination of Boasian thinking were not accomplished until after 1930." In this working out, such as it was, Mead's assertion of the absolute sovereignty of culture, in answer to the problem that Boas had sent her to Samoa to investigate, was of quite pivotal importance. The acute dilemma as to what, in human societies, was determined by heredity and what by environmental causes, which had loomed so large for the Boasians in the early 1920s, had to all appearances been solved. With this outcome, Mead's Samoan researches came to occupy a uniquely significant position in the development of anthropology, as of other of the social sciences.

When Mead's second most influential book, *Male and Female*, appeared in 1950, "it gave special prominence to the 'harmonious and unintense' Samoans, and several of Mead's earlier conclusions were set down in considerably exaggerated

form." By this time, adds Freeman, *Coming of Age* was all but universally hailed as a "scientific classic" and made required reading for millions of intelligent but impressionable young people.

Ancient empires have risen and fallen in the Middle East, and a great deal of what we know and believe about them has been supplied by the sacred polemics of one small peculiar tribe. One shudders to consider how the mighty and passionate movements of our own century may be "explained" in a distant future. The recalcitrant tribalists are working, compiling -- scribbling while others play -- recasting all the "blurring, buzzing confusion" of reality into those hard and simple formulations which most easily endure. Paul Robinson is right to observe that Margaret Mead's surrealistic mythos, conjured up under tribal inspiration, may outlast Derek Freeman's naturalistic recording -- although too much more aping of the mythically "gentle" Samoan behavior could doom the entire deca-

Two Utterly Contrary Views of the Samoans

Margaret Mead

Parent-Child Bonding

The close relationship between parent and child, which has such a decisive influence upon so many in our civilisation . . . is not found in Samoa. Children reared in households where there are a half dozen adult women to care for them and dry their tears, and a half dozen adult males, all of whom represent constituted authority, do not distinguish their parents as sharply as our children do. The image of the fostering, loving mother, or the admirable father . . . is a composite affair . . . (*Coming of Age in Samoa*, p. 116.)

Adolescent Sexuality

These [clandestine love] affairs are usually of short duration and both boy and girl may be carrying on several at once. One of the recognised causes of a quarrel is the resentment of the first lover against his successor of the same night, "for the boy who came later will mock him." These clandestine lovers make their rendezvous on the outskirts of the village. "Under the palm trees" is the conventional designation of this type of intrigue. Very often three or four couples will have a common rendezvous, when either the boys or the girls are relatives who are friends.

To live as a girl with many lovers as long as possible and then to marry in one's own village, near one's own relatives and to have many children, these were uniform and satisfying ambitions. (*Ibid.*, pp. 51, 87.)

Adultery

[T]he Samoans laugh at stories of romantic love, scoff at fidelity . . . believe explicitly that one love will quickly cure another . . . Romantic love as it occurs in our civilisation, inextricably bound up with ideas of monogamy, exclusiveness, jealousy and undeviating fidelity does not occur in Samoa.

Samoans rate romantic fidelity in terms of days or weeks at most . . .

Cases of passionate jealousy do not occur but they are matters for extended comment and amazement. (*Ibid.*, pp. 58, 86, 89.)

Rape

[T]he idea of forceful rape or of any sexual act to which both participants do not give themselves freely is completely foreign to the Samoan mind. (*Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, vol. 58, 1928, p. 487.)

Derek Freeman

On 31 December, 1967, [among] 483 individuals 18 years of age and under in Sa'anapu village . . . approximately 92% . . . were living with their genetic parent, or parents. As Mead failed to observe, biological families . . . do in fact exist as distinct units within the extended families into which Samoan society is organized . . . (*Margaret Mead and Samoa*, pp. 201-02.)

Samoa is a society predicated on rank, in which female virgins are both highly valued and eagerly sought after. Moreover, although these values are especially characteristic of the higher levels of rank structure, they also permeate to its lower levels, so that virtually every family cherishes the virginity of its daughters . . .

It is thus customary in Samoa, as Mead quite failed to report, for the virginity of an adolescent daughter, whatever her rank, to be safeguarded by her brothers, who exercise an active surveillance over her comings and goings, especially at night. Brothers will upbraid, and sometimes beat, a sister should she be found in the company of a boy suspected of having designs on her virginity, while the boy involved is liable to be assaulted with great ferocity. (*Ibid.*, p. 226.)

Adultery in Samoa is then very far from being, as Mead asserted, merely a personal peccadillo; nor is it true that the Samoans have eliminated jealousy, as Leslie A. White was prepared to believe, arguing on the basis of Mead's reports that jealousy is not a natural emotion. In fact, in the words of C.S. Marsack, who was for many years the Chief Justice of Western Samoa, "Samoans are extremely prone to fits of jealousy . . ." (*Ibid.*, pp. 241-43.)

In the United States in 1968 there were 30 reported rapes or attempted rapes per 100,000 females . . . Norway has less than one rape per 100,000 females per annum; England, three rapes; Poland, seven; Japan, twelve; Turkey, fourteen rapes or attempted rapes per 100,000 females per annum . . . In 1966, [Western Samoa had] a rate of about 60 rapes per 100,000 females per annum . . . (*Ibid.*, p. 224.)

dent civilization which must necessarily follow it, "peculiar tribe" and all.

The praise in high places for Freeman's exposé has been gratifying. Ernst Mayr, the distinguished Harvard Darwinian, calls the case against Mead "massive." Nikolaas Tinbergen, the Nobel Prize-winning behavioral scientist, says Freeman's work is a scientific "masterpiece." Even Ashley Montagu, of all people, is quoted on Freeman's dust jacket: "In critically examining Margaret Mead's famous book Freeman has told the story of an Age -- the Age of Cultural Determinism. The corrective this book provides to that view of the world is fascinatingly told, a cautionary tale which is bound to have the most salutary effects."

The Real Case Against Freeman

The flattery from Montagu should tip one off, if nothing else does, that Freeman's good fight is not entirely our own. He has stated that his quarrel with Mead is solely over Samoa. And, indeed, the entire scientific paradigm or model which he excitedly advances to replace the bankrupt Boas-Mead alternative is full of holes.

A careful reading of *Margaret Mead and Samoa* will leave many unsatisfied, because author Freeman seems to be saying that peoples the world over are even more alike than Boas and Mead said they were. Actually, how "alike" or "unlike" two peoples may be is a question which becomes meaningful and answerable only when one carefully specifies the behaviors being compared and the values used to judge them. Freeman constantly writes as though his brilliant demonstration of how young Samoan males manifest the same high aggression level as their age-gender counterparts elsewhere is all one needs to know on the subject.

But some of us cannot help noting that the rape rates which he cites: Norway 1, England 3, Poland 7, Japan 12, Turkey 14, the United States 30, and Samoa 60 might lend themselves to a broadly racial interpretation. Freeman calls it "commonplace" for pubescent girls in Samoa to be warned "they must not walk alone beyond the precincts of a village for fear of being raped." Obviously, New Zealand girls do not require any such onerous warnings, and therefore should not be satisfied with New Zealander Freeman's bland reassurance that people everywhere are terribly much alike.

Because Mead found a marked difference in adolescent behavior in Samoa and the U.S. she and Boas proclaimed the triumph of cultural choice over universal biological imperatives. But simply finding a difference (or alleged difference) between two societies tells one absolutely nothing about the cause of that difference. The scientific gaffe committed by the Boasians in the Samoan episode was not Mead's unearthing of the wrong facts, but rather the entire school's blindly dogmatic interpretation of those facts so as to rule out the possible importance of biology on two distinct levels: that of racial differences (our complaint) and that of universal human imperatives (Freeman's complaint).

To Freeman's great discredit (and we do not make the charge lightly), he never in 370 pages comes close to getting down to the biological nitty gritty. The open, scientific model, which makes of genetic and/or cultural differences and/or similarities a permanently open question to be determined case by case, is *terra incognita* to Freeman. While content to vaguely imply that people are much the same everywhere in all important respects, he keeps any contrary personal findings closely to him-

self. No wonder he merits words of praise from the likes of Ashley Montagu!

Freeman may be correct that Samoan character derives from Samoan upbringing, just as John Stuart Mill correctly noted that his great intelligence derived (in large part) from a stimulating childhood environment. But in neither case is heredity thereby discounted. As the psychologist Morgan Worthy correctly suggests,

Acknowledging culture as a source of learned differences does not . . . explain why the differences originated and were maintained in the first place. One possibility . . . is that only those customs . . . survived which were compatible with the natural inclinations of the group members. Natural inclinations of individuals are, in turn, selected for survival in the environment inhabited by the groups; so, to say that something is cultural is not at all to completely remove it from biological or evolutionary considerations.

It is very likely that Freeman privately recognizes much of this. It is regrettable that he commits none of his awareness to paper.

The second matter on which Freeman plays coy is suggested by an opening remark, "[By 1916] Boas had come to see both eugenics and the racial interpretation of history as irremediably dangerous." Dangerous to *whom* is the obvious question here. Later, Freeman writes:

In 1915 a translation of the Count de Gobineau's *The Inequality of Human Races* was published in New York, and in the following year appeared Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race*, in which, as M.H. Haller has shown, "eugenics and racism united in a scientific doctrine of an elite about to be swamped by the incompetence of those whose inheritance placed them among the enemies of civilization." In Grant's opinion, democracy was "not favourable to the preservation of superior strains" and the only solution was "a thorough campaign of eugenics."

Freeman refers to these as "fanatical developments," though nothing could be more obvious today than that the worst fears of Madison Grant, William McDougall, Henry Pratt Fairchild, and the rest of the overthrown Yankee elite have been realized many times over -- with worse to come. Popular rule can indeed be a destructive solvent for highly able races and classes. Quite obviously, Galtonian eugenics would never be "dangerous" to men who looked and behaved like Madison Grant. So why is Boas's patently parochial warning flag permitted by Freeman to assume a universal validity?

This is the weakest link in *Margaret Mead and Samoa*. Freeman evaluates ideas and social movements as though they must somehow have the same impact on everyone (or nearly everyone), when the opposite is transparently the case. While 99.9% of contemporary social "science" textbooks are equally guilty of pawning off Jewish or liberal class interests as "universally valid" -- a crude trick which fools just about everybody -- one judges or should judge a Derek Freeman by a higher standard.

Boas's Bête Noire

Returning to Stanley Edgar Hyman's discussion of "secular rabbis," he notes that while Boas was "a lifelong warrior against any form of racism" and "clearly the exiled Jew writ large," he "deliberately obscured [his origins] every chance he

got." Indeed, the coverup may have spilled over into his own consciousness, for, relates Hyman, "The pattern is one of extreme repression" on ethnic matters. Boas's studies are "the work of a German Jewish immigrant who believed in assimilation [i.e., *partial* assimilation] and had children." He was confronted with a native WASP elite which naturally dreaded such assimilation, and which snubbed his children in consequence.

In such circumstances, who can say how much of Boas's thought (and the thought of others like him) was inspired by egalitarianism and how much was inspired by envy and hatred.

In *Primitive Art* (1927), which Boas begins with the standard pronunciamento on "the fundamental sameness of mental processes in all races," the problem of mental taboos is suggested:

Everyone knows by experience that there are actions he will not perform, lines of thought that he will not follow, and words that he will not utter, because the actions are emotionally objectionable, or the thoughts find strong resistances and involve our innermost life so deeply that they cannot be expressed in words. We are right in calling these social taboos.

Compare the words of anthropologist Clive Bell, who less squeamishly insisted: "Civilized people can talk about anything. For them no subject is taboo . . . In civilized societies there will be no intellectual bogeys at sight of which great grownup babies are expected to hide their eyes."

While Boas was busy creating the bogey-ridden field of cultural anthropology, other German Jews were developing the so-called "sociology of knowledge." Not to put too fine a gloss on it, the sociology of knowledge proclaimed that Jews, because of their uniquely "marginal" -- i.e., international and unassimilated -- *social* status, were also uniquely suited to *know*. Karl Mannheim and his associates customarily took 300 prolix pages to say this -- largely so that Gentile audiences would be too bored to feel offended when they learned about their second-class status.

But if "know thyself" is the beginning of all wisdom, and Jewish intellectual potentates like Boas were and are "extremely repressed" -- uncertain about what they want from life, unsure of what they really think and feel -- is not social "marginality" really a bane to understanding? Isn't the person best suited for intellectual leadership the one who is essentially secure? The one who most fully embodies the traits and aspirations of a stable, self-supporting population of individuals much like himself? Shouldn't the stolid Madison Grant and William McDougall types have remained America's open and admitted intellectual elite, instead of being replaced by an esoteric elite which feels it must deny its own power and often feels secretly inferior and "unworthy" of its inheritance?

Svengalis and Trilbys

By way of summation, we cite, from *Smithsonian* magazine (April 1983), another choice episode in the Boas saga:

Ethnography in 1925 was a groping, half-developed art; [25-year-old Ruth] Bunzel . . . had scarcely known what she was doing the previous summer when, at Boas's suggestion, she spent a working vacation in Zuni, New Mexico, doing her own first fieldwork, which resulted in an esteemed book, *The Pueblo Potter*.

The pattern recurs. From out of "scarcely knowing what she was doing" comes -- another "esteemed book." But what

might some future Derek Freeman have to say about *The Pueblo Potter*?

It is not accidental that an aging Margaret Mead told her audience that the young had as much to say about the future as their parents -- "if not more." Another of Boas's insecure young protégées, Ruth Benedict, a lesbian, if it matters (and it does matter), once remarked to Mead that both had been raised on "Papa Franz's milk" to recognize the "absolute determination" of behavior by social pressure. In *A Rap on Race (Instauration, August 1983)*, Mead actually told James Baldwin (perhaps in an impulsive moment) that young people without knowledge of the past were "stronger" for being "narrower." Well, it once worked for her, one is tempted to say. And how well this remark squares with Boas's professed fear of racial history -- and with his close associate Alfred Kroeber's bizarre antagonism toward the study of human origins, as described by Freeman:

Kroeber has confessed that "almost as a boy" he had a strong intuition that "all search for 'origins' is in vain." This belief he carried with him when, in 1896, he began his studies with Boas, and it was given great prominence in his first major anthropological study. In 1901 Kroeber asserted that any search for origins in anthropology could lead to "nothing but false results." The phenomena studied by anthropologists, he declared, had no origin; all arts and institutions were as old as man; every word was as old as speech; culture was "beginningless."

Hardly a promising start for a "giant" of "scientific anthropology"! But then Boas himself doubted till the end the existence of genes, evolution and natural selection -- and proclaimed a discontinuity between form and function in nature!

In any case, these are some of the things these gentlemen *said* they believed in. And the Margaret Meads and Ruth Benedicts *said* they believed their masters' voices. And even the Derek Freemans and George Stockings of today say they believe that all these assorted Svengalis and Trilbys really believed all these things.

What social science needs now is a Grand Demystifier who can separate, once and for all, the "innocents" from the knowing tribalists, who can also sort out the innocent, suspecting and knowing components from many of these same torn and taboo-ridden breasts. Franz Boas -- truth-seeker or skilled actor? Margaret Mead -- duped or deceitful? Derek Freeman -- only half-informed, or biding his time?

One thing is certain. The murky tribal forces behind Margaret Mead and the whole egalitarian mind-set are becoming less murky all the time. Alfred Kroeber himself observed as early as 1955 that the days when human nature could be canceled out of the behavioral equation were drawing to a close. Robert Ardrey, Arthur Jensen, E.O. Wilson and now Derek Freeman have helped prove him correct. The coming sociobiology of tribal deceit and self-deceit may prove to be the most fascinating sociobiology of all.

Ponderable Poem

When a man is unable to govern
His wife, his mother, his nurse,
He takes a particular pleasure
In running the universe.

*Ellen Borden Stevenson, divorced wife
of the late Governor Adlai Stevenson*

OLD RACISM AND NEW SURVIVALISM

With one or two exceptions, there hasn't been a single palatable, readable, race-conscious mystery or detective story since the days of Fu Manchu, first published in 1912. Author Sax Rohmer (Arthur Sarsfield Ward, 1882-1959) didn't have any illusions about the Yellow Peril, which he personified in his villainous Chinaman:

an archangel of evil . . . a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan . . . reptilian gaze of [green cat-like] eyes . . . The purposeful cruelty of the man was inherent . . . the Yellow Peril incarnate in one man.

Rohmer's Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a WASP supersleuth cousin of Sherlock Holmes, is "the man who fought on behalf of the entire white race" against Fu Manchu, "a menace to Europe and to America greater than that of the plague." The struggle between the two men is described as "race-drama . . . the story of Dr. Fu Manchu and of the great secret society which sought to upset the balance of the world, to place Europe and America beneath the scepter of Cathay."

Fu Manchu's plot to take over the world is as strange and complex as the oriental mind itself. For beginners, he plans to eliminate all Englishmen who know too much for their own good, whose knowledge of the *real* Orient, if it became public, would be counterproductive to the yellow race's interests. "Is there a man who would arouse the West to a sense of the awakening of the East, who would teach the deaf to hear . . . that the [oriental] millions only await their leader? He will die." One such man is an explorer named Sir Lionel Barton, an eccentric Orientalist who "has seen things in Tibet which Fu Manchu would have the West blind to." Sir Lionel's household staff boasts a Bedouin groom, a "squinting" Cantonese body servant, an Italian secretary named Strozza, who has "an unpleasant face," a Negro footman, a Malay, "and heaven knows what other strange people."

Doctor Petrie, Rohmer's (and Smith's) Doctor Watson, elab-



Warner Oland was Hollywood's Fu Manchu

orates on his feelings during his pursuit of "the sinister genius of the Yellow movement."

I felt as one bound upon an Aztec altar, with the priest's obsidian knife raised above my breast! Secret and malign forces throbbled about us; forces against which we had no armor . . .

Detective-hero Nayland Smith speaks words that would no longer bypass the blue pencil of any editor in New York or London:

Petrie, I have traveled from Burma not in the interests of the British Government merely, but in the interests of the entire white race, and I honestly believe -- though I pray I may be wrong -- that its *survival* depends largely upon the success of my mission.

Rebuilding White Civilization

Though a work of science fiction and not a mystery or detective story, a modern bestseller which is well written and (at least implicitly) race-conscious, is *The Day of the Triffids* by John Wyndham (Doubleday, 1951). William Masen, the principal character, holds down a mundane job in London with a company which extracts valuable oils and juices from strange alien plants (carnivorous tri-pods) called "triffids." The triffids come into being under mysterious circumstances involving a jet pilot of assorted Latin descent and the Russian government. One day nearly everyone in the world is blinded by watching a green "meteorite" shower.

When Masen, who doesn't lose his sight, wakes up to the horrible reality of what has happened, he decides, "There would be no going back -- ever. It was finish to all I had known." The truth is, he's glad "the old order" is dead.

All the old problems, the stale ones, both personal and general, had been solved by one mighty slash. Heaven alone knew as yet what others might arise -- and it looked as though there would be plenty of them -- but they would be new. I was emerging as my own master, and no longer a cog. It might well be a world full of horrors and dangers that I should have to face, but I could take my own steps to deal with it. I would no longer be shoved hither and thither by forces and interests that I neither understood nor cared about.

Masen eventually finds other sighted survivors. They congregate and choose a group leader, who has this to say:

The world we knew has ended in a flash . . . there is, however, still a margin of survival . . . We can begin again. Self-pity and a sense of high tragedy are going to build nothing at all. So we had better throw them out at once, for it is builders that we must become.

The best advice comes from a professor of sociology:

The world we knew is gone . . . The conditions which framed and taught us our standards have gone with it. Our needs are now different, and our aims must be different . . . We have not simply to start building again; we have to start thinking

again, which is far more difficult . . . It is the custom of each community to form the minds of its young in a mold, introducing a binding agent of prejudice. The result is a remarkably tough substance capable of withstanding successfully even the pressure of many innate tendencies and instincts. In this way it has been possible to produce a man who against all his basic sense of self-preservation will voluntarily risk death for an ideal -- but also in this way is produced the dolt who is sure of everything and knows what is "right." In the time now ahead of us a great many of these prejudices will have to go, or be radically altered. We can accept and retain only one primary prejudice, and that is that the race is worth preserving. To that consideration all else will, for a time at least, be subordinate. We must look at all we do, with this question in mind: "Is this going to help our race survive -- or will it hinder us?"

The professor then lays down the basic law for admission to the community of survivors:

There is one thing to be made quite clear to you before you decide to join our community. It is that those of us who start on this task will all have our parts to play. The men must work, the women must have babies. Unless you can agree to that, there can be no place for you in our community . . . We can afford to support a limited number of women who cannot see, because they will have babies who can see. We cannot afford to support men who cannot see. In our new world, then, babies become very much more important than husbands.

A tall, dark, purposeful-looking, youngish woman had a question, "Are we to understand that the . . . speaker is advocating free love?" The professor answers, "I never mentioned love, free, bought or bartered. Will she please make her question clearer?" The woman: "I am asking if he suggests the abolition of the marriage law?" Professor: "The laws we knew have been abolished by circumstances. It now falls to us to make laws suitable to the conditions, and to enforce them if necessary." Woman: "There is still God's law, and the law of decency." Professor:

Madam, Solomon had three hundred -- or was it five hundred -- wives, and God did not apparently hold them against him . . . Just what our laws in these matters, and in others, will be is for all of us to decide later for the greatest benefit of the community . . . Not one of us is going to recapture the conditions we have lost. What we offer is a busy life in the best conditions we can contrive, and the happiness which will come of achievement against odds. In return we ask willingness and fruitfulness. There is no compulsion. The choice is yours. Those to whom our offer does not appeal are at perfect liberty to go elsewhere and start a separate community on such lines as they prefer.

After this debate, William Masen gets a lesson from a new-found girlfriend, who agrees with the professor:

There's nothing crazy about it. It's all quite clear . . . All this, it's done something to me. It's like suddenly seeing everything differently. And one of the things I think I see is that those of us who get through are going to be much nearer to one another, more dependent on one another, more like -- well, more like a tribe than we ever were before.

Some "Christians" refuse to go along with the professor's program and go off on their own. They don't last long. Other splinter groups form, some of them eventually coming together on the Isle of Wight

An area with natural defenses, which, once it had been cleared of triffids could economically be kept clear of them . . . [W]e managed to thin down the crowd [of aliens] round our walls after a bit. Maybe they got to find it unhealthy, or maybe they didn't care a lot for walking about on the charred remains of their relatives . . . and, of course, there were fewer of them . . . Now we have an intensive search every spring, on account of [alien] seeds blowing over from the mainland, and settle with them right away.

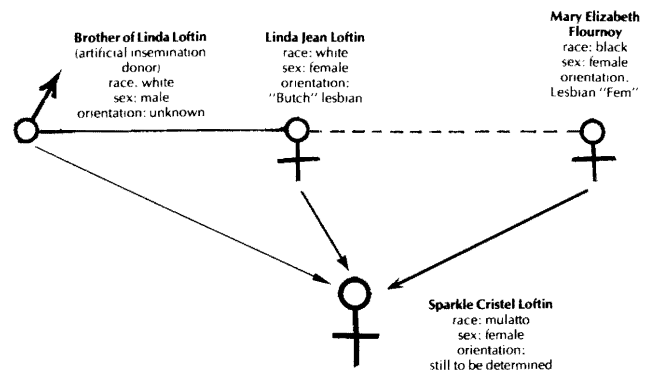
The Day of the Triffids closes with these lines:

We believe now that we can see our way, but there is still a lot of work and research to be done before the day when we, or our children, or their children, will cross the narrow straits on a great crusade to drive the [aliens] back and back with ceaseless destruction until we have wiped out the last one of them from the face of the land that they have usurped.

It is rare to find a science fiction tale which is both believable and relevant. *The Day of the Triffids* stands in stark contrast to all the soulless alien pulp manufactured by the likes of Ray Bradbury, Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison. Bradbury, for example, has written a short story, *The Other Foot*, praising reverse segregation -- by blacks against whites on Mars. When the last whites on earth, the pitiful remnants of a series of nuclear wars, seek refuge in the "Martian" colony, the blacks, after making elaborate preparations to get even with whitey, welcome them with open arms -- but only after the whites make long, demeaning "mea culpa" harangues.

O Tempora, O Mores!

A marital and parental tangle that says it all about the present Age of Moral Turpitude has been developing in the environs of New Sodom or, as its leading columnist Herb Caen so aptly calls it, Baghdad by the Bay. A white lesbian who walked out of the life of her black female "spouse" has won a court ruling that permits her to visit the four-year-old child conceived by the artificial insemination of said "spouse" by the lesbian's brother. It's all so complicated that we think a genealogical chart is needed to explain the ancestry of the child, Sparkle Cristel Loftin.



As might be expected, the court case attracted the notice of TV impresario Phil Donahue, who called the dusky Sparkle Loftin, "Just a Beautiful Baby." To further fit the mores to the tempora, Linda Loftin, who calls herself the "psychological" mother, when asked about the father, her brother, said, "There is no father -- the father was a turkey baster."

WHY THEY DO AND DON'T WANT US WHY WE DON'T WANT THEM

- **2 reasons why whites might have wanted blacks included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Blacks performed lowly and unpleasant jobs at the going pay rate.

Blacks tended to make whites feel vaguely good about themselves by serving as a "foil" to white achievements.

- **4 reasons why whites might not have wanted blacks included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Despite rigid social segregation, some black behavior patterns had always been adopted by whites.

Despite segregation, black crime and disorder spilled over into white society.

Low black performance standards often made whites lazy and self-satisfied, just as today's high Japanese standards stimulate white competitive instincts.

The Bible's "meek shall inherit the earth" admonitions induced strong guilt feelings in America's racial hierarchy.

- **1 reason why blacks might have wanted to be included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Low as they were on the social scale, blacks living in a white country had incomparable opportunities for economic and educational advancement they would not have had in a black country.

- **1 reason why blacks might not have wanted to be included in the American "social contract" of 1950:**

Though they were better off materially and educationally in a white setting, black self-esteem suffered through constant comparison to white achievements.

- **2 reasons why blacks might want to be included in the 1983 American "social contract":**

Though they remain (collectively) low on the American economic scale, blacks have risen sharply on some other scales. On the "moral scale," black Americans are regularly praised by the media as long-suffering, victimized and righteous, while whites (especially those of Northern European ancestry) are no less regularly vilified as cold, unfeeling and prejudiced.

Even the relatively low economic position of American blacks is vastly beyond anything they have shown the capacity to achieve on their own. And "Affirmative Action" promises even bigger economic gains in the future.

- **2 reasons why blacks might not want to be included in the American "social contract" of today:**

Black self-esteem continues to suffer through the group's comparison to whites.

Wise blacks recognize that the racial status quo in America is increasingly artificial and precarious. They know that if blacks (and their allies) come out on top in America, black economic progress would end and both black and white society would sink into chaos.

- **8 cogent reasons why whites might not want blacks included in the American "social contract" of today:**

"Affirmative Action" programs are bringing many blacks into positions they cannot handle, seriously affecting American productivity and quality control.

The alternative to quotas appears to be riots.

Much more damaging to white interests than the endless celebration of Négritude is the cultural veto given to blacks (and other racial minority groups), a veto which makes affirmations of white identity and pride strictly taboo.

Today's young blacks often refuse to perform the lowly, unpleasant jobs to which many of them are suited because of lack of qualification for other forms of employment.

The black presence tends to make whites feel morally "bad" about themselves and their ancestors. Those whites who manage to overcome this programmed self-incrimination often wind up feeling even worse about themselves and their ancestors (though in the opposite way) for having allowed so destructive a black-white interaction to come about!

With forced integration, black behavior patterns are influencing young whites more than ever to become behaviorally "less white," as European visitors sometimes notice.

Black crime and disorder are far more unsettling to whites than a generation ago.

Whites are not getting as upset as they should about Asian immigration, because "after all, it sure beats having blacks around." In short, prolonged contact with blacks has left us prepared to accept anything and anyone, and vastly compromised our once lofty dreams of racial excellence.

- **Reasons why whites might want blacks included in the American "social contract" of today:**

We cannot think of any valid ones that would benefit the blacks without long-term harm to whites.

WHO KILLED GOOD TASTE?

"There are tastes that deserve the cudgel," wrote Irving Babbitt, the American educator who died in 1933. Fifty years later, when many students rarely get past their textbooks, and many of those textbooks are ghost-edited by anonymous committees of New Yorkers with advanced degrees in "consciousness-raising," Babbitt's hard dictum has been replaced with a far more threatening kind of mush: "All tastes deserve our empathy because mutual destruction is the alternative in a pluralistic society."

Yet not even the United Voices of Expertdom are fooling all of the people all of the time, as the latest book by Midwestern businessman and writer Fred DeArmond makes plain. In *Empire of the Masses: The Decline of Taste in America*, DeArmond acknowledges the existence of distinct highbrow, middlebrow and lowbrow cultures in the United States, but remarks that "whichever level one considers, it is degraded from that of previous generations." The instances of cultural decline which he cites reveal a close link between "taste," as narrowly construed by the modern aesthetic specialist, and what Emerson called "the conduct of life," on which hangs the fate of nations. An example:

Mary Boykin Chestnut, author of the widely-acclaimed *Diary from Dixie*, was a woman of taste who balanced her character by polishing over the acerbities and prejudices that one of her background might naturally have been subject to. An aristocratic South Carolinian, wife of a high Confederate officer, an intimate of many southern Civil War figures, including President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy, she yet could see her people and the stirring and tragic events of the time in an objective light, a quality which gives her book a rare value.

"The Northern papers say that we have hung and quartered a Zouave, cut him into four pieces, and that we tie prisoners to a tree and bayonet them," she wrote. Instead of the partisan denunciation of the enemy that would have been expected to follow this sentence, her comment was: "It ought to teach us not to credit what our papers say of them."

Had there been more Mary Boykin Chestnuts in this century, the white race would never have been pushed to the precipice by Armageddons I and II. The antithesis of the objective Chestnut spirit is found in a fanatic like Menahem Begin, whose reflexive response to foreign allegations of an Israeli atrocity is the cry, "Blood libel!" Do the Begins ever pause to reflect, "It ought to teach us to question what *our* books say of them." But, "you don't have to be Jewish" to possess a mind furiously sealed against the losing side's perspective of recent history. As low as aesthetic taste has sometimes fallen, it has not attained the abyss of present moral taste.

The irony here, as DeArmond notes, is that "among our citizenry there is no lack of an intelligent elite But who listens to them?" The best have only a slim following while "the craziest thinking generally prevails." DeArmond turns to Solzhenitsyn's Harvard address for an answer. "You have an enormously free press," said the Russian, "but an enslaved readership." The explanation for degraded tastes, then, is apparently democracy run wild, a headless mob setting the standards. That this, at best, is only half an explanation is suggested

by DeArmond's personal *Who's Who* of culture vultures.

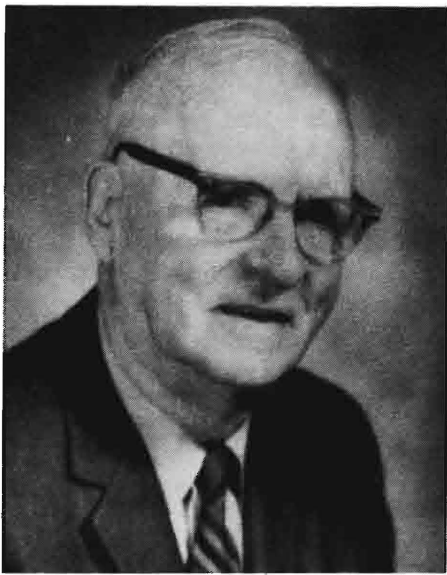
On page 34, he goes after Theodore Roszak, who calls for revolution and blames "the white Western middle class" for our poor planet's ills. On page 59, he blasts Charles Reich, who demands liberation through drugs and that "playful, joking, don't-give-a-damnness" which is so easily controlled by the unplayful minority. On page 61, he grimly recites Herbert Marcuse's condemnation of the classical ideal, which

represents for us now, and has always represented, the forces of oppression The norms of classical art are the typical patterns of order, proportion, symmetry, equilibrium, harmony, and all static and inorganic qualities. They are intellectual concepts which control or repress the vital instincts on which growth and therefore change depend, and in no sense represent a freely determined preference, but merely an imposed ideal.

On page 65, DeArmond attacks the generation gap-fomenting rhetoric of J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*. On page 73, the accused is Herbert J. Gans, guilty of calling for an "equality revolution" spearheaded by "minorities" who conveniently add up to a majority. (Gans also demands "moral equality," with the promised "elimination of all distinctions between 'deviant' and 'non-deviant' behavior" -- which, rest assured, only means that *our* behavior will now be branded as deviant.)

Of course, the word "Jew" scarcely appears in DeArmond's treatise -- which suffices to get it published by Dorrance (35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, PA 19003, \$6.95). Yet this circumspection will by no means suffice to get the book reviewed in the right places and its right ideas accepted by the right people. As Susan Sontag, another of DeArmond's targets, has written: the chief creators of the "modern sensibility" are Jews and homosexuals, and "every sensibility is self-serving to the group that promotes it." Once upon a time there was a large and powerful class of Americans who shared DeArmond's physical appearance and values and who fully understood the self-serving nature of all power. Their descendants, alas, abdicated that awesome responsibility and bequeathed it to an eager minority coalition.

Geographically peripheral WASPs like Fred DeArmond, born on a Missouri farm before the turn of the century, have been trying to figure out exactly what hit them ever since. As the associate editor of *The Nation's Business* in Washington from 1938 to 1943, years when he made the acquaintance of figures like Bernard Baruch and and Lothrop Stoddard, DeArmond had a better chance than most to analyze the kind of change transforming America's cultural power centers. Yet *Empire of the Masses*, like many books of its genre, leaves the discerning reader wondering just how much the author "really knows." The jacket blurb states that his book "lays most of the blame on permissiveness" -- which only begs all kinds of questions. After all, while Herbert Marcuse and his crowd were preaching a gospel of spontaneity and immaturity to the masses, they were putting long, diligent days into the updating of cultural ideas and social strategies stretching back thousands of years in their own genealogies. Adult brains lay behind the youthful outbursts of Berkeley and Paris in the 1960s, a point which De-



Fred DeArmond

Armond readily concedes, "If the faculties of young people were really superior in our time, as is often asserted, rebellious youth would have developed its own intellectual leadership and not have followed designing older agitators . . ."

Again and again, DeArmond defines good and bad taste with the aid of words and phrases which are guaranteed to raise red warning flags in the minds of intellectuals the world over. For René de Chateaubriand, he recalls, taste meant "delicate" good sense. Then there is "discrimination" between "fine" and "coarse" things in life. "Tone" is also important, whether "high" or "low." For DeArmond, whose photograph reveals a mild and finely-wrought Nordic face, none of these values are problematic. One wonders whether or not he has reflected that for other peoples, of other bodily and temperamental makeup, they are dubious in the extreme. In *The Ordeal of Civility*, sociologist John Murray Cuddihy described Jewish tastes quite graphically:

A kind of predifferentiated crudeness on the culture system level, and a kind of undifferentiated rudeness on the social system level of behavior, is believed to be -- by certain Jews themselves -- not only an integral part of what it means to be a Jew, but integral to the *religious* essence of Judaism, and not an accidental result of Exile or of socio-economic disadvantages.

Jews are now the wealthiest ethnic group in America, with the lion's share of cultural power, but these facts alone have not recast them as genteel English aristocrats -- nor could they in a billion years (without biological steps being taken). So when, on page 35, DeArmond praises "standards of decency and reserve" (naively assuming that all races will perceive the same linkage); or when, on page 118, he criticizes the new "assumption of familiarity toward strangers"; or when, on page 130, he praises the slow, deliberate speech of Gary Cooper and John Wayne; or when, on page 134, he agrees with a Scotsman that "unexcitability" is "the greatest safeguard of the British people" -- he (apparently) fails to see that he is implicitly condemning the standards which entire generations of Norman Mailers, Wilhelm Reichs and Arthur (Primal Scream) Janovs have labored to establish.

If, as Solzhenitsyn says, America has an "enormously free press," then let it be well understood that that freedom stops

literally at the printing-house door. To expect a minority elite to promote the ideas, the manners and the art objects which would swiftly end its dominance is sheer folly. Would the gentlemen of old Europe's courts, many of them with faces as open and thoughtful as DeArmond's, ever have sung the praises of turgidity or vulgarity or -- random mating? And, indeed, as DeArmond sadly notes, some of Freud's followers have brand-ed selectivity in the choosing of sexual partners as "psychologically unhealthy." As for openness, DeArmond has no use for Talmudic double-think and double-talk:

The French Existentialists, who have attained a large following in America, indulge in a large volume of "nebulous verbosity." Jean Paul Sartre defined consciousness as abstraction of a high order "since it conceals within itself its ontological origin in the region of in-itself. Conversely the phenomenon is likewise an abstraction since it must 'appear' to consciousness. The concrete is man within the world in that specific union of man with the world . . ." Really!

Now, admittedly there can be an element of unfairness in citing critically short passages out of context, as I have done. But, generally speaking, I have found that the best and most articulate thinkers are the most quotable in or out of context. Examples are Edmund Burke, Robert Louis Stevenson, Thoreau, Lincoln, William James, and Henry Mencken. The reason is that these men were masters of language. Their prose is tight. Selected passages hold together separately or when tied together in a long discourse. They would not have rebuked critics for quoting them out of context.

DeArmond shows his own gift for quotation in a number of places. He gives us Francis Parkman, in 1869, deploring a nascent phenomenon which he described as "the diffusion of education and the degradation of culture." The book's title comes from Ortega y Gasset, "We are living, then, under the brutal empire of the masses." There is Malcolm Muggeridge, "The mid-twentieth century, far from being a period of enlightenment, has been notable for credulity and servility to a quite exceptional degree." And Muggeridge twenty years later, "[T]he critical faculties are stifled by a plethora of public persuasion and information, so that literally anyone will believe anything."

T.S. Eliot is cited, "We can assert with some confidence that our own period is one of decline; that the standards of culture are lower than they were 50 years ago; and that the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." De Tocqueville's praise for American democracy had a dark edge, "I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America." Emerson, although often misguided, dared to be free: "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness . . . Truth is handsomer than the affectation of love." Whitman, in his *Democratic Vistas* and *Chants Democratic*, sang the swan song of quality: "I speak the word primeval -- I give the sign of democracy . . . I will accept nothing which all cannot have on the same terms." An awesomely destructive formula, that.

"Since the very beginning of our national life," writes DeArmond, "Americans have handicapped themselves by a sentiment that may be identified as the 'George III Complex.'" We tend to fear authority which admits to being such, only to flee to a darker power which speaks a smooth, long-rehearsed ian-

guage of anti-authority. The darker power proclaims the coming reign of "equality for all," but, as DeArmond notes, *prestige* is also a widely sought desideratum, and the Lenins, Trotskys, Freuds and Margaret Meads have never promised to spread it around evenly. (Witness the attacks on the prestige-hungry Nouvelle Ecole crowd in France. These unaffluent upstarts continue to get hit far harder than the materially superrich Rockefellers. Who says our enemies put material wealth first?)

Much of DeArmond's critique of modern society is aimed at the "tasteless" refusal to recognize those human differences (in intelligence, wisdom, beauty, capacity) which clearly exist. Yet he later praises tact, recalling that "comparisons are odious." Comparisons are indeed often odious, and hence obliquely made, even in homogeneous settings like the Missouri farm country of 1900. In modern urban America, they are increasingly incommunicable as well. DeArmond's routine linkage of "decency and reserve," which is easily factored into his own hierarchy of human values, would be vigorously opposed by a Norman Mailer or Susan Sontag, who might see reserves as an indecent refuge for anti-Semitism. (After all, don't even the most "reserved" of good ole boys miraculously loosen up among their own? In such a setting, it may be the urban interloper who is reserved -- but doesn't want to be.)

The social philosopher Richard Swartzbaugh has argued that discourse tends to be egalitarian by nature. Goethe once said, "Whoever speaks long before others, without flattering his audience, excites opposition." Radical egalitarianism is built into the present American social structure, because anyone who wants to go anywhere must flatter people with aquiline

noses and splayed noses, with high IQs and low, with crude tastes and fine.

The most disconcerting part of *Empire of the Masses* is its breezy epilogue. Only pages earlier, DeArmond had cited André Maurois's observation that married life is "lived on the mental level of the more mediocre of the two beings who compose it." Here he sounds an analogous note: "just being oneself," seemingly so simple, is in fact "an extremely hard course to pursue steadfastly and consistently. Not a day passes that one is not tempted persuasively to be something other than oneself." (Even by one's spouse, perhaps.) DeArmond should reflect on the tragic consequences of this phenomenon, which psychologists call "coercion toward the population mean," for those young men and women of his own type who are trapped in a darkening, jived-up environment. Instead, he ends anticlimactically with these tepid comments:

It is comforting to reflect that for over two centuries of national life our people have on the whole decided the important issues soundly and consistently . . .

The system under which we live has a happy way of redressing wrongs and reevaluating public decisions.

The "principal reason for the decline of taste in America", DeArmond reassures us, is probably the old human tendency to "follow the crowd." Granted. But the makeup of the American crowd is fast-changing, which should have been -- and wasn't -- his basic point.

JUD SÜSS IN BUFFALO

On Sunday, April 24, 1983, the German movie *Jud Süß* was shown on the campus of the State University of New York at Buffalo. It was part of a two-day Holocaust program sponsored by various Jewish groups. The program notes said this was the first time the film had ever been shown publicly in the U.S. The reason for the screening, it was explained, was to help students of the Holocaust understand the diabolical nature of Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda.

Professor William Allen of the history department told the audience of several hundred that of over 1,000 films made in Germany from 1933-45, only four could be considered anti-Semitic. All four, including *Süss*, were made in the early 1940s, while Germany was at war.

Jud Süß is not a tedious, heavy-handed tract of dull-witted cinematic propaganda, as one might expect, but a lively, fast-paced, engrossing drama. The sets, costumes, lighting, acting and directing easily match the Hollywood product of that era. It is well-crafted professionalism all the way.

The story is based on the career of Josef Süß-Oppenheimer, treasurer of Duke Karl Alexander of Württemberg. After ascending to the throne, the Duke tries to raise new revenues to pay for such expensive status symbols as an opera company, a ballet troupe and a palace guard. When his council refuses to give him the money, Süß, the moneylender, steps in. As the Duke becomes ever more dependent on him, Süß shaves his beard and abandons his Hebraic garb "to more easily fit into open court society." At the same time, he persuades the Duke to abolish the ancient ban on Jews entering Stuttgart. Soon the



Ferdinand Marian as Jud Süß

Israelites are pouring in. Württembergers resent the influx and groan under the weight of the tolls and fees imposed by Süß to enrich himself and the Duke. The treasurer uses all sorts of hair-splitting Talmudic legalisms to bend and twist the law in his favor, and entrap those who oppose him.

Süß plays on the carnal weaknesses of the Duke to transform the refined atmosphere of the court dances into a "meat market," where the duchy's women are exhibited and seduced for the pleasure of the Duke, his palace guard and Süß. Coveting the beautiful blonde daughter of one of the leading citizens, Süß asks for her hand in marriage. When the old man angrily refuses, Süß persists, warning that it would be dangerous to say no. The father declares, "My daughter will bear no Jewish children!"

Süß has the father arrested on a trumped-up charge of treason, but not before the daughter hurriedly marries her fiancé. By now the people have had enough, and revolt brews. Süß persuades the Duke to hire 5,000 mercenaries for a coup d'état to abolish the duchy's constitution. He also has the new bride's husband arrested and tortured. When she comes to Süß to beg for mercy for her spouse, he rapes her. Unable to face her husband, she kills herself.

Finally, the people rise up. The foolish, selfish old Duke, who now sees too late that Süß has brought him "nothing but enemies," dies during an alcoholic binge, after which the

palace guards defect, leaving Süß and his fellow Jews to meet their fate. The court that convicts Süß states, "We do not live by your law of vengeance, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but for the crime of violating the honor of a Christian girl, you must be hanged." It is then decreed that no Jews may ever again enter Württemberg.

The story of Josef Süß-Oppenheimer clearly parallels the story of Joseph in Genesis. A clever Jew becomes indispensable to the ruler of the state and uses his position to enrich himself and entrench his own people in power. But the chutzpahish Süß never stops pushing; that is his undoing. At one point an old rabbi berates him for being so ostentatious and power-hungry. He tells Süß that a Jew should always remain hidden within his own community, wielding power unobserved so as not to arouse the goyim. Süß attempts to justify his behavior by saying that everything he is doing is "for the sake of Israel," so that Württemberg will become another Promised Land.

Jud Süß is in black and white and about 90 minutes long. The English subtitles unfortunately skip parts of the dialogue, leaving those who don't speak German wondering what they're missing. Nonetheless the story is easy to follow. However, not too many Americans are likely to have the opportunity to see *Jud Süß*. The program notes state explicitly, "Distributed to educational institutions and Holocaust Centers only by Teutonia Films of San Diego, California."

Facing Hard Realities

As a race endures a stiff and unrelenting assault upon all of its major homelands, it is liable finally to start cracking. Faced with an impossibly unfair future and no apparent way out, even a stock of proven high capacity may at last turn collectively to drugs, punk rock, "creationism" and other reality-deadeners.

Those of us who envision a possible global collapse of the white race must realize that it would not only mean more Jewish control (before they, too, go down), more Third World intrusion, and more black misbehavior. If whites are blown away in a swirling cloud of ignominy, our behavior will probably surpass in its shameful anything heretofore seen on earth.

It may be, as Raspail writes, that the "Book of Fate" decreed that the white man's reflexes of self-preservation are "destined to remain rare exceptions, hidden or deformed, never able to add up to a meaningful whole." If so, the creative race which has always been first in fame will likely become first in shame. We may already be seeing the first glimmerings of this transformation. Our last hope may lie in ruthlessly exposing this racial shame as it grows. Attempts to deny the new white self-degradation can only damage our credibility.

Consider the problem's background. Europe's most liberal nationalities have always tended to become the most conservative when thrown in with other groups -- but in a reactionary rather than a progressive sense. Swedes are liberal in Sweden or

Minnesota, but set them down in a multi-ethnic city and they become so many narrow fiscal conservatives, withdrawing from public places and community involvement, stifling their imaginations and growing obsessed with protecting their material wealth. Their biotypes demand a withdrawal which finally becomes withdrawal from life itself. (Today, multiracial reactionism is catching up -- slowly -- with the liberal Swede in his Swedish and Minnesota redoubts.)

Conversely, the Italian, who maintains a far more rigid, conservative society among his own kind, becomes a liberal in the multi-ethnic city -- that is, until groups like blacks and Puerto Ricans are thrown into his midst, instant leftists who force the Italian rightward.

Northern European man, progressive on his own, devours his own creations one by one as he is pressed by other races. In the American South, the Nordic never was a liberal because he had the Negro to contend with. The Scopes trial attempted to suppress a Nordic-devised body of thought in Tennessee in 1925. Today, the Scopes mentality is being "born again" in precisely those states which have a high concentration of Nordics -- and it is often these Nordics who are leading the rebirth. Organized minorities nearly always oppose these blond Biblical "creationists." (Since evolution teaches "change," while special creation teaches continuity among discrete living forms, and since the greatest change facing the blond Bible-thumpers is that of

racial muddling through miscegenation, there is much to be said for fundamentalism as *politics*, though not, of course, as science.)

The real source of the religious uprising is almost painfully obvious in California. Nell Seagraves, the matriarch of a blond family in a once blond state, says "We feel we are out to repossess our land." In a state where European values have, since World War II, been joined by black values, Hispanic values and Asian values, Mrs. Seagraves rightly maintains, "We cannot live with chaotic values."

It is certain that the minority-run media are hyping the Seagraves types to make the Majority look bad. After all, they never gave the progressive Carleton Putnam a hearing when he tried to carry his Southern-based educational crusade on innate racial differences to a national audience. Even so, the neo-fundamentalist movement is making itself hard to ignore.

The opposite side of this particular racial flip-flop is presented by the Asian Americans, whose forebears had nothing to do with the creation of modern science. Though they were 1.5% of the American people in 1980 (probably an undercount), they make up 6.6% of all U.S. scientists with doctoral degrees, including 15.5% of those in engineering and 9.3% in computer science. About 8.9% of the freshman class at Harvard is Asian-American, as are 20% of the undergraduates at Berkeley. Harvard's Stephan Thernstrom says, "It's absurd that Orientals qualify for affirmative

action, but it makes the program work.”

A major national survey sponsored by the U.S. Education Department found Asian high-school students achieving mathematics scores considerably higher than those of any other group, including the catch-all category of “whites” (Hispanics excluded). Whites outperformed Asians in reading and vocabulary, although by a smaller margin. Overall, Asian students came out first, despite the fact that 58% were foreign born and 14% were identified as limited English-speaking. The same study also showed that Asians take more tough courses, do more homework, and are more often expected by parents to achieve advanced degrees.

Many motivating factors are involved. Asian students, often small, plain-featured and bespectacled, tend to be ignored by their more popular and social-minded white classmates. The slight degree of sexual dimorphism among Asians means that young romance, an age-old preoccupation

of occidental but rarely of oriental society, is less of a distraction. Who has not known whites in the 100-110 IQ range who achieved more in a narrow academic sense than other whites, not only brighter but better-rounded, who were distracted from their studies by an abundance of personal gifts that kept them always “doing”?

Emerson draws our attention back to the traditional Western ideal in his essay on “Manners”:

Whenever used in strictness . . . the name [gentleman] will be found to point at original energy In a good lord, there must first be a good animal, at least to the extent of yielding the incomparable advantage of animal spirits. The ruling class must have more, but they must have these, giving in every company the sense of power, which makes things easy to be done which daunt the wise. The society of the energetic class, in their friendly and festive meetings, is full of courage, and of attempts, which intimidate the pale scholar.

The Jews, who have succeeded in placing scholars both pale and swarthy on the national pedestal, are now being joined by legions of bushy-tailed Asians. Put bluntly, certain of these people have a lot of the computer and the clone in them, which would eminently qualify them for the hive-like future that may be coming, but not in the future we seek.

Sociologist William Petersen says that Asian-American academic achievement is “fairly comparable to the Jewish drive for excellence.” Many Asian students remember being called “chink” or “gook.” They feel the need to “prove themselves” in a gut-level way that the blond, all-American boy can hardly comprehend. There is a lot to be said for this theory, although black and Hispanic students -- shown in tests to have the same compensatory motives -- are not benefiting from raw willpower. Clearly, another factor, called IQ, cannot be ignored.

An Instaurationist sounds off on the deplorable state of U.S. schools

Uneducational Education

We hear a lot these days about the degradation of our educational system and how it is turning out an inferior product, namely, our children. In the welter of criticism, the critics seem to forget that the best pie-maker in the world can do nothing with mud except produce mud pies. After years of working in the aerospace industry as a chemist, I know of no instance where a product is independent of the material of which it is formed. American education is a mirror of the values of the population as a whole. Educational standards have fallen so low because society wants every student to pass. The cold reality is that high standards necessitate high failure rates. No gadget, no film strip, no computer software will ever catapult a simian brain out of the realm of thinking about climbing trees.

The sad truth is that many of our best teachers have lost their jobs simply because they insisted upon high standards. New York State once boasted of having the highest standards of any state in the country. Today, some schools in our second most populated state refuse to give any grades lower than 60. I personally know of situations where teachers were told that a “relevant” algebra course consisted of the first four chapters in a 22-chapter book. I do not wish to belabor the point, but our school systems, like our politicians, are exactly what the public demands. When present-day teachers adhere to standards, they will soon be looking for a job. Tell the truth, and you’ll never make it in politics.

American education has a steadily increasing supply of inferior raw material to work with. In this regard it is unfair to compare “average” American students with

those of Germany, Japan or Russia. In Germany and Japan, I strongly suspect the standard IQ deviation is much smaller than in the U.S. Even though the U.S.S.R. is quite racially diversified, the commissars are practical enough to keep the potatoes separate from the carrots. I am sure that Russian performance data represents a select group.

I have mentioned the dirty word “IQ.” For the sake of argument, let’s assume that a score on a IQ test has no correlation to the “actual” mental acumen and reasoning power of the youthful individual. It would follow that a group of students scoring 80 would demonstrate the same random distribution of “brains” as a group scoring 120. This corollary would give the maximum latitude to the myth believers. Therefore I make this challenge. Name your own high-school mathematics course. Give me one school year with nothing more than a textbook and chalkboard. Since IQ scores are not supposed to mean much, no one should object if I selected the 120 score group to work with. My opponent has the liberty of utilizing any conceivable collection of computer hardware, software, moshware and fanfare together with Sesame Street decimals, padded chairs, metrics and any other tricks available. After the instruction is over, let’s allow the passage of six months for digestion of the newly accumulated knowledge, creativity, decision-making, problem-solving, critical thinking, synthesis, evaluation and communications or whatever. Pick your SAT tests, closed- or open-book exams, surprise quizzes, essays, research projects or any other criteria for performance evaluation. Anyone care to bet that my group won’t win hands down?

A longer academic year? Many of our inner-city pupils are wiped out after the second week in September. Closer cooperation with industry? Certainly. No one should teach chemistry unless he has been formally employed by industry as a chemist for at least two years. Most science teachers haven’t the faintest idea of the practical applications of their favorite subject. In education, as in life, to enjoy milk and cream one must first get used to shoveling a little manure. How much can be learned about cows by sipping from a milk carton?

In a society that stampedes to a stadium to witness one bunch of morons chase another, I can only predict a steady diminution of academic performance. Illiterates are being granted huge “scholarships” for atavistic excellence. Passing grades become items of charity. As the unrestricted breeding of the dumber dumbbells increases and the performance requirements of an advancing technological society increase, one can easily extrapolate massive social upheavals. Out of expedience alone, the educational product will become inexorably inferior. Our equality-obsessed society will not tolerate a change in educational direction any more than it will tolerate a change to economic belt-tightening.

American education has suffered grievously from the Spock and Company brand of “new think.” The fact is that our contemporary educationists make Spock look rather sane. I witnessed a TV program a short time ago that featured a professor of something or other who claimed that African termites would be building radio telescopes after 20,000 more years of evolution. This welcome prediction was based upon

the "fact" that these termites build their nests in the form of Gothic arches. Academia reeks with such professors.

Johnny Jones gets a low grade. Since the grade is obviously "unfair," the irate parent descends upon the school board, school administrator or both. It doesn't take more than 15 minutes for the buck to be passed to the teacher. If teacher wishes to keep his or her job, then the grades must come up. So teacher lowers the standards. Now Johnny gets a higher grade and knows less.

In some schools, attendance counts for 40% of the grade. In some schools, students are given extra points just for remaining silent. Any wonder that many teachers de-

scribe their jobs as "babysitting"? Recently a teacher in our local high school complained that the chemistry course was not adhering to New York State requirements for laboratory work. He was fired. If anyone thinks these episodes are rare, I suggest that reality is out of his ken. We are still free to prate, but woe to us if we try to implement.

Afloat in their isolated ship, educators twaddle about correcting the presence of water in the hold. Following hours of role playing, committee-forming and "interaction encounters," they come to a conclusion. The water is there because there is no path for egress. Solution? Drill a hole in the bottom. When that doesn't work, form

another committee. By popular vote it is then decided that the principle of drilling a hole to let the water out was sound, but the hole wasn't large enough. Since the ship of education is now barely afloat, I'm waiting for the next round of hole-boring to commence.

I hate to end this little essay on another sour note, but our current crop of education "experts" remind me of backward-mounted jockies who, after getting the horse to gallop in reverse, seem puzzled as to why the horses have their heads on the wrong end.

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West Indian Flunkers

Thomas Sowell, the black economist, has made a great point of showing that West Indian Negroes in the U.S. do much better than American-born Negroes. He relies on this idea to "prove" that Negroes do not suffer from any genetic handicaps. West Indians, he tells us, hail from lands with less racial discrimination and are therefore culturally conditioned to outdo American blacks who only recently have enjoyed equal opportunity under the law. If our Negroes came from the Lesser or Greater Antilles, then they too would "make it" in America.

Sowell's thesis doesn't jibe too well with a recent study of West Indians in Britain, whose results, "based on the most extensive battery of tests ever given to ethnic minority children in this country," have been published in the *British Journal of Developmental Psychology*.

When West Indians begin school at five in Britain, they do as well as other racial groups and read slightly ahead of white

working-class children and almost as well as white middle-class children. By age seven, however, all whites pull ahead. By age 10, blacks are a year behind lower-class whites and two years behind middle-class whites. At the same time, white IQs hold steady while black IQs decline 4.6 points (Indian IQs go up 4.4 points in the same period). Finally, only 2% of the blacks manage to get into the grammar-school curriculum which is composed of the top 25% of the students. By age 16, West Indians are generally ineligible for higher education and professional training.

Sandra Scarr, the Yale psychologist who headed the testing team, dealt Sowell a mortal blow when she made the obligatory disclaimer, "Genetics explain nothing." If genes have nothing to do with the West Indians' poor educational record, then the causes must be environmental. Yet Sowell's case rests entirely on the proposition that environment is the sole reason for the West Indians' economic success in the U.S. His

argument now falls flat -- unless he can show that the underachieving West Indians in Britain come from a different environment than the allegedly overachieving West Indians in the U.S.

Despite Ms. Scarr, genetics seem to explain quite a lot. Blacks cannot match white performance wherever and whenever the two races meet in industrialized societies. Perhaps the West Indians' cultural environment is better for blacks because of the black preponderance in the Islands. Perhaps this does give them a slight cultural or psychological edge over American-born blacks. But both in Britain and in the U.S. most blacks, whatever their origins, do worse than whites in and out of school. And how does Sowell's environmental hypothesis account for the fact that West Indian blacks in Britain have the same propensity for rioting and crime as blacks everywhere, including their kinfolk in Africa?

How Zionists Manage the News

The Jewish Unity Movement/Desert Ullpan (JUM/DU) organization of Tucson, Arizona, gave the readers of its February 1983 newsletter, *Shalom*, a rare look at some of the techniques used by Zionist groups to mold public opinion.

In 1981, the newsletter states, a news reporter for Tucson television station KOLD referred briefly to the Israel-occupied West Bank as "Israeli-occupied Palestine." The JUM/DU responded with "vehement protests" and warned that the group "would monitor KOLD newscasts closely and demanded that Channel 13 exercise the greatest care in reporting on events."

Last year, KOLD television reported civilian casualty figures from an Israeli bombing raid in Lebanon. The JUM/DU called the

figures "grossly inflated" and took action. In the words of the JUM/DU newsletter:

We protested and threatened to initiate an advertiser boycott. When the largest TV advertiser was informed by us, the firm's owners went to KOLD and made it clear to [station manager Jay] Watson and the news director that they had better mend their ways if they wished to avoid losing the account. Channel 13 has since then not given us cause for complaint.

The "largest TV advertiser" is Sam Levitz Warehouse Furniture, which barrages television viewers with a flood of obnoxious hard-sell commercials, especially during the late-night old movie slot.

Sam Levitz also pressured Tucson televi-

sion station KGUN, channel 9, into broadcasting a blantly Zionist propaganda film, *Israel -- the Untold Story*, produced by JUM/DU. It was aired twice over KGUN last October.

The JUM/DU newsletter also boasted that it succeeded in forcing the *Tucson Citizen*, the city's evening paper, to censor the nationally syndicated column by Georgie Anne Geyer because of her effective criticisms of Menahem Begin's policies.

Her column appeared regularly on the editorial page of the *Citizen*. We made numerous remonstrances to Mr. Ted Craig, the editorial page editor. He agreed to discontinue printing her anti-Jewish diatribes.

The JUM/DU and the local chapter of the Zionist Organization of America have been trying to force the *Arizona Daily Star*, Tucson's morning newspaper, to drop the syndicated column of Anthony Lewis, a Jewish writer whom the JUM/DU calls "an enemy of Israel and the Jewish people." Even though the Zionists haven't been able to remove the column so far, the JUM/DU happily reports

since last fall no Israel-defaming column by Lewis has been printed in the *Arizona Daily Star*. We can only assume that the *Star's* editors have given this matter weighty thought and changed their minds. We certainly hope so.

The newsletter also reported similar efforts to censor the University of Arizona stu-

dent daily, *The Arizona Wildcat*.

It too was threatened with a boycott of advertisers and as a consequence agreed to feature articles and printed letters by us and Jewish students to counter the pro-PRO articles that had appeared on its pages.

Criticizing the older, establishment Zionist organizations such as the American Jewish Committee and the Anti-Defamation League for being too timid and cowardly, the more radical JUM/DU justifies its cruder manipulations of public opinion by explaining, "events have made it evident that it is impossible to buy Congressional votes by monetary contributions alone."

The JUM/DU announced that it works closely with the Tucson chapters of the Jew-

ish Defense League and the Zionist Organization of America. The JUM/DU newsletter is mailed at a special "half-price" subsidized postage rate because it has been certified as a "nonprofit organization."

The above examples of media manipulation tell only a small part of the story. The much more powerful Zionist organizations headquartered in New York and Washington apply more discreet and far greater pressure on the television networks and the "impact" press. No one hears much about this, because these groups are too sophisticated to brag about their successes.

We have to rely on the boastful and self-damning admissions of less inhibited lobbies like the Jewish Unity Movement of Tucson to learn what Zionists have done and are doing to harass the American media.

Mexican Ways of Governing

If and when America is reduced to a battleground for contending Third World gangs, and the Russians or some other force move in to mop up, the Majority remnant should not cry out too loudly that it was "never warned." The record will show that on June 12, 1983, one of the most widely read publications in the U.S. sounded the clearest alarm possible. On that day, *Parade*, the omnipresent Sunday newspaper supplement, ran an article entitled, "South of the Border," in which a "Mexican friend" gave the following lowdown on his native land:

In what other country that you know do the police commit most of the crime? . . . In what other country is a man whose home has been robbed afraid to call the police because he fears they may eventually come back to steal anything of value which has been left? In what other country do the police control drugs, prostitution, extortion and almost every other racket? Did you ever hear of the secret police branch we had in Mexico City? . . . They would kidnap citizens and hold them for

ransom in their own special jails. They would rape, rob, extort and murder . . . Our new president, Miguel de la Madrid . . . says he is determined to eliminate corruption. Presidents before him said the same thing. Most left office as millionaires . . . In the past, they stole so much that today Mexico is bankrupt.

These "wonderful people," as President Reagan calls them, who stand to inherit vast stretches of our American earth -- and who show no sign of abandoning their collectively crude ways -- were toasted again by the First Actor on May 5. It was in September 1981 that Reagan told a White House gathering of Hispanics, "If the country were just left to us Anglos, it would be kind of dull."

The latest "presidential tribute to Hispanics" occurred in San Antonio on Cinco de Mayo, the Mexican patriotic holiday which commemorates the 1862 Battle of Puebla, in which ragged Mexican troops scored a victory of sorts over the fever-stricken French invaders. Reagan, who probably wouldn't dare to celebrate Alamo Day, admitted, "I've almost forgotten when I didn't

celebrate Cinco de Mayo." He also told the assembled Mexico Firsters that their homeland's turmoil "is not just your problem, it's our problem and we'll meet it together."

All this groveling drew only the mildest applause, and it is considered unlikely that Reagan can again capture even the 25% of the Hispanic vote he won in 1980. Former Republican Governor Bill Clements's share of the Tex-Mex vote fell from 19% in 1978 to 13% in 1982, despite his all-out pro-Hispanic media blitz -- largely because Democrats had registered swarms of Mexicans in the interim.

White America has been warned. When *Parade* ran one of its sob stories on a down-and-out woman last winter, it was claimed that 1 million readers wrote in to offer help. Yet a rundown on the kind of government we can expect from Mexicans, once they outbreed us on our own turf, produced hardly a peep, although such a brutalizing regime would surely put tens of millions of Majority families in jeopardy.

Why They Waffle

there was something to this, but still found the "pronounced deviation" from the declared objectives of Thatcher and Reagan to be quite unlike the follow-through of elected liberals and leftists. Here is his explanation:

[Thatcher, Nixon and Reagan] were elected by substantial majorities of the popular vote. However, they were elected without the support -- indeed, with the opposition -- of influential and articulate groups in the civil service, the academies and the media; and also against the wishes of "progressive" businessmen, politicized writers, critics, trade union leaders, clergymen, entertainers and professional hu-

manitarians. Taken together, these categories largely make up the contemporary Western "political nation," that is the people who dominate discussion of public affairs, influence the course of events and circumscribe the freedom of the political leadership. What suits the interest of politicians is much influenced by the climate of opinion, which in turn is affected very considerably by the interests and attitudes, and therefore the activities, of the political nation.

Conservative Europeans and Americans, Bauer continued, "seriously underestimate" the power of the "Western" political nation. This nation-within-a-nation can

frustrate the Majority's wishes in many ways:

These include resistance by the bureaucracy, primarily the civil service; undermining the self-confidence of the leaders and even more that of their followers, especially in Parliament and Congress, and erecting a phalanx of so-called respectable opinion in opposition to the declared objectives of these leaders

The political nation is in Britain widely equated with public opinion Time and again one hears it said that "public opinion" won't stand for this or that policy

or measure proposed by Mrs. Thatcher or her circle, meaning by public opinion the particular categories of people most of whom are opposed to Mrs. Thatcher's objectives. In Britain, reducing the influence of these groups seems a precondition for the implementation of Mrs. Thatcher's objectives

Re-election by itself won't enable Mrs. Thatcher to overcome this resistance. She must seek out allies within these groups, enhance their effectiveness and promote cooperation among them, as well as between them and the political leadership.

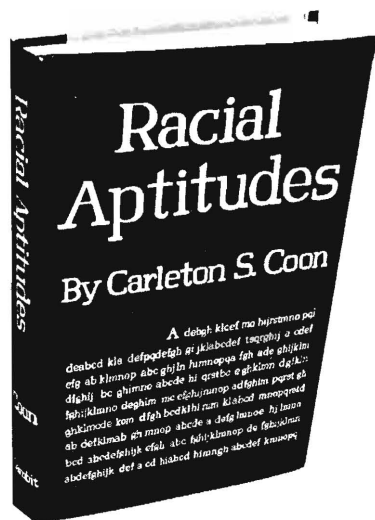
Being Jewish, Bauer chose to ignore the minority component of public opinion, or "public policy," as it is becoming increasingly known in America. Even the courts are beginning to use the term. Laws or bills are no longer being described as unconstitutional, but as "against public policy."

But even if Bauer was evasive about the racial components of his "political nation," who in a mendacious age is not grateful for even half a truth?



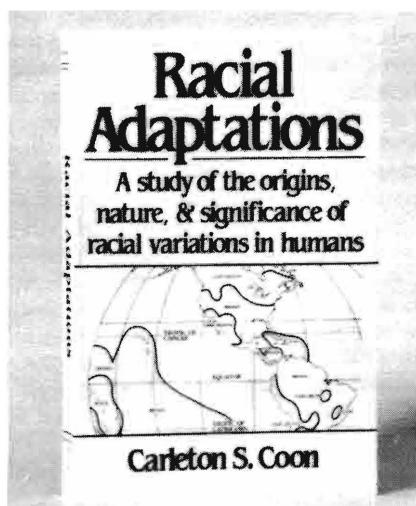
The Shrinking Book Mystery

Carleton Coon had always promised to write a book on racial intelligence before he died. We were consequently elated a few years ago when we received a flyer from Gambit, a publishing house in Ipswich, Massachusetts, announcing the future publication (February 1981) of *Racial Aptitudes* by Carleton Coon. The flyer included a photo of the book (see below), the price, \$12.95, and the number of pages, 284.



Some months later we heard that publication of the book had been held up for lack of money. Then, in June 1981, came Dr. Coon's demise.

Late last year an Instaurationist called up Gambit and asked about *Racial Aptitudes*. He was told the book had been taken over by Nelson-Hall (325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, IL 60606) and, as a matter of fact, had just been published by that firm. So our friend called Nelson-Hall. Sure enough, the book was now out in paperback and could be ordered for \$12.95. However, the title was not *Racial Aptitudes*, but *Racial Adaptations*. Our Instaurationist ordered it for us through a Chicago bookstore, and a month later it arrived (see above right).



Neither in appearance nor content did the book resemble the one originally advertised in the Gambit flyer. First of all, "Racial Adaptations" does not mean the same as "Racial Aptitudes." "Aptitude" connotes a form of mental activity; one dictionary definition is "mental alertness." "Adaptation" merely means adjustment. Whether the book's contents were changed as much as the title cannot be determined. All we know from reading it is that Carleton Coon either broke his promise or his publishers or someone else watered down the work by removing all mention of racial intelligence. This

watering down, incidentally, may explain why the final book (197 pages) is almost 100 pages shorter than the 284 promised in the Gambit flyer.

Racial Adaptations is pretty thin soup. It is hardly more than a compendium of the physical (not mental) traits that distinguish certain races from certain others. It examines the conditions that brought about different eye and skin coloration. It investigates the effect of weather and geography on human chemistry. These, of course, are "safe" anthropological topics, with which some of us are already quite familiar, although the book spells them out in a comprehensive and professional manner.

In its promotional literature Gambit said the author "with affection, humor and dismay . . . confronts the spectacle of man, wounded by the civil wars of race and rendered impotent by his own talents, in what may be the last moment of crisis and choice."

There is next to nothing on this in *Racial Adaptations*. Either it was never there and Gambit was exaggerating, or it disappeared somewhere along the road to publication. It's quite a mystery. It has an odor, let's admit it, of censorship. When living, Coon had a great deal of trouble with censors and critics in connection with his two great works, *The Races of Europe* and *The Origin of Races*. It looks as if his enemies have followed him to the grave -- and beyond.

Unponderable Quote

Central America . . . is far down on any list of priorities . . . tiny in size and population, void of strategic materials and remote from important sea lanes . . . [The U.S.] doesn't have a political or strategic stake The Middle East, of course, presents a far different picture. Russia is close by Those challenges jeopardize the American interest in world peace, in oil, in half a dozen local regimes and in the welfare of Europe and Japan. An American setback in the area is bound to be a Soviet gain

Joseph Kraft
April 27, 1983