

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration®

VOL. 7 NO. 8

JULY 1982



PRINCE FELIX YOSSOUPOFF CLUES US IN

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

Race is too important to be left to the merely prejudiced. 200

Somewhere in deepest Austria stands a range of jagged mountains. Jutting out dangerously from one is a dark castle. There is a howling blizzard and the only warmth in that entire landscape is a log fire inside the castle's stone-floored hall. Pacing up and down before it is a colossal, hawk-nosed former SS General, deep in thought as he meditates on the engineering details of his first and only invention. He is planning a Tay-Sachs bomb. Look for the paperback. I haven't yet decided on a title but my nom-de-plume is Seymour Goldmeins.

English subscriber

My mother was interned for 13 months at the beginning of World War II. She was a German citizen, having lived in the U.S. for 18 years. She was whisked away from our home the night before Pearl Harbor.

959

I don't know why Mrs. Thatcher is so concerned about the fate of a few thousand Falkland Islanders when she was so unconcerned about the fate of 270,000 white Rhodesians. I don't know why she hates South American dictators but adores Black African dictators

South African subscriber

We read in the Times Literary Supplement (Feb. 5, 1982, p. 126) in an article on animal rights, "The moral irrelevance of a creature's species is now as firmly established as the moral irrelevance of its race and sex." Bosh! Cockroach lib is not going to get anywhere.

British subscriber

Never, never forget that Barry Goldwater joined Jane Fonda in giving a lift to agitpropper Norman Lear's crashingly boring "I Love Liberty." Never forget that Bob Packwood, the ADL's point man in the Senate, heads up the Republican Finance Committee. Never forget that Reagan's dear pal, Senator Paul Laxalt, has been up in Connecticut working for the reelection of the abominable senator, Lowell Weicker. Never forget that Senator Helms has tilted toward Argentina in the Falkland Islands affair, as have various right-wing publications. Never forget that America's conservative movers and shakers are about as trustworthy as that slithering thing in Genesis 3:1-5.

327

"Israeli security forces fired warning shots into the air, thus injuring several Palestinians," said the official communique. That's the trouble with those Arabs. When they get excited they leap so high in the air.

Canadian subscriber

I finally went to see "Raiders of the Lost Ark." Aside from the ridiculously occult mysticism, it features the repetitious killing of Northern Europeans (represented by Germans) by a fellow Northern European (Harrison Ford), culminating in a mini-holocaust (or mini-Dresden) firestorm in which the Hebrew demon-spirit horribly murders several dozen innocent, clean-cut, good-looking young Northern Europeans in one fell swoop. All of this gratuitous mayhem and slaughter was accompanied by the cheers of the audience. The blonde girl in the seat in front of me remarked to her friend she was glad she had come to see the movie again. She "loved the way their faces melted. They got exactly what they deserved." What she and those like her never realize is that the wounds of other Northern Europeans are her wounds, their deaths are her death, and their fate will be her fate.

330

I suppose Rabbi Kahane is what you might term an Ashke-Nazi.

Scottish subscriber

On Dec. 13, 1981, at 9:30 A.M. I was interned. I did not get out until March 16. It was not easy for me and my friends. I cannot write about it. You know why, I hope.

Polish subscriber

The General Belgrano, the 10,000-ton Argentine cruiser now embalmed in the cold black depths of the south Atlantic, was once the U.S.S. Phoenix, the only American naval vessel in Pearl Harbor to escape the Japanese attack. Supposedly, the Phoobird, as it was called by its American crew, had damage control systems that quickly seal off parts of the ship taking in water as a result of bomb, missile or torpedo hits. The news reports say the Phoenix was struck by two torpedos. Since she was built to survive a worse attack than that, it seems the Argentine crew must have panicked. The Phoenix having been designed to carry 600 men, if there were 1,042 Argentines aboard at the time of the attack, they must have been living in pretty cramped quarters. After Pearl Harbor, the Phoenix was put on convoy duty and served all over the Pacific. Tokyo Rose once claimed it had been sunk with all hands. Altogether the cruiser survived 25 naval engagements. In 1951, President Harry Truman sold her to Argentina.

111

How can what was excellent to start with get better with each effort? The only adequate way to express my admiration for Cholly is to repeat Hazlitt's remark upon finishing Schiller's *Die Räuber*, "I was stunned, as by a blow."

953

The letter from the angry female (March 1982) describes me exactly. I wish I knew her. Few of my female friends are aware of anything. She made me feel less alone.

826

Instauration

is published 12 times a year by
Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10.50 for first class mail
\$32.50 Canada and foreign
Add \$17.00 for overseas air
Single copy price \$2, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Third class mail is not forwardable.
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The U.S. role in the Zionist invasion, occupation and corruption of Palestine is one of the great crimes of the 20th century. It is also a strategic gaffe of the first magnitude since it drove most of the Arab world (100 million plus) and much of the Moslem world (743 million) into a frenzy of anti-Americanism and a love fest with Russia. Before American-Zionist intervention in the Middle East, Christian and Moslem Arabs and Moslems everywhere were generally the most anti-Communist people on earth, mainly because they were also the most religious people on earth and could not abide a nation formally committed to atheism. In May, a Time magazine poll of West Bank Palestinians, who have endured the Israeli military occupation for 15 years, indicated that a large portion of them have moved lock, stock and barrel into the Soviet camp: 72.1% said the U.S.S.R was the country they admired most (the figure was a scant 1.6% for the U.S.). Fifty years earlier these percentages would probably have been reversed. Even worse, 16% of the Palestinians now said they actually favored communism as a way of life. So America, as the running dog of Israel, has done the impossible. It has not only forced millions of innocent people out of their homes; it has driven a majority of them into the arms of the Soviets and a minority of them into abandoning their religion for a mix of Marxism and atheism. Senators Jackson and Moynihan, please stand up and take a bow!

540

At the same time that John F. Hinckley, Jr., was being treated by psychiatrist John J. Hopper, Hopper was also treating his father. It was this same Freudian quack who persuaded Hinckley, Sr., to refuse to take his sorely troubled son back into his home. So here we have another triumph of psychiatry. Reagan would never have been shot and James Brady would still be walking around Washington in good shape if the psychiatrist's advice had been ignored -- and if Hollywood culture vultures had not produced a sordid movie about a white 12-year-old prostitute, "Taxi Driver," which practically presented Hinckley, Jr., with a blueprint of his later assassination attempt.

911

I am reading John Toland's work on the Pearl Harbor attack, *Intamy*. It reveals that Supreme Court Justice Roberts, who headed up the initial inquest into that disaster, was a member of the interventionist gang known as the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. Toland says that before issuing the final draft of his Pearl Harbor report (which whitewashed Roosevelt and Marshall) Roberts discussed it (cleared it?) with Justice Felix Hot Dog.

309

I hear that London's black population is supporting the IRA. I am unimpressed. The majority of blacks and muddies in England support just about anything that is against British whites. If the same gang was in Erin, they would act the same against the Irish, whether the whites happened to be agnostic Anglos or pious Celts like myself.

Irish subscriber

Jews in Argentina generally hailed General Galtieri's bravado invasion of the Falklands. The Board of Deputies, the Jewish Sanhedrin in Britain, has given no such support to Mrs. Thatcher. In fact, the only Tory M.P. to oppose the war was Sir Anthony Meyer. As for Israel, it has been supplying Argentina with all sorts of advanced weaponry, including ship-to-ship and air-to-air missiles and two squadrons of Daggers, Israel's copy of the French Mirage, based on blueprints stolen by Israeli engineers. But was it really a theft since the head of the firm that makes the Mirage, at least before it was nationalized by Mitterrand, was Marcel Dassault, also Jewish? The Israeli government said no more arms would be shipped after existing contracts with Argentina had been honored. Nevertheless, the merchant-of-death crowd was pretty sure that deliveries would continue through "unofficial" channels. One could well imagine the clamor of world Jewry if Britain so much as sold one bow and arrow, officially or unofficially, to the PLO.

British subscriber

I'm taking a refresher course in the art of good living before it's too late. I've fallen in love with the now.

038

I totally agree with you that the sooner the crisis is reached the better for the Majority. If our Majority rich knew they would -- will -- lose their all -- all, everything -- they would become activists and leaders.

902

Re "Seeds of Supermen" (April 1982), scientist Freeman Dyson has estimated that, even barring the discovery of some way to travel faster than the speed of light, the human race could easily colonize the entire galaxy in a million years (assuming no one is there to stop us). By then we'd be moving on to other galaxies as well as reshaping this one to our own purpose. A million years isn't all that long on a cosmic scale. The question is, if other intelligent beings exist, why haven't we heard from them already? Although there are any number of oddities in space, none seems to be an artificial engineering work (though Dyson points out that we aren't really sure what to look for).

069

I bought a copy of Yockey's *The Enemy of Europe*. Oliver's commentary was much more interesting than the author's dense theorizing about "superpersonal Destiny."

800

The Canadian subscriber (March 1982) expresses his admiration of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle anent the latter's (speaking through Sherlock Holmes) enthusiasm for Anglo-American unification. I would suggest, however, that he not suspend his critical faculties entirely where Sir Arthur is concerned: the latter may have been right-oh on U.S.-U.K. amalgamation, but he was oh-so-wrong on race. We may forgive his attacks on the original KKK ("The Five Orange Pips"), but his warmhearted acceptance of racial mongrelization ("The Adventure of the Yellow Face") earns him a box seat in the Majority Hall of Opprobrium.

191

Back of all our disorder and woe
Sits the powerful, unspeakable foe.
The grinning monster who dares to laugh
As he scribbles our nation's epitaph.

325

Excellent treatment of Falwell (Jan. 1982). We must keep recognizing the significance of religion, good and bad, and the good intentions of the people who follow the Pied Pipers of the National and World Council of Churches. The "good Christians" are both betrayers (of their own race) and betrayed (by their reverse-collar clerics).

338

All praise to the four brave young Germans (March 1982) who ass-ailed the Six Million myth and hee-hawed all the way to jail.

Canadian subscriber

Saturday, May 22, when British troops were fighting and dying in the Falklands, Prince Charles, whose brother Andrew is a helicopter pilot with the British forces, sponsored a black-tie piano recital in London for aging, creaky-fingered pianist Vladimir Horowitz, who is not even a British citizen. During the same evening, Maggie Thatcher was beginning a pleasant weekend at Chequers, the British Camp David, and Queen Elizabeth II was taking two days off from a not very hectic life to luxuriate at Windsor Castle. It was a long, long way to Port Stanley.

700

It takes more than Ronnie Reagan and alligator shirts to usher in a new era.

208



Fust we outbaby you. Den we outvote you. Den we out___ you.

□ Stripping Yockey of sainthood (Feb. 1982) was a vitally needed task. Technically, he is correct in distinguishing race and civilization as being separate entities, but the empirical overlap is profound. We naturally agree with Yockey that we want our race's civilization to be strong, but we should never get carried away by an author who pretends that there is only a minor connection between culture and race.

333

□ Cattell's is the kind of face (Instauration cover, May 1982) that would have made the Vikings quail. John Tyndall is another with a good face and in Spearhead he never stops reminding us of his handsome phiz. Instauration's editor should print at least one photo of himself. He seems to be keen on Nordics, so I rather suspect he looks like a cross between Democritus and Steve McQueen.

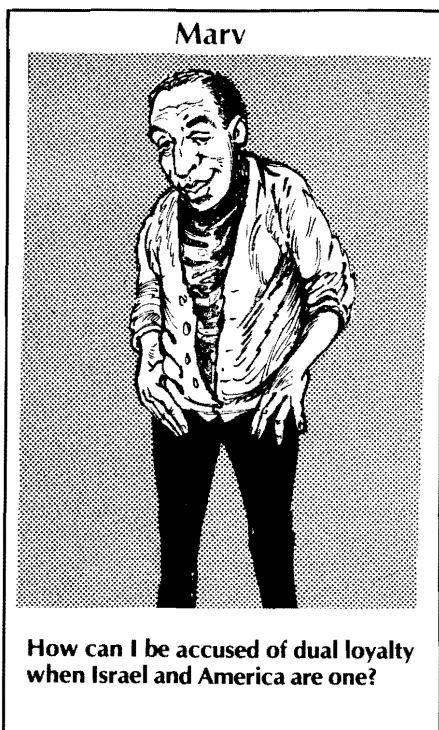
British subscriber

□ Please go a little easier on the Sicilians. Most of them on the West Coast are assimilated and see themselves (as affirmative action sees them) as white, English-speaking Americans. Practically all of them have a healthy sense of the difference between themselves as whites and the nonwhite, non-English-speaking elements they support with their taxes.

932

□ It has now come out that Nixon privately held blacks to be genetically inferior to whites. I was surprised to learn this, but until shown otherwise, I suspect he hardly understood the demographic consequences. He probably thought genetics was an area that could safely be bypassed for the sake of other goals.

208



□ Instaurationists are simply rearrangers of the deck chairs on the Titanic.

208

□ I grew up with Jewish children. I found them quite stupid in contrast to my other friends, awkward socially, not too coordinated physically, and certainly no better equipped mentally. Their parents differed from mine in that they were chronic naggers. They literally forced their offspring to compete for parts in school plays, school government, school bands, and anything else that would bring them attention. Every Jewish kid I knew was always trying to be noticed, even if he had to act like an oaf, which was often the case. I sat next to them in school and found that they were no more gifted than non-Jews. But as a result of their parents' pushy-pushy, they paid a lot more attention to homework. I have yet to meet a Jew who had an original idea. They seem to look at what others are doing, then "borrow" it and call it their own or at least insinuate it is their own. Though I am a pretty fair musician, my parents never paraded or extolled my talent. Conversely, whenever one of my Jewish schoolmates did anything, their parents "raised the Star of David on a flagpole." Look how many no-talent TV entertainers there are. Since they are on TV and we are not, that means they are great and we are not.

633

□ I always wondered why Howard Hughes, who could have done so much for us, did so little. According to Noah Dietrich, Hughes's Man Friday for 33 years, his boss suffered serious head injuries in three airplane crashes. That's why Hughes ducked public appearances in his old age. He was afraid he would be spotted as a loony.

400

□ John Nobull's description of Britain through the words of Auberon Waugh is devastating.

Australian subscriber

□ Many thanks for the article on the two kinds of shyness (Jan. 1982). There is always a pressure to conform to the biosocial mean, and it operates in both directions. A person well above average on introversion will face an overload of stimulation from his peers trying to get him to come out of his shell. An excessively extraverted person will have his extraversion "repressed" by his peers. As with individuals, so with groups.

476

□ I especially appreciated your phrasing in your Falwell article (Jan. 1982), "His battles are for a people not his own." This is by far the most descriptive explanation of the Majority Renegade of 1981.

261

□ I say keep the Willie cartoon. Truth has nothing to do with good taste.

161

□ The article on Gustav Mahler (May 1981) stressed his promotion of other Jews. What could also be argued is the Jewish promotion of Mahler. Two Gentiles, Willem Mengelberg and Leopold Stokowski, promoted his music early on, but only in the concert hall. Since the late 1920s, however, the phonograph has replaced the music hall as the major source of music, and out of seven recordings of Mahler symphonies in the days of 78s, six were conducted by Jews. (The exception was a recording of the Fourth by a Japanese prince, Hidemaro Konoye, which is so scarce that it is unlisted in any Western discography). Today, Jews are responsible for about half the Mahler recordings. Anton Bruckner, an earlier composer of equally long romantic symphonies, was a devout Austrian Roman Catholic and is often compared with Mahler. His symphonies appeal less to the teenager in us, and received twice as many 78 recordings. Today, with a decline in the age of the record buying public, the ratio is reversed. Readers curious to compare Bruckner and Mahler should stay away from the hyper-Semitic exaggerations of Leonard Bernstein, and try the restrained Dutch conductor, Bernard Haitink. Especially recommended are his Bruckner Fourth and Mahler Third.

111

□ "Brideshead Revisited" on PBS should have made our frosting WASP hearts glow. We were treated to a lost world, one never to be recaptured, yet never to be forgotten. There were moments when "Brideshead" slowed down to a boring crawl, but its only serious flaw was "host" William F. Buckley, Jr., who was as miscast as a Bushman on the space shuttle. Billy Boy would have been Waugh's very last choice to interpret the dramatization of his novel for American visitors. In a letter written in 1960 to Tom Driberg, a chintzy British homo politico and alleged Soviet agent, Waugh asked if anything was known of Buckley who "has been showing me great & unsought attention lately . . . Has he been supernaturally 'guided' to bore me?" In answer to Buckley's offer of \$5,000 a year to write for the National Review, Waugh replied, "Until you get much richer (which I hope will be soon) or I get much poorer (which I fear may be sooner), I am unable to accept . . ."

330

□ To believe that this mighty universe, with the marvelous and intricate detail manifested in all living things from a forest down to the tiniest glow-worm, could be the haphazard, bang-crash result of some uncaring, mindless "nature force" or "tribal god" is beyond the bounds of credulity.

900

□ In this neck of the woods to get a plumber's license a white must serve four years as an apprentice and then take a qualifying exam. If you're a black, the whole shooting match takes only six months. I only hire white plumbers -- not because I dislike blacks, but because I feel sorry for the dumb whites who need so much time to learn the plumbing trade.

142

BRANDEIS AND FRANKFURTER -- THE GREAT UNSEPARATORS

Nebraska's Roman L. Hruska was elected to the U.S. Senate four times, but his one moment of real celebrity came in 1970 as a chief supporter of Richard Nixon's Supreme Court nominee, Judge G. Harrold Carswell. In a radio interview he expounded:

Even if he [Carswell] were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation, aren't they, and a little chance? We can't have all Brandeises and Frankfurters and Cardozos and stuff like that there.

Hruska was careful not to let sarcasm taint his deep voice as he rattled off the names of the first, third and second Jewish members of the Supreme Court, respectively. One might *almost* have supposed that he was just naively reciting three names which the mass media have taught entire generations of young Americans to regard as legal superstars. (Who remembers such forgotten contemporaries as George Sutherland and Wiley B. Rutledge?) But Hruska had attended the University of Chicago Law School and was the ranking member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. His absurd defense of "mediocrity," which fooled nearly everyone in Nebraska but very few in New York, may have finally doomed the Carswell nomination. It was a replay of the oldest story in Western history: too much subtlety for one's friends but not enough for one's enemies.

The remarkable subtlety of Louis Dembitz Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter has been reilluminated in Bruce Allen Murphy's new exposé, *The Brandeis-Frankfurter Connection: The Secret Political Activities of Two Supreme Court Justices* (Oxford University Press). The key word in the title is *connection*. It seems the Anglo-American legal system, based upon individualism and the *separation* of powers, is readily subverted by a tribal mentality.

Author Murphy bluntly calls the Brandeis-Frankfurter relationship "unprecedented in Supreme Court history." Professor John O. Beatty of Southern Methodist University, working without access to Murphy's revelations, once declared that Brandeis's confirmation date was "one of the most significant days in American history, for we had for the first time, since the first decade of the 19th Century, an official of the highest status whose heart's interest was in something besides the United States."

Murphy's compendious documentation, including some 300 previously unpublished letters and various other communications, demonstrates that, between 1916 and 1939, the multimillionaire Brandeis paid Frankfurter more than \$50,000 (or more than \$300,000 in current dollars) to advance his policy goals through non-judicial channels. The payments ended when Brandeis retired and Frankfurter joined the Court. But Frankfurter's legal whoring was far from over.

Among the insiders pushing Wilson toward intervention

in World War I, Brandeis was pushing the hardest. In fact, he was pushing a great many of the pushers. Throughout, he was in constant touch with the world's number one Zionist, Chaim Weizmann, who was in constant touch with British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour. After Wilson had endorsed the Balfour Declaration in a letter dated August 31, 1918, Brandeis glibly declared that opposition to Zionism was henceforth disloyalty to America. Twenty years later, the Vienna-born Frankfurter, himself in regular contact with the occupant of the White House and just about everyone else that counted, was yet more active in dragging America toward World War II.

Frankfurter was the perfect conduit for Brandeis. He arranged his informal meetings with government braintrusters, drafted his proposals for legislation, and even forwarded his letters on current events to *The New Republic*, where some wound up as unsigned editorials. Frankfurter did not even need a conduit himself. Murphy:

Together with Jean Monnet, he served as a catalyst for the adoption of a [war] mobilization program . . . It is impossible to assess how many mundane, day-to-day decisions were influenced by Frankfurter's constant attention to the major actors [including President Roosevelt] and by his genius for helping place allies in key administration posts and then informing, cajoling, directing, and, at times, even commanding them.

One of the allies was Alger Hiss, who started out as just another of Professor Frankfurter's "Happy Hot Dogs" at the Harvard Law School. Like the mostly unexceptional young men and women who surrounded Franz Boas in the Columbia University anthropology department, and thereafter became world famous, Hiss -- without apparent qualifications -- commenced a swift and protected rise to the top. He was publicly identified as a Soviet agent as early as 1939 by a fellow Communist who suddenly awoke to his "patriotic duty" when Hitler and Stalin signed their nonaggression pact. But the proof lay disregarded for nearly a decade while Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, following the advice of their nearly hidden "experts," relentlessly promoted Hiss. At Yalta, where Eastern Europe was signed over to communism, Hiss was ever at the side of the doddering Roosevelt. In April 1945, in San Francisco, he became the first Secretary General of the United Nations. He not only presided over the U.N.'s organizing conference, but also over the monetary conference at Bretton Woods, which set up the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. When Whittaker Chambers and others finally blew the whistle on Hiss, Frankfurter, his guide and mentor, appeared in a New York City Federal Court as a character witness for this 20th-century Judas.

In 1950 the *Chicago Tribune* (then a free newspaper) reported on an interview with a senior State Department

official who warned of a government-within-the-government. The inner circle, on this man's evidence, consisted of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Senator Herbert Lehman and Frankfurter. The word "Jew" was carefully avoided, but the *Tribune* was nonetheless besieged with protests. Today, of course, Chambers is being called "psychotic" with growing frequency, while Hiss is slowly being rehabilitated.

The present Brandeis-Frankfurter flap will blow over in similar fashion. *Newsweek* has already called Murphy's book "a compelling picture of the patriots whose ideas and energies simply could not be restrained by judicial robes." When, only one month earlier, the partly Jewish John Ehrlichman alleged that Chief Justice Warren Burger had discussed some court cases with President Nixon, no one called anyone a "patriot."

"Brandeis comes off as a giant," concludes *Newsweek*, while "Double Felix" Frankfurter (as Murphy calls him) is "more complicated." According to Watergate sleuth Bob Woodward, Murphy was "brought kicking and screaming to the implications of his discovery. He is a very reluctant muckraker who, after laying out the details, tries in a four-page conclusion to take much of it back."

Woodward won't don the kid gloves:

A payoff is a payoff . . . [Murphy] treats all this "transfer of money" rather tenderly and doesn't dwell on it. Allow me. A whore may like and believe in his or her work but prostitution is just that, despite the passions one might bring to it . . . If uncovered today, this situation would create a major . . .

scandal likely to taint both recipient and donor equally.

The book also proves nicely that bold hypocrisy is not a modern invention. After Brandeis's death in 1941, Frankfurter wrote in the *Harvard Law Review*, "A man so immersed in affairs as Louis D. Brandeis must have closed the door on many of his interests when he went on the bench."

Or, in 1944, when Frankfurter was asked to comment on the possibility of Roosevelt running for a fourth term, Frankfurter said, "I have an austere and even sacerdotal view of the position of a judge on this Court, and that means I have nothing to say on matters that will come within a thousand miles of what may fairly be called politics."

Murphy adds: "A strange response indeed from the man who helped mastermind FDR's 1940 presidential campaign from his seat on the Court."

One wonders how much of this duplicity -- which Murphy euphemistically labels "Europe-first priorities" -- was known to Frankfurter's lovely WASP wife, the former Marion A. Denham of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, the daughter of a clergyman, fine-boned, reserved, literary-minded, with rich chestnut hair and green eyes. After one meeting with paymaster Brandeis, Frankfurter wrote to her, "[Brandeis] feels as one continually bottled up and as he puts it, 'When I talk to you I feel I'm talking to myself' -- so out come the innermost judicial secrets . . . You see how much on the make I am professionally." This may help explain why, in 1925, Frankfurter had to ask Brandeis for money to meet his wife's rising psychiatric expenses.

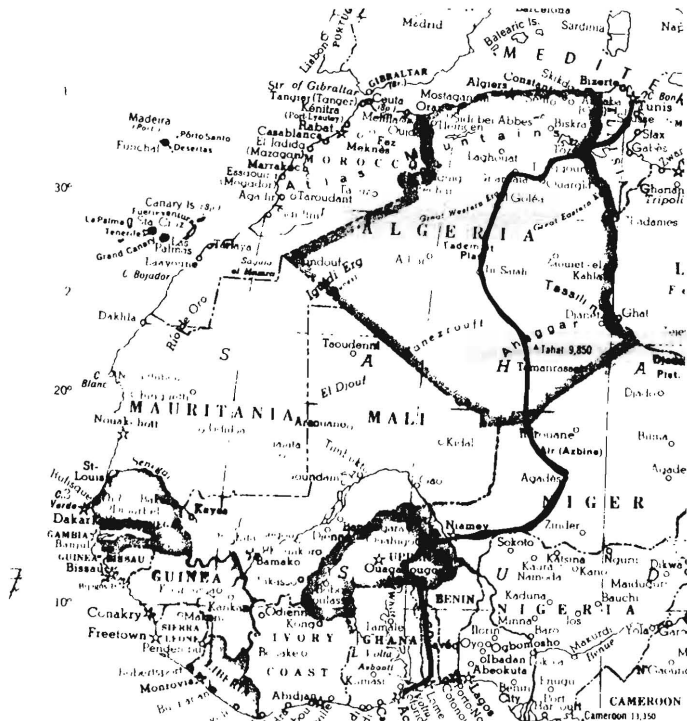
A personal account by an adventurous Instaurationist

CROSS-SAHARA SAFARI

Last spring, after many weeks of soul-searching, I booked a one-month overland tour of Africa from Tunis to Algeria and across the Sahara to Niger, Upper Volta, Togo and Ghana.

Tunisia rates as one of the most pleasant and stable countries in the Arab world, not to mention the African continent. The capital, Tunis, was so crowded with European vacationers, mostly French and Germans, that I couldn't find an inexpensive room anywhere. I took a train to Carthage, 20 miles away, and camped out on the beach for the night. The next day I fulfilled a longtime ambition of my father and visited the grave of his brother, who was killed in the 1943 North African campaign.

Three days later I returned to Tunis and set off on the most frustrating, most uncomfortable and most interesting journey of my brief lifetime. The "expedition" consisted of two Land Rovers, two driver-leaders and eight male and eight female paying passengers. Most of my fellow travelers were Americans and Brits -- straight, decent, conservative-minded folks. Only two were gung-ho egalitarian liberals. One of the few politically nonaligned was a Negro from Brazil, a polite, soft-spoken fellow who got along fine with everyone, but whose presence unfortunately precluded any public discussion of race, a topic which would have made for some



The heavy line indicates the route followed by the author

lively conversation around the evening campfire.

The European influence recedes as you leave the Mediterranean coast. Around dusk of the first day, we reached a captivating little town where sheep and goats mingled along the sidewalks with throngs of hookah-smoking men playing cards or dominoes. Occasionally a woman shuffled by, covered from head to toe save for a small triangular opening in her veil, which lets her see where she is heading.

Although our tour leader, Dave, had briefed us on the complicated formalities to be expected at the Algerian frontier post of Bou Azoua, we weren't quite prepared for the chaotic scene that greeted us. A mile-long queue of automobiles, their occupants gone, stretched back from the customs building. Hundreds of scruffy Arab drivers were sprawled in the baking sun, quite resigned to the interminable delays of the Algerian border officials.

It was a good thing half our group was female. It gave the customs officials the rare opportunity to behave like gentlemen. Instead of being forced to scrounge around for a shady spot with the riff-raff, we were escorted inside like VIPs. Nevertheless, we had to wait forever for our passports to be processed. While our vehicles were being searched, we filled out long, detailed declaration forms listing our meager possessions -- cash, traveler's checks, jewelry, cameras, watches -- anything of value. We were told we must keep records of all our money transactions and every centime must be accounted for when leaving the country.

We were soon pushing into hardcore Islamic territory. Ghardaia is the home of a very devout sect whose work ethic puts most other Moslems to shame. It's not the place for Hugh Hefner. The muezzin, who calls the faithful to prayer, must be blinded so when he holds forth in his minaret he won't see the women in the walled courtyards of their homes. Women here are never allowed to go out except when the river overflows, which is considered a sign of Allah, who last granted the favor seven years ago.

There was a serious accident in Ghardaia during our visit. A bus went careening out of control, slammed into a parked van and knocked it over on its side, pinning a man underneath. A large crowd gathered. In short order a few military vehicles turned up. The soldiers leaped out and whipped people mercilessly with their cartridge belts to clear an area for the ambulance. This provoked a near stampede. To avoid being stomped, I had to bolt into a doorway.

As we moved deeper into the Sahara, one voyager, raving about the "stark beauty" of the surroundings, allowed as how he would like to spend years here. I couldn't help being a little chauvinistic. I explained to him that anyone who had been to Arizona or Utah would never say such a thing. It's true the Sahara had some fine scenery -- interesting rock formations, palm-decorated oases, wind-sculpted sand dunes -- but too much of it is flat, dusty, gravelly and infinitely featureless. The Europeans who work in the remote oilfields of Algeria and Libya have to be flown home or to some big city on the Mediterranean every month or so just to keep their sanity intact. To me, the Sahara's greatest defect was the almost total absence of plant and animal life. Equally distressing was the hard reality that there was no way out of this awful place if some unforeseen problem cropped up. No telephones, no traffic patrol, no air-conditioned café at the end of the road. After Tamanrasset, tire tracks in the sand and rock cairns were our only route markers. Water became

so scarce that for days we were allotted only a liter each, which included washing. Only a few of us escaped sickness. It's not a very pleasant thing to have to stop in the intense heat and hear the anguished moans of a woman suffering simultaneously from nausea and diarrhea.

If I feared and hated the Sahara in the daytime (while relishing the challenge), the nights were something else. They weren't nearly as cool as I had expected, but they were comfortable. The utter solitude and stillness criss-crossed by eerie moon shadows made me think I was in another world. The mood was only broken when company would suddenly appear. One night, three Tuareg nomads on white camels, attracted by our campfire, rode up to investigate. The Tuareg, the legendary "blue men" of the Sahara, were ferocious warriors in an earlier era. In their blue robes and white headdress, atop their ornately saddled, majestic camels, they stood before us like ghostly apparitions. After having a cup of tea with us, they said their bon soirs, gave a loud *ssss* to their camels and galloped off.

We spent two hours at the frontier post of Im Guezzam, a god-forsaken oasis, where a lazy, bare-chested Algerian in a trailer took his sweet time studying our declaration forms, counting and recounting our money, and entering the data in a huge log book. A Frenchman who made a risky living running new Peugeots from France to Benin, sat forlornly in his car, which had lost its rear end. Very likely it would soon join thousands of other scorched, abandoned vehicles which litter the Sahara roadside.

The République of Niger (pronounced nee-ZHAIR) lies in that latitudinal band of countries that straddles Arabic North Africa and sub-Saharan Black Africa. Although there are many Negroes in Algeria, the descendants of slaves, and quite a few mixed-bloods in northern Niger, the traveler notes an essential difference once he crosses the border. From now on the traveler deals with Negro officials. The border, incidentally, exists only on the map. There is no fence, no marker, no sign to indicate you are entering another country.

Fort Assamaka has to be one of the world's most incredibly romantic frontier posts. It is an old, decaying French fort of red sandstone, one side of which is almost submerged in sand. The pathetic flag of Niger flaps in the wind. While one Negro soldier scanned the desert with binoculars, another in a French Foreign Legion cap emerged to collect our passports. It was noon. Since the bureaucrats only work an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon, we were informed we'd have to wait. We take turns bathing in our clothes in tepid, sulfurous water bubbling from an artesian well. The sun dries us completely in ten minutes. We talked with three young Brits who are headed north in a small truck. One showed us the bruises from a beating with rifle butts given him when he refused to yield to a military vehicle at an intersection.

Hours later, two nasty-looking, pistol-packing, bereted soldiers in torn fatigues and rubber flip-flops emerged from the fort to inspect our vehicles. Tarpaulin off, everything down from the roof, open your bags and stand by! They went through our baggage item by item, occasionally pausing to examine something unfamiliar, like a can of shaving cream. That could be a bomb! The inspection is most embarrassing to the women in our party, especially when their feminine gewgaws are poured over and waved about by the Negro

border guards. I was told that on a previous trip a soldier, puzzled by a box of tampons, asked the owner to explain. The women, who didn't speak a word of French, tried her hardest, but couldn't allay the soldier's suspicions. He walked off into the desert with the box, took out a tampon, laid it on the ground, applied a match, and ran.

The next day we reached Arlit, the first town in Niger. I'm not sure the place even existed before the recent discovery of uranium in the area by French technicians, who have established a large mining operation there. We had to go to the police station, surrender passports and fill out more forms. A man in uniform came out to inspect the vehicle and ordered us to undo the tarpaulin and unload the gear. Not again! It was unbearably hot, and nobody wanted to repeat this idiocy. But we had no choice. One of our group tried to take advantage of the wasted time by catching up on his diary. Dave told him to put it away. The police might think he was making a sketch of the police station.

The paperwork completed, we drove across town to indulge in an all-but-forgotten luxury, a cold beer at a real bar! The local brew wasn't half bad. Outside, women sold fried potatoes with hot sauce, a real treat. We drove to the bank to change money. I volunteered to watch the vehicle and was soon surrounded by a dozen men in colorful native dress, selling jewelry, knives and wallets and asking for cadeaux (gifts). Most had thin scars on their cheeks, a ceremonial mark of the Hausa tribe.

Next stop was Agadez, in olden times a caravan crossroads on the route to Timbuktu. For the first time in five days we were on a paved road. The French influence in Niger is pervasive, and for all practical purposes the country still functions as a colony. France furnishes the investment capital, manages the country's institutions and mines its resources. Nearly every manufactured product -- food, soft drinks, tobacco, postcards -- bears the words "fabriqué en France."

For a city, there's not much to Agadez -- low red adobe buildings, sandy streets, a few camels and military vehicles here and there. A portrait of the military dictator, Seyni Kountche, glares menacingly from the walls of nearly every building. Kountche seems to run a pretty tight ship, since the country is blessed with the one thing every white in Black Africa wants most -- a stable government.

We were now in the transition area between desert and tropics known as the Sahel -- the scene of a catastrophic drought in the early 70s. One hundred thousand people and an untold number of livestock were wiped out. Today the water holes are full and surrounded by herds of camels, goats and longhorn cattle, watched over by Fulani tribesmen. They were all very friendly, always waving as we drove past. Women in bright dresses were mashing millet with large pestles. But the further south we went, the more Western clothes we saw, including a few Bob Marley and Muhammad Ali T-shirts.

At our campsites in the bush, natives stop and stare curiously. Sometimes in the evenings distant drumming is heard. We run into problems that hadn't bothered us in the desert. When I roll up my ground cloth one morning I am baffled by all the strange rips and holes. Termites!

We push on toward Niamey, the capital of Niger. At Birni-n-Koni, Roberto, our Brazilian friend, is hauled off to the police station for a special interrogation. The authorities are very suspicious of a black in a group of white tourists.

Negroes are often sullen and unfriendly in the larger towns. The silent, blank stares seem to demand a reason why you, a wealthy white, should come here to see how miserably the natives live. It takes some nerve to pull out your camera and take a picture under these circumstances. The biggest problem for the amateur photographer, however, is the attitude of officials, to whom a camera is almost certain proof that a spy or saboteur is at work.

Niamey has a large, open-air museum where the dwellings and lifestyles of each of Niger's tribes are exhibited, as well as the products of local artisans. I buy some of the handicrafts at a government store, about the only place where prices are reasonable. Signs with quasi-Marxist slogans are posted around the city: "All Nigerians are equal under the law . . . For us the key word is production . . . The peace we want for Niger we also desire for the whole world." At night, the air is filled with the horrible jungle music heard in New York.

We lost our paved road out of Niamey, but the dirt road is in fairly good shape. The scene is typical. Women walk along, balancing their cargo on their heads. Little pickaninies frolic naked in muddy pools, shouting and waving. It is quintessential Africa. No decent white could harbor any ill feeling toward these rural folk. With their minimal contact with the white world, these blacks have not the slightest trace of the racial hatred seething in American cities.

One night while we were still in Niger, I had a talk with Dave. Though his mood was almost always cheerful and he never let the difficulties of travel in Africa perturb him, his philosophy of life was cold and brutal. He said it would be better to let Africans starve to death than send them food, because if you feed them they're only going to bring more hungry kids into the world. As for cannibalism, he declared he'd eat human flesh if he was offered some. After all, monkey meat tasted pretty good. Every native he came across was regarded as a potential thief. Although he was always referring to "the African mentality," he shied away from the question of innate racial differences. Many of the wild, barbaric activities that are the norm in Africa, he claimed, were common in medieval Europe. Because the whites had exploited the continent's mineral resources, he felt they were morally obligated, though without any guilt strings attached, to help the Negro better himself. Admittedly, African countries desperately needed white guidance and assistance. If the white man were to pull out completely, within a year the Negroes would be "back in the trees." He was not optimistic about the future. In the years he has spent in Africa things have grown steadily worse, though Zaire was the only country in which he said his life had been threatened because of his white skin. In general, he explained, animosity of the natives is directed toward Negroes of other tribes, hardly ever toward whites.

At the Upper Volta border post of Kantchari, Kunta Kinte's revenge finally caught up with me. I had to make a beeline for a clump of trees, praying that the officials would not note my vanishing act. While in a rather defenseless position, a tsetse fly came to visit. The moment it hit I was aware of a sharp pain, much like an electrical shock. These bugs hurt. The sting raised a bump, but so far I haven't come down with sleeping sickness.

Upper Volta is a land of rock-bottom poverty. The road was awful, in many places a quagmire, forcing us to limp

along at 10 mph. We had planned to go to Ougadougou, the capital, but road conditions made it impossible.

At Kiupela we stopped for fuel and drinks. Although the market had a fair amount of food available, many of the children had distended bellies and spindly legs, the telltale signs of malnutrition. Driving on to Togo, we followed a bush taxi, the most common form of public transportation in this part of Africa. The small trucks assemble in the markets and don't leave until they are crammed with passengers and cargo. Two adventurous German girls were in the taxi in front of us. When we reached the frontier post of Cinkass, they got out and told us they had been traveling for a month around West Africa without any real problems except in Nigeria. They thought they were lucky to make it out alive from Lagos, considered by many travelers to be the worst city on the continent.

Togo is a slender chip of land along the Atlantic coast, with a paved road running down its center for about 450 miles. Early in the morning we stopped at Dapaong, a bustling little town, to change money, where we were given the usual information cards to fill out and then had to wait while the clerk typed them out, one by one. It took almost two hours. Bureaucracy in the West is bad enough; in Africa it's unspeakable.

Lomé, Togo's capital, has an American cultural center, which I decided to check out, if only to soak up the air-conditioning. It contained a small library full of books in French about American statesmen from Jefferson to Nixon. A large propaganda exhibit with photos and charts showed how much the life of American Negroes had improved. *Time*, *Newsweek* and newspapers abounded. The whole atmosphere was generally pro-American and pro-West.

Ghana, the last country on our itinerary, was once a British colony. The sight and sound of the English language was welcome indeed. Religious slogans were everywhere: *Never Despair . . . Only the Blood of Jesus . . . Good God's Love*. I was disappointed that most of our four-hour drive to Accra would be after dark. On the way we came to a village where women were swaying back and forth to the tom-tom beat of a drummer. A man came up and, speaking forcefully, told us the village chief had died. We were asked to make a contribution to his funeral. We diplomatically complied.

We pulled into Accra at 10:30 P.M. and camped outside the YMCA. In the morning we drove to the post office, the preferred spot for changing money on the black market. This was illegal, of course, but it had to be done unless we wanted to shell out \$200 a day for basic living expenses. Afterwards, we drove to the Riviera Hotel, a decaying building with a ghost-town atmosphere right on the ocean.

When I got to my room it suddenly occurred to me that I hadn't slept in a bed in a month. The water for my shower was only lukewarm, but I wasn't complaining. My window looked out on the crashing surf of the Atlantic. We were warned not to walk along the beach day or night because a white tourist had recently had a knife put to his throat and his wristwatch stolen. The Olympic swimming pool was empty and gone to rot.

Our trip ended in Accra. Since I hadn't made any airline reservations, I was overjoyed to find I could take the Monday night flight to New York. I laid out \$599 and had my ticket home. That night at the hotel, if I hadn't changed my money

on the black market, my modest dinner of chicken, rice, salad and beer would have set me back \$85.

The next morning, Sunday, I went to a Presbyterian church. Although I was the only white present, I didn't feel too uncomfortable. The men and women were segregated; the women neatly dressed, the men wearing the handsome Ashanti-style tribal robes. The service was very long, but the choir was worth the visit. Every part was repeated in three tribal languages by three different men, and finally by a fourth in English. The English-speaking preacher launched into a tirade against the corruption of the government and the need to replace it with honest officials. Then to my unbelieving ears he said that the people of Ghana should invite the Europeans back to run the banks and corporations. This set off some murmuring among the congregation, whether of approval or disapproval I couldn't tell.

When I returned to the hotel, a woman in our group said that a raging mob of factory workers had been there screaming for blood. They claimed they hadn't been paid in a month. Someone had spotted their boss's car at the hotel. When they couldn't find him, they chained his car to another vehicle and dragged it away. Frightened to death, the woman had locked herself in her room throughout the ordeal.

The cab driver who took me to the airport the next day -- the big day of my departure from Africa -- told me he had been taught refrigerator and air-conditioner maintenance by technicians and lamented how hard it was to find work. At the Kotoka International Airport there was nothing to drink but cocoa, Ghana's leading crop. A cute little black kid in a Philadelphia T-shirt came by. I asked him where he'd gotten the shirt. He said he had traveled to America last year and visited Philadelphia. The trip was first prize in a school essay contest. He spoke intelligently of the corruption in Ghana and the need to reform it and had an air of sincerity and maturity about him that you don't find in white 11-year-olds who are raised on color TV.

When he had gone, I spent some time reflecting on what I had learned on my trip. In one sense I had come here to see first-hand the inferiority of the Negro, to see for myself that he was totally incapable of directing his own destiny or even possessing a destiny. But now, on the verge of leaving, I felt differently. I actually pitied the African black. It seemed a shame that the little contest winner, the taxi driver and the friendly villagers we had met could not enjoy happier lives. It wasn't right that the decent Africans -- the ones who sincerely looked to the white man for guidance -- were denied the opportunity by their own corrupt tyrants and by a world infected with the insane ideology of racial equality.

In the airport lounge, where beer was available, I struck up a conversation with a New Zealander, a construction worker in Liberia. Listening to his horror stories, I wondered out loud how any white could live on this continent. He shrugged it off as being worth the high wages.

Finally it was time to board. I was frisked in a small, curtained booth -- my very last checkpoint -- before walking across the tarmac and up the stairs into the airplane. Eighty-seven days later, on New Year's Eve, there was a military coup in Accra. All hell broke loose, with soldiers rampaging through the streets looting, raping and burning. The airport was closed and the borders sealed. I had missed out on all the fun by less than three months.

FIFTY YEARS OF URBAN INSANITY

**In the Great Depression, Urban America Was White
In the Great (1982) Recession, Urban America Is Going Nonwhite**

1930 Rank	City	1930 RACIAL MAKEUP (%)			1980 Rank	1980 RACIAL MAKEUP (%)		
		White	Black	Other		White	Black	Other
1	New York	95.2	4.7	0.2	1	49.6	25.2	25.2
2	Chicago	92.3	6.9	0.7	2	41.7	39.8	18.4
3	Philadelphia	88.6	11.3	0.15	4	56.1	37.8	6.0
4	Detroit	91.8	7.7	0.5	6	33.0	63.1	3.9
5	Los Angeles	86.7	3.1	10.1	3	45.8	17.0	37.1
6	Cleveland	91.9	8.0	0.16	19	51.8	43.8	4.4
7	St. Louis	88.4	11.4	0.18	27	52.9	45.6	1.6
8	Baltimore	82.3	17.7	0.08	9	43.3	54.8	1.9
9	Boston	97.1	2.6	0.2	21	66.4	22.4	11.2
10	Pittsburgh	91.7	8.2	0.08	31	74.3	24.0	1.7
11	San Francisco	93.8	0.6	5.6	14	51.3	12.7	36.0
12	Milwaukee	98.4	1.3	0.3	18	71.0	23.1	5.9
13	Buffalo	97.5	2.4	0.11	39	69.0	26.6	4.4
14	Washington	72.7	27.1	0.2	16	25.4	70.3	4.3
15	Minneapolis	98.95	0.9	0.15	35	86.6	10.4	5.7
16	New Orleans	71.4	28.3	0.3	22	40.6	55.3	4.2
17	Cincinnati	89.4	10.6	0.05	33	64.7	33.8	1.4
18	Newark	91.0	8.8	0.2	46	20.4	58.2	21.4
19	Kansas City, Mo.	89.5	9.6	3.2	28	68.0	27.4	4.7
20	Seattle	95.9	0.9	3.2	24	78.1	9.5	12.4
Total for 20 Cities		91.75	7.28	0.97		56.74	32.22	11.05

1930 Rank	City	1930 POPULATION			1980 POPULATION		
		White	Black	Other	White	Black	Other
1	New York	6,587,225	327,706	15,415	4,293,695	1,784,124	993,211
2	Chicago	3,117,731	233,903	24,804	1,490,217	1,197,000	317,855
3	Philadelphia	1,728,457	219,599	2,905	983,084	638,878	66,248
4	Detroit	1,440,141	120,066	8,455	413,730	758,939	30,670
5	Los Angeles	1,073,584	38,894	115,570	1,816,683	505,208	644,872
6	Cleveland	827,090	71,899	1,440	307,264	251,347	15,201
7	St. Louis	726,879	93,580	1,501	239,479	206,386	7,220
8	Baltimore	662,124	142,106	664	345,113	431,151	10,511
9	Boston	758,756	20,574	1,858	373,739	126,229	63,026
10	Pittsburgh	614,317	54,983	517	314,904	101,813	7,221
11	San Francisco	594,969	3,803	35,622	395,082	86,414	197,478
12	Milwaukee	568,807	7,501	1,941	466,620	146,940	22,652
13	Buffalo	558,869	13,563	644	247,046	95,116	15,608
14	Washington	353,914	132,068	887	171,796	448,229	17,626
15	Minneapolis	459,479	4,176	701	321,209	38,433	21,309
16	New Orleans	327,729	129,632	1,401	226,204	308,136	23,142
17	Cincinnati	403,112	47,818	230	249,471	130,467	5,519
18	Newark	402,596	38,880	861	67,115	191,743	70,390
19	Kansas City, Mo.	357,741	38,574	3,431	304,602	122,699	20,858
20	Seattle	350,548	3,303	11,732	385,684	46,755	61,407
Total for 20 Cities		21,914,068	1,739,618	230,559	13,412,737	7,616,007	2,612,024

America today faces its greatest economic crisis in half a century, but with far poorer human resources than the last time around. In 1930 our 20 largest cities had a combined population of 23,884,245, of which 91.75% was white. In 1980 these same cities still had approximately the same number of people, 23,640,768, but not the same people. Only 56.74% of the 1980 urban population was (arguably) white.

The official 1980 Census Bureau figures would give a somewhat higher white tally, because 56% of Hispanics listed themselves as *racially* "white" that year. Our tables have been adjusted to account for this by:

(1) *multiplying*, for each city, .56 x the number of ethnic Hispanics counted locally

(2) *subtracting* this multiple from the official "white population," and

(3) *adding* it to the "other" (i.e., nonwhite and nonblack population).

No such adjustment was made on the black population, since very few Hispanics reported their race as "black."

Most of the remaining 44% of Hispanics listed their race in such a way that they already appeared in the "other" column. Although a small minority of Hispanics in the United States are, in fact, racially white, their number is now greatly outweighed by the numbers of Arabs, Iranians, Pakistanis, slightly Caucasoid Spanish-Filipino hybrids, and others who describe themselves as "white" even though few American whites regard them as such.

The 1930 census is an unmatched standard for comparison because that was the one time when Mexicans -- who were then nearly the only Hispanics in America -- were routinely counted as "nonwhite." The Mexican embassy made an international issue out of the 1930 classification, so, from 1940 to 1970, the Census Bureau counted Mexicans -- who are typically of three-fourths Amerindian biological stock -- as "white." By 1980, however, many Hispanics were angry again, this time because the "white" classification was keeping them out of some Affirmative Action programs. It was in this way that approximately half of the Hispanic population came to describe itself as "white" while the other half chose "nonwhite" (though the proportions vary from region to region).

The Hispanic confusion is only one of many reasons why America's racial tallies have become wildly inaccurate. To take an extreme case, if a dark woman from Bangladesh and a coal-black American Negro have a baby, the infant might very well be counted as "white." The Census Bureau now requests that racially mixed offspring be automatically classified by the *mother's* race. A woman from Bengal may describe herself as racially "Asian," "Asian Indian" or "white." Hence, her baby also, regardless of the father, may be "white."

Since genuinely white women are at present much more likely to mate with black men than white men with black women, the Bureau's guideline for racially mixed offspring would serve to exaggerate the count of "whites" even if black-white crosses in America were genuinely regarded as equal parts of both communities. Actually, of course, mulattoes tend overwhelmingly to think, behave and vote in a black-oriented fashion. Yet, the Census now counts most first-generation mulattoes as "white."

None of this is accidental. Several such ludicrous factors combine to make even the shrunken white tallies for 1980 overly generous. And among the *bona fide* white remnant in America's cities, there are relatively far more Italians, Greeks, French Canadians, and the like, and far fewer Northern Europeans than before. Jewish urban numbers have also nearly held up amid the white decline, while Majority homosexual numbers have skyrocketed.

When only young people are considered, even the dramatic changes shown above vastly understate the reality. Most whites remaining in the cities are at least middle-aged, while the black populations are youthful and the "other" populations are primarily immigrants under age 35 with children.

Nearly all of the black growth and white decline occurred only after the Supreme Court's 1954 decision outlawing school segregation. Nearly all of the "other" growth occurred only after the passage of President Johnson's immigration "reform" bill of 1965. Most of America's cities had, in 1955, racial compositions and age-structures which were very similar to 1930 and utterly unlike 1980.

Among the 230,559 "others" residing in our largest cities in 1930, fully 151,192 were Orientals and Mexicans in Los Angeles and San Francisco alone. In the other 18 great cities combined, only 0.36% -- or *one person in 300* -- was nonwhite and nonblack. Today, the big media painstakingly nurture the myth that "exotic" port cities like New Orleans have always been a racial potpourri. But, in 1930, the population of New Orleans was only 0.3% of "other" races. Indeed, *Miami* (not listed on the charts) then had precisely sixty residents who were neither clearly black nor clearly white among its 110,000 people! Today, people who are clearly either black or white are a shrinking minority in the city.

Only three of America's 20 largest cities were as much as 12% black in 1930. Among the other 17, the combined black proportion was exactly 6% in 1930 -- less yet when the already sizable suburbs are included. And most of that 6% had only entered those cities during the 15 preceding years.

Among the most changed cities is Detroit, which lost over one million whites (mostly since 1960) and replaced them with 660,000 blacks. Here, as in many instances, the black gain has been much less than the white loss. In the cases of Pittsburgh and a few others, this suggests that some older housing would have been abandoned in any case. But more often, as with Detroit, it reflects the fact that a relatively small number of blacks has moved through a *succession* of all-white districts, leaving one after another desolated. Thus, St. Louis has lost nearly half a million relatively affluent whites but gained only 110,000 less affluent blacks. And yet vast stretches of the inner city, once filled with good housing, are now being reclaimed by prairie grass. With sensible policies of segregation in housing and education, much of this colossal waste could have been avoided.

The nation's most desirable cities, like San Francisco, are also undergoing swift racial transformation. Perhaps half of the white remnant in what was once one of the world's most magnificent metropolises is now homosexual. We are told that "gays" enjoy the special ambience of the place. What we are not told is that heterosexual, family-oriented whites would like to live in the city just as much -- but cannot afford to compete *economically* with childless, hedonistic whites,

politically with bloc-voting and block-busting minorities or physically with roughneck blacks. Unless they are rich, or make tremendous sacrifices, white families simply cannot live in today's San Francisco, or in most other American cities. People of other races and childless whites can, however. Thus, it is no mystery why the white birthrate is now far below the level of biological replacement (even when the added blow of racial miscegenation is disregarded).

In 1930 -- only yesterday -- Boston was over 97% white and New York 95% white. Newark, today's symbol of Ghetto America, was 91.6% white. Nearly all of the nonwhites in

San Francisco and Washington, D.C. lived in tiny, compact districts. Yet white authors were writing books, many books, which warned that without the fiercest resolve our cities would soon become nonwhite. Instead of resolve, we have had fifty years of growing urban insanity. The adverse racial trends are still accelerating. Long before 2030, there may be fewer *bona fide* whites in our cities than there were blacks in 1930.

Let's clear up one final point. There is no "escape to the sunbelt," whose cities -- Houston, Dallas, San Diego -- are now changing color even faster than the rest.

CLUES FROM A RUSSIAN PRINCE

Prince Felix Youssouppoff was a Russian grand seigneur, the husband of a niece of murdered Tsar Nicholas II. He was indifferent to Germans and friendly toward Jews, which makes his published comments on the latter group worth reading. The prince's long life (1887-1967) was largely one of *dolce far niente*, yet a single act guaranteed his place in Russian history. He killed the "mad monk," Grigori Efimovich Rasputin, a year before the Russian Revolution. In 1927, Librairie Plon (Paris) published his *La fin de Raspoutine*, an English translation of which appeared in New York the same year (*Rasputin*, Dial Press).

Prince Felix relates that Rasputin was born to a West Siberian family of mixed blood. The special Siberian term, *varnak*, meaning "runaway thief," was the locals' worst insult, and "this was the very nickname by which, from his early youth, Grigori Rasputin was notorious in his village." Like his father, he was a horse-stealer, which called for dexterity plus "cunning and rapacious instincts." Several times he was caught and "thrashed within an inch of his life"; only his extraordinary physique saved him. "The settled, industrious life of a peasant could offer no attractions to his thievish nature. His instinct was to wander."

It was only after coming to St. Petersburg in 1905 and falling in with the Tsarina's Jewish jeweller, Aaron Simanovich -- called by an Instauratorist "the Svengali behind the Svengali" (November 1976) -- that Rasputin abandoned his obsession with sex and religion and turned to politics. Prince Felix recalls how a meeting with Rasputin in the latter's flat was interrupted by some unexpected visitors. Before leaving, he took note of Rasputin's strange guests:

There were five men sitting quite close to him, while two others were standing behind his chair. Some of them were writing rapidly in their notebooks.

I carefully examined these mysterious visitors. They were all unpleasant to look upon. Four of them were typically and unmistakably Jewish in appearance. The remaining three were singularly alike; they were fair-haired, with red faces and small eyes

The whole group looked like some meeting of conspirators. They wrote, conferred in whispers, and read out from various parts

Remembering all that I had heard from [Rasputin], I had no doubt that before me was an assembly of spies. In this very

ordinary room, with the ikon of the Savior in the corner, and the Imperial portraits on the wall, the fate of millions of Russians was apparently being decided.

In 1952 Librairie Plon published another book of Youssouppoff's, *Avant l'Exil, 1887-1919. Lost Splendour*, as the English translation was titled, appeared in both London (Jonathan Cape, 1953) and New York (Putnam, 1954). In this collection of family memoirs, the prince describes, with lingering regret, the grand estates of the Russian nobility along the Black Sea coast, "not far from the little port of Yalta . . . a center for excursions, and . . . home port for the Imperial Yacht *Standart*." He continued:

One of our near neighbors, Countess Kleinmichel, owned a considerable library, mostly composed of works on Freemasonry. One day a parchment in Hebrew was discovered there and sent to St. Petersburg to be translated into Russian. The translation was published in the form of a pamphlet entitled *The Protocols of Zion*; most of the copies disappeared mysteriously the day they were published. They were probably destroyed, but in any case it is a fact that during the Bolshevik Revolution anybody found with a copy of this pamphlet in his possession was shot on the spot. A copy found its way to England, and is now in the British Museum; it was translated into English under the title of "The Jewish Peril" and into French under that of "Les Protocoles de Sion."

This intriguing historical footnote, inserted almost as an afterthought (on p. 106 of the Jonathan Cape edition), is scarcely related to the subject matter of the book. If Prince Felix had an ax to grind, he ground it with sublime insouciance. Apparently Countess Kleinmichel's library was a critical way station on the *Protocols'* mysterious underground journey to Professor Sergyei Nilus in Moscow, and not one mentioned by most commentators. (*Instauration*, needless to say, does not believe that a bunch of Jewish greybeards in a conspiratorial caucus allowed their plans for world domination to be taken down verbatim by a hired amanuensis.)

Later in *Lost Splendour* (p. 260), Prince Felix very off-handedly mentions that, under the Bolsheviks, "All government posts were instantly occupied by Jewish commissaries,

more or less camouflaged under Russian names." It is apparently beneath his dignity to belabor a fact with which anyone who knows anything about the misnamed Russian Revolution would be fully conversant. The shortcoming of this fastidious approach is that present-day Americans -- who live behind their own special Iron Curtain -- must endure a 3½-hour fantasia like the movie *Reds*, which scarcely hints at the Jewish connection. It might have been better for all concerned if Prince Felix and the rest of Europe's toppled nobility had thrown their dignity to the wind and done some uncouth ranting and finger-pointing.

The insouciant prince is most revealing in his description of the royal family's final ordeal at Ekaterinburg in the Urals. The conditions which the Tsar, the Tsarina and their offspring endured under their Jewish captor and his associates defy description:

No humiliation was spared them, but they suffered most from being forced to live in such close contact with their gaolers, who were unspeakably boorish and offensive, and almost always drunk. The doors of the room occupied by the Grand Duchesses had been removed, and the soldiers entered it as and when they pleased.

Yet, upheld by an unshakable faith in God, the prisoners seemed no longer affected by their surroundings. They were already living in another world, on another plane. Their calmness and gentleness made a deep impression upon their gaolers, who gradually treated them with less brutality.

For details of the abominable murders Prince Felix refers his readers to the published records of the examining magistrate, Nicolas Sokoloff (*An Inquiry into the Assassination of the Russian Imperial Family*, Payot, Paris). But he adds this (p. 276):

One thing is not explained, and this [was] a very strange discovery made by Sokoloff . . . which he described to me himself. On the wall of the cellar in Ipatieff's house [at Ekaterinburg], he found two inscriptions. The first was a copy of the twenty-first verse of Heine's poem *Balthazar**: *Balthazar war in selbiger Nacht von seinem Knechten umgebracht*. (That same night, Belshazzar was murdered by his servants.) The second was in Hebrew and was later translated: "Here was slain the Head of the Church and of the State. The order has been obeyed."

In *The Controversy of Zion*, Douglas Reed -- the London *Times'* Chief Central European correspondent during the Hitler era -- reports that what he calls "the fingerprints on the cellar wall" were in Magyar as well as Hebrew and German. The German lines, taken from the German-Jewish poet Heinrich Heine -- who in turn lifted them from Daniel 5:30 -- were, according to Reed, meant as parody. He gives

* Like Haman, Holofernes and Julius Streicher, Belshazzar was one of those who took it upon himself to oppose the machinations of Jewry and consequently met an untimely end. Belshazzar's crime was to have quaffed hard stuff from the gold and silver vases taken from the Temple in Jerusalem at a great drunken bash he put on in Babylon. While the guests were in their cups, that famous moving finger appeared and cryptically scribbled on the wall, "Mene, mene, tekel, upsharsin," which Daniel explained to the inebriated company as meaning that Yahweh had weighed Belshazzar in the balance and found him wanting. That night Belshazzar was assassinated.

Heine's version as:

Belsazar ward aber in selbiger Nacht
Von selbigen Knechten umgebracht.

"The parodist, sardonically surveying the shambles, adapted these lines to what he had just done":

Belsatsar ward in selbiger Nacht
Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.

Prince Felix's version (cited above) is thus apparently an inaccurate *hybrid* of Heine and his brutal parodist.

"No clearer clue to motive and identity was ever left behind," concludes Reed. "The revolution was not Russian; the eruption was brought about in Russia, but the revolution had its friends in high places everywhere." It was only by an unexpected fluke that the White Army recaptured Ekaterinburg long enough to recover the scant remains and record the scornful graffiti. Otherwise this declaration of a linkage between our century and Biblical times would have remained the secret and treasured knowledge of a chosen few or, more precisely, a few chosen. Reed's long, fact-crammed chapters demonstrate the Revolution's Jewish background beyond all reasonable doubt.

Why Only Clues?

While researching *The Controversy of Zion*, Douglas Reed all but lived inside a major library for several years. Yet *Zion* was but one of many eye-opening books produced by this able son of the British lower middle class. Such dogged determination would have been most unseemly for Prince Felix or his fellow aristocrats-in-exile. Most of them resolutely "kept up appearances" in Paris and London, which meant that reading and writing could only command a fitting portion of their time -- and that reading and writing about Jews was *infra dig*.

Was it confidence in their natural superiority and faith in their final vindication which determined this stoic attitude -- or was it laziness? cowardice? despair? There can be no simple answers to such questions.

Every traditional Indo-European elite has believed, or rather felt, that *manners*, conceived in the broadest sense, count for more than *morals*, in the narrow Judaeo-Christian sense. Similarly, every profound Nordic thinker has concluded that the ultimate "justification" of an often unpleasant world must be *aesthetic*, again, conceived in the fullest sense, rather than narrowly *ethical*. Nietzsche urged European man to return to the pre-Christian world "beyond good and evil," beyond the reactive cunning sort of moral dichotomy conceived by impotents, to a more natural world where good versus *bad* -- i.e., biologically based capacity and incapacity in all of their forms -- would be emphasized, as in olden times.

The Indo-European mindset has trouble making itself understood today. All of its once forceful words and phrases have been appropriated in varying degrees, either by its enemies or by the overly fragmented and specialized human products of the modern world. "Manners," for example, should mean much more than Emily Post-style etiquette. A 19th-century essayist could still assume that his readers knew this. Ralph Waldo Emerson's final word on the subject

was that "in a good lord there must first be a good animal," full of "animal spirits" and daring attempts. Prince Felix himself recalls how Prince Galitzin's leonine appearance -- and behavior -- justified his surname, Leo. Any kind of behavior, the lion's or the mouse's, can be either mannerly or unmannerly.

Edmund Burke best summarized the Nordic *aesthetic ethic*: "Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness." The televised evening news brought this very old idea forcefully home not long ago. First, it showed the violence of the multiracial schools of Los Angeles, in which everything seen and heard was unspeakably ugly. Next came a report on the far worse violence in Northern Ireland. Amid the guns and the bloody bodies, real beauty kept emerging. The voices were soft and charming; the hymns sung by the warring parties lovely. The commentator refrained from identifying Catholic and Protestant, as if to say: "One cannot tell the two apart, yet there is more bloodshed here than in the Los Angeles schools just seen. Ergo, racial differences are only a pretext, and a poor one, for intergroup hostility." However, since human conflict will never cease, our best hope, perhaps our only hope, lies in its ennoblement. The Ulster fight will seem gross only to one unfamiliar with the utter squalor and screech of the new America.

One of the great moral aestheticians of all time, Friedrich Schiller, preached a gospel of *equipoise*, of the fully developed man's relaxation and enjoyment in a world for which he is ideally suited -- in other words, *perfection as being*. Jews, on the contrary, have always conceived their perfection in futuristic or messianic terms, for reasons as plain as their noses. Trotsky could only proclaim that communism would, in some inexplicable and unexplained way, make every man as handsome as Adonis, every woman as lovely as Aphrodite: *perfection as becoming*.

Prince Felix was probably unable to explain such conceptions verbally, since excessive verbalism is frowned upon by the aesthetic ethic. But, as with many true aristocrats, he may have understood them with his body rather than with his brain. Let the minorities and the rabble -- with their revolutions and putsches and unceasing, red-in-the-face, puffed-up, blowhard propaganda -- run riot across Europe: his station in life was to *be*. Victor Hugo once wrote that God does not *have*, nor is he *becoming*. He simply *is*. Those Indo-Europeans, who saw themselves as demigods, understood the part they had to play. Their god was a *spatial* god, scorning time and change. The ancient and also the modern Hebrew god is a *temporal* god, perpetually revolutionary, eternally valuing the agitation and willfulness which comes with imperfection above the wholeness-feeling of realized form.

Spengler once asked his racially mixed fellow Germans,

Do we know anything at all about revolution? When Bakunin was opposed in his intention to crown the Dresden revolt of 1848 by burning all public buildings, he declared, "The Germans are just too stupid for that," and went on his way. The indescribable ugliness of our [leftist] November Days [in 1918] is without precedent. Not one forceful moment, nothing in the least inspiring. Not one great man, no enduring words, no incisive actions; only pettiness, loathsomeness, and folly. No, we are not revolutionaries. No emergency, no party, no press can stir up an anarchic tempest having the same force as that exhibited in the name of order in 1813,

1870, and 1914 [and 1933 -- ed.] . . . The same soldiers who fought as heroes for four years under the black-white-red banner turned spineless and impotent under the red flag. This revolution did not impart fortitude to its adherents; it robbed them of it.

The classical site of Western European revolutions is France.

The National Socialists were not a notably Nordic lot. Germany's ideal Nordic specimens -- like a great many of the refugee Russian blue-bloods -- were too preoccupied with worshipping their racial god of good form and "breeding" to thrash about in all the unsightly ways which were absolutely necessary to overcome the yet-more-wildly-thrashing Jews. The well-known irony here is that the quasi-Nordic Nazis consciously made their revolution in the name of a fully Nordic ideal. They who, to begin with, had been (internally) agitated by their own personal blemishes, found it not too difficult to agitate (externally) in behalf of a Man on a pedestal, just as some of the more boorish "rednecks" in the American South have fought for Woman on a pedestal.

As for the real princes of this world, they intuitively realize that for the kind of counterrevolution they desire -- a revolution of form -- to succeed, there must be someone left on the pedestal -- someone *necessarily* a bit mannered and a bit inclined to self-indulgence, for whom the rest will fight. When all the world is finally out in the streets in faded blue jeans, hoarsely decrying the Jews (or any other upstarts), then the world will have been "Judaized" beyond redemption. This may be the reason why Prince Felix, the onetime Rasputin-slayer, later maintained a measured, aloof existence, treating his worst enemies to disarming civility and barbing his remarks on only the rarest occasions. Understatement has, after all, known many conquests. On the other hand -- for we have not carefully studied the man -- Prince Felix may have been incredibly lazy or cowardly, and used the formality of his class to conceal his own weakness.

This is the mystique of today's notoriously *patient* Nordic. Has his forbearance under provocation, which long signified strength-held-in-reserve, come to mask weakness? Has the "inscrutable Nordic" at last become scrutable even to himself? Do the flesh-and-blood statues -- the ten million "golden boys" (and girls) of our planet -- remain above the thickening fray by choice, or because up there their knees are knocking? If the latter is the case, then the bloom is really off the rose; Christendom's flower has putrefied; the Nordic ideal is obsolete, and manners must yield to matters, and style to substance.

One question remains. Why have *those who know the most*, those schooled from birth in the exercise of authority, contented themselves with occasional dignified parries -- nothing more than mere clues -- while their power ebbed furiously? Why have the Prince Felix Youssouppoffs, who best knew the score, forced outsiders like Douglas Reed to dig things out? Is the root of it their latent strength -- or their suicidal weakness?

Ponderable Quote

Morality is the best of all devices for leading mankind by the nose.

Frederich Nietzsche
The Antichrist

Angry Congressmen

The U.S. Congress, at least in the 20th century, has been about the most civil legislative body on earth. Even Britain's Parliament often resounds with acrimonious jibes along party lines; but members of the American "congressional club" shield one another from abuse except in the rarest instances. A freshman Republican representative, who hails (rather appropriately) from "Long Guyland," believes it is time for a change. For John LeBoutillier, 28, civility was appropriate when real gentlemen (if they ever did) inhabited the Capitol, but now that Congress has become a "joke," the nation should know it.

"Left-wing people have ruined our country and they deserve to be attacked," he says. Thus, his New York colleague, Democratic Senator Daniel P. Moynihan, is a "drunken bum"; fellow Republican Senator Charles Percy is a "wimp," a "turkey," and a "living disaster." Even Ronald Reagan is "wimping out" on Poland by not stopping the flow of Western technology to the Soviet Union. As for House Speaker Tip O'Neill, he personifies the federal government: "They're both big, fat and out of control."

LeBoutillier, whose mother is a Whitney, rarely loses control himself. His crass remarks are a very deliberate device to get him onto TV talk shows. Like many conservatives of his generation, he has a pro-



John LeBoutillier

found respect for television's power, having grown up in front of it. "The world has changed," he observes succinctly, "It's all tube." It was skillful TV advertising which allowed him to upset liberal incumbent Lester Wolff in 1980. Prior to that, he had achieved a modicum of notoriety with his book *Harvard Hates America*, a loosely-written account of his disgust with ungrateful professors and slovenly students.

Boot, as his friends call him, sees himself as refreshingly honest. "I know that most

people who voted for me want me to be angry, because they're angry." So he remains unrepentant, except perhaps for his Moynihan quip, which he modified by adding that the senator is really about the brainiest man in government. More disconcerting yet is his reason for the "wimp" remark concerning Senator Percy: he felt the Foreign Relations Committee chairman was getting too cozy with Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat. His dream of touring with his favorite rock band, the Eagles, and "playing music till [my] brains pop out," introduces another false note. Time alone will tell whether the kid is just a right-wing John McEnroe, or something better.

An equally angry but more genteel congressman is Republican Ron Paul of Texas, who wants to know why much of America's \$13 billion foreign aid budget is funding programs identical to those being terminated in this country. For example, the U.S.-funded World Bank has "lent" India more than \$1 billion for new railroads -- even as Amtrak and Conrail services are being pared to the nub. The Inter-American Development Bank has given the Dominican Republic \$500,000 outright for its urban transport system -- even as the Reagan folk are eliminating many mass transit subsidies at home.

For Congressman Paul, all this adds up to an "outrage" against the taxpayer.

That Sinking Feeling

"Walter, you must come with me," begged Mrs. Walter D. Douglas as she climbed aboard one of the last lifeboats departing the stricken *Titanic*. "No," replied Mr. Douglas, turning away, "I must be a gentleman." Many of the 651 survivors of the 1912 disaster recounted similar scenes of chivalry. Some men panicked, but most deported themselves so admirably that Mark Girouard has used the episode to illuminate Victorian behavior in *The Return to Camelot: Chivalry and the English Gentlemen* (Yale University Press, 1981).

The tableau was rather different when fire broke out in the engine room of a Dutch cruise ship on October 3, 1980. The *Prinsendam* was four days out of Vancouver on a Far East cruise with 319 mainly American passengers and a 204-member international crew. One of the officers aboard testified at a Dutch Maritime Board hearing that:

A group of ten entertainers from New York, who had given shows in the ship's theater, forced their way into the first boat to be launched, although the boat list assigned them to another boat.

Also, some Indonesian and Filipino crew members took places reserved for passengers, but there was no way I could get them or the entertainers to come back on board. I had no gun.

The ship's captain, Kees Wabeke, reported similar incidents during the embarkation of the ship's other five lifeboats. Some passengers were forced to leave the ship in the rubber rafts designated for crew. The *Prinsendam* finally sank -- a week later.

Many *Titanic* passengers behaved as if they had a week's grace when, in fact, only two hours and 40 minutes remained after an iceberg ripped open the ship's hull. Consequently, lifeboats with a combined

capacity of 1,100 were launched with only 651 people aboard. A steward later testified that "There were various men passengers, probably Italians, or some foreign nationality other than English or American, who attempted to rush the boats." Girouard cautions against the ethnic prejudices of the time without offering any evidence against the steward. In any event, it was the excessive sang froid of the British, and not any last-minute panic among foreigners, which claimed the most lives aboard the *Titanic*. Believing their ship to be "unsinkable," they provided only 1,100 emergency spaces for 2,340 passengers; and, once they were sinking, they wasted so much time proving their good breeding that of the available seats barely half were occupied.

Although Mark Girouard maintains that the pre-1914 gentleman "scarcely survives," it does not require too great a leap of the imagination to see today's Nordic

race as a great sinking ship. While New Yorkers, Filipinos, Italians and others scurry about us for the best berths available in a worsening world situation, we compulsively play Alphonse and Gaston. As the rising tide of color laps at our ankles, we carry on: "After you, Alphonse"; "You first, Gaston"; "I wouldn't dream of it, Alphonse." (After all, the whole survivalist mentality is in *such* poor taste.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in 1856 that the English national temper "is not flashy or whiffling . . . The wrath of London is not French wrath, but has a long memory, and, in its hottest heat, a register and rule." The practically incombustible Englishman must smolder long with a hidden fire which only finally "sets all [England's] borders in flame."

Today, Alphonse-and-Gaston civility is

being terminated throughout the Nordic world. The tide is at our knees. Tens of millions of our people have already perished. A far greater number will soon discover that the lifeboats with their names on them have put out to sea long ago with Third World crews, the very same folks who made their beds and served their meals.

Another staunch segregationist goes the way of George Wallace

The Racial Treachery of Roy V. Harris

The headlines were familiar to faithful readers of the now defunct *Augusta Courier*, published by longtime Georgia white supremacist Roy V. Harris: BLACK RULE THREATENS U.S. CITIES and BLACK CRIME ON INCREASE. The November 12, 1973, issue of the paper even had this prominent headline: SILENT TREATMENT IS GIVEN BOOK DEFENDING U.S. RACIAL MAJORITY. It was a plug for *The Dispossessed Majority*.

But just as pundits say there is an "old" and a "new" George Wallace, so too there is now an "old" and a "new" Roy Harris. The "old" Harris is well known in the annals of right-wing Southern politics: president of the Citizens Councils of America, former speaker of the Georgia House of Representatives and Board of Regents member, Georgia campaign manager for Wallace's 1968 presidential bid, friend and supporter of former Governor Lester Maddox.

Enter the "new" Harris: champion of black rule in Augusta and financial angel of that city's first black mayor, Edward M. McIntyre.

In the 1981 mayoral election in this typically Southern city, which boasts one of the largest Confederate monuments in the South, city voters had a choice between McIntyre and two white candidates, one of whom was heavily backed by the conservative newspapers and a large portion of the business community. McIntyre, because of the black voting bloc, was assured a runoff with one of the whites. (The city, though having a 50-50 racial split, still has a 55% white voter edge.) Yet Harris, instead of supporting the white candidate who would have continued the stable administrations of the past, did the unexpected. He raised almost \$30,000 for the McIntyre campaign. In a deal that subsequently came to light in the news media, the onetime Wal-



Roy Harris

laceite gave his support to the black in return for being named city attorney, with all the lucrative business that goes with such a position.

So McIntyre was elected mayor, much to the delight of black activists everywhere. And, surprise, surprise! The Harris law firm was made the official representative of the city in all legal matters. "Mr. Roy," who has practiced law in Georgia for almost 65 years, is now in a position to "smooth the way" for his new black ally.

One of the black mayor's first actions upon taking office earlier this year was to fire a white Recorder's Court judge and

replace him with a black. According to an Augusta newspaper, the ousted judge contended in a law suit that "McIntyre and a number of City Council members conspired to remove him from the post because the mayor wanted a black to hold the position." No one, incidentally, heard Roy Harris protest this injustice.

In light of all this, one can only laugh at a Harris quotation that appeared in an article in the *American Mercury* (Spring 1970):

Atlanta has committed suicide. They started out to make Atlanta a model city of race mixing. The whites wouldn't stand for it and fled to the suburbs. The Negroes have taken over and they have a Negro government . . . Why the Atlanta leaders didn't have sense enough to know this would happen is beyond me.

This quote suggests the onetime segregationist can't tell when his own hometown is "committing suicide" or -- a more likely and more charitable explanation -- the aging Citizens Council leader doesn't have any more sense than the Atlanta race mixers he once

decried.

One more thought. What do the Roy Harrises of this country hope to gain by selling out? Do any whites really think they can ever "do enough" for nonwhites to be honored, showered with praise and have statues erected in a minority Hall of Fame? Harris, if he hadn't grabbed those 30 pieces of silver, could at least have earned a small niche in the history books of his own race. Now, when his obituaries are written, he will be briefly and grudgingly praised by his new black friends and eternally written off by the people -- his own people -- he once made such a great show of defending.