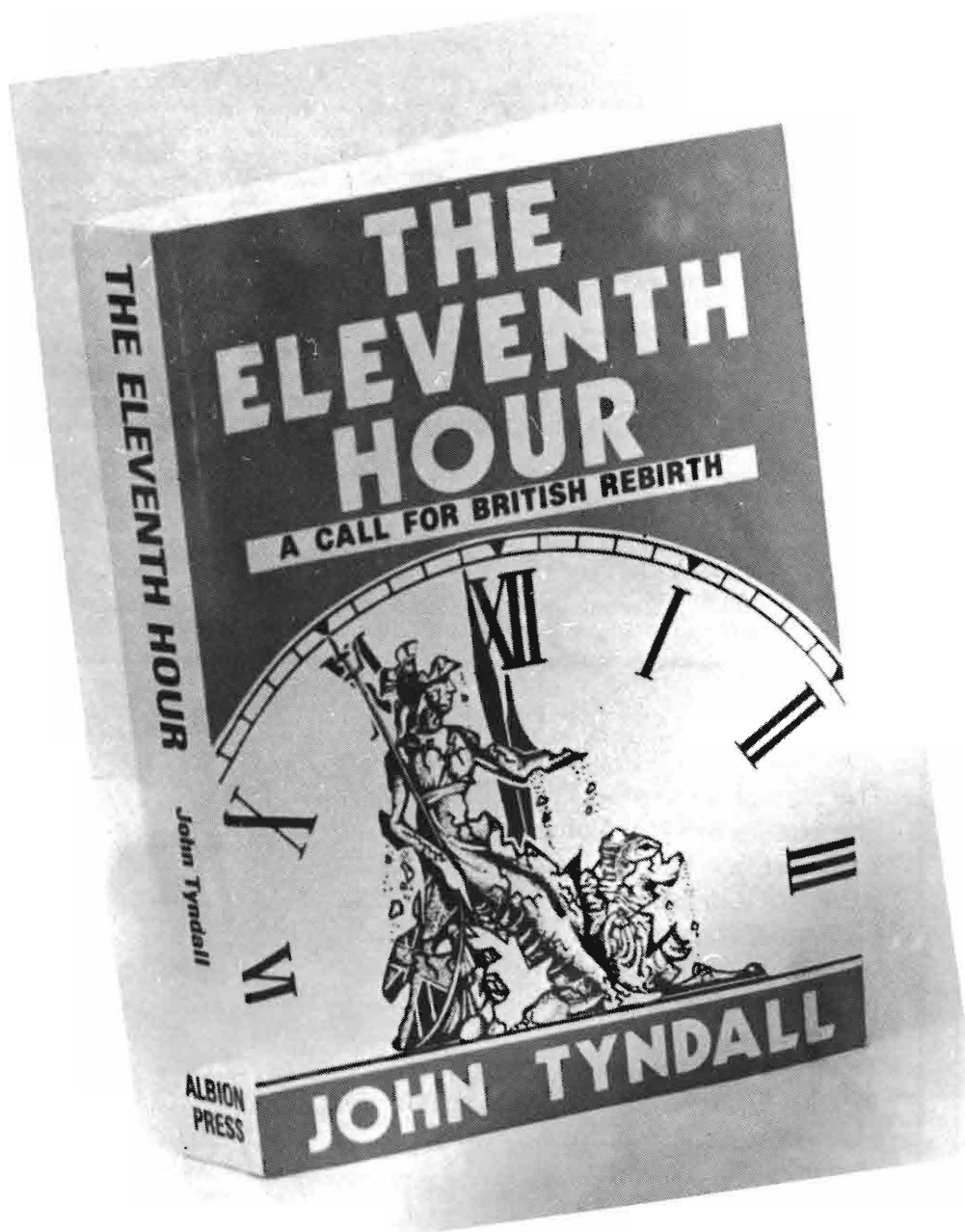


δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

# Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 12

NOVEMBER 1988



*A Compelling  
Work of  
Literary  
Statecraft*

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

What went on in Yonkers was a national disgrace -- but so was Little Rock! An admirably courageous band of citizens can withstand federal pressure for only so long until steamrolled into capitulation. The pity is that they were so few and public apathy so ubiquitous. It's the all-too-familiar we/they syndrome. "That's their problem, not ours." It is ours, baby. Little Rock was once only "their" problem.

589

Very disappointed to learn about Beryl Markham, July's cover girl, a Nordic "paradigm" who had countless affairs, but got round to bearing only one child -- and that with reluctance. Beryl was apparently intelligent, amoral, promiscuous, charming but lacking in warmth. Taken together, these are the traits of a psychopath. I still prefer Hanna Reitsch, the German test pilot and another golden girl. Okay, I'll admit she was a childless Christian, but she is still more deserving of the attention of Satcom Sam.

British subscriber

Editor's note: It's obvious that Brit. sub. hasn't read Beryl's incomparable prose poem, "West With the Night."

Not too long ago, a white man was almost stoned to death when he called a black man, "black boy." But, today, I hear many black men saying, "white boy." No reaction from the whites. They just act like puppy dogs. More and more white men are now beginning to call other white men, "white boys." Is this just happening in Maryland?

218

I'm delighted that David Irving has turned agnostic vis-à-vis Holocaustianity. He gets my vote for Majority Hero of the Year. He also rates the award for his bio of Churchill and his recent book on Hess.

991

My text for today is taken from F.E. Halliday's *Cultural History of England* (Thames & Hudson, London, 1967): "The British, like most northern people, are temperamentally romantic rather than classical, more subjective than objective in their art, more introvert than extrovert . . ." Would John Nobull care to read the sermon?

804

A fellow Instaurationist's father told me that Martin Luther King hired white Los Angeles hookers to walk with blacks in the Deep South to provoke racial incidents. Could someone please find some sources to confirm this? I was just a babe back then.

480

A note to reflect my profound thanks for the achievements of the September Instauration. I've just received it, have perused it once (reading four or five of the principal articles), and am nothing less than intellectually thrilled. Without Instauration I'd be a philosophical wanderer -- a man without a defined cause. With it, the beginning of each month is stocked with excited anticipation and then fulfillment.

220

In a recent survey of 500 ten- to twelve-year-olds in Washington (DC), most of them could name ten brands of whiskey, but only three presidents. As the dusky female news commentator on the local NBC station aptly put it, "Where have we gone wrong?"

370

My bank spelled my name wrong on my imprinted checks. I mentioned this to a cashier, pointing out that when I sign my name correctly, the names don't match. "Oh, that doesn't matter at all," she replied. "They pay no attention to your name. It's the number on the left bottom corner that identifies you." One time I mailed a check to my insurance company and forgot to sign it. When the bank returned my cancelled check, my name had been typed in where my signature should have been.

577

How strangely coincidental! After buckling down and immersing myself in rarefied anti-Semitic reading matter that insists over and over that the Talmud says it's all right for Jews to molest three-year-old Gentile girls, Instauration reveals that one casualty in the New Holocaust was a Palestinian of the given age and sex who was first blinded and then terminated by Israeli tear gas.

070

You know, of course, about Sam and Mort going up the elevator together in their condo building. "Mort, I'm so sorry to hear about the fire at your store," said Sam. "Shhhh," replied Mort. "Please keep it quiet, but the fire's tomorrow." Or how about the two arsonists who were talking about a flood that destroyed Abe's store. "So," one of them said, "how do you start a flood?"

912

My own perspective on the homosexual situation is quite a bit less heated than normally found in Instauration. Simply, I see it as a deep psychological dysfunction -- neither morally evil nor good. The young boys who proliferate throughout our major cities in self-identifying get-ups are an obviously sad lot, struggling with a disturbance that leaves them perpetually disoriented. Your sneering at them seems to equate with baiting patients in the burn ward of your local hospital.

412

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The 1988 presidential election will be the Anglo-Saxons' last stand. I think they are going to make it. Dukakis is going to come off as evasive, slippery and mean-tempered. Jesse will keep his mush mouth going overtime. That's going to fire up the white ethnics. The Poles, Italians and Irish are going to vote against him, but they will be silent in public. If I were handling GOP money, I'd sneak a lot of it into Jesse's funds. The more exposure he gets, the worse for the Democrats.

317

In my experience, people who are employed to rehabilitate criminals have to be watched closely. They rarely achieve any success and often slide in with those they are rehabilitating. Criminals seldom change. Crime is their work and they are perfectly satisfied with it.

284

If Instauration were the voice of an organization, I suspect that it would not give us, as it does, so much news about other organizations.

300

I like Instauration's style. Instead of the long, cold and sterile five- or nine-digit zip, you have given us nicknumbers. It's friendlier.

774

Why do Christian Scientists have so much money? If there is a crazier credo around, I'd like to know about it. Liberals and conservatives hold beliefs that are bizarre, not because they deal with esoterica, like the theory of relativity, miracles, space gods and UFOs, but because they demand belief in absurdities that defy the everyday experiences of ordinary people. How can anybody think we need more economic growth? How can anybody believe that 98% of the Majority is anything other than insane?

208

In regard to the Demjanjuk trial, how come no legal pundit has come up with what occurred to me, who has only a law degree from the Perry Mason show? What happened to the principle of ex post facto? The evidence so far submitted wouldn't be sufficient to clinch a case against a Negro shoplifter caught with a pork chop in his pants.

334

Paul Fussell, whose book, *Class*, I criticized in Instauration a few years ago, has just issued *Thank God for the Atom Bomb, and Other Essays* (Summit, 1988). Almost every essay fits right in with our thinking. He has a story on how an interventionist in 1940 concocted a bogus book, *My Sister and I*, about a Dutch boy experiencing the German invasion. An editor at Harcourt Brace, a middle-aged man, wrote it, not a young Dutch boy. This certainly gives the anti-Anne Frank crowd another example of fraud. Why is it that some of this century's best essayists -- H.L. Mencken, Edmund Wilson, Gore Vidal and now Fussell -- agree with us, at least in part? Even my old hero, George Orwell, if he were living today, would be on our side.

729

George Morgenstern died in Denver, July 23, into his 83rd year. His Pearl Harbor (1947) and his chapter in *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* (1953) set the direction of a long spell of Pearl Harbor writers in the revisionist camp. He was editor of the Chicago Tribune's editorial page for an estimated 35 years. Of course, in recent years the Trib has become just another liberal sheet like the DC Post, the LA Times and 40 other read-alikes. A collection of Morgenstern's stuff in the Tribune would make a prodigious tome. He was a great man. The Denver Post did not print his obituary until July 30. The editors obviously did not know him from any local house painter or taxi driver.

441

### 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.

After Bernie Goetz, we have Carl Rowan. Instead of an obscure demi-Jew, we have a black liberal celebrity. The NAACP tried to pressure Mayor Barry to drop all charges against Rowan, but Hiz Onner chickened out and Rowan will have to face some music. The tune was interesting -- hung jury and charges dropped.

780

Did you happen to see La Fonda's performance on 20/20? It was a travesty! She had been well advised by her attorney to admit no wrongdoing. She restricted herself to saying she was sorry for having upset some of our troops. Like the fools we are, we'll forgive her. I think Tom Hayden (Mr. Fonda) is becoming restless in the state legislature and hopes to spring towards Washington. His new book and Jane's "apology" are counted on to soften up a gullible public.

903

In Instauration (Oct. 1984), Zip 404 said, "Sometimes I think Alfred Hitchcock's motion picture *The Birds* is a sort of allegory of America's racial future." This is tangy food for thought for film buffs. Some of us have wondered for 25 years what the master of suspense meant when he called *The Birds* his "doomsday vision." Now I think I've got it! The plot fits. WASP life is humming along cheerily but is overtaken oh-so-gradually by increasing hordes of menacing dark creatures. In the end, the leading characters have no choice but to get in the car and leave behind everything they own for the invaders. A spellbinder, the film met with lukewarm acclaim from the critics. Hitch was the racial and cultural antithesis of the Hollywood beautiful people. For all we know, this may have been the closest he could come to shouting a warning to his adopted country.

070

If Michael Dukakis becomes President, he ought to send a dozen roses to Donna Rice.

299

Although Barry Goldwater boastfully claims he's half-Jewish, he's really one-quarter. Both his grandfather, a peddler from Poland, and his father married Gentiles. He's getting goofy in his old age. I saw him tell ABC's Brit Hume that his candidate for veep was Colin Powell, the black National Security Adviser.

112

One of my pet peeves is the debasing use of classical music as a background in TV commercials. It's just incredible that a so-called advanced society sits still while its most glorious artistic achievements are desecrated in this fashion. I wrote a letter of protest long ago to one of the Federal agencies. I was not favored with a reply.

012

Why is Bush better than Dukakis? He's not a lawyer.

320

As I pound out this letter, the beasts in the dayroom outside my door sit in rapt and slavish attention, ogling in the brute manner of their kind, paws unconsciously scrounging in their wool for lice, rubber lips slack as if deep in a voodoo trance, dog-yellow eyes wide like antebellum darkies watching in gullible fascination some minutiae of white man's magic. They watch the Democratic National Convention on the Rainbow Tube, listening with sweaty palms to the glorious promises of a White Manless America.

Prison inmate

Once again, the Majority got it in the neck at the Democratic Convention on the subject of personal wealth. I am tired of hearing about Bentsen's and Bush's family money as contrasted with "poor" Geraldine Ferraro, Mario Cuomo and now Mike the Greek. It's time to discuss the Unreported Wealth of Ethnics. Only late in the 1984 campaign did we learn that the Zaccaro/Ferraro net worth was almost double the Bushes'. Ethnics did indeed come to our shores with little personal money, but they were part of a community ready to stake them to business ventures at a low rate of interest (2-3%). Many of them went into cash-intensive operations, such as restaurants, grocery stores and tailoring. They prospered not only in trade, but also in the money they could "skim" and not report to the IRS. In turn, this created a dilemma: they had lots of money under the mattress, but any display of wealth would catch the eye of the IRS. They low-profiled it except in education. Note that Ferraro, Cuomo and Dukakis went to private -- and thus expensive -- colleges.

803

As a graduate of Harvard, I've sent my alma mater a modest annual contribution. Up until now, that is. Henceforth, this contribution will be sent to Instauration, which I'm sure will make much better use of it.

021

□ The ability of blacks to wrap themselves in the protective covering of bureaucratic lingo is nothing short of amazing. In most metropolitan areas, even the lowliest know how to "strategize," establish a "coalition," define "common goals" and confront the "establishment." In Washington (DC), the process has been raised to a fine art. Seemingly, every "concerned" black has, at one time or another, chaired a "task force" to "focus" resources and "highlight" issues. A recent monthly radio talk-show chat with Mayor Barry (himself no slouch in the art form) found one otherwise tongue-tied woman announcing herself as Chairperson of the Credentials Committee of the Urban Planning Strategy Task Force. Said the Mayor, obviously bewildered as to the identity of this particular group of noisemakers, "I'z gots tuh git muh sec'tary tuh calls yuh back."

220

□ Americans should realize that national boundaries, often carved by white men, mean little to Africans. They are completely tribal and the slaughter is never ending. But precious little media attention is ever focused on this phenomenon until the death toll in one week runs into the thousands.

334

□ This year is the 200th anniversary of the birth of the finest prime minister England has had for the last couple of centuries -- Sir Robert Peel. For some reason, this handsome Nordic has always attracted less attention from the media fuglemen than has a certain Lord Beaconsfield (aka Benjamin Disraeli). No friend of "democracy," Peel opposed an 1830 bill to remove the political disabilities of the British Chosen and on its second reading he sharply attacked any attempts to "unchristianise the legislature" for the sake of 27,000 British-born Jews. Doubtless we shan't be hearing overmuch about that in any eulogy of Peel.

British subscriber

□ I'm deeply impressed with Instauration's sympathy for ethnics, reflected, for example, in the "Last Run in the Forest" (Sept. 1988). Most likely, the author was describing a small mill town in Pennsylvania or industrial New England. "Little City" is a lovely literary artifact.

041

□ Best of Instauration 1977 has the pep essay, "Who Are We?" When I read, "We are the sons of glacier chasers . . ." there was a surge of emotion that was hard to describe, a joy that is not now present in our society. I am grateful for that good feeling.

665

□ Congressman Tom DeLay recently went to the Soviet Union and brought back a family of Jewish dissidents, settled them here, helped them find jobs, and so on. This is, I believe, only his first term in Congress. He's learning fast!

774

□ Marshal Tito, that successful mesmerizer, did the same after WWII that today Ceausescu is doing to Romanians and Israel is doing to Palestinians -- bulldozing houses and villages.

Austrian subscriber

□ An American Instaurationist just paid me a visit, and I thought I might pass on some of his opinions about South Africa. He didn't like Johannesburg, which showed he had good taste. He considered the city to be a small and inferior New York. Durban, he decided, was a small and inferior Miami. He liked Pretoria much better, which is indeed a more attractive place -- well laid out but dull. Cape Town, with its magnificent scenery, he duly praised, and he was very pleased with the nearby university town of Stellenbosch, with its old Dutch atmosphere, its trees and mountain views, its flowing water channels at the sides of the streets, its fine hotels and its pubs flowing with wine. It is in fact the most beautiful village or townlet in all Africa. My visitor had been to the Kruger National Park, which is about the size of Wales, and had seen a few buck and a couple of rhino and an enormous elephant at uncomfortably close quarters. He had also been to the Okavango Swamps in Botswana, with its crocs, hippo and other fauna, yet he nowhere saw lions. From here he was headed to the Etosha Game Reserve in the far north of the country, where he might have better luck -- plenty of zebra and giraffe, at least. He saw the Victoria Falls, which he rightly said makes Niagara look silly, and as, in addition to Table Mountain, he had previously gone to the Amboseli Reserve in Kenya for a look at Mount Kilimanjaro, he had seen the three main natural sights of Africa -- though I don't know why the Mountains of the Moon are left out. But he had not seen too many animals because he had arrived at the worst time of the year for game-viewing. He should have come in the dry season, preferably in September and October, when the grass is short and the animals have to come to the water-holes.

South African subscriber

□ I recently traveled down to South Carolina. One evening a beauty pageant was conducted in the lounge of my hotel. Most of the audience was white. A table near the bar was occupied by two Negroes. During the swimsuit competition, when one particularly well-endowed young lady passed their table, the two blacks made some scurrilous comments. Shortly thereafter, a huge white man, weighing 300-plus pounds, walked very slowly and deliberately toward their table. He placed a hand on the side of each of their heads and smacked them together. The noise sounded like billiard balls cracking on a pool table! The two blacks slumped into their chairs with dazed, blank stares on their faces. Several men grabbed hands and feet and threw them outside. My host, sitting beside me, dryly said, "We don't put up with that stuff down here." What a shame that the other 49 states can't take a lesson from the South Carolinians.

720

□ I quite agree with Instauration that it is slipshod science to compare the homogeneous Japanese and Chinese population samples against some mosaic Caucasoid sample. Thank you for the article that showed the Swedes and Germans outperforming the Japs on the geography test. Many types of Mongoloids -- Amerindians for example -- score well below the Japanese. Yet the Mongoloids are always credited with the IQ performance of their best group.

677

□ I've always wondered what the history of the Olympic Games would look like if East German and West German medals were tallied together.

703

□ A few years ago I read about half of Hemingway in Cuba by some Chosenite whose chief aim was to deify and sanctify the book's hero. If I remember correctly, before throwing the damn opus out, the author never mentions the length of Hemingway's Wheeler cabin cruiser, which the Castro mob has made into a national monument. The writer of this extravagant praise for our most celebrated egocentric, self-promoting "character" of the expatriate writing circuit sounds to me as if he was on permanent assignment from the New York Times. Throughout Latin America, the Communists would form little cells à la Che Guevara (the Romantic Mythos of armed violence), using For Whom the Bell Tolls to instruct young starry-eyed aesthetes in the ways of guerrilla psychology. It's an insightful and inciteful textbook. Hemingway loved to kill. Wherever there was a shooting war, he was sorely tempted to jump in. But he never got more than his feet wet. He would just keep breezing in and out of the war zones to get some local color for his newspaper stories and novels. His main base was always the nearest bar. In the Letters of Ernest Hemingway, published in Britain, he writes about a German who came around the corner of a building during the liberation of Paris and stood right in front of him. Ernest boastfully writes that he "shot him in the head . . . and his brains came out his mouth . . . or was it his nose?" Some years later, the paranoid Hemingway shot himself in the head.

296

□ The Democratic party, once called the party of Jackson, is on a long downhill skid. Whites who remain in the toboggan are at enormous risk. Standardbearer Mike let it all hang out in his address to the B'nai B'rith in Baltimore. No more weapons for Arabs, no negotiation with the PLO, more handouts to Israel, a no-holds-barred attack on anti-Semitism. Most important, no more visits to Bitburg! The spectre of a Democratic victory this November is chilling for anyone other than blacks and Jews.

188

□ We lost in Vietnam because we were unrestrained in our faith in managerial and technocratic assumptions -- the McNamara "bean counter" syndrome. The screw-up aboard the USS Vincennes in the Persian Gulf proves his thesis.

582

**If any book can reverse the downward trend of present-day Britain, it is *The Eleventh Hour***

## THE EDUCATION OF JOHN TYNDALL

**N**OT MANY BOOKS change the way of the world -- for better or worse. The New Testament was one. *The Origin of the Species* and *Das Kapital* were two others. We'll let the reader evaluate the potential import and impact of *The Eleventh Hour* by John Tyndall. All we dare say at this point is that Tyndall's encyclopedic blueprint for 21st-century Britain deserves study and meditation. We might add that, if it doesn't register on British minds, Britons may come to regret it.

Britain's loony leftists will probably say that Tyndall has written a *Son of Mein Kampf*. Not true. The work is British to the core, weaving autobiography, current history, constructive proposals and imaginative innovation into a devastating critique of his country's government, diplomacy, party politics and media duplicity. Little has escaped the author's Argus eyes.

Tyndall hasn't yet made it to the House of Commons, but he's been up to his neck in British politics ever since he joined the League of Empire Loyalists in the early 1950s. He first fell under the influence of A.K. Chesterton a relative of the great Catholic writer, and followed him into the National Front. When his mentor quit that organization, Tyndall stayed, worked his way up to the top and was its leader in the days when its numbers, its leafleting campaigns, its electioneering and its highly publicized marches were putting the fear of God in the British establishment. But, as often happens to any political movement that goes too far too fast, the National Front broke up into an orgy of ego-tripping, divisive haggling and selfish powermongering. Tyndall was given the gate, largely as a result of secretive maneuverings by a coterie of homosexuals. Today's Front is only a shadow of its former self. Freed from the impossible task of trying to please a hubris-ridden politburo, Tyndall went out and formed his own group, the British National Party, which has been showing some interesting signs of life. Whether it will get anywhere, only Father Time knows.

Tyndall describes himself as a British nationalist. He regrets the passing of the British Empire and argues for its partial restitution, which he would achieve by strengthening the racial and cultural ties that bind the United Kingdom to the other white nations of the Commonwealth -- Canada, Australia and New Zealand. He would cast adrift the non-white members, such as India and the various Black African states.

In the field of foreign policy Tyndall wants Britain out of Europe and all the European organizations that have sprung up since the end of WWII. Instead, he suggests an alliance with the German Bundesrepublik on the basis that the great wars of the 20th century would never have been fought if Britain had joined, not opposed Wilhelmine and



Hitlerian Germany. He writes off the United States as a hopelessly negative and destructive world force, but hopes that its Dispossessed Majority will regain its lost power and work with Britain to prevent the white race from drowning in the world's swelling brown and yellow demographic tide.

Having served time in prison for criticizing minority racism, Tyndall is understandably restrained when he approaches the Jewish problem. But he is not afraid to talk about the Zionist control of the United States and the immense influence that Jews wield in Britain and other parts of the West. Without specifically saying so, he lets it be known that Britain would be much better off if the Jewish presence could be moved lock, stock and barrel to some faraway land, such as Madagascar. Israel, he writes,



is a logical place to stash the Jews, but not at the expense of robbing the Palestinians of a homeland to which they have an inalienable right.

British politics is totally corrupt, Tyndall observes. Somewhat like the U.S., the British establishment rules by controlling the two major parties, Conservative and Labour, which alternately move in and out of office. When the economy sours or something else goes wrong, as it always does, one party is blamed and the other party takes over for a few years until the first party is called back to clean up the mess left by the second party. It's a rather clever scheme, especially since the seesawing manages to forestall any serious takeover attempt by a third party dedicated to real solutions.

One point on which Instauration might disagree with Tyndall involves his conspiracy theory. It's quite true that the heavens will fall on anyone or any group that starts talking honestly about race in any Western country -- a form of censorship that makes it almost impossible to prevent the ongoing racial browning of white populations on the hither side of the Iron Curtain. Tyndall sees this censorship as part and parcel of a vicious and mysterious conspiracy of an internationally minded gang that deliberately seeks the destruction of the West. Instauration takes a more biological view. Parasites of any species are generally programmed to feed off their hosts. When they overfeed, as they are doing today, the host will soon be on his last legs. Instauration sees the contemporary West as being eaten alive.

We are all loaded -- overloaded in these times of racial and cultural decadence -- with altruistic genes which dominate our behavior and thought processes. This opens the door for the parasites who don't "conspire," but simply go about their business. Practically all the earth's creatures have parasitical hitchhikers. Man is no exception. Leeches don't "conspire" to feed on human blood. All they know how to do, all they can do, is feed. You can't argue with them, you can't have compassion for them, you either get rid of them or they get rid of you.

Tyndall, like Sir Oswald Mosley, one of the few 20th-century Britons he admires, is no supercapitalist. He believes that in the coming economic wars, the British government must develop a coordinated national trade policy in order to compete with nations like Japan, which have such centralized policies in place. The time is long past when Britain or any large country dependent on exports can survive by letting economics take its course. In other words, he is a protectionist -- as any sensible Westerner must be. Without protectionism, Britain, like the United States, will soon be making the best hamburgers in the world and the worst computers. What profit a man who invents the better mousetrap if, before the first one comes off his country's production line, the product thieves in the Far East have manufactured a million of them?

Tyndall is no supercapitalist, nor is he a superpatriot. As he writes (p. 21):

A true patriot must be capable at times of cursing his country, even hating it, when it falls from high standards and proves unworthy of his pride. Most of all must he be capable of recognising those times when his country

reaches the lowest level of its fortunes and then giving everything he has to the task of raising it up again. He has to be able to hate everything that is mean, rotten, trashy and contemptible in his native land and nation, and to fight against those things with all the ardour with which he would fight against an outside enemy.

Nor is he a full-fledged socialist, as he explains (p. 23):

But something still held me back from accepting the full socialist package of goods and aligning myself with that point of view. What that something was I could not at that time explain, even to myself. Some kind of instinct, rather than clear reasoning, told me that there was something wrong with it all, and deterred me from joining any left-wing organisation and committing myself to that side of politics.

Have you ever focused your eyes on an object, be it a person, a picture or some urban or rural scene, and had the feeling that something about it is not quite right? Exactly what, you cannot say. Undoubtedly, some features of what you are looking at are attractive, but a little voice inside you says: "Don't accept this -- there is a flaw in it somewhere!"

That was how it was with me as I looked into the subject of socialism, always bearing in mind that every brand of socialism under my examination at the time was one standing to the left of the political spectrum.

If a third party ever arises in the United States and exorcises the evil demons haunting our political scene, Tyndall's book should become an automatic best-seller. He has been through the mill. Having run into every difficulty imaginable -- from censorship to dirty tricks, to physical assaults, to a few stints in prison -- he has a mass of cogent advice for those who will most likely have the same experiences. His book is virtually a graduate course on handling minority mobs, Jewish disrupters, informers, homosexuals, party wreckers and other distasteful types. In addition, there are pages upon pages on party organization and on the esoteric science of political leadership. His warnings on the dangers of rule by directorates or committees should be taken to heart by activist leaders who don't want to see their work ruined by a faulty party constitution.

Britain used to be a great country, and anyone of British descent, either in or out of Britain, has much to be proud of. What other people can boast of having the world's greatest writer, the world's greatest physicist, the world's greatest biologist, the world's greatest empire, the world's most stable government, the world's greatest system of laws and the world's greatest revolutionists (industrial revolutionists, that is).

Today, however, all that was great about the Sceptred Isle has become small. In an embarrassingly short time, Britain fell precipitously from the top of the world heap. London became a sort of European New York where, as Tyndall writes (p. 173), "a drug-addict can be earning a great deal more money than a leading heart surgeon, an outstanding inventor or the managing director of a highly successful manufacturing company."

One of the most interesting parts of *The Eleventh Hour* is the verbal war that Tyndall wages against conservatism. The author is unsparing in his denunciation (p. 177):

Conservatism is the last gasp of a world that is dying. It has surrendered every bastion of defence of that world, to the stage at which there are no more left. All that it has succeeded in conserving is putrid and decayed. All that it might usefully have conserved it has sold off. We leave it, floating like a rotting corpse on the stagnant waters of an historical epoch that has come to the end of its time.

Tyndall's future? At 54, it is still possible that he can develop and lead his British National Party into the political limelight. Much will depend on the British economy. Let it falter and Tyndall's chances will improve. Let the present wave of false prosperity continue to deceive the West for two or three more decades and his political future will remain dim. But if Tyndall's political activities fail to

make any headway, his political ideas, as put forth so convincingly in his book, are certain to emerge from the dark shadows of censorship and break into the light of day. *The Eleventh Hour* is the most clear-headed, the most intelligent, most far-seeing work to come out of Britain since the death of Oswald Mosley. When tomorrow's scholars and politicians want to know what went wrong in Britain and what can be done to right the wrongs, they will inevitably be drawn to *The Eleventh Hour*. Where else will they find the answers?

*The Eleventh Hour* is available for \$19.50 plus \$1.00 per book for shipping charges from Historical Review Press, Box 2010, Decatur, GA 30031.

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## THE ELUSIVE BUT NOT COLLUSIVE FED

**P**ERHAPS THE MOST obfuscating of the many pathologies of conservatives, neo- and paleo-, is the conspiracy theory spun around the Federal Reserve System, which, it is claimed, was created by vulpine bankers to milk poor widows out of their pitiful mites. Fact is, the Fed's *raison d'être* was to put a hold on the wild financial gyrations of uncontrolled and unregulated banks that were stealing from their depositors by printing their own paper money and making large, unsecured loans to friends and speculators.

Another fairy tale about the Fed is that it was the brainchild of Paul Moritz Warburg, a Jewish international banker. Actually, the men most responsible were Nelson Aldrich, a WASP senator from Rhode Island, and Carter Glass, a Virginia politician of the old school. Warburg did have some input and did become the Fed's first vice chairman. But the first chairman of the Fed, which came into being in 1913, was Charles Sumner Hamlin, a very non-Jewish Boston Brahmin.

A third misconception is that the Fed is a coalition of private banks totally independent of the government and that no one knows the names of the stockholders. Not true. The Fed was created by Congress and can be uncreated by Congress, whenever that body decides to do so. The President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoints the seven governors of the Board of Governors, five for unrenovable 14-year terms and the chairman and vice-chairman for renewable four-year terms. The govern-



Carter Glass

ors supervise the operation of the 12 Federal Reserve Banks and keep an eye on the 6,000 commercial banks that are members of the System. As for the stock, it is owned by the member banks. Since it cannot be sold, it cannot fall into private hands. Bankers profit from the Federal Reserve setup only to the extent that it helps the banking business in general. If so, their shares in their own banks will appreciate and they may be in line for higher salaries and bonuses. There are no payoffs and no speculation in Federal Reserve System shares, which come with a guaranteed 6% annual dividend.

There is much that is wrong with the Fed. The 23,000 people on its payroll make it a bureaucratic monstrosity. But if those critics who want to turn it into a government-controlled national bank had their way, inflation might easily climb back to the giddy double digits of the Carter administration. A Congress and an executive branch which recklessly preside over \$150 billion annual budget deficits, while refusing to make any substantial increase in taxes and any substantial decrease in spending are not exactly the most reliable people to run a centralized, government-owned bank. Avaricious politicians and bureaucrats would quickly overheat the Treasury's printing presses.

The Fed's operations are independent of the government up to a point. But in the long run, the governors have to work with the U.S. Treasury, which can either cooperate or not cooperate, as it sees fit. In recent arguments over international monetary policy, for example, the two organizations have rarely seen eye to eye. The Fed was strongly opposed to the Treasury's campaign to lower the value of the dollar.

Any profits made by the Fed go back to the U.S. Treasury. In 1979 the sum was in the \$9 billion range. On the other hand, the Treasury pays the Fed billions of dollars a year in interest for the latter's huge hoard of U.S. government bonds, notes and other obligations. But, as noted before, no money from these operations, beyond their salaries, goes to the governors or heads of the 12 regional

banks, some of whom make considerable financial sacrifices when they accept their appointments.\* Paul Volcker, recently retired, received \$70,000 a year as Fed chairman. He could make ten times that in New York or on the lecture circuit and is probably so doing at this moment.

Jews have had relatively little clout with the Fed, whose governors have come mostly from the ranks of the commercial banks, a segment of the American economy not yet deeply penetrated by Jews. Two Jews have headed up the Fed in recent years -- Arthur Burns, an insufferable ego tripper, and the present chairman, Alan Greenspan, known more as a compromiser and consensus player than for having any fixed or original ideas, conservative or otherwise, about banking. The New York Federal Reserve Bank, the most powerful of the regional banks, was headed for many years by Anthony M. Solomon, a stereotypical Jewish liberal. Henry C. Wallich, a German-Jewish refugee, has been an influential governor of the Federal Reserve Board. But the main source of Jewish influence in the Fed has probably been provided by Milton Friedman, whose prodigious faith in the money supply as the controlling factor in shaping the economy, has pushed the Fed out on a limb more than once. Friedman forgets production, forgets the work force, forgets the usual economic cycles and concentrates on monetarism. Play around with the money supply, the theory goes, and the economy will come out wine and roses. Friedman's cherished dogma, however, contains no provision for the velocity of money (the rate of circulation). This all-important omission caused the Fed and the U.S. economy immense trouble and embarrassment when the money supply was pumped up to counter the 1980 recession. Most people, in and out of business, were so hard-pressed they hung on to the extra infusion of cash, if it came their way, instead of spending it, or, in the case of some banks, loaning it.

The Fed has alternately succeeded and failed in its task of keeping the American banking system orderly. Its power over the economy consists largely of its ability to control the distribution of money by priming and unpriming the pump -- priming it by buying U.S. government obligations from its member banks and thereby providing them with more cash; unpriming it by selling the same government paper to the member banks, a move which lowers their cash reserves and their ability to make loans.

If its control over the money supply does not obtain the desired results, the Fed can set the interest rates that member banks must pay for borrowing money from each other and from the Fed itself. It can also mandate the percentage of reserve funds that member banks must have to back up their loans (current rate is 8%). Pushing up the percentage is a deflationary tool, and vice versa.

Sometimes the Fed has wielded its power beneficially, sometimes not. Despite all its facilities, all its computers and all its Ph.Ds, it has often been as bad a guesser of economic trends as the editors of financial tip sheets.

What is to be done with the Fed? It is apparently better than nothing at all, but it certainly could stand a great deal

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\* It is true, however, that these "sacrifices" can be made up later by high monetary rewards when these people leave the Fed and get lucrative positions in the commercial banking world.

of improvement. With all the information available in this information-loaded age, it ought to be able to stop economic disasters from happening rather than wait until they do and then try to patch them up. The Fed has the power to stop the outpouring of loans by the big banks to foreign nations -- borrowings which are either in default or soon will be. It didn't -- and doesn't -- use this power. It had the power to stop Continental Illinois from getting so over-extended that it went down in the biggest bank failure in history. The Fed didn't move until it was too late. Worried that the bank's collapse might set off a worldwide banking crisis, it bailed out every depositor of Continental Illinois, even those with deposits much larger than the \$100,000 covered by federal insurance. When smaller banks fail, depositors receive up to \$100,000 on their deposits and lose all or part of anything above that figure.

In summary, the Fed is no conspiracy, no noxious network of Jews, no nasty plot on the part of clever financiers for wholesale stealing from the public. It is secretive in many of its operations -- and it should be. Imagine what speculators and crooks like Ivan Boesky could do if they had advance notice of some decisions of the Fed on interest rates and the money supply. But overall, the Fed is just another big, top-heavy bureaucracy, which rates at most a C for its operation and whose main excuse for being is that a centralized bank controlled directly by Congress and its pack of irresponsible vote buyers and spenders would be worse.

*Much of the information for this article was taken from William Greider's massive new tome, Secrets of the Temple (Simon & Schuster, NY, 1988, \$24.95).*

*Before publishing the above article, the editor of Instauration sent it to a subscriber known for his economic expertise -- and for his cynicism. His remarks, as will be seen, provide a less optimistic view of the value and efficiency of the Federal Reserve System.*

### **A Cynic Comments**

There are some important points that Instauration missed in its article on the Federal Reserve. For all its resources, the Fed is not known to have any expertise in economics or forecasting. And the forecasts put out by the Commerce Department, the universities and the consulting companies are not known for dependability.

What the Fed will do in the next few years about the national and global debt crises is the numero uno topic in the investment business.

Two major events have occurred in U.S. monetary history since the founding of the Federal Reserve System. The first was the confiscation of gold by the Roosevelt administration in 1933. The amount paid for the gold was the current official price of about \$20.50 per troy ounce. Shortly thereafter, the price was raised to \$35 an ounce. This is the sort of legalized theft which has been practiced by governments for thousands of years. Although the country was in the depths of the Great Depression, citizens were patriotic and naive enough to cooperate in the heist.

Organized crime and other more astute groups made a quick 70% profit. Mexicans and Europeans, under similar



circumstances, filled their mattresses with bullion. Americans are now more worldly wise than in 1933, albeit not nearly enough.

The second great event in the recent history of the dollar was the closing of the "gold window" by President Nixon in 1972. The victim this time was foreign central banks, which had been converting their dollars into gold. This action effectively terminated the 1944 Bretton Woods agreement by the Allies to maintain fixed exchange rates based on a gold-convertible U.S. dollar.

The closing of the gold window, a *de facto* bankruptcy of the U.S. Treasury, was presaged by the withdrawal of silver coinage and silver certificates (usually \$1 bills) in 1964. The silver dimes and quarters were replaced by copper slugs with a white cupro-nickel alloy laminate. The copper core was required to fool coin-operated devices which measure electrical resistance to detect counterfeits. In the past two years, the once solid copper penny has been superseded by copper-plated zinc.

The Fed, it should be pointed out, was not involved directly in any of these decisions.

### **Cui Bono?**

Whose interests does the Fed serve? Many conservatives note that the U.S. has had consistent inflation since the Fed was founded and that the principal beneficiaries have been the federal government and large corporations, which rely on inflation to bail them out as they go deeper into debt.

The opposite opinion is held by Julian Snyder, publisher of International Moneyline. Snyder claims that the Fed has used credit restraint and produced recessions to protect the wealthy individuals who have much of their capital in corporate and government bonds.

The truth is, the Fed is just another greaser of squeaky wheels. Bankers make money by borrowing cheap and lending dear. They care more about the rate spread between loans and deposits than the rates themselves. Their profits are augmented by the Fed's fractional reserve system. What they fear most is that some major political party will stop playing the game. So they alternatively try to keep afloat the government, big business, the consumer, bondholders, foreign trade and everything else.

The real problems of the U.S. (and every other country) are structural, not financial. The financial woes are only the fevers that are symptoms of the underlying disease. Taking an aspirin may cool the fever, but it does nothing to cure the infection. The same is true of a quick shot of cold cash from the Fed.

Nothing can grow forever, not even the U.S. economy. Minerals and other resources scattered now in a million trash heaps and junkyards cannot be restored by any economic theory. The free market does not solve problems; it only distributes them. The Welfare State then redistributes them, after collecting a 25% fee in the form of taxes.

When one tries to create a society and culture for everybody, nobody is satisfied. Crime, drugs and social decay have spread from the slums to the suburbs. Hiring more policemen or calling out the army won't accomplish anything, except to raise the street price of cocaine.

Against this background of crumbling dikes, the Fed tries to play the role of the famous Dutch boy. Whenever it finds

another leak, it plugs it up with a wad of cash. The bankers are just buying time.

### **Inflation or Deflation?**

The debate that rages today is whether the U.S. will have inflation or deflation. Will the next recession collapse into a depression? What the Fed does will affect price levels, even if it cannot do much else.

If foreigners stop buying U.S. government debt, the Fed can step in and print the money needed. Would the Japanese then buy still more hotels and office buildings? If even a fraction of this hot cash went into the gold market, the price would go out of sight.

A 1980 law allows the Fed to purchase other forms of debt, in addition to that owed by the U.S. If it was so minded, the Fed could buy up all the bad loans from Third World and Communist countries, as well as all the junk bonds and other shaky financing floated in recent years.

Those who argue that deflation is inevitable note that the public and the world have been conditioned to anticipate inflation. During the Carter administration, inflation and the price of gold took off for the stratosphere. So the deflationists claim that the Fed will risk a depression rather than precipitate an even more disastrous hyperinflation.

The validity of this argument is quite dubious. Brazil has always had high inflation, except when it has runaway inflation. Banks still loaned Brazil money, but wanted to be paid back in kind rather than in Brazilian banknotes. Now they would be happy to get some repayment in Brazilian or any kind of money. As in the United States, Brazil and other countries are turning over businesses and real estate to foreigners to redeem debt. When will all these properties be "nationalized" back again?

The stock market and the real estate market suggest that both sides of this inflation-deflation debate may be wrong. What really is going on is an accelerating collapse of liquidity. Prices of some things are rising and may rise even faster. Other prices are sinking. Some Communist countries already do a lot of their trade on a barter basis, since they have no gold or foreign exchange. International barter is bound to spread.

Private barter and the underground economy will also expand as governments everywhere have more and more trouble collecting taxes. All forms of debt will lose value and decline in liquidity. Some will become completely worthless, like Tsarist bonds.

### **Conclusion**

The Fed was created to guarantee a uniform national currency with low to moderate inflation. It does not and never did have the capacity or authority to cope with excessive speculation in the private sector or continued overspending by governments. (The Securities and Exchange Commission and the Office of Management and Budget, which do have these roles, have not played them very successfully.) The Fed, however, can pick and choose what unpayable debt it will monetize and what it will let sink. This is a political choice and liable to be somewhat arbitrary and capricious.

The real trouble with all conspiracy theories is that they assume a level of competence on the part of international bankers that simply does not exist.

## BANGLADESH -- EARTHLY INFERNO

**D**URING MY SENIOR YEAR of high school, the name, "Bangladesh," was branded into my mind as signifying an unfathomable degree of human suffering, the term "Holocaust" having not yet been copyrighted. What had formerly been East Pakistan proclaimed its independence in April 1971, and throughout the year the wanton rape and slaughter of civilians at the hands of the Pakistani army continued apace. Ten million refugees fled to neighboring India. In December, Indian forces invaded, Pakistan surrendered and Bangladesh was born. A famine of epic proportions came on the heels of independence, prompting the famous lachrymose George Harrison concert and the subsequent album, with the unhappy little brown starveling on the cover. With all these images swimming in my head, and with Bangladesh's ongoing reputation as an international disaster zone and the world's second poorest country, I just had to go.

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*This article was written before Bangladesh was practically drowned out last summer. But devastating floods, the work of Nature, are only minor disasters compared to the man-made ones in this famine-ridden, disease-ridden and people-ridden country. All the problems and evils of the Third World are summed up and crystallized in the human pigpen known as Bangladesh.*

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I managed to sandwich eight days there during a three-month trip to Asia two winters ago. I picked up a visa at the Bangladesh embassy in Rangoon, Burma, the only embassy I ever visited that had a bird's nest in the ceiling. Sparrows flitted in and out the open door as I had my passport stamped. Two days later, after a bumpy flight, I was in the capital, Dacca. Fifteen people disembarked, two of them women. They were probably relief workers. Bangladesh is not on the itinerary of many tourists.

The customs man rifled my laundry and asked me if it was January 19. It was, in fact, January 23. He chalked January 19 on my pack. Outside the airport, I was besieged by drivers of those cute but unsteady little three-wheel scooters known all over Asia by different names; in Bangladesh they're "baby-taxis."

I asked my driver to find me a bedbugless hotel. While he was inside one questionable hostelry inquiring about a room, two women holding babies rushed over and demanded money. I've seen a thousand beggars in my travels, but none as aggressive as these two. They almost pulled my sleeves off. Refusing to reward such behavior, I gave them nothing. My driver emerged from the hotel, which was full, and attempted to shoo them away. As he pulled from the curb, one of them tore viciously at my backpack.

After I had found a room at the friendly Hotel Blue Nile, I walked around town. It was Friday, the Moslem holy day, and the streets were eerily quiet. From hundreds of

Mosques, the muezzins began gasping into their microphones at the appointed hour of prayer, casting a strange pall over the city. They sounded as if they were being strangled!

Racial realities crop up in the darnedest places. I was the star attraction at Lin Chin, one of numerous restaurants in Dacca run by Chinese emigrants but employing Bengali waiters. White visitors attract a lot of attention in Bangladesh since they're so few and far between. A half-dozen idle employees congregated at my table, asking me where I was from, did I like Reagan, why was I in Bangladesh, and so on. One of them, just a shade darker than the milk-chocolate norm, stood off by himself and inquired, "Would you like some more tea?" I said I would. One of the Chinese waiters then broke in, "He's a black man. He is from Africa." Although the man was obviously hurt, the others laughed and laughed. "Maybe I am darker," he told me, "but your blood is red like mine, so we are all brothers under the skin." Well, an opossum's blood is red like mine, too. What else could I answer but, "That's right. Tell that to your critic." He shook his head. "I do not like that man." The Chinese who had commented on the black's coloration and who had been attacking him asked, "What did he say? Did the African man have something to say about me?" "No," I replied a little sarcastically. "He simply stated we're all brothers under the skin." I finished my meal without hearing any further racial backtalk.

After dinner, I decided to have a look at Bangladesh's ritziest hotel, the Hotel Sonargaon. This is where the international fraternity of parasites who style themselves humanitarians like to stay. You should see them! Nowhere is the hypocrisy of do-good liberalism so blatant. Wearing their three-piece suits and fondling their attaché cases, they sit cross-legged on plush couches beneath a magnificent chandelier, sipping exotic five-dollar drinks, while out on the street, not a hundred yards away, families are scrabbling through rubbish piles for a couple of calories of food.

Foreign aid is by far the biggest industry in Bangladesh. Some 80 private aid agencies have moved in, along with various official government commissions, most of them connected to the United Nations. That's why the local mendicants are so aggressive; they've seen so much charity thrown around they're convinced the world owes them something. With this mindset, very little ever gets accomplished.

The social planners, who subsist on human misery, are not at all put out by the do-nothing charities. If the misery should disappear, they'd be out of a job. So it's more and more Western money down the rathole, while more and more babies plop out of mothers like falling confetti. Bangladesh, the size of Wisconsin, now has a population of more than 100 million. I could only wince at the billboard displaying the face of an attractive Caucasian woman car-

rying the message: MARVELON -- A NEW GENERATION BIRTH CONTROL PILL IN HARMONY WITH NATURE. It was particularly ludicrous, first, because 80% of the population is illiterate; second, because only a small minority of those who can read are able to savvy English.

I took a bicycle-rickshaw to the train station early Saturday morning. Near my hotel on New Elephant Road was a contingent of riot police armed with canes and shields, waiting for something to happen. Although people wrapped in gunnysacks were still sleeping on the sidewalks, the streets were swarming with humanity. The traffic situation was totally out of control. As legions of underemployed rickshaw drivers and pedestrians elbowed each other, baby-taxis dodging dilapidated buses teetering from the weight of passengers hanging out the door had near misses with overloaded oxcarts. And everywhere, the tinkling of thousands of rickshaw bells, a pretty sound at first, like a jamboree of glockenspielers, but soon it begins to grate harshly on the nerves.



**Rickshaw madness in Dacca**

Per usual, the rickshaw driver demanded *baksheesh* in addition to the agreed-upon price. I gave in and handed him a few extra coins to get him off my back. What about this nasty gimme, gimme syndrome? Indian rickshaw drivers are just as poor and much more accustomed to tourists, but generally much more polite. I'm not jumping on any hate-Islam bandwagon, but I do believe Mohammed has had something to do with the Bangladeshi and Islamic itch for payola.

At the surprisingly modern train station, I bought a ticket for Chittagong. Soon, I was rolling past miles of tarpaper shacks, cooking fires, naked babies with distended bellies and fields littered with human excrement. I was heading for the second-largest city in the country, not far from where Bangladesh, Burma and India meet. The area is little known and has long been wracked by political violence and tribal slaughters, which have produced masses of refugees from all three countries. Once in Chittagong, I was nervous about going any further and relieved to learn that all the bus companies were on strike. For my evening entertainment, I watched a discontented bunch of Asiatic Reds, flaunting hammer-and-sickle banners, march down the main drag. I wondered how working conditions can be improved in a country where most people don't have the



**Chittagong's market is by the tracks**

will to do anything beyond pedaling a rickshaw, squeezing oranges or shining shoes.

I returned to Dacca. Surely, there had to be something worth seeing in Bangladesh. On a lark, I hopped a bus to the northern city of Mymensingh, three hours away. What a fiasco! What a waste of time! Just another grubby urban slum, gutted with rickshaws. My handbook suggested Hotel Uttara. The room, costing 70¢, was dark, dank and disgusting. As for food, there was not one restaurant that even remotely fitted the definition, only a few caves so filthy, grungy and redolent of hepatitis and cholera that I wouldn't have allowed my dog to feed there. I bought four tangerines from a street vendor and returned to my dungeon of a hotel room, gritting my teeth as I lay on my pallet under a rotting mosquito net.

Returning to Dacca the next morning, I got stuck in one of those clunkers that stop at every village to pick up and drop off passengers. At most stops a few beggars boarded the bus, begged their way down the aisle and exited in the rear -- blind men led by children, lepers, the mutilated and the deformed. It was the "fascination of the abomination," to borrow Conrad's term. None of the twisted and crippled was any richer when the bus pulled out.

About halfway to Dacca, there was an unscheduled stop. A crowd had gathered around a man in his 20s, who was stretched out in the road. Something had torn a large, bloody hole in his abdomen and his head was tilted to the side, teeth bared and eyes wide open. In any case, he was very dead. I told the story to an educated Daccan at my hotel the next day, mentioning that no one had even attempted to move the corpse off the road. He explained that a Good Samaritan in Bangladesh could be charged with murder if the person he is aiding dies or if the police should see him touch the body.

Crisscrossed by innumerable rivers, Bangladesh has more miles of navigable waterways than roads. A riverboat cruise, I decided, would be a fitting way to round out my brief tour. So after a few more days in Dacca, I boarded the "Rocket" ferry service to Khulna, supposedly a 25-hour journey. The vessel was a tawny, cigar-shaped paddle-wheeler straight out of Mark Twain's Mississippi. I wanted to go first-class -- it was absurdly cheap -- but both it and second class were sold out, leaving only deck class. My

problem was solved when a crewman let me rent a berth for \$3, which gave me the privilege and perks of first class and allowed me to take my meals there as well.

It was a relaxing trip and it salvaged my visit to Bangladesh. I was the only foreigner aboard. The people in first class were warm and friendly. Some spoke English well and were eager to talk. But mostly I enjoyed sitting in my deck chair and watching the ancient rhythm of life on the river, which teemed with boats. I saw primitive, overloaded scows rowed with heartbreaking toil by men whose lean, brown bodies gleamed in the warm sun. I saw fishing families, river Gypsies, who spend their lives on the water, subsisting almost entirely on what they caught on their hooks. I saw smacks with crude, flapping sails that Columbus would have called antiquated. I saw many insanely overcrowded passenger launches, the kind you occasionally read about in the back pages of American newspapers: FERRY SINKS; 281 FEARED DROWNED.

We reached the Bay of Bengal early in the afternoon and steamed to the west for several hours. It here that some of the world's worst cyclones occur. The last major one [till last summer's killer] was in May 1985 and claimed tens of thousands of lives. Finally, we turned north up the Rupsa River, towards Khulna, passing through vast pristine stretches of mangrove forests. This is the last stronghold of the Bengal tiger, which manages to kill and eat several hundred people every year. Unfortunately, tigers do more to solve Bangladesh's population problem than anything accomplished by the freeloading wizards of the UN.

We arrived in Khulna at midnight, six hours late. At first light, I made for the bus station. Once again, the aggressiveness of the begging children was astounding. As I stood in the muddy lot that was the bus depot, one wretched little

girl, who had quite a pretty face, dragged herself along the ground, her spine twisted by meningitis. I had to give her a little change. When her friends saw this, they practically mauled me. I managed to take refuge on the minibus that was slowly filling for the 90-minute ride to the Indian border.

One girl came after me and lay in the aisle, clutching my ankle and moaning, "Baksheesh, Sahib, Baksheesh, Sahib." I tried to push her away, but she remained fastened. At this point, I reached into my pocket and pulled out a postcard of New York City, which I handed out the window to the boy who had secured my backpack on the roof. His friends tried to tip it away, but he ran off with it. Now the other kids in and out of the bus went nuts, screaming and demanding whatever I possessed. The driver eventually came to my rescue and chased them off. As we pulled out, I waved to the lucky boy with the postcard. He was smiling and waving back.

It was a pleasant ride along the tree-shaded road to the border, which had been trampled by the feet of 10 million refugees 16 years earlier. I got a very artistic stamp in my passport at the frontier post and walked into India, trying to remember where I had read, "One always begins to forgive a place as soon as it's left behind."

VISIT BANGLADESH BEFORE THE TOURISTS COME, the poster in the embassy in Rangoon had read. But they never will. Ruled as it is by one dictatorial hatchetman after another, perennially wracked by famine and unrest and, unlike India, completely without charm and historical interest, Bangladesh, I'm afraid, is an economic, cultural, geopolitical and racial dead-end -- a country as short of hope as it is of food.

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## WHY NOT A BRAVE NEW WORLD?

**Y**E ARE GODS if ye did but know it." The more optimistic perhaps the more presumptuous among us are beginning to agree with Francis Bacon's ponderable quote. We are the gods in the sense that we now have the capability of molding our own future. The ability to manipulate genetic material and, theoretically at least, to manufacture human beings according to a more or less predetermined pattern is the most fearsome and most portentous responsibility mankind has ever faced; at the same time, it is our highest hope. The possibility of creating a new and improved humanity is at last within reach; the door to biological utopia is swinging open.

Think what a world inhabited by a breed of superior men and women would be like! A mankind freed of all or most of the genetic defects that now strike so tragically and unpredictably and that make every act of conception a gamble! Men and women with superior physiques, more attractive facial features, more vigor, greater resistance to disease, augmented intellectual power; a new people endowed with a vastly multiplied capacity for solving problems! Think of it: Superman may be only a few generations away -- not the power-mad and small-brained militarist that political propaganda presents in its distorted way, but the authentic *Übermensch* of Nietzsche's formidable vision.<sup>1</sup>

It seems inconceivable that so bright a future for *Homo sapiens* might not be welcomed by all with overflowing enthusiasm. But

as we all know, or should know, resistance to genetic improvement is strident, vociferous and unremitting. Ironically, those who most resist improvement are precisely those most in need of it.

The first echelon of resistance is the general public. Shopkeepers, car dealers, clerks, repairmen, construction workers, *et al.*, although not understanding the esoteric nature of modern genetics, are vaguely disturbed by its implications. With his ingrained anti-intellectual bias,<sup>2</sup> the man on the street is mildly contemptuous and instinctively distrustful of the laboratory scientist. While he may show little interest in chromosome splicing and gene recombination so long as these things are confined to plants and animals, he reacts with a vengeance when any attempt is made to control his own breeding habits or his selection of a mate.

As long ago as Plato, and doubtlessly even before, the wise were already lamenting the fact that, while men enter wholeheartedly into the task of breeding improved strains of dogs, horses, goats and swine, they perversely and unaccountably refuse to apply the same methods towards the improvement of their own stock.<sup>3</sup> Such refusal, running counter to all the research and experiments in plant and animal breeding, is believed by Garrett Hardin to have its basis in simple envy. No one wishes to be rejected as a progenitor, and no one is willing to concede that other types may contribute superior genetic material.<sup>4</sup>

If this feeling of envy smolders within even the most capable

and the most homogeneous population groups, how much more fiercely must it rage in the ranks of the less capable races. Even though the American Anthropological Association is adhering to its ex-cathedra pronouncement to the effect that "no one race should be excluded from the rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution" and that "all races possess the ability to participate fully in the democratic way of life and in modern technological civilization,"<sup>5</sup> many people, both scientists and laymen, remain unpersuaded. In his visionary book, *Resettlement*, Arthur Demarest points out that the Constitution says nothing about the relative merit of races. It merely indicates that all races are capable of meeting certain minimum standards and from that premise argues that none should be disbarred from educational opportunities -- which is much the same as saying that since all birds can fly, none should be excluded from the air, while quietly ignoring that some can fly better than others.<sup>6</sup>

The inescapable conclusion is that races generally believed to be inferior, whether or not they can be shown objectively to be so, will by the very fact of that consensus (which can never be hidden from them) be saddled with a severe inferiority complex, a complex composed of resentment, envy and an unrelenting urge to pull down and destroy all those who are presumed to be superior to themselves.

Consequently, any attempt at improvement of the human stock is at once shouted down. However noble one's intentions may be, he is branded for all time with the label, "racist." Jensen, Eysenck and Shockley have been reviled and even physically attacked.<sup>7</sup> This, then, is the great obstacle in the way of any genetic betterment program: resistance from certain races who fear the disappearance of their own kind, plus individual envy even among those races that are selected or that select themselves as preferred breeding stock.

Similar resistance crops up where least expected, even among the geneticists themselves! Faced with unprecedented responsibilities and agonizingly difficult ethical choices, some researchers have abandoned all attempts to study racial differences and gone into unrelated fields.<sup>8</sup> Many of the physicists who helped develop the atom bomb ended up regretting their participation and even opted for the destruction of all nuclear explosives. (Compare Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, where all the inventions of the last 100 years were destroyed and mankind reverted to the hoe, the horse plow and the hand loom.) In the same way, panicking geneticists have endeavored to slam shut the door they had inadvertently opened. Their reluctance to proceed because of as yet imperfectly understood mechanisms would certainly be justifiable, but opposition on ideological grounds is, to speak charitably, very odd indeed. To oppose a human betterment program is tantamount to putting the stamp of approval on *Homo sapiens* as he presently exists -- and who in his right mind would do that?

Deep-rooted sociological and political prejudices can drive social scientists into indefensible positions. Consequently, we hear Amitai Etzioni calling National Socialist Germany's attempt to improve its stock "abhorrent"; we listen in disbelief when he asserts that "the very notion of selective breeding brings to mind Nazi Germany and the Ku Klux Klan," and we read with a mixture of disgust and shame when he confesses (in schoolboy English), "It seemed presumptuous to ignore these statements [proposals for genetic improvement], even though I did feel kind of wicked even thinking about them."<sup>9</sup>

Fortunately, not all scientists and social scientists take so benighted a stance. Julian Huxley, internationally known geneticist and humanist, and first president of UNESCO, has this to say:

There is already a shortage of brains capable of dealing with the complexities of modern administration, technology and planning, and with the inevitable increase of our social and technical com-

plexity, the greater will that shortage become. It is thus clear that for any major advance in national and international efficiency we cannot depend on haphazard tinkering with social or political symptoms or ad hoc patching up of the world's political machinery, or even on imposing general education, but must rely increasingly on raising the genetic level of man's intellectual and practical abilities. As I shall point out later, artificial insemination by selected donors could bring about such a result in practice.<sup>10</sup>

Arthur Demarest adds his warning and his counsel:

The human genetic pool is already contaminated to a point that many consider dangerous. The number of children born malformed or incurably diseased is shockingly high. Particularly alarming is the high incidence of congenital idiots: as high in some countries -- including the United States -- as 20 for every 1,000 births. While in primitive societies abnormal infants were allowed to die, the advanced medical technology of today does its best to keep them alive; moreover, many of the incontestably unfit are permitted to reproduce.

The necessity for a careful selection and mating of superior types and a concomitant restraint of inferior types is dangerous. Yet such is human perversity that every government that has courageously begun such a program has been branded as fascist, dictatorial or communistic. Thus while we continue to develop superior breeds of white rats, guinea pigs, hunting dogs and milk cows, we allow *Homo sapiens* to shift for itself . . . .

Planned parenthood thus becomes the most important single problem facing mankind today. And planned parenthood means, or should mean, not only the control of numbers but also the elimination of inferior types. Sooner or later -- and rather sooner than later if present trends continue -- mankind must take a stand on those two matters: how to control its numbers and how to upgrade itself.

— The third element of resistance comes from diehard environmentalists, who have had their way from the early 1920s until the recent unstoppable tide of genetic advances. Before the 1920s, the common sense of mankind always favored hereditarians over environmentalists. Witness Prospero's verdict anent Caliban: "Nurture to nature will never stick." Witness Hans Christian Andersen's "Tale of the Ugly Duckling," with its heartening moral, "It matters not to be born in a duckyard if one is hatched from a swan's egg." Witness finally the universal proverb, "Blood will tell."

But in the 1920s, John Broadus Watson appeared on the scene to hypnotize the credulous with his dogmatic pronouncements:

Give me a dozen healthy infants, well-formed, and my own specified world to bring them up in, and I'll guarantee to take any one at random and train him to become any type of specialist I might select -- doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief, and yes, even beggarman and thief, regardless of his talents, penchants, tendencies, abilities, vocations and race of his ancestors.<sup>12</sup>

Watson was followed by Franz Boas, Margaret Mead, John Dewey and hundreds of other educators, sociologists and anthropologists, all trying to prove that the duckyard is the all-in-all and the egg negligible. Anthropologist Leslie A. White stated categorically,

There is not one iota of anatomical or psychological evidence to indicate that there are any significant innate, biological or racial differences [between Hottentots and the English] so far as mathematical or any other kind of human behavior is concerned. Had Newton been reared in Hottentot culture, he would have calculated like a Hottentot.<sup>13</sup>

So much for Behaviorism and its preposterous conclusions. But the heresy lingers on. Even though no longer calling themselves



Behaviorists, environmentalists continue to march under the same banner. Stephen Jay Gould, professor of three different disciplines at Harvard, is America's foremost exponent of their viewpoint. Although not yet daring to challenge Darwin head on, he repeatedly and ingeniously attempts to modify Darwinian tenets. The technique is clever: modify first, then abjure. Tirelessly he returns to the charge, chipping away, chipping away. But Darwinism is founded on granite, and Gould's task is not an easy one. His second great mission is the disparagement of white races and the apotheosis of all colored ones. In the pages of *Natural History* (his favorite vehicle), he asserted apodictically that a Hottentot woman, with her wrinkled skin, corn-pepper hair, prognathous jaw, pendulous breasts, misformed limbs and a steatopygy so pronounced that she could not rise unaided from a sitting position, was "far more beautiful and more worthy" than any Nordic female having the misfortune to possess fair skin and blue eyes.

In Russia, the weird environmentalism fathered by the quack Lysenko gave Soviet genetics a 20- to 30-year setback (with Vavilov exiled to Siberia). Will Stephen Jay Gould undo us as Lysenko did the USSR? It is not too difficult to imagine Garrett Hardin, Arthur Jensen, William Shockley and their English counterparts, C.D. Darlington, Peter Medawar and the Huxley sons and grandson, exiled to the Aleutian Islands while Gould and his Harvard compeers rewrite our genetics, sociology and anthropology textbooks.

The fourth sector of resistance is composed of all those who refuse to accept the idea of determinism *per se*, not realizing all the absurdities inherent in that refusal. Far and away the greatest majority of people -- at all intellectual levels, low, medium and high -- are simply unwilling to regard themselves as preset and predetermined mechanisms. They find invincibly repugnant the thought of being a machine, however wonderfully made. Against such a concept the psyche defends itself with all the resources at its command. Here again, and on the most personal possible level, we confront the age-old issue of free will versus preordination, that tattered theological and philosophical dispute which genetics may be in the way of settling for all time, despite our reluctance to face up to the fact.

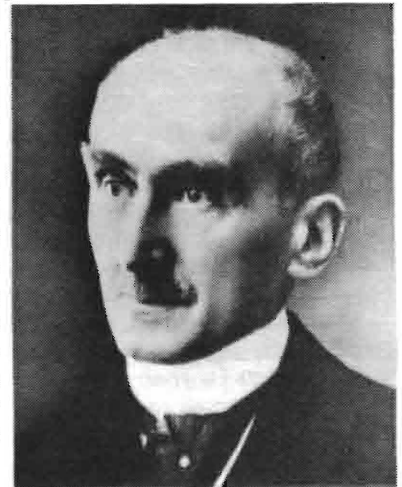
As Aldous Huxley put it, "Knowledge advances in inverse proportion to psychological propinquity" -- which is to say that we know more about distant stars than we do about our intimate selves. While we find no difficulty applying the laws of causality to impersonal objects, we imagine ourselves as somehow exempt from those laws. If a gun is fired, we know the projectile will fall to earth at some point, and we set about calculating the trajectory with relish and precision. We do not dream of attributing free will to a cannonball. We know its path is the result of the forces acting on it: the impulse of the explosion, the bore of the gun, the pull of gravity, and air resistance and wind direction. But we insist that we ourselves are different from a projectile, that we can mark out our own path regardless of the forces acting on us; in short, we conceive ourselves as free agents endowed with the power of choice. Such is the intransigence of that conviction that, in former times, people were burnt at the stake for denying it -- or, in some cases, for affirming it.

It is instructive -- amusing, even, when in the sardonic mood -- to listen to the rhetoric of the environmentalists, who are totally convinced that reconstructing ghettos, building more and better schools, combatting poverty and abolishing the drug traffic will result in an improved level of humanity; amusing because they do not see that taking such a position presupposes a cause-and-effect relationship -- the same cause-and-effect relationship they deny when the geneticist attempts to account for the color of their skin or the extent of their intelligence. Environmental determinism is accepted as unassailable fact; genetic determinism is mostly rejected out of hand.

Causality is like gravity in that no exception to it has ever been found; it is a universal principle, operating at all levels. Every argument that endeavors to refute determinism constitutes by its very nature an additional confirmation of it. The expounder of an argument intends to alter his hearer's belief. His argument is the cause. The change of mind, if it occurs, is the effect. If it does not occur, previous causes have proved sufficiently powerful to prevent any yielding. In either case, the cause-and-effect relationship is corroborated.

Anyone with the courage and strength to dig deep enough will discover that free will is an illusion. All philosophers know this truth in their hearts, although some, like Henri Bergson and William James, struggle eloquently against it. Not only the color of our eyes and the length of our bones, but also our intelligence level, our personality traits, our whole being -- everything is genetically determined. The Predestination of the Calvinists foreshadowed the genetic determinism of today. "The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on." And if we change the color of our eyes or the length of our bones by genetic manipulation at some stage of fetal development, that, too, is determinism, as is the whole march of science which has led us to this capability.

Yet such is our condition as conscious (or semi-conscious) beings that we are continually faced with what we perceive as choices. Where the animal acts instinctively, we pause and reflect. It is this constitutional peculiarity that creates the illusion. "If we had no free will," argues Bergson, "reaction would follow stimulus with lubricated ease. Instead we hesitate and often agonize over which of any several paths we should take." This is a prime *non sequitur*. What the French-Jewish philosopher failed to mention is the length of our hesitation, the amount of our agonizing and the course which we finally decide to take are all pre-determined effects -- the resultant of our original genetic makeup and all forces subsequently acting on us.



**Bergson got it wrong**

The paradox is that, although we have no free will, we must always act as if we had. "As if" are the two significant words in that sentence -- so significant as to constitute the basis for Hans Vaihinger's monumental work, *The Philosophy of As If (Als Ob)*. Our circumstances are so peculiar that we must proceed as if we were fully conscious beings and as if we possessed free will. The alternative is unthinkable. General recognition of the fact that we are not free would lead at once to moral abdication. It would mean a new society ushered into being not with a Declaration of Independence but with a Declaration of Irresponsibility. The result would be chaos. So it is that all political systems *must* presume their constituents to be capable of freedom of choice, and all forms of government fix penalties for failure to choose properly. Take the case of the habitual lawbreaker. No one dares admit that he is a preset mechanism with defective wiring. Society insists that unless he is found insane, he be regarded as a totally free agent, capable of choice. To help him make the right choice, society has invented the billy-club, the revolver, the judge in flowing robes and the jail cell.

Very much to the point is the anecdote which represents the criminal speaking his final apologia as the noose is tightened about his neck: "I am a product of my environment," as the

hangman replies, "And I of mine."

Both are right in that both are projectiles following predictable trajectories. But the criminal should have said, "I am 85% heredity and 15% environment," while the hangman should have answered, "I am 15% heredity and 85% environment, forced by your actions to do what I would have preferred not to do."

Genetic determinism will probably never be received as gospel. The psyche rebels against its rigidity just as it rebelled against the theological doctrine of absolute predestination. In Calvinistic dogma, only the Elect were to be saved. For all the rest there was no slightest ray of hope. Any breeding program designed to improve the human stock starts from the same premise: only the Elect Few are to be saved. Small wonder that the predictions and pronouncements of Garrett Hardin, Julian Huxley and other great minds can never be expected to find general acceptance. Small wonder that the population groups which realize perfectly well that they are *not* the Elect so violently oppose even the faintest beginnings of any such program.



## NOTES

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# Comments on 770's Advice to Majority Activists

"Instaurationists Get Constructive" (Aug. 1988) could start an interesting debate.

Zip 770 asks, "Can we afford to permit the major portion of periodicals like *Instauration* be taken up mostly with news about the efforts of world groups hostile to us?"

Aside from the fact that there are no other publications in the world like *Instauration*, the magazine cannot be everything to everyone. It takes a Herculean effort to put out such an informative publication for almost 13 years without missing an issue. Let's not tinker with *Instauration*.

I see the main purpose of the magazine to be educational, to raise the consciousness of Majority members so they will crawl out of Plato's allegorical cave of shadows into the light of truth. If this means devoting a considerable portion of the magazine to our opponents' doings, so be it.

I wonder how deep Zip 770's understanding of our ideas is. Our differences with the establishment are fundamental and based on both reason and faith. The "impact press" tells us about such abhorrent social ills as busing, drugs and gang warfare without ever getting down to the roots of the matter. *Instauration* should continue to satiate its readers with the bad news, but, at the same time, it must always try to explain the causes. The magazine must make its readers mad enough to start thinking seriously about these social diseases and eventually make them mad enough to turn from thinking to doing. We Majority members are sick, sick unto death, and we can only recover by taking stern action against what is killing us.

Zip 770 asks and then answers this important question: "Is it really true we are a Majority; the answer is no."

The name and concept of "the Majority" was born with the book, *The Dispossessed Majority*. The problem was how to seek out and address our people. The term "Majority" was ingenious. "Whites," or "Caucasians" would no longer do, not even back in 1972, when the *DM* was first published. We still are a Majority in genetic terms. We must make ourselves a Majority in spirit.

Zip 770 asks the somewhat loaded question, "Can we afford to eulogize extremists like Adolf Hitler and native lawbreaking groups like *The Order*?"

Who says that *Instauration* eulogizes Hitler? Fair and percipient treatments of the Third Reich and Majority activists are not equivalent to eulogies. We must establish a forum for truthful history. Making dishonest concessions merely to avoid controversy would simply transform *Instauration* another *National Review*.

Zip 770 inquires, "Is it true that our main problem is the hostility of our enemies?"

Admittedly, our main problem is us. This, I believe, *Instauration* has been making abundantly clear. I go along with Richard McCulloch's proposition that our most grievous fault is our ignorance of what is happening to us and our refusal to recognize that the liberal-minority coalition deliberately tries to keep us in the dark about our origins in order to let us slide noiselessly into oblivion. As *The Dispossessed Majority* has shown, three alien philosophies

have taken root in our social order: Marxism, Freudianism and egalitarianism. The last-named has been openly preached by both competing superpower systems and nearly all the rest of the world. Even the organized churches have fallen in line. The obsession with egalitarianism was not born yesterday. Its promoters have been consciously at it for more than a hundred years, while we were killing each other off in numerous internecine wars.

Our opponents realized long ago that it is sheer folly to attempt to elevate all races to the Caucasian level. Even if Negroes were advancing as fast as whites, they could never hope to catch up unless whites stood still or slowed down. As long as whites are a separate and viable breeding group, egalitarianism remains a pipe dream. Listen carefully to what Andrew Young and Jesse Jackson are saying: "Western civilization may have to be destroyed in order to save the Third World," and, "Ho, ho, ho, Western culture has got to go."

Zip 770 tells us, "We must not over-emphasize our past accomplishments."

We have been led to believe we live in a society that should be shared by one and all. Most of us do not realize that this society was created by and for us. Although most minority members come from failed societies, they immediately claim "our society" as their own and demand all the rights that go with it. The only way we can hold on to our culture is by our understanding that it is ours. This means that, among other things, we must continuously emphasize Majority achievements.

I disagree totally with Zip 770's demands that "we cannot assemble successfully without first working hard to change the image of violence and subversion which our competitors have always used in the past as a reason for denying us the right to hold public meetings. We must state flatly and unequivocally that we disavow violence and racial hatred."

The minorities are organized in opposition to what they consider the common enemy. Most Majority members simply don't understand that Jews and nonwhites hate us not for our vices, but for our virtues. Our enemies are primarily motivated by envy. They have a deathly fear of any expression of our own racial awareness,

which they go out of their way to nip in the bud and condemn in the most hateful terms. They have an overwhelming desire to live among us, while fully aware that we have no reciprocal desire whatsoever to live among them.

No violence is ever preached in *Instauration*, yet the magazine is horribly maligned. I don't even dare leave it on my desk in my office. We have to overcome 50 years of deliberate media falsification about the violence question. If we have a meeting and it is broken up by club-swinging hoodlums, we are accused of provoking the violence. We can condemn violence as much as we want, but the media will always blame it on us. Zip 770 should understand this. A white

student movement that copied verbatim the constitution of a Jewish group and merely substituted the word "Caucasian" for "Jew" would be immediately labeled "fascist."

Perhaps we should consider retaining lawyers willing to defend whites who are the victims of violence and racial discrimination. I, for one, am willing to make a monthly contribution to such a group. It could publish a monthly newsletter describing the court cases handled. Such a legal defense team might gain some nationwide publicity and sympathy. It might even become self-sustaining.

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## Film Reviews

In 1985, *My Beautiful Laundrette*, a low-budget British film, got excellent write-ups. The competition being what it is these days, the movie was worth watching if only to ponder the racial attitudes.

The protagonist, Omar, is a tall, handsome, homosexual Pakistani of about 18 or 20, who hires his blond childhood friend and lover, Johnny, to help refurbish and operate a rundown laundromat owned, together with many other businesses, by Omar's wealthy Uncle Nasser.

Implicit in the film is that Pakistanis are superior to Englishmen, and have every right to be in the Sceptred Isle. In fact, it makes the audience wonder why the white race colonized the dark and not vice versa. If the Pakis are so superior, why they went to England in the first place is an unanswered question.

Prosperous Uncle Nasser is shown making love to his much taller, fair and voluptuous English mistress -- the only important white character in the film apart from Johnny. While Johnny's white gang is berating him for sweeping up the laundromat, he is told, "We brought the Pakis here to sweep up, not you!" Another wealthy Paki, a high-living collector of Indian art and white women, scornfully tells Johnny that sweeping up is all that is left for whites. Initially portrayed as a Marlon Brando type, Johnny is oddly submissive towards the Pakis.

Several times Omar accusingly reminds his junior partner that he marched in fascist anti-immigration demonstrations, to which Johnny's only response is a slack-jawed look of contrition.

Whites are depicted as little better than sex objects. Nasser is so taken with his white mistress that his frumpy Pakistani spouse puts a spell on her, giving her a rash which forces the two to break up. Omar much prefers Johnny to his bosomy cousin, Tania, whom he is more or less scheduled

to marry. Despite a perfunctory proposal, Omar ignores her blatant sexual advances. In revenge, she tries to get Johnny to run off with her, not realizing that he and Omar are lovers.

It seems the norm in films and TV these days that whites, usually women, are the supreme objects of sexual desire, to which the eagle-eyed arbiters of any deviation from racial harmony and conformity are seemingly blind. Perhaps in the black and brown millennium to come, white men will be permitted to exist for the sole purpose of procreating a new generation of sexual toys for the Nassers.

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Once upon a time, Jack Lemmon was an entertaining film comic. In recent years, however, he has devoted most of his acting talents to leftist politics, specializing in roles in which he eventually "sees the light." In *Missing* he was the conservative father revolted and revolutionized by the terrible things done to his son in Chile. In *The China Syndrome*, the pro-nuclear power engineer is won over by the liberal fetishism of Jane Fonda. In *The Murder of Mary Phagan*, he was the great-hearted Southern governor who commuted the death sentence of a Jewish rapist-murderer. *Mass Action* presents Lemmon as a conservative priest who, after much foot-dragging, again sees the light of reason and takes a sharp left turn. Until recently, the Catholic Church was thought too high and mighty for direct attack. But, as *Mass Action* shows, tentative attempts are underway, no doubt to gauge reaction before a massive assault.

The hero of *Mass* is a sensitive youth studying for the priesthood, who seemingly knows far more about Christianity than

does Lemmon, a self-satisfied, cynical cleric very careful not to antagonize his wealthy parishioners. During a "dialogue mass," the young man badgers Lemmon on the question of women priests. The conservative, natch, is much less articulate than his liberal opponent. Later, the local monsignor, played by chubby Charles Durning, expels two seminarian friends of the hero for homosexual doings. Thereupon, the young priest-to-be takes the offensive, arguing that a passage in the Bible shows Jesus and Apostle John caressing each other. Ergo, they were homosexual lovers. He inevitably confesses that he himself has had lovers of both sexes.

Until the last scene, Lemmon wobbles in his desire to protect this "splendid young man" from the "Gestapo tactics" of Durning, who wishes to expel him. Then, in a "mass action" before his congregation, Lemmon appeals for support against the influential monsignor. Who among his following could long resist his emotional call for female and homosexual priests?

Lemmon in the film drives an expensive Mercedes and lives in luxury. German car and Nazi epithets! Both part of the trappings of the "bad guys." How much longer before legal action is taken against the Catholic Church for discrimination?

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### Unponderable Quote

I spent 18 months sitting in a rice paddy in Korea, praying I'd get back in one piece.

Mike Dukakis

*The candidate neglected to mention that he took an educational deferment during the Korean War. He served his time in 1954-55, after the shooting was over.*

# Dim, Dark Futurology

To understand why the fundamental idea of Western civilization failed, we first have to know more about the idea itself. Only then can we identify the fatal flaw in its logic. This will give us some clues as to future cultural, political and economic developments.

Western civilization began in the 13th century with the vision of Roger Bacon that science and technology could liberate man from disease and poverty. It ended with the delusion that people could be relieved of all responsibility.

The keeper of the Creation Myth and grantor of political legitimacy, the two most important functions of the State Religion, have become Science (capitalized to emphasize science as an institution rather than a methodology). In recent decades, Science has been losing credibility with the masses. Fear of nuclear war and environmental disasters have tarnished its once benevolent image. Fundamentalist Christians have been fighting back and occasionally winning. The New Age movement represents a mishmash of Hindu beliefs and ancient superstitions. Many people, including a few prominent scientists, believe that strange aliens are visiting planet earth in flying saucers.

Gorbachev is putting the axe to the world order by ending the Cold War and turning from communism toward the denatured socialism of Western Europe. The U.S. and USSR needed each other to justify their massive military spending and oppressive internal security systems. (The Soviet KGB watches people and the American IRS watches money, which is what each society respectively deems dangerous.)

Big Government, Big Business, Big Labor and Big Education have had it. Inefficiency has far outstripped the economies of scale and competitive advantages of size. The Welfare States are bleeding their diminishing tax bases to support these institutional dinosaurs. Little or nothing trickles down to the poor. If anything, the poor have suffered as the bureaucracy has reinforced their lack of self-discipline and their other bad habits. The question is not when the Welfare States will go bankrupt, but when they will be liquidated.

Technology no longer promotes concentration and centralization. Minicomputers are bringing capabilities to small firms and individuals that once were available only to governments and giant corporations. Fewer technological monopolies will be enjoyed; increased economic autonomy will promote increased political autonomy.

Airlines and highway systems will join

railroads and marine transport in general decline. Shipping a can of peaches halfway around the world to knock a penny off the cost of production will cease, as governments can no longer pay the nickel for transport subsidies.

Population will eventually decline, as will the overall level of economic activity. The life support systems of the earth cannot maintain current levels of population and economic activity indefinitely. Cancer is being induced by growing pollution. Incurable diseases, especially AIDS, are spreading. Decreasing population is occurring already in most major industrialized countries. The populations of these countries have been debilitated physically and mentally by a number of processes, including huge casualties among the healthiest segment of the male population in mechanized wars.

To some people, the coming decades will be a new Dark Ages. Highly developed cultures will disappear. Ancient religions will be forgotten. Some nations will vanish like the Etruscans, or remain the same in name only, like Egypt. This is unfortunate, but the entire world cannot be preserved as a museum of failed societies. New ideas must be tried until the human species finds a culture that works, or retreats permanently to being hunter-gatherers, or becomes extinct.

Most of our predictions are accomplished facts. What has not changed yet is peoples' habits. Everybody salutes the same old flag and pays his taxes in worthless money to his useless government. Peo-

ple still shuffle off to schools to earn meaningless credentials. And they may drop into a temple or church or whatever to worship their version of the One True God. But they no longer believe.

Cynicism starts in the elites, like most cultural movements, and spreads first to the underclasses. When it finally infects the middle class, the working class and the warrior caste, the society is dead. Nothing much may happen for a long time; then, suddenly, change comes very rapidly. Life becomes chaotic as habit yields to necessity.

The world will not stop completely and then start again from scratch. Changes may seem catastrophic in the compressed time scale of a history book, but the Fall of Rome was only the recognition on paper of what had been reality for a long time. A financial debacle, not a political one, will signal the end of the Modern Era. Liquidation of the global debt system, built up in a vain effort to sustain an unworkable society and culture, will be the trigger.

*The above article, which was slightly edited and partially condensed, can be found in its original, unabbreviated form in Critical Factors (Sept. 1988), a frank, uncensored, untearing monthly analysis of financial, economic and political events in America and elsewhere. It specializes in offering constructive alternatives an individual should adopt to survive the negative slide into leftist authoritarianism. Subscription is \$125 a year (12 newsletters plus irregular bulletins). Write Critical Factors, P.O. Box 3639, Gaithersburg, MD 20878-0639.*

## Ponderable Quote

I contend that a Church of America does exist, that doctors are its high priests and apostles, that the faith it propagates is the conceit and pretense that medical science is the panacea for moral problems.

In our schools, the state can't compel a child to say a prayer or to receive religious instruction. But it can compel him to submit to psychiatric examination, and -- despite his own or his parents' moral-religious feelings -- to receive sex education or drug-abuse information.

In courts and jails, neither defendants nor prisoners can be compelled to accept visits by priests, ministers and rabbis. But they are compelled to submit to psychiatrists -- with consequences far more devastating than visits by clergymen could possibly produce.

Dr. Thomas Szasz,  
*The Therapeutic State*



## Nordic Guilt

Some Instauration readers may be hoping that incessant Holocaust propaganda will fade away as the last "survivors" die of old age. That hope has about as much chance as a revisionist being invited to a JDL convention. Tons of thought have been expended on ways of keeping Shoah Business alive and well.

In Minnesota, Rabbi Yonassa Gersham often sees thin, emaciated faces of Nazi victims superimposed on troubled Nordics who consult him about the Holocaust. He even hears Hasidic music sung by Jews as they entered the gas chambers. Gersham theorizes that these light-haired, blue-eyed Nordics actually represent the return of martyred souls.

Professor Ray Hyman of the University of Oregon has dreamed up a kosher hypothesis for this phenomenon; "Fair-haired, non-Jewish people may fantasize they are reincarnated Holocaust victims to relieve the guilt they feel in being identified with the Nazi ideal -- the Aryan Race.

No doubt this contorted *mea culpa* will eventually be refined into a "Minnesota syndrome." It already has an impregnable premise: All Nordics are guilty simply because of their race. (Never mind if they weren't even born until after the Good War.) Nordics who don't feel guilty should. At least they should be decent enough to feel guilty about not feeling guilty. As an extra nicety, reincarnation fantasy is a psychological experience whose falsehood cannot be proven -- unlike most Holocaust claims.

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## Rightful Claims

One characteristic aspect of the racial invasion of the minorities is their ability to lay claims to our wealth -- welfare and all the rest -- without any *quid pro quo*. Their lives go on unfettered and fueled with our dollars, while our lives are becoming hostages to the minority juggernaut. Blacks and Latinos bear their babies out of wedlock, abandon their families, drift into drugs, shrug off all responsibility for their actions and then (surprise of surprises!) demand that we live up to our obligations toward them!

Now, with both political parties serving up the quadrennial heaping of new public welfare offerings, perhaps it's time to indulge in some analysis. For one, let's persuade our party leaders to stop calling minority welfare programs "social insurance." Insurance only applies to future events that involve a small likelihood of occurrence. To forestall a catastrophe to one's bank account from a car accident, a

driver gets auto insurance. Accordingly, we thus become "risk-averse," preferring the certainty of a small outlay (insurance premium) to the small chance of a calamity.

In the case of minority welfare, however, such small likelihoods of the event (child mothers, abandoned families, drug addiction) just don't apply. This is their lifestyle. Their social insurance is nothing more than the transfer of wealth from us, who live normal lives (with only an insignificant chance of social calamity) to those who never make the effort. The consequence of this bastardization of social insurance is that its costs skyrocket whenever alien groups are introduced into the benefit pool.

Conservatives who criticize social insurance fail to make the distinction between programs for statistically homogeneous groups and programs for statistically heterogeneous populations. The solution? Exactly as with some forms of auto insurance. Identify the statistical homogeneity of population and calibrate insurance costs according to incidence of claims made. Minorities, who obviously use social insurance programs far more frequently than we do, should pay a higher premium (i.e., tax burden) than the rest of us. Indeed, this little thought about social insurance and social homogeneity should alert us to what seems America's fatal flaw -- a willingness to mix essentially heterodox societies. Melting pot we may be, but the end result seems to be higher social costs all around.

Economic conservatives claim these enormous social costs are the result of "government interference." Eliminate government programs which do the work of the private sector and we'd see a new flowering in economic and social productivity. The truth is, healthy cultures don't depend all that much on this type of national economy. Both Germanys, after all, are economically dynamic, though each maintains a quite opposite form of economic organization. Socialism and capitalism both work reasonably well -- so long as cultural and racial homogeneity undergird the population and the people are Western or Northern European. Carrying the German model a bit further, even capitalist West Germany offers a formidable package of social insurance programs through its public sector. Cost effectiveness is maintained, however, because a German is a German. To say, "I met an American last week" essentially conveys nothing.

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## Unsuitable Connotation

Although the concept has been with us so long that it may be too late to eradicate it

from the people's store of "knowledge," it is disappointing, nevertheless, to see Instauration (Aug. 1988) employ "vandalism" for malicious, mindless destructiveness.

"Vandalism" is one of the less estimable legacies of monkish chroniclers who customarily satanized all heathens -- a legacy that held true not only for the Vandals, an East Germanic tribe, but for Huns, Turks and others.

While the British vilified the "unspeakable Turks" in the 19th and early part of this century (England wanted the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and couldn't get them), and raised their "hate Hun" propaganda to a screaming pitch from 1914 on, it is the "Vandals," and "vandalism" that have penetrated more deeply into European folklore.

Do the Vandals deserve their bad name even less than do the Huns or the Turks? It's hard to say. By the inverse rationale that makes folk heroes of the lowest scoundrels, it is quite possible.

Vandalism in its popular sense apparently was invented by Henri Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, when he used it to describe the destructive fury of the French Revolution in 1789.

Among the misdeeds of which the Vandals long have been accused is the "sack of Rome." In 455, Pope Leo I persuaded Genserich, king of the Vandals, to withdraw from Rome. On July 6, 455, the same Pope offered a *Te Deum* in thanks for the departure of the Vandals, and the preservation of the city from all harm.

Around that time, Bishop Savian of Marseilles wrote,

There is no virtue in which the Romans are superior to the Vandals. We despise them as heathens, yet they are more God-fearing than we. Where Vandals rule, even Romans themselves become chaste . . . . God led them over us to punish the degenerate people by their cleansing order.

Further evidence that the Vandals were anything but vandals is Spain's lovely region of Vandalusia, now Andalusia. The inhabitants would hardly have taken, and retained, the name of a murderous mob of wanton hoodlums.

As a moral and cultural imperative, and as a point of intellectual integrity, we should try to prevent -- and certainly not take part in -- the perpetuation of this popular calumny. After all, probably every man and woman of Northern European descent alive today has a drop of Vandal blood.

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