

δύστανε, μείρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

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**ALBERTO
VARGAS,
NON-NORDIC
CONNOISSEUR
OF NORDIC
BEAUTY**

The Safety Valve

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

Reading a whole batch of Instaurations en bloc and cover to cover during the past several weeks has brought home once again what a miracle the journal really is. Each issue is a cornucopia of information and insights, all of it written in prose that is sparkling, compelling and, most important, spiritually sustaining. If ever our race emerges from the dark age through which we are now passing, nothing will deserve more credit for our renaissance than Instauration and the stout souls behind it. 522

What's the worst thing about being an Instaurationist? The knowledge that most of your friends consider you odd for expressing thoughts that, in the wrong hands, could hurt you. These friends don't understand that a body that doesn't react is a corpse. 111

Here are my first reactions to reading about the Mermelstein settlement. Many conservatives fail to see the ultimate damage such a settlement brings. The Institute for Historical Review might as well close up shop. It should have fought to the bitter end. That's the name of the game. Most importantly, the Holocaust story is now part of history. How can we convince anyone of this hoax when we are faced with the surrender to Mermelstein? Maybe Mel knew what he was doing. You only defeat his type when you convince him that you are in the battle for keeps. Then he starts to worry. Kids call this game "chicken." Guess the IHR never played it. 606

I read that actresses are saying they will refuse to kiss actors suspected of being gay. Now that the ladies are "on their case," the gays don't stand a chance. Crazy, huh? 912

Enjoyed immensely Cholly's article on the late E.B. White (July 1985). Some serious intellectual work going on here. Sad to think what a tiny percentage of Americans have even a clue to the idea Cholly is discussing. 721

What a perfectly accurate description of the mestizo in "Mexico on the Brink" (July 1985). The author must be a native of my part of the country. 777

The concise, even-handed piece on Mencken in your July issue reminded me of the experience I just had while visiting the Mencken House in Baltimore. It has been refurbished and open to the public since last year. Volunteer guides take visitors through the dwelling, where they may gaze upon the chair where Clarence Darrow sat being catechized by Mencken before the Scopes trial, and even leaf through the rare and fascinating books in the great man's upstairs library.

On the day I visited -- wouldn't you know it? -- the guide was a young Jewess with an ideological axe to grind. Not only did she pass on to us some erroneous facts in her nonstop commentary on Menckenana, but she felt called upon to say things like "Oh, sure, Mencken was an anti-Semite" and "He was wrong about Aryans, who are essentially Middle Eastern Mediterranean and Semitic in origin." When I politely objected, she moved on to other subjects. 205

Thank you for the articles, "Back to the Land" and "A Word to the Unwise" (June 1985). Here is a good example of leadership, providing wisdom and advice for people who are in desperate need of such. You said that violence for "outs" is only politically expedient when the "ins" rule by violence. I wish you had added, "or when an economic crash occurs in which law and order are breaking down or have broken down." This leads to the questioning of your statement that the U.S. will exist in the late 21st century. In my opinion, the country will have an economic collapse which will be declared a National Emergency. Civil war or race war will break out and martial law will be established. This will mark the end of the country as we have known it. 902

Why are books that deal with certain aspects of history seized from the mails? Why was The Hoax of the Twentieth Century burned? Who authorized the burning? In each case, why was the defense for Ernst Zündel and Jim Keegstra not allowed to question the men and women who were chosen for the jury? Why did the governments of Ontario and Alberta prosecute Zündel and Keegstra? Was the government in each case the offended party? Why isn't the identifiable group that claims to be offended taking these two accused to court and paying for their own court expenses? Isn't it true that Zündel, Keegstra, their attorney and researcher have been subjected to humiliating treatment both inside and outside the halls of justice? Furthermore, have not these people's lives been threatened? Are not the charges that Zündel "published false news" and Keegstra "incited racial hatred" in violation of the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which guarantees free expression and to which Canada is a signatory? Does not Canada's Charter of Rights also guarantee free expression? Canadian subscriber

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□ When the IHR challenged Mermelstein to prove that "a single Jew was gassed to death during the Holocaust," it should have known that it would not be very difficult to drum up a few Jews who would testify they had seen gasings "with their own eyes." That alone would have been acceptable proof to a U.S. court, particularly in these pro-Semitic times. If one needs to challenge the Holocaust, let somebody prove: (1) the German government during WWII had an official extermination policy for Jews, and (2) six million Jews were deliberately put to death.

917

□ Many of us are impatient to be involved in some sort of political action. I agree with Instauration that nothing much can be done until some national disaster, such as an economic collapse, occurs. But it is also true that we must be prepared. As far down as we are, it could be a purely defensive organization. By defensive actions we could possibly raise consciousness among our own people (the underdog syndrome) and thus call some attention to the terrible plight facing some Majority members. Why don't we learn a lesson from history's best survivors, the Jews? I am thinking of a Majority anti-defamation league with a core of lawyers who defend or sue when Majority members get unjustly treated or maligned. Cases should be carefully and meticulously selected. The individual, contrary to the obsession of our present legal system, should be of secondary importance. No cases that smack of "bigotry" or blatant racism should be undertaken. The wisest and safest legal action would be the defense of a Majority member who was slandered as a white person.

745

□ Few would dispute the irrefutable fact that the U.S. was founded and made great by Northern European Christians. Yet today the genetic descendants of these creators find themselves politically and culturally enslaved to the age-old foe of their faith -- the descendants of the very people who murdered its founder. Adding insult to injury, they also find themselves morally blackmailed into denying that the murderers were culpable. Therefore, were Jesus to return today and threaten the Jews' status quo -- this time in America and the West -- can any rational person doubt for a moment that they would kill Him again? The only question remaining is, would these same so-called Christians who profess His divinity so devotedly, again excuse His murder, this time on the grounds of anti-Semitism?

782

□ Since the U.S. is being flooded with the lowest elements of mud people from the Third World, perhaps some white South Africans ought to be given the chance to become instant Americans. It is well known, or it should be, that there are many mail-order firms that offer Asian and Latin brides to American men for a fee. Is anyone out there in Instaurationland interested in organizing a mail-order club that would match up single white South Africans with single American Majority members?

031

□ Are Instaurationists by definition rebels since they want to change the status quo? If so, then they really have no right to complain when they encounter hostility. Che Guevara knew, for instance, that his enemies didn't play by the rules. Strangely enough, we might have more in common with Che than we think. We are fighting the same crowd.

306

□ I am in a university sociology class composed of 5 blacks, 6 Vietnamese and 29 whites. The professor took a poll: "How many of you believe that we should mix races to form just one race?" One black abstained by saying the earth would be better off without any people. I voted consistent with the preservation of all peoples. The remaining 38 voted to mix. The lone black was complimented for his wise and thoughtful assessment of man's shortcomings. I was chastised for "being some kind of a Nazi."

056

□ I've sat back and listened to all the wailing about the IHR's "betrayal" in the Mermelstein affair -- it should have fought to the death, never given up, left no stone unturned to defeat Mermelstein and his outrageous lawsuit, etc. Well, I would bet that probably not one of you wailers has ever come remotely close to a lawsuit, a courtroom, a judge or anything connected with our "justice" system, which has nothing to do with justice and everything to do with who you are, who you know and prevailing "public opinion." Let me assure you, it bears no resemblance to Perry Mason. The Brotherhood fights dirty. The only mistake the IHR made was to offer the \$50,000 reward in the first place. If it had understood how our society and courts work against (not for) us, it would never have tendered the reward and thus given one of the Chosen a chance to try and put it out of business (the real purpose of the lawsuit). If Mr. Mermelstein was "financially strapped after five years," what do you think the IHR was? Mr. Mermelstein had the entire Jewish community at his disposal, plus all kinds of Jewish organizations which could (and did) proffer money, help and encouragement. The IHR was holding on to its bootstraps trying to fight not only them, but the establishment as well. From the very beginning there was never a chance of winning the case. What the IHR should have done, if it was indeed a "betrayal," was simply settle the suit immediately the week after it was filed and slink off. It chose not to take this route, and it used much of its resources (human and financial) for five long years fighting the good fight. What would you have them do -- just write a check for the balance in their bank account and go out of business? Whatever you may think of the IHR, at least it exists and, as long as it exists, it can accomplish something for our side. Out of existence it helps our cause not one whit. And tell me, all you blubberers, would you have spent five years of your lives and your resources doing the same thing? But you're all too eager to cry "betrayal -- foul" when someone else has been risking his health and his pocketbook. Well, next time anyone out there cares to take on Mr. Chosen, in his bailiwick, playing with his cards and his dice and his rules, let me know.

327

□ Wow! Absolutely first-rate stuff from Cholly in June and July issues. To be honest with you, I was growing a bit tired of his satires, even though they always had their share of provocative points. What a wonderful and welcome change of pace he provided us. The June essay did a masterful job of analyzing one of the key aspects of Majority dispossession, the terrible failure of our elite. With the obsessive preoccupation of the Majority middle class with economic security, the sputtering torch of racialism has been left solely in the hands of the lower middle class. As a result, the liberal-minority coalition has had a field day for half a century.

121

□ As more and more comes out about AIDS and its victims, there seems to be a prevalence of minority types, whether they be researchers, victims (except those traced to blood transfusions and drug injections) or those demanding more federal and state money. The Dallas Morning News (July 1) had an article on AIDS by medical writer Rita Rubin. Of the 5,000 AIDS deaths, most came about from diseases such as Kaposi's sarcoma and a lung disease, which triumph over the weakened immune systems. Rubin writes, "Usually, Kaposi's sarcoma is seen only in older men of Mediterranean or Eastern European Jewish descent . . ." On Face the Nation (July 28), Representative Waxman (D-CA) said the cost in insurance and to the government would be an estimated \$1.25 billion for the present 9,000 AIDS victims. On the same program it was revealed that Rock Hudson made a movie two years ago in Israel.

752

□ We regularly hear that Zionists and Zionist-pandering commentators (e.g., George Will) denounce the PLO for having created a "state-within-a-state" in Lebanon -- a disruptive and dangerous one at that. Implicit in this argument is the unstated assumption that Israel "did Lebanon a favor" by invading and attacking the PLO (at the cost of nearly 20,000 lives). There are two intriguing aspects to this argument, which are curiously overlooked. First of all, just why were the Palestinians in Lebanon in the first place? Better not think too hard about that one. Secondly, who are the ultimate "state-within-a-staters" to criticize such a relatively pale reflection of this practice? After all, Majority members were just recently able to witness during the Bitburg fiasco that "state-within-a-state" raise its snarling head in America.

908

□ Scientific American (May 1985) reports that break-dancers are prone to injuries and strains that damage, block or sever the seminal vesicles. Cheer up!

811

MAJORITY RENEGADE OF THE YEAR

Nominations for Majority Renegade of the Year are now being accepted. If your nominee is not well known, it would be helpful if you could include some newspaper clippings or other biographical info.

The Safety Valve

□ A confirmed sighting! A Stone Age Australoid male with his mate, an attractive red-haired Nordic female, shopping for baby food at the Price Chopper grocery store, Bailey's Crossroads, Alexandria (VA)! His skin was like old shoe leather. The heavy beetle-brow. The fleshy, wrap-around nose. The massive, protruding jaws. The yellow, vacant eyes. The dim, proto-mammalian brain behind them. What a specimen! What a lesson in paleoethnology! What revelations! The comedy and the tragedy of it! Her God has answered her prayers with a practical joke. Love conquers all -- race, creed, culture, language, caste, national borders, penicillin, long division, the wheel, amber waves of grain, beauty, grace, intellect -- and, more important, good taste. The metamorphosis. Man into beast in two generations! The symbolism! From the stars to the cave in a quarter-century, from astronaut to troglodyte in an evolutionary eyeblink!

America, you are finished! Just leave me a spear and a bag of meat. Then pull the plug.

223

□ All praise to the Safety Valve. It activates us to think, even stirs some of us to write. I hope Instauration subscribers will not take up the totally wrong thinking of Zip 205 (July 1985). There would be no white race today if all white women had such attitudes.

902



□ Ernst Zündel of Toronto, Canada, faces imprisonment and/or deportation for his courageous questioning of the Holocaust. Jim Keegstra of Alberta, Canada, has been fined \$5,000 for a similar thought crime. And we all know of the incredible travail of Professor Robert Faurisson of France. But now, the Big Daddy of them all, the Institute for Historical Review of Torrance (CA) has fled the battlefield in disarray.

Mel Mermelstein, who sued the IHR for breach of contract and mental suffering, after it had denied him the \$50,000 then being offered for proof of the existence of any gas chambers during WWII, had submitted as "evidence" the following declaration dated Dec. 18, 1980: "After my liberation, I returned to my home town only to discover that I was the sole survivor of my entire family. After a thorough search, as well as numerous inquiries of friends and neighbors who were initially with my mother and two sisters at Birkenau, I was given detailed accounts of their fate at Birkenau by eyewitnesses at the camp who observed the selection of gassing at Birkenau."

This may constitute evidentiary proof in a Soviet show trial, but in the U.S. it is considered "hearsay" (gossip). Now compare the above declaration with Mr. Mermelstein's deposition five years later, given on Jan. 8, 1985: "I saw with these two eyes how those men, women and little children were lured and driven into the gas chambers at Auschwitz-Birkenau and the exact time, the date, everything. I saw my own mother and two sisters as well."

Nonetheless, \$90,000 has been awarded to Mermelstein and a letter of apology has been written to him and "all other survivors of Auschwitz" as part of an out-of-court settlement. Understandably, Mermelstein immediately crowed to the media, "This is definitely a total, unconditional surrender . . . a victory for all civilized people."

When I contacted the IHR about this, I was assured that the settlement had "saved" the group; that when the matter is explained to everyone, everyone will understand. I was also told the IHR only acknowledged that judicial notice had been taken of the Holocaust. Omitted was the fact that an apology was to be tendered. When I asked about Mermelstein's desire to settle out of court, I was told that Mermelstein was being wrung out, emotionally and financially, having pursued the matter for almost five years, during which time he had to take out a loan on his house to meet the ongoing costs. If the man was on his knees, what does the IHR do? It picks him up, dusts him off and apologizes for offending him and all other survivors!

I am confident that I reflect not only the deep sadness and despair, but the sense of betrayal of those who supported the IHR so long and faithfully, not only through letters to its editors and extensive financial support, but as companions in this battle "to bring history into accord with the facts." I, for one, have terminated all association with the IHR and have demanded remittance of my subscription to the Journal.

926

□ The real racial nightmare will begin in this country when the various Unassimilables start interbreeding. Have you ever seen a black-Korean hybrid? They look like something from another planet. The creation of such a polyglot mix totally lacking in biocultural identity spells an even swifter and more certain doom for America than does the presence of large groups of racially intact Unassimilables, such as is now the case.

023

□ High-quality people cannot survive and reproduce their kind in a low-quality environment, though low-quality people certainly can proliferate in a high-quality environment (which won't remain high much longer, however). That is the key to the present human predicament in a nutshell. As Darwin, Huxley and their colleagues constantly insisted, "survival of the fittest" says nothing about quality, in any real sense of the word. Trashy plant and animal species are increasingly proliferating in our junkier urban areas at the expense of pleasant, attractive species, and there is no reason why human breeds should be exempt from the pattern. Unless there is a "Quality Revolution" in the West sometime in the next 50 years, our civilization will inevitably be reduced to a noisy, polluted, biologically impoverished wasteland filled with vicious, mongrelized humans. Why can't more of the ecology-conscious folks at the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club grasp that race is a key element in the ecosphere?

604

□ Zip 205 was rather interesting in July. Her description of Majority males as deracinated wimps was generally accurate. I would therefore suggest a trip to southern California, and an appointment with Robert Graham's Sperm Bank. She could then do exactly what widowed Nordic mothers have been doing since time began. She could raise a quality child alone. In fact, a male child imbued with her values might give us Majority activists what we've all been waiting for (the "downward suck of unnatural selection" serving only to strengthen the resolve of such a person). But alas, it will never happen. For when we read of being "brought up amid high standards of culture and achievement," it's a sure bet that this equates with high social status. When she laments an inability to guarantee her offspring "anywhere near the same richness," we know she's reluctant to descend a class or two, even if reproduction depends on it. And then her comment about the good men being broke, "too broke to provide adequately for children," must be seen against the background of Third World types producing clouds of offspring on almost no money at all. Surely she could sacrifice some of what she has for the sake of having one or two children herself. But she won't. To bear a child under less than ideal circumstances would be to compromise her standing in the world she was raised in. So she declines to reproduce because her interests were never racial, but revolved around her sex and its demand that social status be enhanced, or at least maintained, at any price.

113

To Zip 302 (childless male Instaurationist). Are you a neophyte racist? Have you not yet acquired the necessary attitude of heroic resignation? In the early stages of racialism, the impulse toward lofty ideals is particularly strong. Later on, this impulse characteristically weakens, as all the threads that bind the racist to society begin slowly to unravel. Eventually the racist comes to a crossroads that will decide his whole character. With luck, his youthful idealism evolves into a cheerful, proud, middle-aged imperturbability.

To become a true racist means to reach a state of spiritual equilibrium, Stoicism in heart and mind, defiant composure in the direst straits. An inveterate racist comforts himself with the thought, "Things could be worse," and always expects things to become worse. And gives no further thought to the future. No, one must not look to unborn generations for hope of racial Instauration. It's much too late for that. Instead, one must acquire a stable, indifferent frame of mind. One must first discover Truth (a long and arduous journey), and then place oneself beyond frustration, anger, reproachfulness, hope, despair, until one sees only . . . the humor! That is the racist's road to maturity and contentment in the Modern Age.

Like it or not, Zip 205's (July) calculations represent the prevalent attitude among Washington's childless young sophists. Simply put, they're spoiled. Spoiled to a degree that would be utterly incomprehensible to their pioneer ancestors. Yet this should be cause for neither sadness nor anger. Rather, one must recall the maxim: Things could be worse -- and things shall get worse. And you, my son, shall rejoice in the face of tragedy! For the most spiritual human beings, assuming they are the most courageous, also experience by far the most painful tragedies. But it is precisely for this reason that they honor life, because it brings against them its most formidable weapons (Nietzsche).

Yes, we are all victims of the Modern Age. But let's not bitch about it. Complaining is never of any use; it stems from weakness. Let us instead be the first to summon the rest to the path of bravery and good cheer. Like Beowulf, we'll spit in the Monster's eye and greet our destiny with a smile on our lips. Amor fati!

Nug . . . 223

I personally find it useful to send photocopies of interesting items in Instauration, with or without a covering note. For instance, I sent the article on the Olympics (June 1985) to various sporting bodies without a covering note. The fact that one page included an item on the trend back to nature and away from nurture behind the Iron Curtain was a happy coincidence. Interest in the Olympic tables of results would no doubt induce the recipient to read the other article and perhaps be influenced by it. I also sent a copy of the Olympics article to the East German Embassy with a covering note, pointing out how well East Germany had done in the competition. I received an effusive letter of thanks together with some of their sports magazines. I wonder what they made of the nature-nurture article on the same page, especially as several of the people quoted in it were East Germans.

British subscriber

The new boys at England's National Front (June issue) must face up to the role of the monarchy. Its very reason for being is to counter the regionalism they desire. Who knows the republican sentiment in that green and pleasant land? What is your position on this, Mr. Nick Griffin?

450

Amos Oz, the Israeli writer, recently remarked that there is no word for "fiction" in Hebrew. This may be a key to why Jews write such hallucinatory history. If fact, delusion, illusion, imagination, speculation, fairy tales and outright invention all have the same value, it is no wonder they can come up with something like that Crazy Old Book, which has screwed up the world for several thousand years. No wonder they can dream up such apparitions as their precious Six Million. Even Reitlinger, the author along with Hilberg, of their two main Holocaust scriptures, cautioned against taking verbatim East European Jewry's fanciful and imaginative looseness with numbers and statistics. Maybe most everything else they pretend is fact should be examined in the same light. Just because they have no word for fiction does not mean they can't produce it under other guises and without ever alluding to the likelihood they are fabricating the entire flapdoodle.

809

Most of the agit-prop about South Africa comes from people who have never set foot in the country. Pure emotion. What is never answered is why, if conditions there are so deplorable, do thousands of job-seeking black Africans migrate to the RSA each year?

910

As I predicted at the moment of her arraignment, Sydney Biddle Barrows, the so-called Mayflower Madam, was destined to become a celebrity. Zoo City gossipmongers have recently reported seeing her in all the right places, saying all the right things, to all the right people. Clairvoyance is not needed to predict what comes next. A major house will soon publish her biography (ghostwritten, of course). Swifty Lazar will become her literary agent. She'll appear on TV talk shows and make the book a best seller. Millions of couch potatoes will be impressed with her appearance, and so conclude that this procuress of Nordic prostitutes was really a proper lady after all. This will result in Penthouse or Playboy offering her a monthly column. She will write on "Manners and Etiquette." But why go on? The lesson for Majority females is already crystal clear. Betray your race in the profoundest way possible, and the minority-oriented media will make you famous, rich and respectable again.

311

It was a joy to read "Back to the Land" (June 1985), not so joyful to read Zip 205's letter (July '85). Should Instauration act as a clearing-house for Majority males and females getting together to return to our rural heritage, you'll have my support and participation. I admit, however, that most of the women I meet nowadays have no desire for farm life, regardless of its many benefits. I keep looking, though. I need only find one to fulfill my dreams!

287

There's no particular reason why Instaurationists should unite on issues unrelated to the present racial crisis. But maybe our network of activists will make a special exception in the case of Halley's Comet. Tens of millions of young people living in our metro areas do not even know what a beautiful starry sky looks like (not 20 stars, or 200, but the thousands of bright and dim points which should be visible). There will probably be a nationwide campaign this winter to turn out all but a few emergency lights in some of our larger cities for at least one night so that people may view the comet. The urbanites will probably be so dazzled by the sight of a real starry sky that many will demand a repeat performance once a year. The approach of Halley's Comet may be our last chance to start such a worthy tradition. True, there will be some minority looting and hell-raising during the blackout, but that will simply focus added attention on the race problem. As one whose favorite word is "starlight," for reasons never fully discerned, I implore beauty-minded Instaurationists to pressure their city and town governments to turn out the lights at least for Halley's Comet!

202

What good would it do the South to separate from the U.S.? South Africans are independent of the U.S. What good has it done them?

300



ALBERTO VARGAS, CONNOISSEUR OF NORDIC BEAUTY

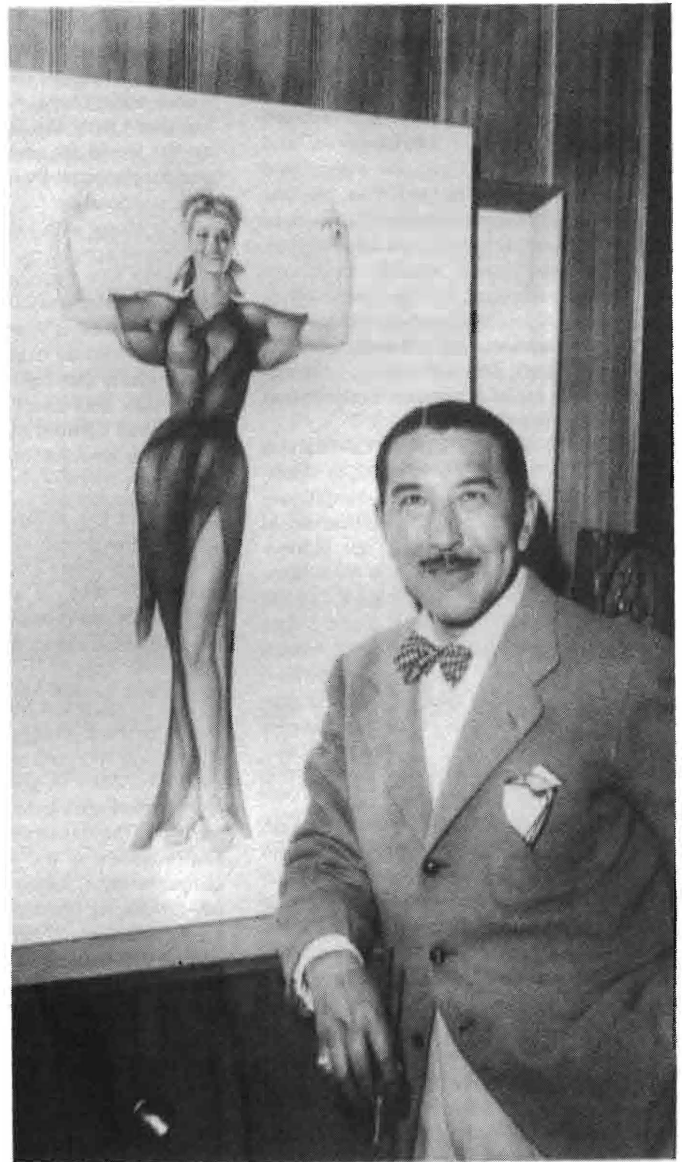
In his 1906 book *Studies in the Psychology of Sex: Sexual Selection in Man*, Havelock Ellis described how European standards of feminine beauty were accepted in most parts of the world, especially among individuals of recognized taste. He cited, for example, the findings of the German scientist of beauty, C.H. Stratz:

Where in Japan [Stratz] found that among . . . Japanese beauties . . . his dragoman, a Japanese of low birth, selected as the most beautiful those which displayed markedly the Japanese type with narrow-slitted eyes and broad nose. When he sought the opinion of a Japanese photographer, who called himself an artist and had some claim to be so considered, the latter selected as most beautiful three Japanese girls who in Europe also would have been considered pretty.

In light of the foregoing, the career of Alberto Vargas may not have been altogether anomalous. Born on February 9, 1896, in the Peruvian mountain city of Arequipa, Joaquin Alberto Vargas y Chavez shared the features of his Inca ancestors, "with a slight nod to the Spanish conquerors," as his biographer, Reid Austin, puts it. Alberto was the eldest son of Max Vargas, a highly successful portrait and landscape photographer with studios in Arequipa and La Paz, Bolivia, whose studies of the town of Cuzco won a gold medal in Paris in 1911.

On his trip to Europe that year, Max Vargas deposited Alberto and Max Jr. in Geneva, the one for a photographic apprenticeship, the other to study banking and finance. After 15 years spent in the Peruvian highlands, with its short, squat, dark and heavy-featured inhabitants, life in the Nordic-filled, upper-class districts of Paris, Zurich and Geneva came as a thrilling revelation to young Alberto, who, like artistic young men of almost every race, intuited that feminine forms which are tall, delicate and fair *must* be "metaphysically significant," to use Richard McCulloch's phrase -- or, in blunter language, "worth hanging around." Yet it was only in 1916, when Alberto reached New York City, that the full beauty of "Las Gringas" overwhelmed him. As he first approached Broadway, he would later recall, the clock struck noon: "From every building came torrents of girls . . . I had never seen anything like it . . . Hundreds of girls with an air of self-assuredness and determination that said, 'Here I am, how do you like me?'"

These were not the young women one typically encounters on the streets of Manhattan today, but the much more "thoroughbred" goldiggers of an earlier day in Gotham's history -- the kind who later set their sights on places like California. Alberto could not stop looking. Returning to Peru was now out of the question. He must devote his life to portraying the charms of these beauties -- not in the



Vargas and his "Miss Universe" (circa 1948)

realms of "high art," to which he had never aspired, but in the flourishing field of popular illustration, where he would take his place in the affluent second tier of talent, with such famous names as Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham and Norman Rockwell.

The Alberto Vargas story is ably and succinctly told by Reid Austin in *Vargas*, published in 1978 by Harmony Books and now available in paperback. Two hundred illustrations, more than 60 in full color, bring home this Indio's astonishing Nordic fixation. On the jacket blurb, it says that "Reid Austin fell in love with the work of Vargas on a Boy Scout scrap drive in 1944." With all due respect

to the artist, it would probably be more accurate to say that the young Austin "fell in love" with his glamorous, at times almost clone-like subjects. Vargas was at the peak of his fame in 1944, when his "Varga [no 's'] girls," the center-fold illustrations of *Esquire* each month, decorated the barracks and bunkers of GIs from Anzio to Saipan. Earlier, Vargas had known fame briefly as the illustrator for the Ziegfeld Follies, and fame returned a third time in the sixties and early seventies, when his "Vargas [with an 's'] girls," now fully undraped for the first time, became a hit in the pre-gynecological days of *Playboy*.

Among the nearly 200 women pictured in *Vargas*, all but a handful are pure or nearly pure Nordic in race. The rest are of other white breeds, including the lovely "Peruvian Girl," drawn in 1920. The sole exception is a drawing of a young, Afro-coiffed but pixie-featured mulattress, from *Playboy* (Sept. 1971), which, Austin implies, was demanded of poor Alberto by his new employer, Hugh Hefner.

Most of Vargas's Nordics are more or less of the "aristocratic" type, and the discerning Inca's consciousness of breed -- human and non-human -- is nowhere more apparent than in a painting called "Diana," originally done about 1930, which appeared in the March 1941 issue of *Esquire* (but with the girl discreetly attired in a long green gown, painted onto her as an overlay).



Diana (circa 1930)

The racial tastes of Alberto Vargas extended to his personal life. In 1930, he married Anna Mae Clift, a slender, strawberry-blond beauty from Soddy, Tennessee. They never had children, and one would like to imagine that it was because Vargas insisted privately, "Our love must end with us. This country doesn't need a bunch of confused

young half-breeds wandering about." Knowing human nature, however, this is an almost fantastic surmise. In any case, the Vargas "kids," as they were called, were a pair of wirehaired terriers named Poocho and Jitters.



Mr. and Mrs. Vargas in their December years

Anna Mae had been a show girl and haute couture mannequin when Alberto met her in 1917. With his shyness and Victorian manners, he called her Miss Clift for six years. The 1920s were good for Vargas, and he indulged his twin passions for books and fine clothing. Generous to a fault, he often worked for free or forgot to collect fees. When the Depression brought lean years, he moved to Hollywood in 1934 to do elevations or "visuals" for movie sets. All this ended abruptly in September 1939, when Vargas joined in a union walkout and was henceforth blackballed as a "Communist." (He was, in fact, a dedicated leftist).

Nine desperate months followed, until he signed his first contract with *Esquire* (June 1940). The war years found him working like a dog -- a happy one -- for owner-publisher David Smart, often putting in 16- and 18-hour days, and greatly enriching his boss. Smart ripped him off shamelessly: the ever-trusting Vargas had neglected to read the fine print on his 1940 and 1944 contracts. The result was years of bitter, expensive and futile litigation which all but destroyed Alberto and Anna Mae. The author of this article could hardly suppress a small cheer when he learned about Smart's premature death in 1952. Eight years later, Hugh Hefner (himself a former employee of *Esquire*) performed a rare good deed when he rescued the aging Vargases from debt and despair.

The truly extraordinary thing about the book, *Vargas* -- and so many others like it -- is that it nowhere so much as hints at the racial makeup of the artist's chosen subjects. In one or two places, it is remarked that the "Varga" (1940s) and "Vargas" (1960s) girls are "so typical of the American girl." There was some truth to that in the 1940s, less in the 1960s, and still less when the book appeared in 1978.

Today, when oversized, full-color books of America's national parks or colonial homes appear, there is invariably an impassioned plea inside somewhere to "save our

priceless heritage." Those who enjoy visual treasures have a duty to see to it their descendants may likewise enjoy them. Yet this Conservation Ethic has totally broken down in the single case of human beauty. As a friend once put it, "Everyone acts today as if blondes grow on trees!" Well, if they do, the trees must surely be redwoods, because *Homo sapiens europaeus nordicus*, like the mighty *Sequoia sempervirens*, is a fast-vanishing life form.

Madison Grant founded the Save-the-Redwoods League, and this creation of his remains strong enough to purchase full-page ads in *Newsweek* (*Instauration*, Oct. 1985). Yet Grant's more important "Save-the-Nordics" work, which galvanized America in the 1920s, is widely vilified today, and nowhere more so than in publications like *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, which reap millions for their owners from the continued existence of the Nordic female.

Despite his leftism, Alberto Vargas may have sensed in his latter years that something was desperately wrong in the field of racial demographics. After all, the Peruvian Nordic-lover had seen southern California's dominant population group shift from light-white to brown over the course of the four decades he resided in Hollywood. Who knows how he felt about this population shift? He was a painter, not a writer.

But his biographer, Reid Austin, himself a virile-looking blond, should have risked pointing out that Vargas had spent his life depicting what, in fact, is an "endangered species." Without making at least a token remark in that direction, Austin -- like Hefner and so many others -- resembles somewhat in attitude those nineteenth-century hunters who slaughtered vast herds of buffalo for the sole purpose of savoring their tongues.

The Aesthetic Prop Still Operates

at Full Throttle in Strange Places



(left) A popular Passover card

(right) The Irish, however, are not painted so glamorously in a Jewish St. Patrick's Day card.



Jewish memorial in Poland



In this cartoon of an eyeball-to-eyeball encounter in Lebanon, the Israeli soldier is made to look more Nordic -- and more attractive -- than the GI, although the ugly Arab stereotypes are carefully emphasized.

PROUDHON IDEATED LIKE A TRUE EUROPEAN

Zip 217 recently quoted Emerson. "In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty."

I felt this acutely the other day while glancing through the *Selected Writings of Pierre Joseph Proudhon*, the great French socialist. In a selection (on page 229 of the Doubleday edition) taken from his book, *The Theory of Property* (1863-64), Proudhon recalls an earlier work of his, *Justice in the Revolution and the Church*, where he wrote that he finally saw through Hegel's and Marx's overworked idea of "dialectic," which always championed the resolution of conflict through "synthesis." In place of synthesis, Proudhon advocated the very different concept of "balance."

Until then I had shared Hegel's belief that the two terms of the antinomy, thesis and antithesis, were to become resolved in a superior term, *synthesis*. But I have since come to realize that just as the two poles of an electric cell do not destroy each other, so the two terms of the antinomy do not become resolved. Not only are they indestructible, but they are the very motive force of all action, life and progress. The problem is not to bring about their fusion, for this would be death, but to establish an equilibrium between them -- an unstable equilibrium, that changes as society develops. I confessed this error quite plainly in my book, *Justice*, as follows: "If my *System of Economic Contradictions* is not, as regards its method, a completely satisfactory work, it is because I had adopted Hegel's view of the antinomy. I thought that its two terms had to be resolved in a superior term, synthesis, distinct from the first two, thesis and antithesis. This was faulty logic as well as a failure to learn from experience, and I have since abandoned it. FOR THERE IS NO RESOLUTION OF THE ANTINOMY. This is the fundamental flaw in the whole of Hegel's philosophy Balance is not synthesis as Hegel understood it"

How many times had I been vaguely bothered by the still prevalent academic assumption that a synthesis -- of whatever kind -- is somehow "superior" to thesis and antithesis. The all-too-human outcome was that my annoyance remained vague and was never committed to paper.

Then, I saw my own "rejected thoughts" in plain view in Proudhon, and realized in an instant that his championing of an *unstable* "balance" or "equilibrium" in life was one and the same political/philosophical fight as Raymond B. Cattell's advocacy of a state of "controlled conflict," made in his masterwork, *Beyondism*; or, again, as Alain de Benoist's support for polytheism in *Nouvelle Ecole*.

The naive notion that synthesis is automatically superior to thesis and antithesis is but one facet of a vast destructive mindset which all of us must struggle to overcome. Of course, there's no sense in *our* being dogmatic either: sometimes synthesis *is* a major improvement. But when

one gets down to concrete examples of races, cultures and ecosystems (the last now gravely endangered by jet-hopping plant and animal species), it is clear that Hegel's and Marx's insistence on a "resolution" (to put it nicely) of preexisting natural diversity, was, as Proudhon insists, "faulty logic as well as a failure to learn from experience."



Proudhon and his children, by Gustave Courbet

Some Proudhon Thoughts

His most famous saying, "Property is theft," actually referred to unearned income. The son of a French cooper, he believed private property was essential to liberty and a necessary incentive to productive work. A "People's Bank," in his opinion, was the proper antidote to the concentration of capital in a few grasping hands. Money would be based on production, not on gold or specie. All of this drew the ire of Marx, who saw little or no difference between finance capitalism, which Proudhon attacked, and industrial capitalism, which Proudhon supported. When the Frenchman wrote *The Philosophy of Misery*, Marx bounced back with *The Misery of Philosophy*.

Proudhon felt that excessive individualism and the egoism that goes with it were becoming rampant in Western society and advocated a return to communal solidarity. But he totally rejected communism and all other wild-eyed utopian systems. If the remarks in his *Carnets* are any indication, Jews would not have been permitted to share in this solidarity. As for wages, Proudhon adhered to the medieval theory of the "just price" for one's labor, a price which it was sinful to undercut and sinful to exceed.

EUGENICS vs. CACOGENICS

The following letter dated Dec. 27, 1912, was written by Alexander Graham Bell to Charles Davenport, then head of the Eugenics Records Office, which, if it existed today, would be outlawed in many parts of the Western world and its officials jailed for "thought crimes." Bell invented the telephone in 1876. In the latter part of his 86-year lifespan, his brilliant mind focused on ways of improving the human race. Davenport (1866-1944), a prominent zoologist and the author of several books on heredity, was a founding father of the American eugenics movement, which was forced to go underground for half a century and is only now beginning to revive (see *Stirrings*, Aug. 1985).

Dear Dr. Davenport,

You have started a great work, of vast importance to the people of the United States and to the world, by the establishment of the Eugenics Record Office; and I can assure you of my hearty co-operation as one of the Board of Scientific Directors

I understand that your object in submitting a revised statement of the aims of the Eugenics Record Office is to invite suggestions before placing the statement in permanent form.

In my opinion it is much improved over the original draft presented at the meeting, and you will doubtless be able to improve it still further after hearing from the different members of the Board.

My own suggestions are embodied in the following tentative draft, which may or may not be of assistance to you -- I send them for what they are worth:

To promote researches in Eugenics that shall be of utility to the human race. Including:

The study of America's most effective blood lines; and the methods of securing the proportional preponderance and increase of the best strains.

The study of the origin and best methods of improving the strains that produce the defective and undesirable classes of the community.

The study of the methods of inheritance of particular traits.

The study of the consequence of close marriage.

➤ The study of miscegenation in the United States.

The study of the new blood introduced into America by immigration, and its effect in modifying and improving the people of the United States

Of course, the work of the Eugenics Record Office will depend very largely on the financial means at its disposal. I understand that both Mrs. Harriman and Mr. John D. Rockefeller are contributing generously towards its support; but it might be well, before mapping out too definite a plan of procedure, to ascertain whether there is any prospect of the Institution being placed upon a permanent foundation by endowment.

To my mind one of the first necessities of a permanent foundation will be, not merely the erection of a building, but of a *fireproof* building and library for the safe custody of eugenical records.

Then I think that the main part of the income should be devoted to the study of the inheritance of *desirable* characteristics rather than undesirable.

The appropriations approved at the first meeting of the Board related exclusively to undesirable characteristics (feeble-mindedness, insanity, defective and criminalistic immigrants, and cancer) -- *cacogenics* not eugenics! Why not vary a little from this programme and investigate the inheritance of some desirable characteristics.

A good subject for investigation would be the family history of persons who have lived to extreme old age in full possession of their faculties. Other subjects of a desirable character will readily suggest themselves, if we aim to make eugenics instead of cacogenics the distinguishing feature of our work.

It is the fostering of desirable characteristics that will *advance* the race; whereas the cutting off of undesirable characteristics simply prevents deterioration.

Of course, in studying eugenics we deal largely with the question of marriage; and, for the above reason, it is more important to consider how to promote desirable marriages than how to prevent undesirable marriages. Both subjects are of importance, but my point is, that our endeavours should be mainly directed to the positive side of the question, rather than to the negative.

The whole subject of eugenics has been too much associated in the public mind with fantastical and impractical schemes for restricting marriage and preventing the propagation of undesirable characteristics, so that the very name "Eugenics" suggests, to the average mind, insanity, feeble-mindedness . . . an attempt to interfere with the liberty of the individual in his pursuit of happiness in marriage.



Alexander Graham Bell

If we make the promotion of desirable marriages our chief aim, and relegate interference with marriage to a subordinate position, the public will gain a truer conception of the aims and purposes of the persons engaged in eugenical work

I doubt whether the appropriateness of \$2,000 for the preliminary study of the sources of the better and the poorer strains of immigrants is sufficient to produce results of importance, more especially as it is proposed to carry on these investigations abroad. Two thousand dollars would not be too large a sum for the salary alone of a competent investigator; and surely much more would be required to cover his travelling expenses and cost of clerical help.

If the Eugenics Record Office is to be established upon a permanent basis I think it would be well to consider carefully the advisability of having a more suitable name.

A permanent institution to carry out the great ideas proposed is certainly something more than an "office." If successful in pursuing its work it would become ultimately an institution of national importance, dealing with vast problems in a broad and comprehensive way, and should be dignified by a better title

Yours sincerely,

/s/ Alexander Graham Bell

MASSIVE GERMAN PAYOFF TO WORLD JEWRY

Wars, like books, have epilogues. The epilogues of wars are treaties, boundary changes, population shifts and reparations. In the case of World War II, the reparation epilogue is still being written.

The Federal Republic of Germany did not come into being until 1949. In the years between the collapse of the Third Reich and the establishment of the Fourth, the German economy was in such ruins that there was no possibility of reparations beyond restoring confiscated property, if it still existed, to the original owners.

In 1951, as the "economic miracle" (*Wirtschaftswunder*) began to materialize, the Bonn government formally acknowledged the "immeasurable suffering" of European Jews at the hands of the Nazis and promised restitution. This promise was made into an obligation and incorporated into the 1952 treaty with Britain, France and the U.S., which restored sovereignty to the western half of the defeated nation. A year later came the Luxembourg Agreement between Bonn and Israel, which required that the party of the first part pay the party of the second 3 billion marks, plus an extra 450 million marks to various Jewish organizations.*

But that was only the opening curtain of what the Germans call *Wiedergutmachung*. The year 1956 saw the beginning of payments to individuals. As of today, a total of 4,393,365 claims have been presented to West Germany by Jews and a few non-Jews for damages incurred in the period 1933-45. Damages were defined to include physical injury, loss of freedom, loss of income, and lost opportunities for professional and financial advancement. Compensation was even made to scholars and artists whose works were banned by Nazi purists. All but 0.1% of

* The dollar value of the mark has ranged up and down in the last 30 years, but has not changed too radically. A mid-October 1985 quotation was 38¢. Because of inflation, the mark was worth considerably more two or three decades ago than it is today.

these claims were settled by January 1, 1984. At the time of payment 40% of the claimants lived in Israel, 20% in West Germany, 40% elsewhere. To date, 56.2 billion marks have been paid out in this program.

A special form of *Wiedergutmachung* was designed to reimburse owners for property lost or confiscated by the Nazis, including property that had vanished and could no longer be found. As of January 1, 1984, all but 166 of the 734,942 claims made under this agreement had been settled. Claimants who missed the 1959 deadline were later given until 1966 to seek reimbursement for household goods and precious metals and jewelry lost outside the borders of West Germany. Some 300,000 claims have been processed under this provision. The amount paid to date for lost property has been 3.9 billion marks, a figure that will probably climb to 4.25 billion marks before all of the disputed claims are resolved.

Not to be omitted are payments to concentration camp inmates who were the victims of medical experiments, to Jewish prisoners of war who fought against the Nazis as members of the Palestinian brigade, to non-Jews and to those of part-Jewish ancestry who were treated as full-blooded Jews by the Hitler regime, and to special categories of Jews whose health was impaired by persecution. Other payments went to members of the civil service who had "suffered injustice" during the Nazi interregnum. The bill for all this amounted to 5.2 billion marks.

Between 1959 and 1964 the Bonn government entered into a series of agreements with other European nations, which then received money to be distributed to victims of Nazism not eligible for such remuneration under the German laws. The eleven nations involved were given nearly 900 million marks. In addition, 102 million marks was donated to Austria, a World War II appendage of the Third Reich, to recompense its persecuted Jews.

Adding up all the above, the West German government

and West German states have paid out more than 70 billion marks in reparations. It is estimated that this figure will increase to nearly 86 billion marks (\$32.7 billion at the current exchange rate) before the books are closed.

The breakdown of payments, past, present and anticipated, is listed at right.

These figures indicate that by far the greatest amount of peacetime and wartime reparations in history has been paid by one nation, not primarily to another nation, but to a relatively small group of people who did not even have a nation at the time of their troubles. No wonder some West German taxpayers have asked, if 6 million Jews were killed and European Jewry was destroyed by the Nazis, how it is that there were 4,393,365 claimants?

When the vast amounts of German money given Jews and Israel are added to the grants, subsidies, forgiven loans and gifts from other countries, especially from the United States, the final Jewish "take" will certainly amount to more than \$100 billion.

West German War Reparations

in billion marks

I. Expenditures thus far:	
Compensation of Victims	56.200
Restitution for Lost Property	3.912
Israel Agreement	3.450
Global Agreements with 12 nations incl. Austria	1.000
Other (Civil Service, etc.)	5.200
Final Restitution in Special Cases	<u>0.356</u>
	70.118
II. Anticipated future expenditures:	
Compensation of Victims	13.800
Restitution for Lost Property	0.338
Other (Civil Service, etc.)	1.400
Final Restitution in Special Cases	<u>0.184</u>
	15.722
III. Total (in round figures):	
Compensation of Victims	70.000
Restitution for Lost Property	4.250
Israel Agreement	3.450
Global Agreements with 12 nations incl. Austria	1.000
Other (Civil Service, etc.)	6.600
Final Restitution in Special Cases	<u>0.540</u>
	85.840

All figures have been taken from an article, "Restitution in Germany," which appeared in Focus On (May 1985), published by the Federal Republic of Germany and distributed by the German Information Service, 410 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022.

FACE TO FACE WITH A BLACK RACIST

Some months ago I attended a marketing management convention in Chicago. These extravagant and otherwise profligate meetings provide limited intellectual stimulation at times, generally consisting of verbal give-and-take between select groups of educated, upscale white professionals, many of whom are women. Less vocal are the white "street fighters" who have clawed their way into middle management and adapted themselves to the corporate culture. Very few, if any, Jewish marketing gurus attend such gatherings, preferring the company of their own coteries.

One firm had chosen this management convention as an opportunity to show off its young, upwardly mobile, professional black. Seldom, if ever, does a token black appear at these affairs. When he does, he is more or less isolated from the lily-white body politic, except for the mandatory hand-pumping, forced-grin introductions. The token is forced into the position of a border omega striving to become a peripheral alpha, vying for acceptance among white males (and females) in an alien social milieu. Occasionally, too much thrashing about in the vying process will result in the excommunication of the intruder. This phenomenon is known as career stagnation.

Such was the case at this particular convention. My curiosity aroused, I undertook to interview the subject and ascertain his feelings about the negative impact of his social department. This in itself was risky. To satisfy my interest it was necessary to confront the subject politely by addressing him in the center of the social arena. I resolved to chance the flashing glances of my peers

in exchange for a better understanding of this atrophied symbiosis. Gracefully easing my black interlocutor through the cocktail party onto the veranda overlooking the hotel tennis courts, I managed to escape undue observation.

I was immediately impressed with his ability to communicate. His speech was embellished with well-timed emphasis, hesitation and modulation. His vocabulary was above average and the way he handled himself quite adequate and respectable. There was no trace of *Instauration's* Willie. Mark was his name, and he had an amazingly accurate perception of the true nature of the social contract to which he was a party. Cocktails quickly moved us to the heart of the discussion.

Mark was in marketing management. A Black Muslim who was having difficulty working for his female Jewish supervisor, he was a confessed racist and remarkably well informed on matters concerning Zionism. I soon found he was not at all bothered by his inability to fit in with the white corporate culture that suffused the convention.

The conversation immediately turned to race and racism. To get the topic underway I decided to indicate that I was a confirmed anti-equalitarian. This was to take the chance of incurring Mark's athletic displeasure. Reason prevailed, however, and we had a productive discussion. We began at the point of greater difference.

I brought up the question of racial superiority. Surely one who believes in race must recognize superiority as an integral compo-

ment of biological difference? How was this handled by black racist philosophy? It was not necessary to argue or rehash the Aryan supremacy line. Mark understood that as well as anyone. It was his position that superiority was irrelevant in a proper social environment, and that under more sensible living conditions the matter need never be advanced or denied as a standard for human conduct or interrelations.

At this juncture my Instaurionist mind demanded further input to digest this curious idea. Mark explained that it was a crime for whites to rudely uproot him and his kind and transplant them into their civilization, and then have the brazen audacity to assume that they could prosper and become equals. White culture was very alien and very dissimilar. Blacks were ill equipped to function productively in such an economic and cultural environment and were more likely to pursue the criminal path as a result of the frustration of being forced to adapt to impossible standards. The obvious solution, he added, was for American blacks to be repatriated to their homeland. He then went into a long discussion on Marcus Garvey, whom he greatly admired.

I was so taken aback at the revival of this old idea by an obviously educated student of Islam that all I could do was look at him. There he stood, neatly clad in his corporate uniform, the traditional blue blazer properly buttoned, fitting tightly around his slender frame and blending nicely with the requisite grey dress slacks. His red dotted silk tie was decorously tied in a double Windsor, neatly emphasized by the silver collar bar. The scene was full of paradoxes.

Mark gazed back at me with a slight smirk, realizing that he had succeeded in blowing my mind. He knew he had an advantage in that I could never hazard such ideas to a stranger in the business community without some jeopardy to my career. I wondered at that moment how much longer he could last before the corporate politbureau exorcised him. As his eyes searched my face for affirmation or support, I tried to sum up:

So, what you're saying then, is that blacks suffer a state of economic and cultural dysfunction in white society due to racial difference, but that has nothing to do with biological superiority or inferiority. Is that it?

He bounced back with this:

Not exactly. It's a case of inferiority from a standpoint of social science only. Blacks have superior creative abilities also, but only within the context of our own subculture, and only when we are allowed to exercise our abilities measured strictly against black cultural standards. It is not necessary for blacks to create vast technocracies as a standard for civilization, for example. Nor do we require corrupt democracies as a vehicle to maintain economic independence or social order. If left to our own devices, we could do very well without the trappings of white society. It's Western civilization that won't leave us alone to create our own lifestyle in accordance with our own cultural standards. And we don't need Christianity to impose the limitations of white superstitions on us, either. Christianity is an alien religion and repugnant to the soul of the black man. Christianity has polluted the minds of millions of blacks and is largely responsible for their "cultural dysfunction," as you call it.

Mark slurped down the rest of his martini. He was on a roll.

And as for the question of equality, how can two completely dissimilar elements be measured against each other fairly? We don't care to be the equals of white Christians. White standards are absurd! Could the white ever be the equal in our ideal civilization? If measured against our standards the white man would be considered an alien, an inferior; if forced to comply socially and compete economically within our system the white man would fail and become a second-class citizen. Whites also would resort

to crime and violence as a means of expression. In fact, whites would be the first to rebel at genuine oppression. American blacks have conducted themselves rather moderately under the circumstances. And it's not that we hate whites; we don't. Hate has no place in racism. The constructive black racist strives for independence, for separation, for recognition within the world community as an equal partner in the human experience. Black Muslims have racial pride and strive for racial purity. We don't care to proselytize or subvert or subdue any other race of peoples. Isn't it fair to ask that the same courtesies be extended to us?

Pausing a moment to absorb this meaty soliloquy by my black doppelganger, I chimed in:

In other words, the question of racial equality is resolved by separation, at least from a social standpoint. And to advance the question of white biological superiority as a basis for white social supremacy is counterproductive. Conversely then, black power must also be a destructive element within an integrated society, even in a black-dominated culture where whites are in the minority?

I continued before he could reply:

I guess I don't have a problem with that. But we live in the real world. History has taught us that racially integrated societies cannot exist without one or the other elements having the upper hand. And peaceful coexistence between separate-but-equal racial states is only a racial fantasy. The Western community would be prepared to nuke us all into oblivion before allowing that to become a reality. Neither, in fact, would organized Christianity stand for it. Look at what's happening in South Africa. Separation is considered nearly synonymous with "genocide." By the standards of the system any division of the races, geographically or otherwise, is seen as the Great Satan. Do you honestly think that even one boatload of blacks would be allowed to leave for Africa? Or can you realistically imagine any chunk of the U.S. being carved out for a black homeland?

It seems to me that racial survival depends on something more fundamental. I don't have a problem with black people surviving as a race so long as they have no designs on the white race, or don't populate us into extinction in the next hundred years. Black pride, black identity, black racism: all excellent ideas, but with certain restraints and limitations. My concept of white racism stems from a track record of white superiority in white civilization. Whites are responsible for our civilization and all the technology required to maintain it. If blacks drive the whites into extinction by overbreeding, black humanity will slither back into the jungle. If black racists truly seek black survival, they must strive to inform the black population that their survival and well-being depends on white survival and prosperity.

Separate-but-equal is a splendid idea, but naive and limited in scope. First, the power structure that deprives us all of racial independence must be replaced. Second, the white population downtrend must be reversed and white culture must be reinvigorated. Lastly, after having established a healthy social and economic climate, we can afford the massive and expensive undertaking of establishing a proper black homeland. The survival of both races will not come about by stubbornly denying fundamental biological differences or courting chaos and disaster by forcing black power and white extinction.

Cocktail party dialog will seldom yield any enlightening synthesis. It is too often absorbed into an alcoholic blur. Moreover, discussions touching on race, religion and politics are considered in poor taste at such gatherings due to possible adverse impact on promotions. Diversity of social ideas or any announced philosophy of life often presumes dedication to something other than the pursuit of Mammon and safeguarding corporate well-being. Sports, sex, profits and "the market" are the appropriate and designated topics for the aspiring climber within the corporate

organism.

Mark was obviously a neophyte and had repeatedly strained his sheltered status by overstepping the boundaries of accepted social discourse. He was aware of this, but also seemed aware of his own limitations and lack of growth potential in the marketing field. But it didn't seem to bother him. It was as though his being a part of this circle was a fluke, and he pragmatically presumed his own premature demise.

He was about to reply to my long harangue when we were discovered in our secluded corner by two gin-swilling, obsequious clods. They interrupted our discussion by asking Mark about some black basketball player from UCLA. Mark tactfully filled them in and once again we were returned to the world of jovial tripe.

I soon quit the gathering, brooding to myself at the rude anticlimax and lamenting the loss of opportunity to delve further into the finer points of racism. When Mark and I made eye contact one

final time, we simultaneously raised our glasses in mutual recognition of our common enterprise. I got the feeling that he, too, wanted to say much more on the subject.

We casually met again several times during the convention, but could not chance a discussion in the mixed environment. I felt strange in knowing that among the sea of empty-headed, plastic whites surrounding me there was one not-so-white with whom I felt a closer intellectual affinity. I was struck by the optimistic possibility that honest advocates of race, even though of different races, have nothing to fear from each other.

Before the convention ended, Mark and I exchanged business cards with the mutual promise of correspondence. There remains much to resolve, especially the point of white superiority. I often contemplate, if black racists were able to concede this point, where would we go from there? One must be careful though, not to let optimism grow into naiveté.

I.Y.

Why Do the Young Heathen Rage?

Over the past generation, it has repeatedly been observed that many teenagers feel a bitter contempt for their parents. But seldom has the root of this emotion been understood. The contempt arises because parents first consign their own flesh and blood to an unspeakably dismal adolescent world which they have (at least indirectly) helped to create, and then retreat to the safe confines of Western civilization, which continues to exist (though just barely) at American society's older age levels. The parents carry on as if the cultural nightmares of the younger age groups -- the most important age groups -- does not really exist.

Take, for example, musical lyrics. The singers most favored by the 12-to-14 set just now are Prince and Madonna. The former's hit album, *Purple Rain*, includes a song called "Darling Nikki," which begins:

I knew a girl named Nikki
I guess u could say she was a sex fiend
I met her in a hotel lobby
masturbating with a magazine

Anyone can make out the words, which are accompanied by the usual driving beat and orgasmic moans and shrieks.

And when Madonna -- recently a subject of photo spreads in both *Penthouse* and *Pfayboy* -- sings "feels so good inside," she isn't describing the end of a day spent trekking in the north woods.

Blatant sexual lyrics are a dime a dozen these days. Samuel and Cynthia Janus recently surveyed today's top songs and found that 62% are blatantly sexual. They don't mean 1960s-style innuendo, but songs like "Push, Push in the Bush" and "Ten Seconds to Love" (the last about intercourse on an elevator).

A few psychiatrists are finally looking into the matter. They emphasize that pop

music has become the organizing force in most teenagers' lives, as religion was in 17th-century New England. As the music goes, say the shrinks, so goes the dress, the behavior, the interests and so on. And millions of "solidly middle-class" teens and subteens are now awakening, brushing their teeth, studying and falling asleep to endless songs about, for example, the joy of forcing a girl to commit fellatio at gunpoint ("Eat Me Alive" by Judas Priest).

America's parents have permitted the crudest fast-buck artists on planet Earth to steal precious years from their children's lives. Feelings of beauty and exaltation -- or anything remotely approaching them -- obviously cannot coexist with obsessive listening to groups like Twisted Sister, Motley Crue, Grim Reaper and Simple Minds. Peer pressure, the universal constant of early-teen existence, makes escape from this fare all but impossible.

Though it is certainly sufficient cause, none of this even begins to explain the deep contempt of many a contemporary teen for the middle-class, middle-aged adult. The real explanation is that while consigning his own children to the most degraded cultural landscape seen beyond the shores of Africa, Mr. Square Peg often becomes downright overwrought about the insensitivities and tiny "injustices" of his own domain. The United Methodist Church, for example, has just appointed a committee to revise its hymnal to accommodate new-wave multiracialism. New songs favored by blacks, Asians, Hispanics and Americans will definitely be included. The big question is whether such beautiful old WASP hymns as "This Is My Father's World" and "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" will still be tolerated. (Reeks of sexism!) Metaphorical references to Christian "soldiers" doing "battle" will almost cer-

tainly be curtailed.

Meanwhile, the Episcopalians are set to banish, among other hymns, the one sung to "Recessional," Kipling's best-known poem.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine --
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget -- lest we forget!

(Reeks of colonialism!)

The prissy Methodists say they want to drop everything that "might offend or exclude some members." Meanwhile, their own children -- the state of whose souls concerns them less than those of the pagan Hottentots -- couldn't care less about the organized church or anything else white, traditional and therefore (by definition) "boring." The kids have withdrawn to their marijuana-smoke-filled rooms on sunny days, pulled the blinds, closed the doors and gyrated obsessively while groups of multiracial savages shrieked about weirder and weirder sex acts. But so what?

The precious parents -- except for the wives of some Washington bigwigs -- apparently find it beneath their dignity to listen to the lyrics or harken to the destructive, antiwhite beat. (Let the kids live half their lives under headphones if necessary.) All this misplaced "sensitivity" for others at a time when white cultural foundations are clearly collapsing on all sides breeds a limitless contempt in the knowing, street-wise youngster, a gleeful anticipation of the day when the old fogies are jungleized as forcefully as he was in the integrated schools they sent him to.



The Manchurian Zion that Never Was

When the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931, they were amazed by the intensity of the propaganda directed against them by world Jewry. Till then the Japanese had known very little about Jews, both because of their hyperbolic insularity and because of the small number of Jews who had ever visited or traded with their country. Since the Japanese government didn't like to be kept in the dark about something that was having such a negative effect on Japan's foreign relations, two Japanese officers were appointed to study the subject: a young naval officer, Koreshige Inuzuke, and a young army captain, Norihiro Yasue. Both immediately began a crash course in pro- and anti-Semitic literature. Later, Captain Yasue was sent to the Middle East where he met David Ben-Gurion and Chaim Weizmann, then busy with their schemes to turn the homeland of Palestinians into the homeland of Jews. At the same time, a Jewish Office was established within the Japanese government to collect and analyze information on Jews sent in by Japanese embassies worldwide. Special note was taken of the activity of Morris Cohen, the London-born intelligence officer of Chiang Kai-shek, China's boss and Japan's bitterest enemy.

As anti-Japanese propaganda grew more

heated (Manchuria in the meantime being transformed into the puppet state of Manchukuo), Japan's Jewish Office came up with a project to defuse it. Fifty thousand Jews would be invited to settle in this new appendage of the Japanese Empire. The money they brought with them would help develop the occupied territory and their presence would soften the hearts and blunt the pens of Jewish mediocrats in the Soviet Union and the West. After the rise of Hitler, the Japanese Foreign Office formally offered to take in 50,000 German Jews for settlement in Manchukuo. The project was called the "Fugu Plan," fugu being a highly prized Japanese fish, which could only be cooked by licensed chefs. The liver and ovaries had to be carefully, very carefully, removed, since they contained a deadly poison.

By 1934, Yasue, now a colonel, had talked to leading Jews in Manchukuo and America, promising total religious freedom and their own schools to all Jewish immigrants. The plan, however, was stymied by Rabbi Stephen Wise, the militant Jewish left-winger who wielded such an extraordinary influence in President Franklin Roosevelt's White House. At the very moment the Japanese were considering raising the ante to half a million Jews, Wise went public

and practically threatened to excommunicate any Jew who had any truck with the Empire of the Rising Sun. Had it not been for the Rabbi's opposition to the Fugu Plan, the whole course of World War II might have been radically changed. In 1939, Hitler made his Non-Aggression Pact with Russia, a resounding slap in the face to the Japanese, who had an Anti-Comintern Alliance with Germany. A little diplomatic pushing and shoving at that crucial time might have moved Japan to break with the Nazis.

In the end, Yasue's best-laid plans were dashed, and he died a bitter and defeated man in a Russian labor camp in Siberia in 1950. As for his partner, Inuzuke, he fared somewhat better. After wartime service in the Philippines, he returned to his homeland to found the Japanese Israeli Friendship League. He was forced to resign, however, when it was discovered that he had written a few "anti-Semitic" articles after he became Japan's leading authority on the Jews.

The above information was gleaned from Kempei Tai: A History of the Japanese Secret Service by Richard Deacon (Berkeley Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016).

The 197 IQ that Doomed the U-Boats

The 1985 edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records* lists three men as tied for first place under "Highest IQ." Each belongs to the Mega Society, whose members make Mensans look like pinheads. Each averages 197 on the Stanford-Binet scale, on the basis of four different tests.

One of the men is Dr. Johannes Veldhuis, 35, a cell physiologist and professor at the University of Virginia, who evaluates his privacy as highly as he does his IQ. A second is Christopher P. Harding, 40, of Rockhampton, Australia, who doesn't even have a telephone. The third super-genius is Ferris E. Alger, 72, a man with bright blue eyes and bushy brows who resides in a pre-Revolutionary stone farmhouse in New Hope, PA. His loquacity compensates for the reticence of Veldhuis and Harding. Brad Lemley of the *Washington Post Magazine* paid Alger a visit last winter and found a man who takes credit for winning World War II among his other unsung achievements -- and builds a pretty strong case for it.

An only child with no children of his own, Alger had a boyhood which Lemley says "seems to have been lifted from the grimmer sections of a Dickens novel." Abandoned at age four by his father, he was sent at nine to a North Carolina orphanage by his impoverished mother. There he literally *slaved* in the cotton fields for 10 hours a day and "got a switching every night." But, like most social observers prior to the late nineteenth century, Alger feels that the "bread of adversity" improved his mind rather than stunted it. As a fan of the late sociobiologist Robert Ardrey, he attributes his IQ to good genes as well as to a "good environment."

Anything but a Horatio Alger story, the life of Ferris Alger has been mostly one hard-luck episode after another. While working as an engineer, a technical glass-blower, an aircraft designer, and so on, he has enriched others through his discoveries, but seldom himself. He "won the war" in 1942, while working as a glass-

blower in the radiation lab at Columbia University.

The Allies were taking a furious beating that year from German U-boats, and a half-starved England was pondering surrender. The only solution was an improved microwave radar system, but Allied scientists were in despair over one technical problem: their inability to develop an effective glass-to-metal vacuum seal on the side of the magnetron (a mechanical device that emits radar waves). Alger produced a wholly new shape of seal and licked the problem, shortly before Christmas 1942. He recalls that

by March, they were being used in battle. By April, things were going badly for the German subs, and by May -- well, the Germans call May 1943 Black May.

Military historians agree that the new radar system rendered German subs almost helpless. While surfaced, they could now be detected at 15 miles, allowing Allied

planes to bomb them before they could resubmerge. The Reich's naval leaders, said Alger, were soon forced to withdraw almost the entire fleet.

Alger emphasizes that many other technical innovations were required to create shortwave radar. "I didn't do it all alone, but everything hung on that seal. Without that, it could not have been done."

And how did the nation -- specifically, the Columbia University laboratory -- respond to this accomplishment?

"They fired me," says Alger. "Since I had no degree, they did not want me to get any credit. Professional jealousy, pure and simple."

And so it has gone throughout the life of this self-educated man.

Since 1968, Alger has worked for a pri-

vate school outside Philadelphia which teaches brain-damaged children. He regrets never having had any children of his own: "I have felt a certain responsibility to pass along my genes . . . [Having a family] just didn't work; we still don't know exactly why." Perhaps the problem lay with his two wives. Robert Graham's sperm-bank collectors should pay old Ferris Alger a visit and, before it's too late, give him a shot at genetic immortality.

The Samson Syndrome

Apparently only anti-Zionist Jews, an almost invisible bunch, are permitted to write and publish books that catalog the high crimes and low misdemeanors that Zionists have committed against the Palestinians for the last half century. The reason may be that a Jewish critic of Israel can rely on his genes to deflect the charge of anti-Semitism, whereas non-Jewish authors, who might entertain similar ideas about Zionism, would be damned as anti-Semites and would have great difficulty finding a publisher, not to mention finding a spot on a bookstore or library shelf for their books, if by some miracle they did get published.

Until recently the major anti-Zionist work was Alfred Lilienthal's *The Zionist Connection* (Dodd, Mead, 1978). Then Noam Chomsky, the ultraleft linguistics expert who brought down the media's wrath upon his head when he defended French Professor Robert Faurisson's right to question the Holocaust, came out with *The Fateful Triangle* (South End Press, 302 Columbus Ave., Boston, MA 02116). Chomsky's massive research and sizzling criticism puts Lilienthal's somewhat outdated work in the paper shredder.

Instaurationists have been so clued into Zionist crimes over the years that they will find little that is new in Chomsky's book, which should be a real eye-opener for those whose knowledge of Israel has been confined to the exculpatory collaborationist diet cooked up daily by the *New York Times*. Stressing that the crimes of the Zionists have been as enormous as the sufferings of their Palestinian and Lebanese victims, Chomsky pulls no punches in his litany of horrors.

Someday, someone will write a Passion Play about the Palestinians that ought to put all other tragic drama in the shade. Until that day, *The Fateful Triangle* should serve as an encyclopedic fact sheet for incipient dramatists who see the dramatic irony in those who claim they went through a Holocaust visiting a daily Holocaust on millions whose only fault was to have been born in a land coveted by the most rip-snorting ra-

cists in history. As Chomsky relates, the Palestinians have been hounded out of their country, bombed and massacred in their refugee camps and scattered in a sandstorm of blood and bullets over the entire Middle East.

In his narration of the Palestinians' trail of tears, Chomsky probes as deeply as he can into the mindset of their persecutors. One of his most bloodcurdling passages is the comments of an "educated" Israeli "farmer" on long-range Israeli policy. Israel, he enounced, should be a "mad state" so that people "will understand that we are a wild country, dangerous to our surroundings, not normal," quite capable of "burning the oilfields" or "opening World War III" with nuclear weapons, if necessary. If the world understands this, then all the nations "will act carefully around us so as not to anger the wounded animal." As to the Sabra and Shatila massacres of Palestinians, "We should have done it with our own delicate hands." The invasion of Lebanon? "We shall open another similar war, kill and destroy more and more, until they will have had enough."

The "well-educated farmer" then set an agenda for Israel. "To kill as many Arabs as

necessary, to deport them, to expel, to burn them, to make us hated by all, to make the ground unstable beneath the feet of the Jews in the Disapora, so that they will be forced to rush here crying." If, instead of writing books, Jews had come to Palestine and "killed six million Arabs, or one million," then they would now be a people of 25 million "from the Suez Canal to the oilfields."

Chomsky infers that a sizable segment of Israelis think in this lunatic fashion. Such paranoid ideas have always been stirring in a few disordered minds, but this is the first time a large body of people in a nation armed with nuclear bombs has entertained such thoughts. If such thoughts prevail, one can well imagine the outcome of the Zionist adventure. And the worst of it is that Congress, the White House and the media are directly or indirectly supporting those psychotics, whose fervent wish is that when they go down, as they surely will, they will take the Middle East and perhaps a great deal of the world down with them. After all, Samson, who pulled down the temple on the hated Philistines -- and himself in the bargain -- is one of the Israelis' most cherished role models.

Edifying Xmas Gift

The new popular edition of *The Dispossessed Majority* (364 pages) makes an ideal, inexpensive Christmas present. Buy one (\$3.95 each), buy six (\$2.95 each), buy 12 (\$2 each). We'll dropship for you (add \$1 per book) and insert a gift card, signed or unsigned. Or we'll send books, mailing envelopes and gift cards to you (add 75¢ per book), so you can mail the books yourself. But please order now to beat the Xmas rush. Orders received after Dec. 5 will have to go priority mail and postage will cost you \$2.40 per dropshipped book (\$1.25 per book for multiple orders to one address). Order today from Howard Allen, Box 76, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920.

Anti-Semitic Cartoons

Today, cartoonists level their graphic spite on Nazis, Arabs, fat Republicans, fundamentalist preachers and, less frequently, Russians. Yesterday, incredible as it may seem, Jews were occasional targets. But this part of America's cultural history is pretty much of a blank because unearthing anti-Semitic cartoons would put the careers and respectability of the unearthers at great risk. Today only Jews could get away with this rash act, as they did when the American Jewish archives at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati published a handsome, 24-page booklet containing some of the fiercest anti-Semitic cartoons and postcards, many in four colors, ever to titillate the American social scene.



Mister Cohn.

HEREDITARY TYPES.
Mrs. Cohn, née O'Rourke.

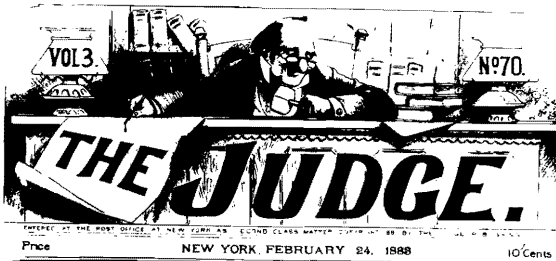
Master Cohn.

This cartoon in an 1895 issue of Judge depicted the result of a mixed marriage.



WELCOME TO OUR CITY
WELC... CAN AFFORD TO... THE... CITY...

Already in 1907, as this cartoon in the old Life magazine showed, New York City public schools had banned Christian songs.



THE NEW SLAVE OWNER.
"I FLOURISH WHERE IGNORANCE THRIVES."

A front-page Judge cartoon attacked the new cotton kings.



This early 20th-century postcard inspired the formation of anti-defamation committees.



The Spirits Are Restless

Those who lived and died before the civil rights revolution were spared the agonies of "white flight." True or false?

In the case of southern DeKalb County, Georgia, the answer is false. There, Resthaven Gardens of Memory was an all-white graveyard until a generation ago, though it was only after Alfonso Dawson, a Negro, bought the spread in 1979, that the flight of Caucasoid (we won't say white) skeletons began.

Presently, about 20 disinterments a year are occurring, which Dawson blames on "racism." The truth is that Dawson is letting the place go badly to seed, when the law requires that he provide perpetual care. The State of Georgia has filed suit, and is microfilming Resthaven's entire deed book because, says one official, "I'm afraid it's going to disappear. Those are very important records to people who have family buried out there." Meanwhile, a state auditor has all but camped out in the cemetery for the past year. With his ear to the ground, he could probably hear all the Southern ladies and gentlemen uttering ghostly racial epithets.

Artistic Populism

A poll conducted last February by Media General-Associated Press asked 1,532 adult Americans whether or not they like abstract art. The response was 35% yes, 57% no, 8% unsure or no answer. Only 42% of the nation's presumably browbeaten college graduates cared for abstract art, against 32% of the less-pressured high school grads.

The prevalence of abstract works among recent government art purchases may explain why only 35% of Americans favor the use of public funds to subsidize painters and other visual artists. Fifty percent are opposed, while 15% aren't sure. Only 10% of Americans feel "the use of public funds to subsidize artists should be a higher priority of the government than it presently is."

At about the time this poll was being taken, Chicago's modern art crowd was being treated to an exhibition -- organized in Montgomery (AL), of all places, with the intention of proving what heartless curs the American people had been back in 1946-48. That's when they massively rejected a State Department show of mostly non-figurative art, sent overseas to represent the nation.

Alan G. Artner, art critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, was indignant about the various

"conservative artists' groups" who, overlooked in the 117-work 1940s show, responded by issuing a formal complaint to the Secretary of State. This led to the Hearst newspapers complaining that eight of the artists who were chosen had "consistently followed the Communist line," and to angry members of Congress voting to cancel the tax-financed tour, which had been scheduled to last until 1951.

Naturally, Artner called the retrospective showing of the State Dept. works "sobering," and said, "No one will be able to look at the paintings and watercolors without feeling a twinge of conscience for every time contemporary art has been ridiculed or summarily dismissed." It is "another example of what can happen when irritation masquerades as education and self-righteousness gets the better of understanding."

In other words, the 57% of the American public that rejects non-figurative and non-representative art is not entitled to its views. The anti-abstract art majority is always "prejudiced," never *post*-judiced.

The same art critics who have been foisting non-art upon us are always beefing about the public's lack of interest in art and the hopeless philistinism of Joe Blow. What they never admit is that a great deal of this lack of interest can be blamed directly on the art critics themselves and their subservient stables of artists. If the public wasn't force-fed a diet of junk painting and junk sculpture, polls would almost certainly show a much more receptive attitude toward art.

Art is supposed to beautify life, not uglify. As long as the present breed of artists and their agents and mentors rule the art world, as long as their main interest is not art but smearing primitive paint blobs on canvas, so long will the public reject their works and so long will materialism and produce-and-consume, having less and less competition from the spiritual dimension of life, flourish.

Stingy Breeds

Black women in Washington, D.C., are playing a new lottery. It's called eating at Chinese restaurants. Two years ago, three such women asked why a 15% "service charge" had been "arbitrarily" added to their luncheon check. The manager replied tersely, "Because you people never tip." The words "you people" cost the Szechuan Garden Restaurant \$21,000 in an out-of-court settlement.

Then, this past June, three more black women, dining at another local Chinese restaurant, had the same 15% charge added to their check. This time it was the waiter who explained that it was "because

you all don't tip." Now the threesome is considering a lawsuit of their own, though the management insists the waiter acted on his own and without its knowledge.

Publicity about the cases has doubtless induced a yen for egg rolls in many an avaricious black matron.

The law says that a mandatory service charge must be added to all checks or to none. But, once again, the color blindness of the law has unfairly handicapped the generous races. It is simply a fact, as any waiter or hairdresser in Washington will tell you, that whites, even poor whites, tend to out-tip blacks, even rich blacks. It is also a fact that blacks in the city double-park 10 times more readily, and Hispanics five times more readily, than whites, most of whom will go round and round the block looking for a legal space so they won't inconvenience anyone. And it is a fact that nonwhites will usually try to bargain a used car salesman down to the bare-bones minimum, whereas whites more often appreciate that the salesman has to eat. But when anyone fights back with a color-coded surcharge of some sort -- wham -- they're out \$21,000.

The Day of the Catholic?

"It's all over for American Protestants," asserts journalist Richard Cowden-Guido in the right-wing Catholic publication, *The Wanderer* (Nov. 15, 1984). They dominated the first 150 years of U.S. history, but "the combination of the Scopes trial (establishing evolution), the Prohibition Amendment, and the Great Depression brought an end to the Protestant era in America, although its death throes continued for another three or four decades until it was finally destroyed altogether in the 1960s."

The exception that proves the rule, in Cowden-Guido's exegesis, is the Fundamentalists, who have survived by "retreating into faithful enclaves which ignored the intellectual and social currents of the society at large."

Since the Catholics were not strong enough to step into the vacuum which was quickly filled by the secular humanists, the downfall of Protestantism "led to a major collapse of anything resembling culture and the resulting horrors are legion."

Despite the secular humanists, Cowden-Guido posits an eventual Catholic imperium in America and sees its beginning in an alliance of the Bible Belters with "traditional Catholics" like Paul Weyrich and Richard Viguerie. If Cowden-Guido had foreseen the woeful outcome of Viguerie's recent try for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, he might have lost some of his sanguineness.

Also, before he went too far overboard in

his prognostications about the advent of a "Catholic era," Cowden-Guido might have ruminated about the history of New York City. Protestantism lost its grip there in the 1920s, if not earlier. The Catholics then had their chance and they ruled the Zoo City roost for some 50 years. Today another population group is steering the municipality and will probably hold on until the spawning nonwhites combine to vote the Jews out. It is true that Hispanics are Catholics, but they are not the kind of Catholics Cowden-Guido has in mind. Blacks are mostly Protestants, but their Protestantism is not the kind that appeals to Cowden-Guido or Jimmy Swaggart.

In sum, Cowden-Guido has been wool-gathering, rainbow-chasing and shooting his pen off.

Provocation to Riot

Punk transvestites wander around a smoke-filled "leather bar." They gyrate, snort amyl nitrate and caress one another's pubic regions. A leather girl fellates a microphone while scowling "SS men" keep the audience covered with their machine guns. No, the production isn't *Inside Harvey Milk*. It's William Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, as slightly reinterpreted by director Michael Bogdanov, the alien showbizzar who nearly caused riots in England a few years back with his scenes of simulated buggery in a play called *The Romans in Britain*.

And no, Bogdanov's grotesqueries are not enacted at some seedy gay theater in San Francisco or Provincetown, but at the Stratford Festival Theatre in bucolic Stratford, Ontario, one of the world's foremost Shakespearian millieux.

Our Jewish Literati

I'm at home only in a prison, history is my prison, the ravine of my house, only listen -- suppose it turns out that the destiny of the Jews is vast, open, eternal, and that Western Civilization is meant to dwindle, shrivel, shrink into the ghetto of the world -- what of history then? Kings, Parliaments, like insects, Presidents like vermin, their religion a row of little dolls, their art a cave smudge, their poetry a lust . . .

So the bitter old writer Edelshtein thinks to himself while furiously confronting the "liberated" young Jewess Hannah, in Cynthia Ozick's short story "Envy; or Yiddish in America." He is upset partly because he worked in a dying tongue and was never translated into English, and soon is yelling at the girl again: "You were never born, you were never created! Let me tell you, a

dead man tells you this, at least I had a life, at least I understood something!"

"Die now, all you old men," she replies.

"Forget Yiddish!" Edelshtein screams at her. "Wipe it out of your brain! Extirpate it! Go get a memory operation! You have no right to it, you have no right to an uncle, a grandfather! No one ever came before you, you were never born! A vacuum!"

And so goes (on and on and on) another Jewish intergenerationalist squabble.

In another recent story, "Puttermesser and Xanthippe," Ozick employs the fantastical mode which she and many Jewish writers favor, in telling of Ruth Puttermesser, an ordinary bureaucrat who is helped by a female *golem* (the Frankenstein's monster of Jewish folklore) and, in the words of reviewer Joseph Lowin, "becomes the first woman mayor of the City of New York -- and, for a brief moment, rehabilitates it." Now that's pure fantasy! (Reality would require the impossible: for starters, that the Scandinavians who fled Bay Ridge be persuaded to return.)



Cynthia Ozick

A while back, Ozick debated the celebrated Jewish literary critic, Harold Bloom, at the Jewish Museum in New York. "It's too bad you are so nice," she told him, "but I'm going to do such terrible things to you."

"I beg your pardon?" asked Bloom.

She pulled from her handbag what Bloom calls "a ghastly essay in which she called me an 'anti-Jewish' critic"; then, by his account, said, "I've been reading all your books for a year and in this I denounce you for the Satan you are!"

The essay, reprinted in Ozick's *Art and Ardor*, accused Bloom's criticism of crediting mere poets with having the power to "usurp the Throne of Heaven" -- a distinctly non-kosher position, according to Ozick.

Today, Ozick says, "I can't believe I ever called him a Satan; if I did it must have been with gigantic marks of irony and play." She insists she loves and respects him.

Bloom, for his part, having spent nearly 50 years plowing through English literature at up to 1,000 pages an hour, and memorizing entire poems like "The Faerie Queene," has developed a consuming interest in Judaism. Calling himself a "Jewish gnostic," he loves the mystical texts of the Kabbalah, though, like Arnold Toynbee, he finds present-day Judaism (and Christianity) "fossilized."

Total Integration

Glen Loury, professor of political science at Harvard's JFK School of Government and a big-time political activist, writing in the *Washington Post* (Aug. 13, 1985), makes a number of revealing points we should remember whenever we are smitten with the urge to cooperate with the integration crowd. In discussing the plight of blacks, Loury offers the startling opinion that his brothers are, in effect, their own worst enemy. To prove his case he points the finger at black-on-black crime, inattention to academic studies, easy acceptance of illegitimacy and the all-too-well-known attachment to public welfare checks. But there is a catch (isn't there always?). Loury indirectly puts the blame on whites by this pronunciamento, "[S]o long as there are distinct races of human beings there will be racism."

What the Harvard prof seems to be saying is that the real solution to black problems is the mattress.

The Dirtiest Trick

In the 1944 presidential election, Republican candidate Tom Dewey was asked by General Marshall not to attack FDR for the Pearl Harbor disaster because the ensuing debate might reveal to the Japs that their code had been broken. This, said Marshall, would force them to change to a new code, thereby shutting off American cryptographers from vital news about Nipponese troop movements and naval operations. Dewey, ever the good patriot, assented to the request of America's #1 soldier boy.

But some recent rummaging in the German archives has produced proof that the Nazis, after perusing secret documents seized from a captured Australian ship in 1942, had already warned Japan that its code had been broken. General Marshall must have known this when he conned Dewey out of what might have been his most effective campaign issue. And both Marshall and his boss knew very well that after the Battle of Midway, Japan, which had presumably changed its naval code sometime after Pearl Harbor, had instituted a total signals blackout, facts they felt Dewey did not deserve to know.