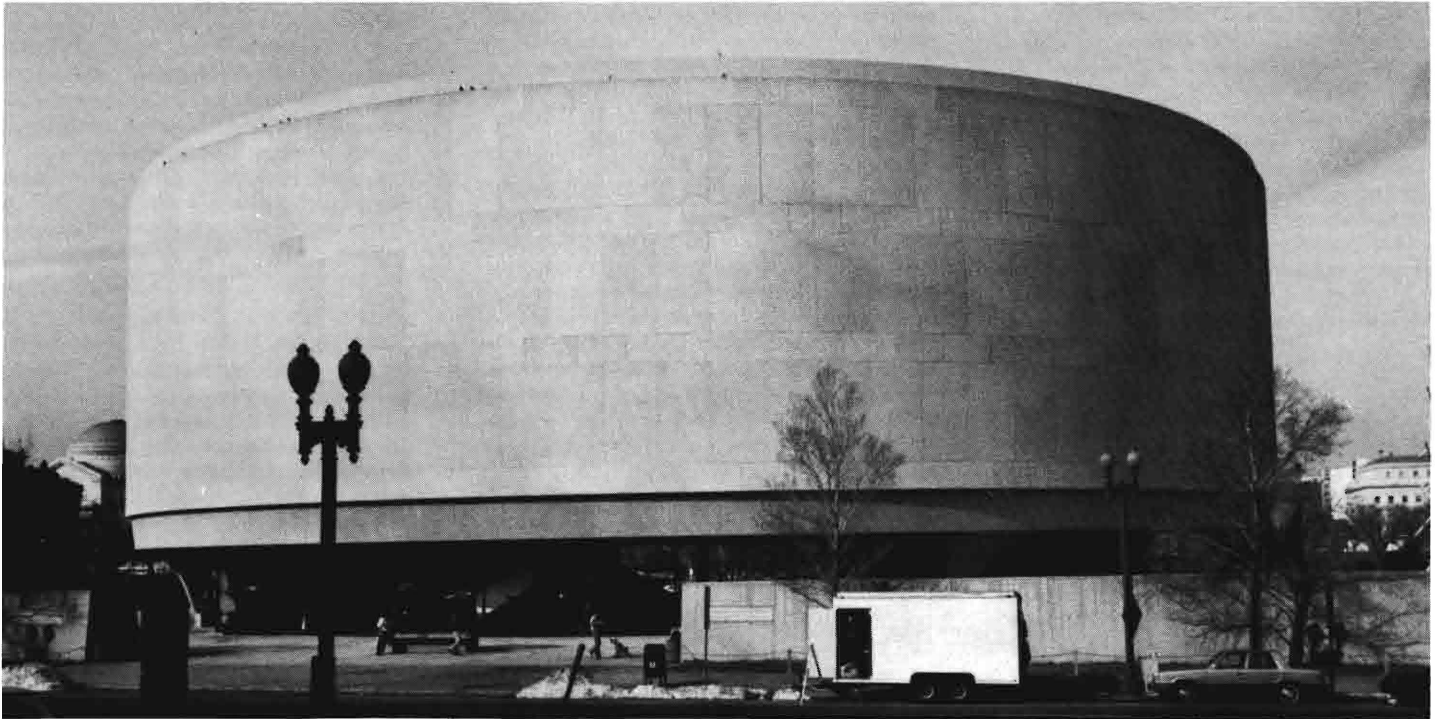


illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL 8. NO. 6

MAY 1983



WASHINGTON'S MONUMENTAL MISFITS



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

□ Each of us is a link in a chain stretching back millions and billions of years. It's our job to forge the next link in that chain of ascent from absolute chaos to absolute form.

770

□ Jerry Brown's predecessor, Ronald Reagan, left California with a sizable surplus. Brown left the state in technical bankruptcy. Under Brown, America's largest and (once) most prosperous state followed a zigzag political Brownian movement, first to the left, then to the right, then back hard to the left and finally up, up and away to explore outer space. For years Brown dazzled America's political pundits with his ability to bend with every political wind. In the end, he was done in by the lowly Medfly. Even Californians had had enough of Jerry Brown and turned thumbs down on his quest for a Senate seat. As his last act in office, Brown flooded the judiciary with a number of midnight judges, among them Herbert Donaldson, the first self-proclaimed male homosexual to ascend to the California bench. So ended the reign of the Lord of the Flies, not with a bang, but a wimp!

682

□ In a recent conversation with an assistant Episcopal minister, I asked him whether he was aware of the world conflict that has endured for thousands of years. Surprisingly, he answered, "You mean the conflict between the Western individual-family-group culture and the tribal cultures?" (Race was not mentioned.) He explained that this indifference was the reason why Paul was told to go north and then west on his Christianizing mission. Paul was ordered not to travel south or east because he would be wasting his time.

981

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□ If *The Dispossessed Majority* is a call to arms (and if it isn't, what is it?) and *Instauration* is a followup to keep the faithful informed, then why not limit it to a catalog of substantive changes, or the lack thereof, and trim out all the fat -- making it a sort of newsletter? You don't, after all, have to publish 32 or 36 pages. You could cut it to 8-12-16 pages of significant news on the success or failure of the thrust of *The Dispossessed Majority*: Join together, ye of Northern European descent, or perish! In the December issue, you could have done away with *Safety Valve*, *Marv*, *Willie*, *Ponderable* and *Unponderable Quotes*, "Hey There, Dr. King," "Nazi Leniency," "The Scalp Libel" *Cultural Catacombs*, *Cholly*, *Down Under Howler*, *Nobull*, *Father Machree*, and parts of *Inklings*, *Talking Numbers*, *Primate Watch* and *Elsewhere*. Total reduction -- at least 16 pages. And from the rest -- and as a general policy -- pare anything which is contentious, repetitious, or smacks of the America First-Pegler sop to cretinous right-wing vulgarity -- e.g., references to Eleanor Roosevelt's morality. Watch that light and shadow stuff. A man who can see possibility where none exists (in the Falklands caper) is not really seeing light rather than shadow, but trying to turn shadow into light -- the vain alchemy known as Pollyanna-ism. Such a person has a lot of vision problems -- among them the inability to see that false hope is worse than no hope. And that to be effective in the long term, hope must be sophisticated and highly discriminatory -- not simple and embracing. Pandering endlessly to the crude prejudices of the faithful is actually very counterproductive.

234

□ The story about Inmate X (Oct. 1982) was soul-wrenching. The man should be given a medal (why not, aren't we in a war?). Instead he's rotting in jail. Why don't you ask *Cholly* to spread around some "grease" and get that boy out of there!

727

□ My sister, after a long career of racial renegadism in West Israel (aka N.Y.C.) has finally made it official; she's getting engaged to a nut-brown Filipino who managed to breach our non-existent immigration gates in the late 1970s. This attack on the bio-emotional core of my family has sent my racial morale into a tailspin.

121

□ The Dust Bowl of the 30s was caused by World War I. Great quantities of wheat were needed so former grasslands were plowed for crops. The war ended and times changed. When cattle were brought back, there was overgrazing combined with drought. This resulted in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*.

441

□ Though I'm no more a fan of the Mafia and "Old Blue Eyes" than the average subscriber, I ask your readers to picture themselves on a darkened city street. Mud people loom ahead menacingly. Who would you rather have show up at your side at that moment, (a) a group of street-wise neighborhood Italian kids or (b) a group of whites, most at least nominally Nordic, who "ran late" with their "consciousness raising" session, where they agreed that the "John Wayne pose" prevents them from "getting in touch with their feelings." Two of them also resolved to "explore their feelings for other men."

121

□ I am sure that you are correct to say that now is the time for "quiet, intelligent missionary work." However, I can't help but wonder if a little intelligent agitation and propaganda might not also be appropriate. I was struck by the notion of that "Majority Declaration of Independence" proposed at one point in *Ventilations*. Have you given thought to writing such a document? Wouldn't it be effective reproduced on a card or a single sheet along with a P.O. Box address for further information? This would be something that could be ordered in quantity by your "missionaries" and distributed either openly or anonymously.

100

CONTENTS

Rogues' Gallery	5
Christianity, as We Know It, Is Going by the Boards	6
Monumental Misfits	7
No Chance for Conservation Without the Majority	9
An American of Italian Descent	
Reacts to Instauration's Nordicism	10
Cultural Catacombs	17
Inklings	19
Cholly Bilderberger	21
Notes from the Sceptred Isle	23
Channel XX	24
Talking Numbers	25
Primate Watch	26
Elsewhere	28
Stirrings	31

□ Zip 107's letter about Westinghouse's blue-eyed Genghis Khan ad reminded me that I once did some research on the subject. In a 1940 book by Harold Lamb, *March of the Barbarians*, Genghis Khan had "cat-like gray eyes." In another chapter, Genghis looked at a new grandchild and said disapprovingly, "He's so dark."

076

□ Cholly had some good points in the December issue -- and some bad. He says that Americans believe in "science" without pointing out that our most vocal scientists are not true scientists. A true scientist is dedicated to the truth wherever it may lead. When a scientist permits untruths to be stated and taught, he is not a true scientist. The pseudo-scientists are perhaps 5-10% of the scientific community. If true scientists spoke out and exposed and denounced these pseudo-scientists, they would overwhelm them, drive them out of the academic community and our people could get the truth about race and genetics.

902

□ The National Enquirer serves a special function among our controlled media, not unlike White House leaks. It prints news that the media-government cabal feels cannot be controlled completely or kept silent much longer. It's a kind of shock absorber that allows unpleasant or unwanted reality to be eased into the mass consciousness.

299

□ I have been reading Hume's *History of England*. The impression one cannot help arriving at is that mankind -- European mankind anyway -- has spent a good part of its time in states of madness. At first blush this seems a most disturbing impression. On second blush one can derive a certain small amount of consolation from it (pace Bilderberger). Since our ancestors somehow managed to recover their sanity, perhaps we, their descendants, may eventually do the same.

803

□ Greed and fear are great mobilizers, more so than idealism. The idealism of the New Left was really fear of the Vietnam War and greed for academic and bureaucratic sinecures.

771

□ I just read today that Jacobo Timerman: Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number is in production for television. The stars? The trim, masculine German-American Roy Scheider (undoubtedly playing the loutish-looking Timerman) and blonde actress Liv Ullmann (presumably playing either Jacobo's shikse or the ghost of Golda). Once again, Majority members are prostituted in minority-groveling roles. What's next? Robert Redford starring in Menahem!? If Scheider wants to work, it's either playing Jacobo or Dustin Hoffman's big Jewish brother in Marathon Man. If a Majority novelist wants fame and money, he'd better toe that line and produce renegade schlock like *Sophie's Choice* or Thomas Kenealley's *Schindler's List*. The latter is about Oscar Schindler, a "good German" who will undoubtedly be a household word in a couple of years, as Steven Spielberg is interested in directing this epic.

141

□ Having recently been married, I'm considering a move to Australia or New Zealand. Although I am a practicing lawyer, I find math and science far more satisfying. The state of American jurisprudence is such that all law schools and courtrooms should be equipped with air sickness bags. Math and science at least give me an outlet to release some positive energy. Some people in Instauration have taken a negative attitude toward science. Certainly scientific achievement has been a hallmark of European civilization. It is not the scientists and engineers who have misused scientific knowledge, but the greedy businessmen and idiotic politicians who use it for selfish and ignoble ends.

329

□ If Lech Walesa had really been dedicated to the workers' plight in Poland and really wanted to put a crimp in the Communist regime, he could (should) have committed suicide while in police custody. The authorities would never have been able to convince the world that he had not been murdered.

076

□ Actress Elizabeth Taylor's flirtation with Judaism is, I suspect, a kind of attempted atonement for the recidivist adulteries of her sequential marriages. Orthodox Judaism would normally brand such a woman a prostitute and expel her from all associations with the Chosen. The rabbis probably consider her an ex-pretty shikse with cotton batting for a brain. I'll always remember the picture of her strolling happily through the blood-soaked rubble of Beirut.

499

□ Before Reagan was elected president he loudly opposed Carter's policies and deeds. People were led to believe that as president he would nullify and abrogate the infamous Panama Canal treaty. Once elected, Reagan did a complete 180° turn. As for the Pentagon, it's "The Department of Defense, Pretense, Nonsense and Expense." Honor it by singing to the tune of "Mister Sandman":

Oh, Mrs. Thatcher, lend us your team.
Things in this land are not what they seem
They may look like generals, they are in
fact clerks,
Dreaming, dreaming of pensions and
perks.
Mention a conflict and they will turn pale,
And shudder a three on the Richter scale.

325

□ As a white male raised in the South during segregation, I was outraged by Hilda Broun's inane article (Jan. 1983). Sure, there were a few Southern idiots who visited black women for sexual favors, but they were never more than a very small minority. In all my life I have never seen or heard of one father taking his son to be initiated by a black woman. Such lunacy would not only jeopardize his son's health, but his life as well. The real clincher came when Hilda quoted a vapid coed who claimed that white Southern girls now date blacks to seek revenge on their fathers because the latter visited black prostitutes in the past. What nonsense! There is no motive of revenge behind this sickness, either in the North or South. The fact is that a great number of Majority females have swallowed the race-mixing hype that has been heaped upon them by their high-school and college teachers. They are the ones who feel guilty because their skins are white! In some this guilt is so great they will throw themselves at the first dark-skinned "gentleman" who comes along.

776

□ Best regards to Cholly. His assessment and deutung of the American female is overdue.

104

□ As a former member of the John Birch Society I would like to voice a little constructive criticism pertaining to its virtues, if any. Originally, the Society did most good when it was considered extremist and radical, when the Society was predominantly Nordic. This policy of "exclusiveness" branded Birch members as a discriminating bunch of racist nuts. After the Society yielded to the pressure of "opening the doors," it turned into a host of busybodies floundering around in a racial melting pot of careerists. Today Birch coordinators constantly remind members to "always pay your taxes." (Where would the USSR be today without our tax aid?) Members are also told to support the actions of Menahem Begin at all costs, lest "Israel turn into a socialist nation."

553

□ A better caption for the February cover photo of the anti-Klan demonstration in Washington could have been: "Blacks requisition transportation needed for the pursuit of racists and bigots."

142



The Safety Valve

□ Although I observed many of the frolics of preppydom from the vantage point of an outsider during my youth, the current campaign against well-off Majority youngsters is reminiscent of an attack by hungry crows on a bunch of freshly hatched chicks. Their vulnerability is the result of the prevalent "universal brotherhood" doctrine, which few people have the courage to oppose openly, least of all the preppies' bourgeois parents.

142

□ "Next year in Damascus" -- that's the revised version of the old Jewish saying "Next year in Jerusalem."

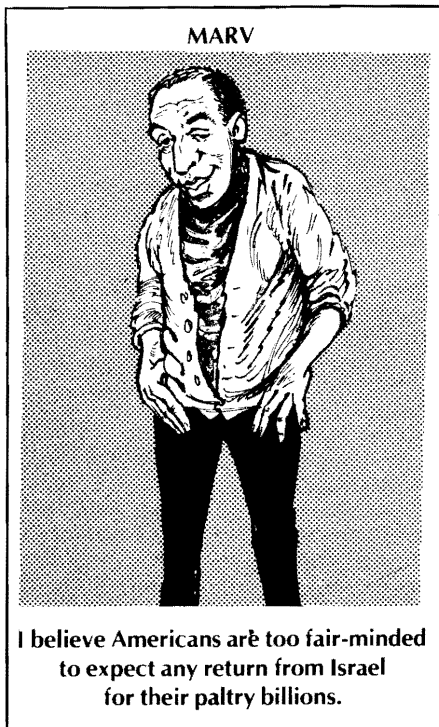
606

□ It must be particularly galling to the Julian Bonds, the Cesar Chavezes and the Bella Abzugs to realize that they exist off us only at our sufferance; that the Western culture they so revile would continue to tick on quite happily, thank you, if all such racial dissonances were suddenly teleported to a distant galaxy. Most disturbing to them must be the evident fact that if we were not here, they would have to live within their own racial societies. That horrible thought must cause them to wake up at night in a cold sweat.

543

I liked the piece by Hilda Broun for her insights into the causes of the tragic hostility between the sexes. All Majority parents of teenagers should read it. The wholesome sexual education of our young is far more important than is often realized. What could be more important, in fact? I conjecture that the author is a loving mother cognizant of this importance.

741



□ The hard thing about my trying to photograph the Washington anti-Klan riot was tear gas. You can stay out of the battle by using a telephoto lens, but the gas gets you because it spreads for blocks.

208

□ Part of the problem with economics has been that economists have rather low technical abilities, but economic systems are complex, non-linear dynamical systems with many stochastic (i.e., random) inputs. Almost all scientists and engineers, on the other hand, are emotional cripples who fear to tread outside the safe realms of the specialties. Most of the jargon and obscure language of the sciences stems from pure defensive behavior. The laziness and boorishness of managers, more than sheer stupidity, along with the neuroses of the technical experts reinforce the growing paralysis of everything. Rather than attempt to fight this, as I have in the past, I will try in the future to exploit it. The opportunities look great.

802

□ The present generation of "radical historians" may be the last who will have to consciously lie about the American and European past -- by implying, for example, that a Thomas Edison was somehow "morally defective" for not caring more about "Chicano rights." Future generations of leftist reinterpreters of the past will (if trends continue) be so totally brainwashed themselves, so shielded from all uncomfortable information (like the truth), that few will need to consciously lie. Most will then be paid and praised for being complete, unadulterated ignoramuses. If today's conscious fibbing -- which at least creates psychological tension in the fiber and so requires something better than a zombie or cipher -- if this fibbing is no longer needed, then we can expect an upward leap in the number of radical anti-historians. And if you think today's history texts are perverted, just wait for what the "holy innocents" of tomorrow may come up with. Conscious lying is a painful experience after all, even to congenial liars -- what minorityite wants his grandchildren to have to experience it? "True liberation" must henceforth be internal, not merely external, which means that history's non-creators must be "born again" in the anti-history books as creators, and the dirty old truth destroyed.

223

□ Besides the usual litany of bad effects, professional sports serve up ever increasing, poisonous helpings of propaganda for what might be termed "the inevitability of our interracial future." All these shows imply someday we'll all get along just swell -- just like those black and white teammates patting each other's posteriors there on the tube.

236

□ I wish *Instauration* came out weekly, had an average length of 100 pages and had a circulation greater than *TV Guide*. Come to think of it, why not daily? Imagine Mr. Sulzberger closing up shop and being reduced to putting out a mimeographed newsletter in a Tel Aviv suburb!

400

□ The current edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* goes to some length in its Thirty Years War entry to show that all those reports about a vast percentage of the German population being wiped out may have been greatly exaggerated -- that while hard on the populace, as all wars are, the war wasn't that savage. Unlike members of a Certain Minority, I am quite happy, even delighted, to learn that my ancestors weren't really liquidated.

601

□ All I can say about the recent wave of consumer video products is that it's about time. It was getting to the point where I was watching PBS for some of the British series and nothing else because I was sick of unassimilable minorities emerging from the electron gun on all the other channels. Recently I bought a videodisc player and I'm slowly building up a library of discs. The problem here is that the selection of material for my format (laser) is still small and largely limited to fairly recent Hollywood offerings. However, some of the cultural and concert selections are excellent. The sound is even better than on stereo LPs. Imagine the wonders that could come out of this technology if our kind of people had control of it!

164

□ Hilda Broun's observation (March 1983) that "when you see a boy gone bad, his mother may have been so hurt by men that she hates all males" is one that ought to delight minority sociologists, as it adds another reason to excuse one's own bad conduct. "When they act like normal boys, they are labeled 'hyperactive' and given tranquilizers . . . It's the nature of boys to be difficult . . . fight and . . . draw violent pictures of things blowing up." Chalk up another victory for Dr. Spock. The boy's bad behavior is blamed on something beyond his control -- his maleness. As a mother of three boys, I have not found this behavior "normal." To the contrary, I have observed that the average Majority boy, having been brought up with some amount of discipline and love, is usually a decent, caring child and does not have violent feelings which he feels he must express either overtly or covertly. Though Hilda appears to be saying all the right things, she has absorbed a lot of the garden-variety gobbledygook on children and child-rearing. I suggest that any young mother or young mother-to-be read absolutely nothing on child care and upbringing, with the exception of those articles or books having to do with nutrition and medical matters. Hilda strikes me as being half indoctrinated by the modern-day jargonists and only half relying on her instincts. In other words, she's only half right.

328

□ I wonder how many Majority college students have taken a certain amount of guilty pleasure in the sight of a few quota Negroes in their classes. With this kind of competition the whites ought to have no trouble shining like geniuses in their professors' eyes. Unfortunately, however, the last laugh is on us, as ignorance is no barrier to advancement in our brave new quota world. The black's inflated grades will be near enough to yours to land him in a quota job that once might have been yours.

485

ROGUES' GALLERY

The slate of 1984 Democratic presidential candidates is just one more proof that American politics is off limits to all but the most opportunistic, plastic and brummagem political hacks. Reviewing the following list, one could adduce that the only positive qualities exhibited by these characters are a superior digestive system, which enables them to survive and even flourish on Big Macs, a superior capacity to drop off to sleep at the drop of a hat in Lear jets, the back seats of Hertz cars and on the unmade beds of Holiday Inns, and, most of all, a congenital disposition to betray one's principles, one's friends and one's people with all due ease and speed.

Walter Mondale, the present frontrunner, has Big Labor, the nuke spooks and the bulk of the Democratic party riffraff behind him. As his rousing speech at a recent gay fundraiser in New York City demonstrated, no one is more ardently wooing the homosexual vote. Mondale had most of the blacks in his pocket until he made the grievous gaffe of endorsing Jane Byrne in the Chicago mayoralty primary. Before his victory, Harold Washington said, "Let's just say Mr. Mondale has some explaining to do." Mondale's other indelible demerit is his four-year stint as Jimmy the Tooth's vice-president.

Senator John Glenn of Ohio is playing the middle-of-the-road, All-American, all-renegade Democrat, who never lets his listeners forget he was the first person on this side of the Atlantic to go into earth orbit. His fellow astronauts think much less of him than his voting constituency, mainly Majority members. He is looked upon with suspicion by blacks, labor, gays and particularly by Jews, who have difficulty forgetting that he once advocated that the U.S. deal directly with the PLO.

Gary Hart. The senator from Colorado (né Gary Hartpence) gets a lot of his campaign money from a fellow Coloradan, oilman and motion picture mogul Marvin Davis, a Croesus of Jewry. Clinging to an image that mixes boyish *joie de vivre* with deep thinking, Hart hopes to lure Democratic regulars into his fold of graying hippies, nugatory anti-nukers, Third Worlders, Third Sexers and the social science set. Many years ago, when he was a divinity student at Yale, he signed a pro-Arab petition, a *faux pas* which almost cost him his job as George McGovern's campaign manager in 1972. He counts on Davis's protection and a solid pro-Zionist voting record in the Senate to win a full pardon from the population group which contributes more than half of what goes into the Democratic presidential campaign pot. Hart's off-again, on-again marriage to a woman named Lee Ludwig, which could explode into headlines at any time, may lose him some support from the disappearing breed of straitlaced Democrats.

Alan Cranston is the easiest candidate to dislike, since he has the charisma of a Transylvanian vampire. He believes he can buy his way into the good graces of the many pressure groups in the Democratic electoral kaleidoscope simply by giving them everything they want -- the masochistic strategy known as total

political surrender. Since Cranston was the only big-shot Democrat who backed Harold Washington *before* the Chicago primary, he is currently the blacks' favorite honky. As a Californian, he will have the support of the largest state delegation at the 1984 party convention. A drum-beating one-worlder, Cranston was involved in a shady real estate deal in California in the late 1960s. Shortly before World War II he was sued by Adolf Hitler for copyright infringement after publishing a word-for-word precis of *Mein Kampf* without bothering to get the author's permission. A few years ago, Cranston's son committed suicide after a long bout with drugs. His second wife, Norma Weintraub, is terminally ill with Parkinson's Disease. On the off chance he becomes president, at 70 he would be the oldest chief executive to take the oath of office. (Reagan was 69.) All Cranston's televised jogging, all his physical fitness blarney, all the yapping about yoga, all the vitamin freakery cannot lighten his heavy accumulation of years.



Senator Alan Cranston -- the charisma of a vampire.

Ex-Florida Governor **Reubin Askew** and South Carolina Senator **Ernest Hollings** are both playing the Southern card -- i.e., warning and threatening that a Northern liberal Democrat

would lose the South and that only they, like Jimmy Carter in 1976, but not like Jimmy Carter in 1980, would be able to beat back Republican inroads in Dixie. They both are "New Southerners," which means they are adept at betraying the interests of Southern whites to win the support of Southern blacks and the Zioyankee media. A Presbyterian elder, Askew is not too enthusiastic about homosexuality and abortion, though he may well have second thoughts about these issues as time begins to fly. He is and always has been, however, an all-out pro-buser. One of Askew's few plusses is his father's name -- Leo Goldberg Askew. As for Hollings, he is a Gucci version of the late Fred Allen's Senator Claghorn and a self-touted expert on defense. A year or so ago he blew it when he called Ohio's Senator Metzenbaum the "Senator from B'nai B'rith." He's been apologizing ever since.

Rev. Jesse Jackson et al. Majority members ought to be delighted that blacks are talking about making a serious bid for the Democratic presidential nomination, though it won't be the first time (at the party's 1972 convention Shirley Chisholm collected more than a hundred votes). Whatever and whoever brings the racial issue out of the closet should be cheered, not jeered. Since the Democratic party is becoming the Blackocratic party, why not a black standard bearer? A Negro would have the unique opportunity to show up the hypocrisy of the white contenders who will bow and scrape to the black candidate in public, while secretly stabbing him in the back. The

Chicago mayoralty race was a taste of things to come. The rusty, white-run political machine split. A black took advantage of the split to win. Chicago Jews, who still light candles for Adlai Stevenson (the first) and FDR, were in the uncomfortable position of having to choose between a tax-dodging Negro Democrat and a Jewish Republican who twice needed psychiatric help. When the votes were counted, Bernard Epton, the aging millionaire liberal, received about ten times more ballots than any Chicago Republican had ever dreamed of getting. But it was not quite enough.

Meanwhile, the Democratic party leadership, from Fat Face, who endorsed Richard Daley Jr. in the three-way Chicago primary, on down, has made its trip to Canossa and Pope Harold, covering itself with sackcloth and ashes and promising the new mayor the moon. The phoniest delegation was the one from the South, headed by that paragon of probity and love-thy-neighborism, Bert Lance.

There is not much that any mayor, white or black, can do about Chicago or most other American megalopolises. Harold Washington will simply paint over the termite holes and hope the house doesn't fall down during his tenure of office. More whites will flee, more nonwhites will arrive, as the city becomes the color of toast. And when the next big riot breaks out, Washington will have to make very sure that police treat the looters with kid gloves. Uncle Toms don't get reelected no moah.

CHRISTIANITY, AS WE KNOW IT, IS GOING BY THE BOARDS

Most Christians are still not aware of the astonishing transformation which is changing Christianity into the new religion of Judeo-Christianity. Within the past few decades startlingly different concepts have been injected into the oldtime religion of our forefathers in order to reconcile it with Judaism. Almost without objection, two primary Christian beliefs have now been radically altered.

Christians down through the centuries did not believe in a limited, parochial god, but in a transcendental, universal god of all creation, a god who is the same for all the people of the world. Today this god is being removed from his cosmic throne and replaced by the original tribal god of the Hebrews, the god of Israel. The new version of Christianity holds that only the Jews are the "natural" children of the god of Israel. The rest of mankind may gain access to the grace of the god of Israel only by the intercession of Jesus Christ. Since Jews do not need the aid of Jesus, they are not required to believe in Him.

Christians used to be told that Jews, by their denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ, would be excluded from final salvation -- as would all other nonbelievers. The new theology, as propounded by the Second Vatican Council and numerous and interminable Protestant and Eastern Orthodox councils, now makes it possible for Christians and Jews to worship together, even though their understanding of the role of Jesus Christ remains in broad and historic conflict.

The foregoing must come as a complete surprise to most Christians. Only quite recently has news about this religious turn-around been getting out to the public. An article by Associated Press religious writer George W. Cornell is perhaps the first serious media effort to examine the new religious revolution in some detail.

Cornell writes: "Contrary to the churches' centuries-old teaching that God had 'cast off his people Israel' and replaced them with a 'new Israel,' churches now affirm that 'the covenant between God and the Jewish people is eternal.'" The words in single quotes are those of Rev. Paul M. Van Buren, a noted theologian of Temple University.

Van Buren laid down the rule, "To know God begins with knowing what He is doing in our own time." He then admitted that this jolting new concept of a socially active, aware modern God has turned Christianity "180 degrees around right at its stuffiest, most bureaucratic center [and reversed] what the church had been saying . . . for 18 centuries."

Van Buren, an Episcopalian who specializes in "theological linguistics," explained that the new situation is far more basic than mere Jewish-Christian dialogue or just "being nice to Jews." It involves recognition of "a relationship that is grounded in the fact that the church is nothing other than the community of Gentiles who have been called by and who worship the God of Israel."

To get in tune with the new religion, Van Buren warned Christians, "The church will have to see itself as the community of Gentiles who have been gathered by the Holy Spirit of the God of Israel to worship and serve Him in Jesus Christ." On the other hand, "Jewish people do not have to come to the Father because they are already and always with Him."

Next Stop -- Animism

While the transformation of Christianity into Judeo-Christianity has been taking place in the West, Christian beliefs and rituals have also been undergoing some major changes in the Third World.

"Archdiocese Won't Hex Voodoo" was the headline of a news story in the *New York Daily News* (Jan. 6, 1983). The report dealt with Hispanic religious attitudes that were permitting voodoo, spiritualism and the santeria cult to receive limited official recognition or tolerance. In some cases church officials said it is likely that the New York archdiocese will approve some "legitimate diversity" in Hispanic religious practice, including the widespread use of incense, candles and altars in the home and the wearing of clothing and symbols with "personal" religious significance. Santeria, by the way, is a blend of Christianity and the worship of ancient African gods. Its rituals frequently involve the sacrifice of chickens and goats.

The story pointed out that many Hispanics in the New York

area patronize "botánicas" -- shops that sell herbs, charms, potions and other items often used in religious observances. Moreover, "more than 40,000 Hispanics also visit mediums, some of whom claim they speak with the dead, and more than 25,000 believe in animal or food sacrifice"

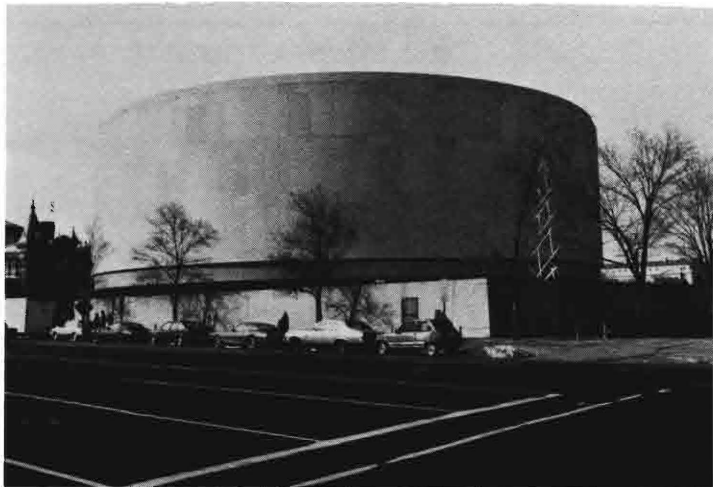
As time goes by, Third World Christianity is putting more and more emphasis on the triumph of a powerful "Jesus spirit" over evil spirits. If the trend continues, Christianity in the teeming nonwhite areas of the world may eventually be reduced to a primitive form of animism.

It should now be evident that the ongoing metamorphosis of Christianity both in the West and in the Third World amounts to a religious insurrection. American and European Christians are only beginning to experience the full effects of this revolutionary transformation.

For the last 1,500 years Europeans and their descendants throughout the globe have been the principal sustainers and propagators of the Christian religion. Yet their once cherished faith is undergoing such changes that it will soon be unrecognizable to Jesus Christ himself. Demographers tell us that it will not be long before most of the world's Christians will be in Latin America and Africa. When that day dawns, Judeo-Christianity may have driven authentic Christianity out of the West and "witch-doctor" Christianity may have supplanted it elsewhere.

MONUMENTAL MISFITS

The ugliest building in Washington, D.C., is the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Art Museum, which houses one of the world's ugliest art collections and was financed by one of the world's ugliest characters, the late Canadian "uranium king," a Jewish immigrant from Latvia.

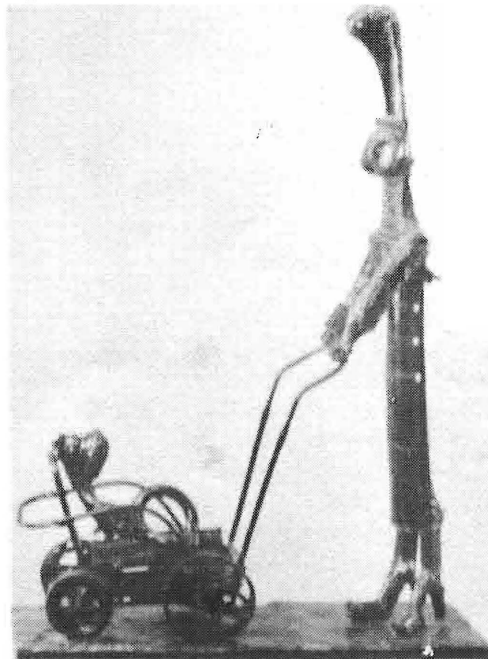


Hirshhorn Museum exterior

In 1944, a day or two before U.S. troops landed in France, Hirshhorn was arrested by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police while trying to smuggle a large cache of \$100 bills out of the country in violation of Canadian currency laws. A year later Hirshhorn was convicted on a stock fraud charge. In 1950 the New York State Attorney General asserted Hirshhorn had been involved in a multimillion-dollar international securities scam. In 1971 it was revealed that he had cheated an elderly nurse out of her life's savings. Moreover, police officials in both Canada

and the U.S. had long known that Hirshhorn had been associated with leading mob figures, including Lou Chesler and Meyer Lansky.

This is the man who was the friend and financial angel of many bigwig politicians, among them Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. This is the man who, at the opening of his museum in October 1974, was feted and adored by the cream of Washington's social cream.



A prize Hirshhorn sculpture:
Picasso's "Woman with Baby Carriage."

With the Hirshhorn Museum desecrating the Washington skyline, it was only fitting that another architectural gaffe should materialize to keep it company -- the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Most people would agree that America's most sickening war should have remained unmemorialized. Let the past bury the past. What purpose is served by reminding everyone of the stupidity, hatred and failure of nerve that characterized that despicable conflict?

A jury of seven architects and sculptors and one writer (at the most two were Majority members) chose an extended V design submitted by a 21-year-old Chinese girl named Maya Ying Lin, whose parents got out of China one step ahead of Chairman Mao. It was an interesting concept, but the "rift in the earth," as Ms. Lin described it, had absolutely nothing to do with Vietnam or the G.I.s who died there. In fact, it had nothing to do with America at all, except for the 57,692 dead whose names are inscribed on the memorial's sunken black granite panels in the chronological order of their death.



Memorial promoter Ian Scruggs and Memorial designer Lin.

DENNIS F HOLT · FLOYD M HORTON · JOHNNY HUDSON · JOHN G JACKSON · ARTHUR L JAMES · RAYMOND C ROBINSON · DAVID M KNIGHT · JAMES N MATTHEWS · LEE A MOORE Jr · CARL L MUNSEY · DAVID L MCCONNAUGHEY · CLYDE L NORVELLE Jr · DAVID B POWELL Jr · DORSE RIGGS · CHARLES JOHNSON Jr · JOHN S SABINE IV · RONALD E SHERMAN · ELMER J TAYLOR · LV THOMAS Jr · ALFRED L THOMPSON · GIOVANNINO TUMMINIA · HENRY L WHALEY · CHARLES M WOODS · HOWARD O WRIGHT Jr · LLOYD R TARVER · ROGER L GERTSEN · DON C BAKER · PATRICK J BREMS · HECTOR W BRYAN · PAUL R CAPUANO · JESSE J COFFEY · WILLIAM R GRAYSON · WILLIAM T JOHNSON · DAVID J KERN · WILLIAM F KOHLRUSCH · CHESTER L LEE · DANIEL V MANZARO · MICHAEL T MULVANEY · RICHARD P RAINO · RICARDO HINOJOSA SOTO · JAMES L TEWKSBURY · CURTIS E DORRIS · MICHAEL D COOK · DALE L COURCHANE · JULIAN CASTILLO CUELLAR · DAVID M DAVIES · DONALD R BURTON · GEORGE S FRANKLIN · EUGENE E FULLER · PAUL A HAINES · WILLIAM D HASTY · JAMES MOORE Jr · ALLAN L HIGGINBOTHAM · JOHN D HOFFMAN · ALEXANDER J N MENZIES · NORMAN N MILLER · PAUL R HATTABAUGH · WELDON D MOSS · TERRY R McLEAN · DONALD F McMILLAN · THURMAN W OWEN · DANIEL J PIOTROWSKI · WILLIAM L RICHARDSON Jr · LARRY E ROSE · DAVID G RUSSELL · KEITH L SHIPP · JIMMY B TAYLOR · LESTER J THORNELL · ELIBERTO VILLA · HENRY M VINSON · RALPH M WILLIAMS · RICHARD H WRIGHT · DONALD E YOUNG · JOHNNY B BOSTON · LEO M DONKER · GARY D NAIL · DAVID F HORNBY · ROGER D JARRELL · MARTIN J LACHER · RICHARD L LAWS · ARTHUR C MORRIS Jr · KENNETH D GOLDEN Jr · LARRY J NICHOLS · CASIMIRO PALACIOS · JOSEPH W PARENT · DONOVAN J PRUETT · TOMMIE LEE NILLS · HANIP J SYKES Jr · JOHN C WRONSKI · CLEVELAND FOSTER · JACK D GILBERT · FRANKLIN J HOSLER · JOSEPH L KANE · JOE F LISERIO · STEVEN M SMITH · FRANK DE MARCHI Jr · JAMES W BROWN · GERMAN CHAPARRO VILLANUEVA · MICHAEL R CUNNEEN · BARNEY M GILES Jr · KEITH W KALFMAN · HAROLD W LOWMYER · DANIEL J MACK · ISIDRO MARTINEZ · NATHANIEL MURKAY MEIER · LAWRENCE MICKEN · CHARLIE RITTO Jr · PAUL D RODRIGUEZ · CARLOS J SANCHEZ · JAMES I SIMON Jr · EDWARD M STANCHER · FRANKLIN J WETZEL · SCOTT TAYLOR · FREDERICK A WENTZ · TOMMY D WHITE

57,692 human beings died for nothing.

The \$7 million Vietnam Memorial is a prime example of the way modern art is trending. It has no blood, no sinew, no spirit. As cold as Ms. Lin's geometrical figure, its impact is never more than icy. The "realistic" soldiers statue, two whites and one black, added at the last moment, did nothing to thaw it out, because the sculpture was as spiritually blank as Lin's stone V. Sorry creations are not made less sorry by fusing the unfusable.

One lesson to be learned from all this is that art springs out of the heart and mind. When there is no heart or a multiplicity of hearts diastolicizing and systolicizing at different rates and pressures, as is the present case in contemporary Western culture, there is no art. Nature is not alone in abhorring a vacuum.

What one Viet vet thinks about it:

If I were designing a memorial to my own taste, I would want an enormous bronze hand rising from the ground, making a rude gesture -- no flag, no inscription. Some might think it vulgar, but soldiers are vulgar. It would perfectly express my feelings about the war, the country, Washington and the commission that designed Jane Fonda's wall.

Fred Reed,
Washington Times, Nov. 2, 1982



The Vietnam Memorial

NO CHANCE FOR CONSERVATION WITHOUT THE MAJORITY

The Conservation movement has enjoyed much more success over the last forty or fifty years than any Majority movement. Parks, wilderness areas and preserves have been constructed to provide viable environments for rare birds, animals and plants. At the same time Majority institutions and neighborhoods have been invaded by all sorts of "minorities" of familiar and exotic breeds, to the point where the Majority will soon become another minority and may even disappear completely. For some reason this prospect delights many liberals. The slightest amount of reflection should reveal that the demise of the Majority, as well as the erosion of its political and social influence, will terminate many of the causes dear to liberal hearts, including conservationism and liberalism itself.

Mathematical models indicate that world population and economic activity will continue to grow more or less exponentially (i.e., at a constant percentage rate) until some time in the next century, when a dramatic collapse will take place. The most extreme technological optimist, Herman Kahn, foresees a prosperous and stable world. Not many people take Kahn's forecast too seriously, but even if he is right, what little is left of the "natural world" will be totally obliterated. Prosperity is a greater enemy of Mother Nature than recessions or depressions.

The ability of Third World populations to adapt to a complex, industrialized society is very uneven. I.Q. is only part of the problem. Other behavior characteristics, such as honesty, prudence and self-discipline, are critical. Indeed, all projects for elevating mankind require raising the behavioral standards of the nonwhite world to levels achieved only by a minority of whites. The idea that affluence will bring about this transformation is more than a trifle disingenuous.

As long as Northern European whites and their overseas progeny had a lot of political and social clout, most middle-class nonwhites were willing to imitate Western customs and pay lip service to Western values. "Rice Christians" were converted by the millions in Asia, and Uncle Tom and Aunt Jemima were alive and well in Black America. Missionaries labored under the delusion that they could remold entire species in their own image. Although not all liberals believed in their own doctrine of equality, they did believe they could remake everybody else's culture to fit their own. Ironically, what actually happened was that the decline of colonialism and the rise of "civil rights" stimulated several outbreaks of national socialism in the non-Western world. In more than a few newly independent countries, minority groups have been persecuted and driven out, sometimes even slaughtered *en masse*. Western vices, luxuries and even Western women have been enjoyed by the new ruling class, but civil liberties and various stabs at democracy have faded quickly.

Without the moderating influence of the Majority, either here or abroad, some islands of relative civilization may survive in the more sensible nations of Europe and in a brave new Asiatic world free of white devils. The Japanese and other

peoples of East Asia are capable of keeping high-tech societies going. Elsewhere, the world will become a giant Bangladesh.

Almost all animals and plants that are edible by humans will vanish. Already in many countries cats and dogs have disappeared, and the fortunate individual is the one who occasionally has some rat meat in his diet. Parks and preserves will be overrun first by poachers and finally by squatters. (The current recession has caused a marked rise in poaching on parklands by the unemployed.)

Haiti already has been devastated by a gigantic population bomb. Refugees are pouring in from that country not so much because of the oppressive government, which is hardly a new feature of Haitian life, but because there is no way for the home folks to make a living. Many areas of Africa, in northern India and thereabouts, and in Central and South America are experiencing environmental collapse and sending hordes of refugees to large cities and increasing numbers to the Western countries.

The end effects of liberalism and its twin, neo-conservatism, are the economic and environmental policies that are sweeping away what little is left of the natural world, as well as the zombie society we call Western civilization. All the lobbying, letter-writing and fund-raising by conservationists will amount to nothing. Today, federal and state laws and regulations provide less than minimal protection to "conserved" land. Tomorrow such laws and regulations will be totally ignored.

Conservatives give big business the first crack at despoiling the land; liberals are content to let the government do the despoiling. As for the despoliation caused by tidal waves of Hispanic immigrants, neither conservatives nor liberals nor conservationists are willing to do what is necessary to enforce the law. As a matter of fact, some libertarians advocate wide-open borders.

There are a number of supposedly populist politicians, mostly midwestern and southern Democrats, who ply both sides of the conservationist street for the benefit of local interests. This is good politics in the short term, but working out compromises for different paths to oblivion is not a solution.

Conservationists have achieved a modicum of success from their long alliance with liberals. But the collapse of social and political order brought about by the end results of liberal programs will wipe away what little has been accomplished. In at least one country there is an organization that realizes this -- the Greens in West Germany. They are among the first to recognize that neither the left nor the right can provide even symptomatic relief to the world's ills. Both socialism and capitalism offer only more pollution and more ravaged land. (But before anyone gets too excited about the Greens, remember their favorite Americans are George Wald, the Harvard creep, the Berrigan brothers, who celebrate the Sermon on the Mount with violence, and that grand old spymaster himself, Danny Ellsberg.)

Conservationists and Instaurationists are natural allies in that both place a premium on aesthetics, rather than on economic

greed or a maudlin form of compassion. But neither group can accomplish its goals without, in the end, accomplishing the goal of the other.

As for the Reagan administration, the man who promised relief from federal tyranny is delivering huge deficits, higher taxes (in the long run), and generous helpings of Big Brother. The failure of his program, as demonstrated in his almost daily revisions, should be telling conservatives that free enterprise, hard money and defense spending will not make a pluralistic, multiracial society viable and competitive. In fact, much of America's vanishing prosperity has been due to the abundance of our resources, which invited the squanderers among us to squander them. Conservatives may not give up the delusions about their ideology, but some day they may have to admit that there is no hope of implementing it in contemporary America. The alienation of the conservatives is a critical milepost on the road to instauration.

Conservatives, or at least the corporate jet variety, cannot be considered trustworthy allies. For one thing, they created many of America's problems by recruiting minorities as pools of cheap labor. Since the New Deal era they have been willing "straight men" for the liberal-minority coalition in exchange for a "piece of the action." The chief value in their conversion (our Rice Christians) will be the elimination of the sham opposition from America's mock democracy.

The only group of truly worthwhile potential converts exists among the conservationists. They include the few people who

realize that there is more to life than collecting usurious interest from a money market account. Liberals are as greedy as conservatives, but are more skilled at milking the system than running a business. Most of the lawyers, teachers, clergymen, academics and bureaucrats are just hedonistic exploiters of the workers and the entrepreneurs. Faced with the specter of being outnumbered, they might well change their political stripes, especially when their comfortable sinecures are in jeopardy.

What conservationists must be taught is that an advanced society can be maintained only by Northern Europeans and only by a select group of Northern Europeans. The primitive hunter-gatherer social order does not expand beyond the carrying capacity of the land. Agricultural societies eventually arrive at the Bangladesh stage, which is overpopulation, destruction of the natural world, poverty, squalor and oppressive government alternating with anarchy. A true conservationist understands this. Among his acquaintances he will find a sincere dedication to conservation only among those of kindred pigmentation and physiognomy. All others are just social hangers-on. Not a few will be found devoting their energies to diverting conservation organizations and their resources from their real mission to supporting dubious leftist and minority-racist causes.

The very survival of both man and nature in the West depends largely upon the enlightenment of our best people, the genuine conservationists -- in whose ranks can be found the best or potentially best Instaurationists.

AN AMERICAN OF ITALIAN DESCENT REACTS TO INSTAURATION'S NORDICISM

I first read *The Dispossessed Majority* about three years ago and will always consider it a landmark book. I had been a right-winger for around five years, and having grown up on western Long Island, with ample exposure to Negroes and Jews, had no difficulty at all in sharing many of the book's sentiments. However, the notion of belonging to an unassimilable racial group was very unsettling to me since I had never thought of myself as anything but a white American.

The most painful thing in reading *The Dispossessed Majority* was that it denied me a sense of belonging. Even though nearly all that the book said was crystal clear, even though I found myself sharing nearly all the frustrations and aspirations in regard to the Jewish and Negro problems, and in the resurgence of America and Western Civilization, I felt like an outsider. Being honest with myself, I couldn't deny that there is quite a difference, not only in appearance but in behavior, political stability and civilizing capacity between Northern and Southern Europeans. I couldn't deny that the spirit and glory of the America of yesterday had been due almost entirely to the Nordics, especially the Anglo-Saxons, and that Southern Europeans on their own could never have brought off such a feat. I also had to face the fact that my own grandparents, who came here around 60 years ago, were scorned as aliens by the very same race of people who made America great. So you can understand that as an American of Southern Italian ancestry, I've got an identity problem. Then I got to thinking that instead

of trying to pretend I'm something I'm not, I have a unique perspective on the racial question. After all, I would guess that only a small handful of those who have read *The Dispossessed Majority* and who subscribe to *Instauration* are sympathetic non-Nordics like myself.

Let me begin by saying that I think of myself as an American, not as an Italian American. I don't go to church and don't speak Italian or observe Italian customs. I listen to Johnny Cash and Merle Haggard, not Sergio Franchi. Although I'll confess to a lifelong addiction to homemade pasta, I can honestly say I have no emotional attachment to Italy and I don't look upon other Italians as "my people." Still, the impact of *The DM* makes me feel compelled to speak on behalf of Americans of Southern Italian descent and of Southern European ancestry in general.

I'm certainly not offended by anything I've read in *The Dispossessed Majority* or *Instauration*. I often find the articles delineating the psychological differences between Northern and Southern Europeans quite stimulating -- "Two Different Cases of Shyness" (Feb. 1982) was one of the best. Occasionally I get irked at a cheap shot like the Porcofacio Unscrupulata caricature, which is about as representative of Italian Americans as Archie Bunker is of Majority Americans. But in general, you display a fair attitude in discussing the better elements of what you consider the unassimilable white minorities.

In spite of this, there are some terribly outdated misconceptions in your portrayal of the American of Southern Italian

descent. It may be true that many Italians remain in urban "Little Italies," but many more have moved to the suburbs and have become very much assimilated. The place I grew up in is a case in point. It's a small, middle-class town of about 10,000 on western Long Island. Many of the people who live there fled the city to raise their kids in a safe neighborhood. Italians and Irish are by far the largest ethnic components and make up over half of the population. The remainder is largely of Northern and Central European descent with all kinds of mixed nationalities. It is truly a melting pot of the European races. Dating and marriage among Italians, Irish and others are commonplace. Ethnic differences are usually expressed in good-natured ribbing, but everyone recognizes everyone else as white. (There's only a tiny handful of Jews among the population, and ten or twelve middle-class Negro families who have lived quietly for a long time on their own street.) The great majority of people here are decent law-abiding folks who put in an honest day's work. Welfare and violent crime are virtually nonexistent. People fly Old Glory on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July, and watch shows like "Diff'rent Strokes" and "Holocaust." Very few would vote for a George McGovern, but probably even fewer for a George Wallace. As I see it, there's little difference between my hometown and any middle-sized town in Kentucky or Idaho. Broadly speaking, the townfolk all seem to represent the same human dichotomy: decent, productive folks on the one hand, hopeless saps on the other.

There must be hundreds of suburban towns, especially in the Eastern metropolitan areas, where Italians have largely blended in with the older stocks with no obvious detriment to the quality of the population. Yet you continue to allude to Italian Americans as if many of them are just-off-the-boat paisans who don't speak a word of English. At family and social gatherings over the years I've had ample opportunity to observe three generations of Italian Americans and can assure you they have undergone quite a change over a half-century.

Before reading *The Dispossessed Majority*, it never occurred to me that I appeared "foreign-looking" to other Americans, although at 5'6", with dark brown hair and brown eyes, but light skin, I suppose I do look Italian. For awhile, I became totally preoccupied with how I was physically perceived by others, both here and abroad. While the obsession has worn off considerably, it's still a source of keen interest and constant observation to me. Some years ago I did a lot of wandering around America. After several trips of long and short duration, I'd say I've logged around 15,000 miles by thumb. In all my encounters on the road, I've never been made to feel like an outsider, aside from being considered a New Yawker. In fact many's the time I've had to lend an ear to a cowboy or trucker griping about Negroes or Mexicans. I used to get lifts from many people out West -- Majority types all -- who commented that they only stopped for me because I was clean-cut, a welcome sight from all the hippie scum on the road. I never felt in any great way different from these people. And yet after reading *The DM*, my racial awareness has become sharpened. In recent short trips through New England and the Middle Atlantic states I've observed that there are not many people who have the same dark hair and eyes as I have. In a basic way I do look different, but I think I'm more aware of it than they are.

Instauration's portrait of Southern Italians asserts that they have darker pigmentation than the average Majority member. Nearly all the Italians I know had ancestors from the south, yet in only a small minority is a darker skin shade noticeable. I had

been aware for some time that Northern Italians scorned their neighbors to the south as racial inferiors. But it was *The DM* that inspired me to explore the different physical characteristics of the Italian people in Italy.

In the far north (Milan, Turin, Genoa), a large percentage of the population, though not a majority, has light hair and blue eyes. Most of the people do not look like the Italians I know at home. As you go south, dark brown hair and eyes replace the lighter features. In the central part of the country, between Florence and Rome, there are many people with darker pigmentation, though a small, light-complexioned minority is not uncommon, especially in the rural areas. Naples is a cesspool. The place seemed to be crawling with thieves, black marketeers, derelicts. By contrast, Bari, where most of my ancestors came from and which is on the same latitude as Naples but on the Adriatic coast, is a pleasant, civilized city with nowhere near the amount of sleazy characters as Naples. The only area I traveled in Italy where a clear majority were dark-skinned was Calabria, down there at the point of Italy's boot. These people looked more like Pakistanis than Italians. After a week in Sicily, the adjective "Sicilian" will never again hold the pejorative connotation it held for me before. I enjoyed it there more than anywhere on the mainland. It seemed to me the only area of Italy with any kind of thriving folk art. Physically, the population cannot be distinguished from that of central Italy as far as variety goes. In height, skin shade, hair and eye color, they run the gamut.

I bring all this up only to drive home my point that oftentimes racial classifications and general statements such as "Italy is a biracial nation" mean very little. My own mother and father, though their parents came from towns only a few miles apart, look somewhat different. My mother is unmistakably Southern European, but my father could pass for any national south of Scandinavia. Yet, strangely, there are blue-eye genes floating around on my mother's side of the family. Her sister had blue eyes. If such a variety of features can exist within my family, then I submit that any racial classification of peoples on an entire continent must be treated with extreme caution.

You ran a pretty good article on Francis Parker Yockey back in the February 1982 issue. I agree with much Yockey has to say in *Imperium* about race -- especially that race is fluid, and "not a rigid, permanent, collective characterization of human beings," and "in the objective sense, is the spiritual-biological community of a group." *Instauration* accuses him of being muddled on race and resorts to the ad hominem argument that Yockey believed what he did partly because he was of Irish and Spanish origin. Admittedly, race is intensely subjective, and it is probably inevitable that an intelligent, racially conscious man of Irish-Spanish origin will think differently about race than an intelligent, racially conscious man of English origin. But I can see nowhere that he's outright mistaken in his discussion of race.

Instauration seems to be saying that the Northern European remnant of the white race should be following its own evolutionary track and should exclude other whites. Whenever the subject is brought up, it's usually insinuated that any marriage of Northern and Southern Europeans is tantamount to miscegenation. My gut feeling is that the absorption of a limited number of the better type of Southern European by the American Majority would not be harmful, but beneficial, a great way to spice up the old gene pool by increasing the variety and potential of positive crossings without vitiating the American racial model.

I understand that such an amalgamation would be viewed by *Instauration* as a decline of the American Majority, but I see it as an upgrading of the Southern European.

In making a strenuous effort to be intellectually honest with myself, I do not believe that the Nordic race is destined to evolve into a higher species. It seems to me that the purest Nordics, the Scandinavians, have never been in the vanguard of any great cultural or political stirring in the course of Western civilization. In traveling through Sweden and Norway, often feeling "repressed under the cool, appraising eyes of Marlboro men and women," I got the distinct feeling that there was a lack of dynamic quality about these people, which may in part be instilled by cradle-to-grave socialist policies. (I read somewhere that the Norwegians invented the saying, "Excuse me for living.") To be sure, their physical attractiveness is unrivaled, but all too often it is matched by a calm, dull outlook on life with commensurate whining over social injustice, especially in America. Scandinavians remind me of Leo Durocher's famous quip, "Nice guys finish last." They just seem too "nice" to carry the evolutionary torch into the hostile future of our little planet.

What I see in the future is a Western race, composed of a mixture of Nordics, Alpines and Mediterraneans, with the emphasis on Nordic. At least I think that is the inevitable future of the white people of America. There is also the possibility that the momentum-gathering "back-to-the-hills" movement, which is overwhelmingly Nordic, will someday prove indomitable to our wonderful government in Washington, D.C., and will become a new political entity, or that one or more of our Western or Midwestern states will simply secede from the union when living conditions become intolerable. Assuming a great racial revolt in the future, it remains to be seen how powerful a racial instinct there is among America's, and for that matter the world's, Nordic population; whether or not non-Nordic whites will be accepted as kin or scorned as aliens.

However, should the day arrive when your Iowa farmboys try to prod me at bayonet-point into a cattle car bound for Minoria, I'll tell you right now, I ain't goin' nowhere, bud. The least you can do is reserve me a cushy post as Minister of Minority Affairs in the capital of your great new Nordic Imperium. [Editor's note: You've got it!]

The Yeomanry's Last Stand

*Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.*

Oliver Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*

All truck drivers are not alike. One farmer or farm worker is not the same as another. It's a pity that few Americans understand this anymore. It's a shame that our equality-obsessed media never say so anymore. If more of us knew what today's protesting, activist truckers and farmers were like -- and how they differ from those who are not protesting -- we would view their desperate plight with a great deal more sympathy.

A big interstate truck costs something like \$100,000. The payments on it, plus other expenses, may run around \$3,000 per month. An independent trucker must be his own businessman, deciding from week to week what he will haul and where he will haul it. If he gets to an isolated point like Miami at the wrong time, and there is nothing to haul back, he takes a severe financial beating. If ever time is precious, it is precious to truckers with families to feed and shelter, who are struggling to break even in a depressed economy. A strike is a sacrifice, a course taken only out of desperation.

The 100,000 Americans who own and operate their own rigs, and haul 90% of the nation's fresh produce, do not know what it is like to have a Big Brother protecting them -- a union strike fund, an organized lobby or a sympathetic government -- nor do they want to know. Many became independent truckers out of an imperious need to be their own bosses, to rise or fall solely by their own



Family farmers and independent truckers show their solidarity. Instaurationists and copies of Instauration were on hand when this picture was taken. Our name and our cause are known to a growing portion of America's yeomanry.

efforts. They are an altogether different breed from the far greater number of long-distance truckers who drive for one of the giant trucking companies -- companies which, like the big breweries and many other businesses, are getting larger and fewer all the time.

Independent truckers are a proud lot who believe in free enterprise. They want to work hard, but they want a system which allows some of them to succeed on their own. Like the family farmers, they are horrified witness

es to government policies and social trends which are making it impossible for many of the best of them to survive. Among the more militant groups representing this endangered breed is NOFIT, the National Organization of Farmers and Independent Truckers, P.O. Box 348, Athol, Idaho 83831 (newsletter \$5 per year; free introductory information). NOFIT, which advises, "Don't throw a fit -- throw a bureaucrat," calls itself a "national organization of America's yeoman farmers and independent

truckers." It opposes federal policies which are eliminating its constituency while benefiting "the huge agro-industrial corporations" and the giant trucking companies. It demands that the same 5% interest rates and generous payback terms which Uncle Shyster gives to innumerable Communist and Third World regimes be extended to our own "patriotic, God-fearing farmers and truckers." As for the claim that truckers must be taxed more to fund road repairs, the \$2.9 billion in direct aid to Israel this year "would build a four-lane highway from Washington, D.C. to Jerusalem." So NOFIT demands that \$2.9 billion be trimmed from the For-

eign Aid Appropriations Bill and placed in the highway fund.

The best known truck strike leader is Mike Parkhurst, the publisher of *Overdrive* and president of the 30,000-member Independent Truckers Association. The media have been giving him hell for the thousand or so acts of intimidation which occurred during February's strike. Cashing in on the criticism has been one Marshall Siegel, the executive director of a smaller, johnny-come-lately outfit. In fact, Parkhurst's organizing efforts over 20 years are largely responsible for what little solidarity exists among a band of rugged individualists.

The recent strike left many independent truckers profoundly depressed. A single murder and several serious assaults received more publicity than the fact that tens of thousands of sturdy Americans are hurtling toward bankruptcy and loss of independence. Never has the time been more out of joint both for the haulers and what they haul. More and more truckers have to sell out to the big trucking conglomerates, just as more and more small farmers have to watch their land being swallowed up by the big agribusiness conglomerates.

Small may be beautiful, but in the trucking business it is getting to be very passe.

Solzhenitsyn Recalls a Lost Breed

American Jewish scholars are raising a hullabaloo because 65 of their Soviet Jewish counterparts have lost or are in the process of losing their advanced degrees, on the ground that they engaged in "unpatriotic behavior." This, say the Zionist academicians, is an extraordinary assault on the autonomy and integrity of the international scholarly community, the sort of action normally reserved for Jews in Nazi Germany -- or, they might add (but don't), for Holocaust-doubters in contemporary Germany.

Most of the Jews whose degrees are being revoked apparently offended the state by seeking to emigrate, or, as B'nai B'rith researcher William Korey erroneously puts it, by "seeking to exercise the fundamental human right to leave a country." During 1981, only half a dozen Soviet Jews with advanced degrees were allowed to emigrate, while about 500 were refused permission. On the other hand, non-Jewish Soviet citizens rarely even *attempt* to emigrate, because they know the gesture would be both futile and dangerous.

While one can sympathize, or be media-ized to sympathize, with the plight of today's Soviet Jewish (and non-Jewish) elite, one should not forget the infinitely worse plight of the ethnic Russian elite in the 1920s and 1930s. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago* provides the perfect antidote to today's rampant judeocentrism in the hot tears department -- a perfectly dreadful reminder of how Nordics and other Slavs suffered while Jews and other minorities were high in the saddle.

In part 1, chapter 5 of his book, Solzhenitsyn recalls a morning when a new prisoner was introduced to his cell -- "a general, no less!"

True, he wasn't wearing any insignia of rank . . . but his expensive tunic, his soft overcoat, indeed his entire figure and face, told us that he was unquestionably a general, in fact a typical general . . . He was short, stocky, very broad of shoulder

and body, and notably fat in the face . . . with an air of weighty importance, of affiliation with the highest ranks. The crowning part of his face was, to be sure, not the upper portion, but the lower, which resembled a bulldog's jaw. It was there that his energy was concentrated, along with his will and authoritativeness . . .

Solzhenitsyn was startled to learn that this man, Lenya V. Z---v, was in fact an engineer. The memory of that initial astonishment leads him into one of the most important digressions of the entire book. In essence, it is not a digression at all, but the hidden kernel of meaning within both *The Gulag Archipelago* and the entire Jewish-cum-Russian Revolution. We dare not forget this supremely talented Russian's haunting recollection:

An engineer? I had grown up among engineers, and I could remember the engineers of the twenties very well indeed: their open, shining intellects, their free and gentle humor, their agility and breadth of thought, the ease with which they shifted from one engineering field to another, and, for that matter, from technology to social concerns and art. Then, too, they personified good manners and delicacy of taste; well-bred speech that flowed evenly and was free of uncultured words; one of them might play a musical instrument, another dabble in painting; and their faces always bore a spiritual imprint.

From the beginning of the thirties I had lost contact with that milieu. Then came the war. And here before me stood -- an *engineer*, one of those who had replaced *those* destroyed.

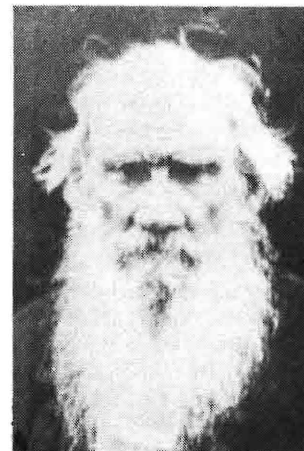
No one could deny him one point of superiority. He was much stronger, much more visceral, than *those others* had been. His shoulders and hands retained their strength even though they had not needed it for a long time. Freed from the restraints of courtesy, he stared sternly and spoke impersonally, as if he didn't even consider

the possibility of a dissenting view. He had grown up differently from those others, too, and he worked differently.

His father had plowed the earth in the most literal sense. Lenya Z---v had been one of those disheveled, unenlightened peasant boys whose wasted talents so distressed . . . Tolstoi. [He] could never have gotten to the Academy on his own, but he was talented. If there had been no revolution, he would have plowed the land, and he would have become well-to-do because he was energetic and active, and he might have raised himself into the merchant class . . .

He arrived [at the Industrial Academy] in 1929 -- at the very moment when *those other* engineers were being driven in whole herds into Gulag. It was urgently necessary for those in power to produce their own engineers -- politically-conscious, loyal, one-hundred percenters, who were to become bigwigs of production, Soviet businessmen, in fact, rather than people who did things themselves.

Tolstoi was, of course, one of history's greatest cases of "status inconsistency" -- and a man of dangerous ideas. His membership in the Russian nobility and his world fame as a novelist clashed violently with his



Leo Tolstoy

crude physiognomy and gruff nature. Those members of the Russian upper class who resembled Solzhenitsyn's murdered engineers could not help feeling a certain fault between themselves and people like Tolstoy -- and Tolstoy, an extremely acute observer, could not ignore the tensions which their almost reflexive racial attitude engendered. His reaction was to regard the coarse, uneducated Russian peasant as the most reliable guide to God, and the true representative or "type" of humanity. Shakespeare's and Homer's better developed specimens deserved only scorn -- the Sermon on the Mount was all that man needed. Tolstoy was, it is true, a man of peace and goodwill entirely different from the vicious levellers who followed, but he was dangerous nonetheless. His conviction that a spiritual and altruistic principle warred with an animal and egoistic one inside every breast, while partly valid, misled millions when he projected his own unmodulated nature into that

mentally agile and morally refined minority of Russians which alone could have led the nation into a true state of modernity.

Getting back to Z---v, Solzhenitsyn writes that 1929-33 had been years of civil war, "waged not as in 1918 to 1920 with tachankas -- machine guns mounted on horse-drawn carts -- but with police dogs." As the flower of the Russian people underwent destruction, the new leaders looked to the stems and roots. Z---v's prospects soared, and he was soon advanced to a position over dozens of engineers and thousands of workers. Nor did his heart "ache for the countryside whose dust he had shaken from his feet." A motley crew of minorityites and not-so-intelligentsia had set up his kind as the new ruling class and he wasn't complaining. Besides, there were those hundreds of women he had gotten to "uncork," as he put it. As Solzhenitsyn elsewhere states, many wives and daughters of the nobility and the officers -- "quite often women

of outstanding personal qualities and attractive appearance" -- deliberately and had been thoughtfully spared!

The Gulag Archipelago gives an unrelenting recital of how the best elements of the Soviet peoples were washed into "our sewage disposal system." "Whole nations down the sewer pipes" -- wave upon wave upon wave of victims. No one could stop the madness until -- abruptly:

During the last years of Stalin's life, a wave of Jews became noticeable. (From 1950 on they were hauled in little by little as cosmopolites. And that was why the doctors' case was cooked up. It would appear that Stalin intended to arrange a great massacre of the Jews.)

But this became the first plan of his life to fail. God told him -- apparently with the help of human hands -- to depart from his rib cage.

Saint Andy?

In the old days saints, in order to qualify for sainthood, had to live exemplary lives, both private and public. In these days the private lives of saints can sink to less than inspirational levels. We have only to mention such haloed members of the liberal-minority coalition as Eleanor Roosevelt (lesbian), Albert Einstein (A-bomb promoter), John F. Kennedy (skirt chaser), Martin Luther King Jr. (motel Lothario), Teddy Kennedy (underwater chauffeur). By definition, a conservative cannot be a saint.

With the lowering of sainthood standards, one would think there would be more candidates. There are. One of the more promising is Andrew Young, the present mayor of Atlanta, who is now the object of a media buildup that can only be explained as a prelude to canonization. Just recently Young, after dashing down to Zimbabwe to pay his respects to Mugabe, generated all the proper headlines by sponsoring a Third World seminar in Atlanta that would have done Idi Amin proud. Featured were such high-handed humanitarians as Ramsey Clark, Uncle Ho's Lord Haw-Haw, ex-Prime Minister Michael Manley of Jamaica and a bevy of Nicaraguan Stalinists. Meanwhile, *Newsweek* informs us that Atlanta, under the aegis of its brilliant black mayor, is going to become one of the world's great trade centers (just as it has become one of the world's great murder centers?).

One almost obligatory step in the sainthood process is getting an interview in *Penthouse* or *Playboy*. Young accomplished this trick in the February issue of the former publication. There, in a framework of pubic hair and retouched mammaries, the standard backdrop for interviews with the present-day American elite, Young gushed forth with every liberal cliché in the book.

The pornographic magazine interview rests traditionally on the "hot revelation," the shocker that has never yet appeared in the hagiographic columns of the *New York Times* or the unctuous boob-tubery of Injun Dan.

The Andy Young shocker, revealed in his dialogue with a *Penthouse* editor named Allan Sonnenschein, deserves reprinting in its entirety. It has to do with his much publicized resignation as U.N. Ambassador in the Carter years.

PENTHOUSE: Who really forced your resignation?

YOUNG: The *New York Post* headlines -- JEWS DEMAND FIRING. That made it a black-versus-Jew issue. And I could have handled the Palestinian issue, I could have handled any tension between me and the Carter administration or the State Department. In fact, once it got out of hand, everybody was concerned that I not resign, the Jewish community included. I met with representatives of the presidents of Jewish organizations. They asked me not to resign. Carter asked me not to resign. But then there was the raid on the Brooklyn police station by a group of Hasidic Jews; there is that really violent element within the Jewish community in New York. I was afraid of a group of JDL hotheads from Brooklyn and New York coming down to the U.N. to attack me. All I could see was a race riot in front of the U.N., which was the only thing that would really hurt me and hurt everything I'd been doing all along.

So -- a minuscule group of Jewish gangsters forced a black hero, Martin Luther King Jr.'s trusted man Friday, a Protestant minister, a three-term congressman, to quit one of the highest and most important government

posts ever held by a black, the U.N. ambassadorship. "Jewish power" (Andy agrees there is such a thing) works in more mysterious and more effective ways than heretofore imagined.

The remainder of the interview was about par for the course. Young is all for gay rights, "I meet with the gay community in gay bars regularly. We've even attempted to recruit policemen who are gay." He is also for women's rights and human rights and black rights, but even though he has a lot of white relatives in Louisiana, he said nothing about white rights. He avoided any comments about the Negro crime blight, except to admit that Wayne Williams, the mass killer of young blacks, was guilty. He further admitted that he had once known Williams, "one of the brightest kids I've ever met."

Young ended by expressing his heartfelt desire that one day a full-fledged saint, Teddy Kennedy, would be president of these United States. Could the saint train already be chugging down the tracks toward the 1988 presidential race with Fat Face, having once again changed his mind, going for the White House and you-know-who for vice-president?

Unponderable Quote

During the Second World War occupied Soviet territory witnessed the massacre of Jews, the extent of which has never been accurately determined, but which can be estimated at a minimum of 2.5 million persons.

Helène Carrère d'Encausse
Decline of an Empire
Harper Colophon Books,
1979, p. 64

Soap Opera War

Last fall's CBS production of "The Blue and the Gray" kept alive television's perfect record of totally preposterous docudramas. To Shelby Foote, who spent 20 years writing his three-volume history of the Civil War, it was "a piece of junk" and "the worst thing I've seen since 'Roots.'" He had planned to ignore the TV series because the late Bruce Catton, on whose writings it was supposedly based, had been a personal friend and a "damn good" historian. "I knew I would resent whatever they did to his work . . . As it turned out, it is much worse than I thought it would be." The battle scenes were full of absurdities and patent inventions, while the human element was uniformly reduced to the level of "soap opera." Those who remember Gregory Peck trying to be Captain Ahab in 1956 can imagine how badly he fails as Lincoln.

Lincoln had a high-pitched voice and a more gangling manner. But TV wasn't willing to take the risk of having Peck talk like Lincoln. They were afraid people would have said, 'Lincoln doesn't have a squeaky voice.' So they didn't want the truth. They wanted to extend the myth that Lincoln was a slow-spoken, deep-voiced man of infinite wisdom.

But, warns Foote, "No good can come of historical distortion."

Any understanding of us as a nation or ourselves as Americans has to be based on the simple fact of the Civil War. For example. This business about Americans having never lost a war and always upholding the principles of fairness and justice is bull.

Southerners know the reverse of these things better than anybody else in this country . . .

This is strong language coming from the man whom many regard as the world's most knowledgeable authority on the War Between the States. Yet the Southern National Party, which circulated Foote's comments, had even stronger things to say:

"The Blue and the Gray" incites racial hatred of white Southerners by implying that the underlying reason for the Civil War was bitter hatred of Negroes.

The fictional account of the brutal hanging of a free black, who had harbored runaway slaves, sets the stage for the entire program.

As portrayed, Southerners are generally vicious but cowardly, ignorant . . . an ugly people.

Unreconstructed Southerners are also angry because Mississippi Governor William Winter has ordered the statue of former governor and senator Theodore Bilbo out of the State Capitol rotunda, where it has stood for many years. Ironically, some black lead-

ers want it returned as a reminder that, only recently, a Mississippi leader had won statewide acclaim by declaring that America could "solve the racial question by sending Negroes back to Africa."

Another Southern item of interest was industrialist Elmer Fike's address on the family at Middle Tennessee University. Fike noted that even such shaky prosperity as America enjoys today is based on three "one-time gains" at the expense of the family which cannot be repeated. First, a lot of our second cars and pleasure boats were made possible by sacrificing the three- and four-child families of yesteryear. Second, middle-class white families that once got by on 40 hours of productive labor per week outside the home now count on 60 or 70. It was once said that automation would reduce the work week to 20 hours, but today's need for

working wives suggests that the opposite has happened. Third, America's tremendous debt hangs over every family.

As a philosopher once observed, "The word Economy . . . is derived from *oikos*, a house, and *nomos*, law, and meant originally only the wise and legitimate government of the house . . ." Americans have not shown much domestic wisdom of late. The Southern National Party (Box 18214, Memphis, TN 38118) believes that "the first priority of an economic policy should be keeping living costs as low as possible."

What the SNP is saying is the two major parties are led by Americans of wealth who generally fail to see the strains now endured by those people who want to work hard and have lots of children, not become either sterile workaholics or idle baby factories.



Next year in Jerusalem

The above photograph with its scary (to Jews) caption appeared in the B'nai B'rith Messenger (Oct. 15, 1982). It was just one more of the ceaseless reminders to Jews to give, give, give to Israel. Passed over by the editors, however, was that neither they nor any of the top-ranking Zionists in and out of the Promised Land had been born in Jerusalem, but Yasser Arafat had. It is he who has much more reason than any world political figure, Jewish or otherwise, to cry out in the language of the 137th Psalm: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Darwin, of course, was neither.

Huxley -- Atheist or Agnostic?

A subscriber took serious issue with the statement in the article on Darwin (Jan. 1983) in which T.H. Huxley was characterized as an atheist. "Huxley," wrote nettled Zip 871, "was an agnostic; in fact, he practically invented the word." Our correspondent then reminded us that there was a light year of difference between agnosticism and atheism. We passed the critique on to the author of the article and received the following reply:

I realize that there is a widespread impression that T.H. Huxley judiciously distinguished between hatred of the church and honest religious doubt. This was my own impression until I began to read his books. *Science and Hebrew Tradition*, *Science and Christian Tradition*, and the *Life and Letters* disabused me of this idea. Darwin was the moderating influence. Huxley was an uncompromising battler against belief in God. It's funny they should be remembered in opposite roles. It's especially funny that the one who believed in God (because he had discovered the spoor) should have been clear-headed on the subject of change, and the one who thought everything is pre-ordained should have been a militant atheist. But that's how it was.

The team of Huxley and Darwin became Scylla and Charybdis to Victorian youth. When Darwin invited young men to keep their faith, and indeed to strengthen it, Huxley said sacrifice it. When Darwin said, "This materialism does not tend to Atheism," Huxley declared it "the final blow to ecclesiasticism and superstition."

"One of the greatest merits of the doctrine of evolution in my eyes," wrote Huxley, "is the fact that it occupies a position of complete and irreconcilable antagonism . . . to the Catholic Church." Again, he said,

Nor is any reconciliation possible between free thought and traditional authority. One or the other will have to succumb . . . We are in the midst of a gigantic movement, greater than that which preceded and produced the Reformation.

And again,

I am not afraid of the priests. Scientific method is the white ant which will slowly but surely destroy their fortifications.

With mordant wit he summed up his view of theology: "Agnosticism can be said to be the final stage in its evolution, only as death may be said to be the final stage in the evolution of life."

In the course of a public debate with the Duke of Argyll, who attempted to reconcile science and theology in a book entitled *The*



T.H. Huxley

Reign of Law, the Duke and his ecclesiastical allies repeatedly made the sad mistake of claiming special knowledge of the supernatural. Huxley, they said, was unqualified to judge that of which the anointed can speak with authority. Huxley called this "gnosis" and described his own position as "agnosis." "The justification of the Agnostic principle," he later wrote, "lies in the success of its application." The success of its application was tremendous. The word entered the language. Matthew Arnold dubbed it "Huxley's guillotine."

For example, Huxley had only to challenge a certain Bishop Wace, who threatened to excommunicate him, to make him acknowledge that he would also like to excommunicate any and all who doubt any of the miracles related in the Bible. Once the Bishop admitted that this was so, Huxley had him where he wanted him. Huxley then declared himself to be agnostic on the subject of miracles. It was completely hypocritical, but he carried it off -- with the result that the public swung over to his side and cried for the Bishop's head.

I don't know any writer of that period -- Bradlaugh and Ingersoll included -- who was more militant. Huxley became the primate of humanistic atheism. All England and America knew it. His wife and family knew it, and were proud of it. One of his daughters, in quizzing a prospective nephew-in-law, declared, "I hope you realize that you are marrying into one of the great atheist families of Europe." There was no nonsense about agnosticism.

Agnosticism is a curious business. It appeals to scientists and Christians alike. A good Catholic told me agnosticism is an orthodox feature of the Roman faith; you can't be a good Catholic without it. Therefore no one who knows the facts of the case could call T.H. Huxley an agnostic. He may have invented the term, but he didn't earn it.

He was not one to kowtow to a bishop. What he believed in, as Matthew Arnold aptly put it, was Herbert Spencer. He was bound that the bishops should kowtow to Spencer, too. The reverence in which Huxley is held today comes in part, I believe, from the fact that he was so wildly successful in getting bishops to do just that. Nothing was more instrumental to this success than his inspired debating gimmick -- agnosis. I, for one, no longer take vicarious glee in his triumphs over the British clergy. Instead I try to seize every opportunity that presents itself to expose him for what he was, and to command people's attention to Darwin's position -- so much less well known.

It has long been apparent that the conservative mind plays into the hands of its enemies by allowing itself to be undermined by its own scientific and religious principles, so that it seems impossible to be politically right and ethically good at the same time. It is the atheistic humanism represented by Huxley that has done this. It has destroyed the inhibitory component, and the racial bonds that once united us, and has rendered the species patently maladaptive. It has set up the dictatorship of the parasite and the diabetoid. It has turned ethics upside down. The humane are heartless and the heartless are humane. The conservative is half persuaded that he is ethically bad. This, I maintain, is what comes of listening to men like Huxley, who believed that the only standard of morality is to be found in the mind of man. Nature, in this philosophy, is wicked and evil; natural selection is well and good for plants and animals, but man is shielded from this wickedness by culture. The be-all and end-all of humanist ethics is how kindly we treat each other, no matter how many of us there are. Darwin believed ethics and religion are to be found in the Malthusian conflict between the limitations of space and unlimited population pressures. As Darwin said, the contemplation of this conflict brings us face to face with the mystery of mysteries -- the creation of life and the origin of morality. Out of this contemplation emerges the conservative mind, which alone holds the key to morality and our adaptiveness as a species. The task before us, as I see it, is to rediscover Darwin's external standard of morality. This in turn means rediscovering his deity. In order to do this, we must be able to rise above the folly and hostility of the evangelical clergy -- the folly and hostility that threw the aging Darwin into Huxley's arms. We must wake up to the fact that an agnostic is not necessarily open-minded, nor a humanist a friend of man.

Semper Discens