

*Whoever walks a mile full of false sympathy
walks to the funeral of the whole human race — D. H. Lawrence.*

Instauration®

Vol. 1, No. 4

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REAGAN

*Old Virtues
and Old Vices*

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Household Disarmament
Reverend Ike
The Ethics of Ethnicity
Will There be a Tricentennial?



The Safety Valve

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

□ Do-nothing Nordics have reached the disaster point for one reason: a dismal failure in the fight for survival. Nice guys finish last! Can't they forget their niceness long enough to make an effort to win; a united Juggernaut of concerted action... meet the enemy at his level? Or are the hazards of freedom too much for them? Disillusionment with my own kind has hit a new low. This is his fight and where in hell is he? Babysitting for the most part; led around like trained seals, softened up for the kill. His virility lost in an ever encroaching woman's world. A new beginning, not rigor mortis, is his salvation. Off on a wing and a song... As a woman, I know my stronghold is where the fires glow. Gentleness is our theme. Yet there comes a time...

038

□ Americans are interesting animals. Their most intense sense is touch. Like moles, they are blind and almost deaf. Smell is #2. Hearing and taste follow. Sight is perhaps last. No other people are so visually insensitive. This list of sensual priorities is not only diagnostic of our country, but of our political and social plight. Classifying cultures, races and nationalities in this way has some merit, I suspect. This is not the one-parameter formula to explain everything that so many people, especially liberals, are looking for, but it is a fruitful means of comparison and discussion.

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□ *Instauration* is the best publication on our side.

011

□ I'm finally getting around to sending you some commentary on the first issue of *Instauration*. I thoroughly "appreciated" it. I won't say "enjoyed" it because the kind of truth it reveals is not an enjoyable matter... What makes me so incensed is that we wouldn't be in the situation we are today if it weren't for the white European Esaus among

us who have sold out their own kind and culture for the temporary expediency of votes... I particularly regard the featured article on "Economics and Race" as brilliant... I also regard "The Silent Revisionists" as a message long in need of disclosure. Actually, I read the whole issue from cover to cover and found nothing objectionable and virtually all praiseworthy.

454

□ I take a somewhat more optimistic position on the prospects for the Majority than do many of our persuasion. I concede that anyone, who in fact has some optimism that the Majority may come out of the mess with somewhat less travail than is often postulated, has assumed a rather awesome burden of proof. As some evidence for my position I would call attention to the surprising fact that Fortune published in its January issue an article which extols the virtues of the city of Minneapolis and candidly credits those virtues to the fact that the population of the city is 97% Caucasian and predominantly Nordic. I would not have thought that the staff of Fortune had the wit to perceive this fact nor the courage to publish it if they did perceive it.

221

□ Congratulations on your new periodical! It is a pleasure to read... I especially like the anonymity of the articles. Your technique is refreshing: it seems to say that we all speak with one heart and with one voice—as one organism... Absolute anonymity will assure that *Instauration* will not become another ego sheet for petty writers who, in these distressing times, seek merely to gratify their shallow desire for public recognition of their vain intellectual meanderings.

912

□ What troubles me is the conspiracy of silence in academia about the discriminatory and inhumane policies of HEW and the English departments that buckle under to government pressure and expediency. Instead of forthright discussion, we hear the same "pap" about more Black Studies, more Woman Studies, and more activist hiring. Even more offensive are items like a recent article in *The Chronicle of Higher Educa-*

tion about so-called "Anglo" Ph.D's who circumvent HEW guidelines to steal jobs from blacks and woman. The old use of expletives now has a reverse edge.

Last year the English Department of Texas A & M interviewed eighteen people, seventeen of whom were blacks or women. The exception was a courtesy interview given to a Wasp male, who was deemed the most qualified. A woman was hired. Union College (New York) had a brouhaha over firing a woman whom faculty, students, and administration all felt deserved her pink slip. She sued on the grounds of sexual discrimination, won and the department chairman resigned in protest and disgust. As for me, I applied for a job at a small Tennessee college and was told in effect "No white males need apply."

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□ *Instauration* is an obscure, almost unknown word. There may not be one person in 100,000 who knows what the word means... This writer checked the meaning of the word several months ago and could not remember the meaning now. If a person of somewhat extensive reading and use of language cannot remember the meaning of the word the magazine is practically without a title. If the opponents of *Instauration* were trying to invent a name for it that would tend to prevent its distribution, how could they do better than to accept its present title?

729

□ Nothing worthwhile will be accomplished through the political system or by the federal bureaucracy. This is the mistake the liberals made. They took over the government; so what? What good is it? It's not worth a damn; I'll tell you that. It's not that civil servants do not work hard; most in my agency do. But they do not want to think. They want to collect a professional salary and pension for doing forty years of clerical work. What a bunch of meatballs!

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□ I understand that your book serves a much needed purpose. To reach those for whom the system's credibility is rapidly slipping. They are preconscious racists shedding the worn-out, ill-fitting skins of liberalism.

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RONALD REAGAN— Old Virtues and Old Vices



Clutching at straws. Such is the Majority's predicament in the upcoming presidential rat race. We've already written about Wallace, the self-denying symbol of our depressed ethnicity (*Instauration*, December 1975). We now turn to his Republican counterpart, Ronald Reagan, ex-governor of California. When we say clutching at straws, we don't mean to denigrate the relative worth of these two worthies. They are the best of the candidates. They are straws, however, in the sense that since the days of Theodore Roosevelt the best of all Republican and Democratic presidential aspirants have only been slightly better than awful.

Wallace rides the Democratic donkey as a potential white racist, though he never tires of refuting the allegation. Reagan has talked so much about the old virtues that the media pass him off as an anti-welfare Scrooge and a strict budgetarian—all of which may be code words for anti-Hamitism to the *New York Times*, but is not much consolation to the Inner City white. Time and again, the ghost of Reagan's father has been called up to prove his son's insistent tolerance. There was that famous night when Reagan père, stopping at a small Midwest hotel after a hard day selling shoes, was told by the manager, "We don't permit a Jew in the place." Whereupon the elder Reagan rose up in his wrath and in a dramatic moment that his son never ceases repeating stomped out of the hostelry saying, "I'm a Catholic and if it's come to a point where you won't take Jews, you won't take Catholics." With nowhere to go at the late hour, he had to sleep in his car. The uncomfortableness of the back seat and the shattering words of the hotel keeper brought on a heart attack a few days later. At another time when his film-loving son wanted to see *The Birth of a Nation*, his father refused. "It deals with the Ku Klux Klan against the colored folks and I'm damned if anyone in this family will go see it."

No, Governor Reagan is not a racist and he has paternal anecdotes to prove it. Neither is he a Communist, though he was once a member of the Stalin-tilting Hollywood Independent Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Neither is he a radical, though he once belonged to the American Veterans Committee, nor an internationalist, though he once hotly supported the United World Federalists. Neither, some will say, is he an actor, though he has starred in innumerable Grade Z pictures.

The fact is that as politicians and actors go, Ronald Reagan is a fairly decent sort. He is not dumb like Fred Harris, not a corruptionist like Milton Shapp, not a hyperhypocrite like Jimmy Carter, not unread like Wallace (he has actually waded through Gibbon), not a crawling nepotist like Sargent Shriver, not a robotized wheelhorse like Ford, not a racial renegade like Jackson, not a Big Labor cassette like Bayh, not a political slummer like Bentsen, not a blackguard like Kennedy, not a low-voltage walky talky like Udall, not an amnesiac like Humphrey (who just can't seem to remember that \$50,000 in cash that Robert Maheu, a Hughes' emissary, swears under oath he slipped him in 1968). Although truth and politics are seldom one, Reagan keeps the separation at a minimum and probably tells less whoppers than the rest of the pack. His habits, like his origins in rural Illinois, are Middle American. Yet second wife Nancy, a Chicago debutante, Smith graduate, daughter of a prominent American surgeon and, thankfully, only briefly a movie star, is by far the most attractive, most tasteful, most composed and most intelligent of all the candidates' spouses.

Reagan, though it is not often noticed, bears certain resemblances to Nixon. The latter, raised as a Quaker, is Irish on both sides, though pretty far back. Only half of Reagan's chromosomes gleam with the green tint of the Emerald Isle, having been passed on to him by a hardworking prototypical Irish Catholic with a brashness and a gift of gab and a bias for toping that would have brought tears of joy to the eyes of Mother Machree. Reagan's father's wife, on the other hand, was a Protestant fundamentalist who won the battle of the faiths, if there was any battle, and brought up her two sons (brother Neil is an affluent huckster) in a dour Puritan household, eventually sending Ronald to a college run by the Disciples of Christ. There he was the leader of a student strike that ousted the president. Later when he became a successful radio sportscaster, Reagan managed to land a Hollywood contract through the good offices of Lew Wasserman's MCA agency, to which he remained loyal throughout his movie career. Wasserman, by the way, is one of Reagan's oldest friends, a fire-breathing Zionist and over the years one of the largest financial contributors to the Democratic party.

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With unflagging crescendo, certain elements within the U.S. have been jealously disseminating the doctrine that guns, particularly handguns, are the prime villains in the chronic escalation of crime. These elements issue at every opportunity—via TV, radio, magazine articles, newspaper columns, organizational letters, editorials and congressional committees—a clarion call for various types of gun control, ranging from the registration of handguns up to a total ban of all firearms in the hands of the citizenry. Their voices are stentorian and are not to be modulated by counter-rationales based on logic, objective statistics or a calm consideration of the pertinent psychological factors in social or antisocial human behavior.

The usual argument propounded by the antigun forces runs somewhat as follows: some persons are prone to violent crime; some violent crime involves firearms; ergo, all firearms should be banned. As all who are capable of comprehending English will readily perceive, the conclusion of the above syllogism does not follow from the given premises and is patently unsound. It is a sad commentary on the nature of humans, however, that the potency of the **will to believe** appears to exist in a ratio something like 100 to 1 over the aptitude for logical evaluation.

Let's look at some of the latest statistics being thrown at us as "reasons" for advocating the abolishment of handguns or their restriction to the military and police.

In 1973 there were an estimated 19,500 murders in this country, of which 53% were committed with handguns. Does anybody seriously contend that all, or most, of these murders would not have taken place if handguns were unavailable? As an eyeopener, consider the statistics recently released by West Germany, where handguns are severely restricted. In over half of the cases in which women murdered their husbands, the weapon was a skillet! Since 47% of 1973's murders were by means **other** than handguns, ought not the antigunner lobby also be concerned about how these victims were dispatched to eternity?

Robert Sherrill, in his book, *The Saturday Night Special*, is fair enough to acknowledge, albeit in execrable prose, the following factors: "[I]t has been known for years that most murders are the ultimate expression of an already long-established chumminess between lowlifes. The only surprising thing about such revelations is that our opinion-shapers still pretend to care about what happens to such people, pretend to argue earnestly that in losing the friends and family of such men we are losing something we cannot muddle along without rather comfortably. It is more reasonable to suppose that the man who is shot while sharing a bottle or the woman who is shot while sharing the bed of somebody who has a ten-year record of felonies and has been convicted of at least two violent crimes is a comrade who has also likely shared the police blotter with him on numerous occasions."

Sherrill goes on to say: "An objective study of news stories on shootings for a year would likely persuade you that not more than one out of ten gun homicides is a real tragedy: the loss of a worthwhile innocent. The others are middle-class trash, or lower-class luckless, or—the great majority—that special hard-faced gang whom most Americans, black or white, would like to see consigned to a genuine ghetto, meaning segregated physically in one section of the city where, with any luck and enough armament, they could be expected to finish one another off. . . ."

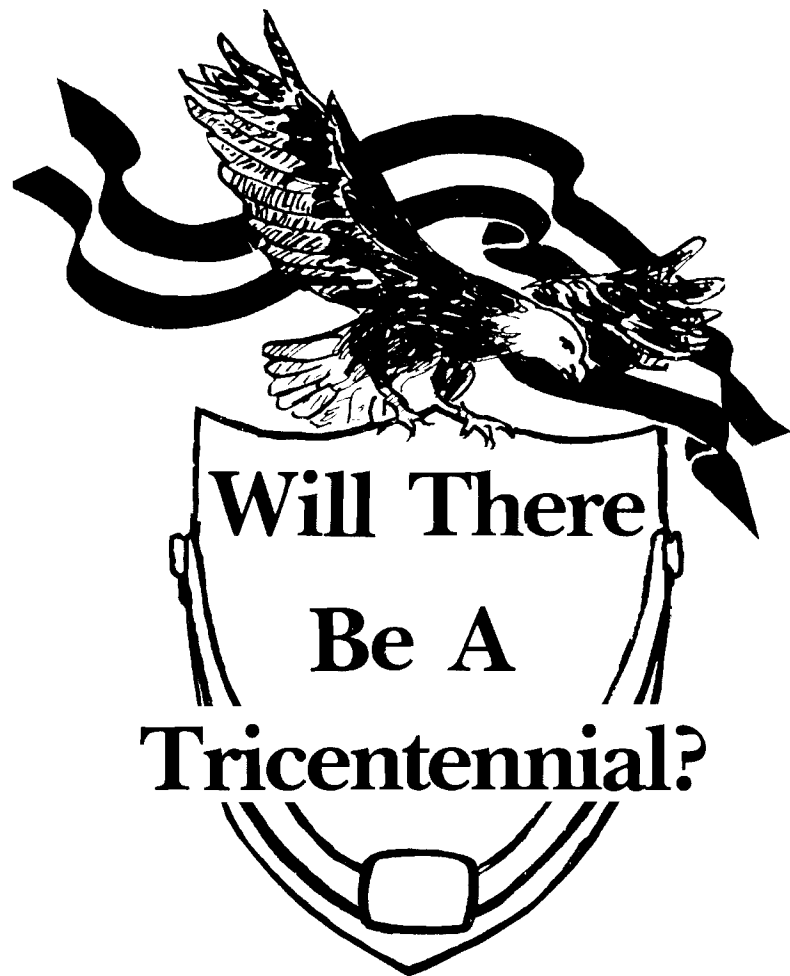
HOUSEHOLD DISARMAMENT



In 1973 there were 252,569 armed robberies with handguns figuring in 63% of this number. As everybody ought to be aware, we already have numerous laws on the books forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons or instigating acts which place persons in fear of their lives. To date these laws have failed to make any significant impression on would-be armed robbers, so one more law banning handguns can be anticipated to have the same zero impact. As a matter of fact, armed robbers would greatly welcome handguns being forbidden to the law-abiding. It would greatly reduce the operational risk factor of their calling. Interviews with felons convicted of armed robbery have highlighted this point time and again.

For many years *The American Rifleman* has run a regular monthly feature, "The armed citizen," consisting of a dozen or so condensed newspaper clippings sent in by readers. The stories relate how citizens were enabled to thwart armed robbers and assaults on their persons by the use of guns.

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"How many fingers, Winston?"

"Four! Stop it, stop it! How can you go on! Four!"

"How many fingers, Winston?"

"Five! Five! Five!"

"No, Winston, that is no use. You are lying. You still think there are four. How many fingers, please?"

"Four! Five! Four! Anything you like. Only stop it, stop the pain!"

Winston Smith (in the Ministry of Love) *Nineteen Eighty-Four* by George Orwell.

The United States of America functions on the familiar principle of geographic nationality. According to this precept, all men born within its borders belong to a common nationhood, are governed by the same laws, have identical rights, and are bound to the same duties. In the event the unity or national safety is threatened, as in the Civil War or Second World War, from inside or outside, the citizens of the United States are required to rally to its defense. No principle is considered more vital than that of geographic nationality, and no idea is more evocative of the deepest sentiment.

In view of the vital nature of this *modus vivendi*, it is essential to understand its weaknesses and any forces that may be undermining it. It is of special importance in this Bicentennial Year that truth and accuracy prevail, if only to understand why there may well not be a Tricentennial to celebrate. For the United States, celebrating its glorious Bicentennial, is suffering from a lethal malady. It has, like some historic predecessors, contracted Race Disease, a national ailment not on any medical agenda. Further, certain powerful forces, themselves heavily infected with the sickness, ban discussion of any possible

cure for it. When the disease is spoken of at all, it is as conversationally muted as was the mention of cancer in the early days of the century. And when this great taboo is violated, the average U.S. citizen, by virtue of a long and intensive propaganda campaign, is now conditioned to loose, reflexively, a torrent of Orwellian Duckspeak that is generally belied by his actions. Up to the very point of selling his house at a loss upon the approach of Negro neighbors, John Q. will emit resounding liberal statements by stimuli independent of his own consciousness and through the involuntary action of certain throat muscles, so powerfully has his brain been pounded by the publicity media.

Here is a condition of towering confusion. It is obvious that the continued existence of a geographic nationality, or a political entity based entirely on territorial birth, is doubtful when, within its borders, human unity is destroyed. This unity is based on six unavoidable factors: race, tribe, religion, ideology, language, and tradition, in that order of importance. Wherever a geographic nationality lacks any one of these six fundamentals of unity to any significant degree, there is an inevitable tendency for the artificially contrived national structure to collapse or erupt in civil conflict. This is an iron law that cannot possibly be rescinded nor ignored and over which no liberal-minority coalition; no hypocrisy; no pompous pronouncements; no sententious clichés; no legal conspiracies; no military and police forces; and no indoctrination can ultimately prevail.

In spite of all the lessons afforded by history, no U.S. politician will honestly admit, openly, that it is impossible to conduct a rational democratic national, state, county, or municipal political or judicial system where a population is racially divided. An educational system will break down under a similar condition. U.S. politicians have been voted out of political control of major U.S. cities by Negro masses, still none is known to have mentioned publicly that the issue of race caused his defeat. There is hardly a politician of any note in the United States who does not suspect, in greater or lesser degree, that a formal or informal Jewish complot exists against the Majority both in the metropolitan centers and in the federal government, but none will state his suspicions openly. Although many, perhaps most, would like to do so, they feel that their own ethnic or religious groups, who secretly agree with them, will hypocritically oppose them if they do so, and that they would stand individually against a massive, tightly organized minority force. They have witnessed, and remembered, examples of this process. The recent case of the American Chief of Staff, who did exercise his freedom of speech, at least for a few minutes, was pathetic, somewhat like Whistler's Mother taking on the SS Das Reich Division, each grenadier of which is armed with a tactical A-bomb on the end of his grenade launcher.

The original purpose of politicians was the protection of the citizenry they represent. It may well be that American politicians are now an archaic and useless group in this sense. They do not serve in a protective capacity for the American Majority, at home or abroad, either financially, physically, or mentally. They are never at any time committed to the integrity of the six factors mentioned as being indispensable to the national safety of the United States.

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REVEREND IKE

"Who shall lead?" asks **Black World** (Oct. 1975). Since the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., no individual has emerged to assume the headship of the black community and to serve as the new heat sink of white self-hate. A number of Negroes have tried to fill the vacuum. Ralph Abernathy, King's titular successor, can't seem to hack it. Jesse Jackson was the man for awhile, but his claim to succession has been shaken by a recent critical review of his career by a black woman journalist (See Barbara Reynolds, **Jesse Jackson: The Man, the Myth and the Movement**). Political figures such as Thomas Bradley, Maynard Jackson and Edward Brooke are looked upon by the more militant blacks as modern lessees of Harriet Beecher Stowe's cabin.

Nevertheless, a new Black Messiah may be among us. Like the departed King, he is a man of the cloth. His full name and title: the Right Reverend, Father in God, His Eminence, Dr. Frederick J. Eikerenkoetter II—otherwise known as Reverend Ike. The Reverend is heard frequently over a nationwide network of eighty stations. His television specials are viewed by millions and his **Action** magazine has over 1.5 million subscribers. Reverend Ike has been a guest on the Tom Snyder **Tomorrow Show**, the Dinah Shore Show, the Mike Douglas Show and the prime time Tony Orlando and Dawn Show.

According to James Morris, an authority on one-man religious movements in the U.S., the Reverend is second only to Billy Graham in number of followers and is destined to become the most controversial and famous black preacher in the history of American religion (James Morris, **The Preachers**, p. 175).

Reverend Ike's religious philosophy is best described as "the power of positive greed." It is a mélange of faith-healing, prayer cloths, blessing pacts, Norman Vincent Peale, Dale Carnegie and Dr. Coué. While Ike's magazine contains numerous references to divine healing, the emphasis is clearly on financial rewards. St. Paul would have been aghast at such typical Ikeisms as: **I can love the Lord a lot better when I've got money in my pocket. Money is God in action. The lack of money is the root of all evil!**

To obtain financial blessings, loyal supporters must first render unto Ike what is Ike's—at least \$100 in \$10 per month installments, though \$5 every two weeks is acceptable from those on limited incomes. For those with no income, Ike recommends borrowing the \$100.

Action magazine teems with testimonials from followers who have received diamonds, Cadillacs, cash windfalls, new homes and miraculous cures. In exceptionally small print, **Action** points out that neither the United Christian Evangelical Association (the legal name of Ike's organization) nor the magazine "assume legal responsibility as to the degree of permanency of reported healings, deliverances or miracles since the *Bible* itself (*John 5:14*) declares that for those who do not continue to live for God, even worse things may come." In big print **Action** emphasizes that once a follower has completed the first blessing pact (\$100 on the line), he should start immediately on a second and then a third. Even more blessings are available for those who have more time, more faith and more money. The dollars are rolling in so fast that Reverend Ike has been able to spend over \$1 million to turn a rundown movie theater into his palatial headquarters and to reserve places like San Francisco's Cow Palace at \$25,000 a night.

Ike Speaks

Be what you want to be. Do what you want to do and have what you want to have. Right here. Right now. Reverend Ike's uniqueness, it is apparent, is in his style not his content. It is what might be called his verbal jive that makes the black preacher something above and beyond Carnegie and Peale. The Reverend is at his best when he expresses his philosophy of life in syncopated maxims reminiscent of fellow blacks Nipsey Russell and Muhammed Ali.

If you can see it, you can be it. Don't wait for pie in the sky by and by. Get your pie now with ice cream on top. Reverend Ike has what you like—greenbacks. And there is always Ike's memorable motto, **You can't lose with the stuff I use!**

At first sight, the Reverend seems to be just another in the long line of religious fringe figures like Sweet Daddy Grace and Father Divine (both black), or Reverend Al and A. A. Allen (both white). But as Morris prophesied in 1973, Ike is reserved for a larger destiny.



Rev. Ike with former Ass't. Secretary of HUD, H. R. Crawford.

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The Emphyrean

A young Protestant theologian speaks out on South Boston and

The Ethics of Ethnicity

What is the Christian response to the South Boston Irish-American who says he is utterly opposed to the busing of blacks from Roxbury into his neighborhood schools and that he will do everything in his power to prevent it?

Are his actions to be justified? Is he to be denounced as a crypto-Nazi? How is the believing, practicing Christian to deal with him?

The racial difficulties of today present a serious ethical problem, which can be viewed from three perspectives. These three perspectives, not easily disassociated, are: (1) the Normative, or perspective of authority; (2) the Situational, or empirical perspective; (3) the Existential, or perspective of the self.

The Normative

This perspective deals with authority, which for the Christian is centered in the Word of God. It is the wellspring of Christian belief and action, and must furnish the answer to all ethical questions, provided they are stated correctly. For example, the South Boston Irish-American views his problem as a racial one. Many other Americans would see it that way. But does Christianity allow such an identification? Does Christianity permit racial or ethnic distinctions between men, or does it view men, for all purposes, simply as men? Is it necessary for all Christians to adopt the melting pot theory, and to agree that the government should use pressure to carry out this policy? In other words, is the South Bostonian's thinking at fault from the very beginning because he makes an ethnic distinction between "his people" and the people of Roxbury?

The question of unity and diversity is a standard philosophical problem. How are the one and the many related? Can you have both? Nigel Lee, following Abraham Kuyper and others, has viewed the unity and diversity of mankind as a reflection of the unity and diversity of God. Hebdon Taylor quotes H. Henry Meeter (*Reformation or Revolution*, p. 524):

Although all nations form a racial unity, there is also according to Scriptures, a definite place for such natural group formations as distinct nations. The important fact must not be overlooked. Had the race remained sinless, there would have arisen in the organic life of men larger and lesser groups, each with its own cultural task and sovereignty in its own sphere commensurate with the task assigned to it.

It could perhaps be debated what would have happened if man had not sinned, but

the Old Testament is clear about the diversity that took place after the flood. Noah's descendants are categorized into groups which more or less correspond to our concept of "races." On the other hand, the genealogical table in Genesis 10 indicates the comprehensive unity of mankind.

As for the Tower of Babel, the Reformed Ecumenical Synod of 1958 had this to say:

Since the confusion of speech which followed the frustration of the building of Babel, it has been beyond the power of human effort to bring about the true unity of the human race.

Deuteronomy 32:8 also stresses that certain divisions of mankind are not figments of the human imagination but are divisions made by God Himself.

Turning to the New Testament, we find that Jesus confined Himself, for the most part, to ministering to the Jews of Palestine. Now that the Christian religion includes men from every nation, the spiritual division among mankind is between believers and non-believers. Anyone, from any nation, who believes in Jesus is counted as a Christian. This has been interpreted by many as meaning that all distinctions among men are eliminated in Christ. There is a very real sense in which this is true. There is a fundamental unity among the children of God, according to Christians, that far exceeds any unity that men have after the flesh. But that does not exclude the Christian diversity. Paul says (Galatians 3:27-29):

For as many of you as were baptized into Christ have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek.

This might be very convincing for the argument against national distinctions had Paul not continued:

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free.

At this point, we are not quite sure about Paul's equalitarianism because again and again in his letters he admonished Christian slaves to obey their masters. But Paul goes on:

There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus.

At this point, it is clear that Paul is not speaking literally. No one could suppose that he was obliterating the distinction between males and females. On the contrary, he makes it very clear in his letters that sexual differences are very much in force among Christians. What is Paul talking about then? He is simply saying that all believers are equally saved, regardless of their station in life.

It can be said that throughout the Bible, the fundamental unity of man is maintained, as is the unity of believers in Christ. But, the Bible maintains the diversity of mankind as well; both the diversity ordained at creation and the diversity that is a result of sin. National distinctions are as real as any other distinction that makes an individual or a group what it is. Even though some ethnic groups have more opportunity to hear and respond to the Gospel than others, any individual from any group who believes in Christ is included in the family of God. The recognition of the existence of ethnic distinctions does not mean that this recognition eliminates the commands of love and the duties toward neighbors and strangers. It merely means that such distinctions are as real as the slave-master or male-female distinction and should be taken into account. The simplistic view of denying all differences has caused many problems, not the least of which have been found in the foreign mission field.

Biblical recognition of ethnic distinctions does not lead to any general statements about the inferiority or superiority of different ethnic groups. The equalitarian school of anthropology seems to be against any notion of mental or physical superiority, but men like Shockley and Jensen state the opposite case. Neither view would seem to be unbiblical, any more than would the measuring the physical or mental abilities of families or individuals.

The recognition of ethnic differences also says nothing about the absolute, fixed character of these groups or the sin or virtue in overstepping the boundaries, e.g., mixed marriages. As the Reformed Evangelical Synod said in 1963:

Synod states as its belief that God's Word does not teach either racial integration or separate racial development as a universally regulative principle expressing God's will for our Christian conduct in race relations. God's Word speaks relevantly to specific racial problems but it cannot be simply assumed that every form of separate racial development is either biblical or anti-biblical; neither can it be assumed that every form of racial integration is either biblical or anti-biblical. The specific and highly complex societal relationships within each land and nation must be taken into careful account when applying the biblical principles of love and righteousness for all men of all races and all nations.

The Reformed Ecumenical Council said in 1968:

Our understanding of the teaching of Scripture makes us conclude that the ideal which the Christian should follow in race relations is that each racial group shall have the right and privilege within its own borders to complete and independent development. Anything less would detract from the ability and opportunity of the race to develop its capacities to the full and to perform its competent service for mankind and the Lord.

Continued next page

The Empeyrean

The Situational

The second perspective from which we can view ethical problems is the situational or empirical. Before returning to the Irishman in South Boston, we should look at the broader situation of other American ethnic groups.

From the standpoint of the American Indian, American history has been one long rip-off. Many, if not most Indians, consider themselves the victims of white aggression. They have seen their control of the land diminish from the whole continent to a number of scattered reservations. The Indian movements are aimed at resisting the further destruction of the Indian nations or tribes by increasing Indian awareness and resisting assimilation into the so-called melting pot. Much the same can also be said of the Mexican-Americans who, by and large, feel that the American Southwest was stolen from them by the Anglos.

Blacks are even more likely to see American history as a chronicle of oppression. They view themselves as a people brutally snatched from their native Africa and enslaved in a foreign continent. Many black leaders feel that their people have been robbed, not only of their freedom, but of their identity. Black Power, Black Identity and Black Pride have become household words. Each new political or social gain is seen as something that rightfully belongs to blacks as back payment for long oppression. There is an ever increasing movement among blacks to define themselves in their own cultural terms rather than in terms of the white culture.

It is more difficult to make a generalization about the Anglo-Saxons in America. Because of their great number and their presence in the very highest and the very lowest classes of society, generalizations are difficult. For the sake of brevity, we can look at the extremes, the upper class and the lower class.

The former has a great deal of power in America up to the present day. Even in the large cities, their social status remains high. The upper-class Wasp has been the leader in all the important areas of American life. This, however, is rapidly changing as Jews, ethnics, and blacks assume more and more positions of importance in academic, economic, and political life. The decline of the Wasp is more than a literary theme.

When we turn our attention to the lower-class Wasp, we find that there is a remarkable lack of solidarity between Wasp social classes. Unlike the black and ethnic elites, the upper-class Wasps rarely, if ever, fraternize with lower-class Wasps. Only in the segregated social patterns of the Southeast can one find anything approaching this, but even there the concept of "White Trash" is very strong.

Although all the large cities in America were once full of Anglo-Saxons, today the Wasps are a small minority in many of them, especially in the Northeast. Most

Wasps have fled the larger cities. The poorer segment of the remaining Wasps have been largely assimilated into the immigrant groups.

There is also a profound difference between the way in which the different Wasp categories react to blacks. The upper-class Wasp is more likely to feel the Negro as an unfortunate person deserving of help. It is a vertical relationship. The poor white usually has a horizontal relationship with the Negro. He is now a competitor in a shrinking job market. Ben J. Marais says (*Colour: Unsolved Problem of the West*, p. 63):

According to Marx there is actual solidarity between the different lower classes of society against the higher classes. If that were so, the poor white groups of the USA, and the Negroes would long ago have fraternized in their struggle against the more privileged groups. What actually happened is precisely the opposite, the greatest enemies of the Negro in American society are the poor white or the low-paid white-labourer class. The best friends of the Negro have always been the higher and more privileged group of whites. As a group with economic and social security they championed the cause of the Negro.

The lower-class Wasps are probably a sleeping giant. They comprise the least articulate of the principal population groups in America. Very few use the terms Wasp or Anglo-Saxon to describe themselves. Most are only beginning to learn what the terms mean.

The last group we must consider is what people described today as the "ethnics." There is not time here to go into each individual ethnic group or the distinctive experience of Jewish-Americans. The ethnics, including the Boston Irish, did not come to America as rulers, nor did they come as slaves. No one can overestimate the tensions that arose in the ethnic communities as they wavered between loyalties to their Old World background and conformity to the Wasp culture.

The Existential

We come now to the third perspective from which we can view an ethnical problem, the existential perspective or the perspective of self. How does the "Southie" Irishman view himself in this particular situation? He certainly has strong and fierce loyalties to South Boston and solid ethnic ties to the Irish community in the rest of the city. A strong sense of place, of neighborhood, of family, of ethnic ties motivates him to oppose a drastic change in his way of life. Unlike the academic community, he does not see his neighborhood as consisting of all the schools or seminaries of the world. His neighborhood consists of South Boston, and he wishes to protect it. As conscious as the academic community is of its own rights and freedoms, it would be expected to have some appreciation for South Boston's problems. But there is little or no sympathy for South Boston at Harvard. The

intellectual community is quick to protect the racial claims and distinctions of Jews, blacks and Chicanos, but not of Wasp or ethnic neighborhoods.

The inhabitants of South Boston see the forced busing of blacks into their neighborhood as the tyrannical act of a hostile government. Professors at Harvard may blithely write off this objection as fear and nonsense, but the Irishman knows that a change of population means that Southie, as he understands and loves it, will be doomed. He has seen it happen in other parts of the city. Even if this were not true, Southie should still have a say in its own future.

The South Bostonian is not motivated to any great extent by a notion of racial superiority. That this exists cannot be denied. But just as a black can stress black identity without necessarily hating whites and thinking himself superior to them, so too, an Irishman can maintain his Irish identity without hating others. C. Herbert Oliver in his book, *No Flesh Shall Glory*, does not allow for this point of view, even though he says (p. 87):

The right of selection as well as rejection is involved in social equality. It is a right which belongs to both whites and blacks.

Yet nowhere does Oliver allow for any selection and rejection on the part of the whites. He always equates any form of segregation with superiority and hatred. Oliver's problem is that he sees only two kinds of ethnic groups in America—dominant whites and oppressed blacks. This simplistic approach makes no sense to the Southie Irishman who asks himself, "Whom have I oppressed? I have worked like a dog all my life." He in no way sees himself as the enslaver and persecutor of the blacks. Now he wants to know why he has to pay for what someone else has done.

The Southie native could also make no sense out of the Reformed Ecumenical Synod (1968) statement on race that says in one breath:

Each racial group should have the right to prefer a measure of distinct development but never at the expense of a racially distinct group in the same country.

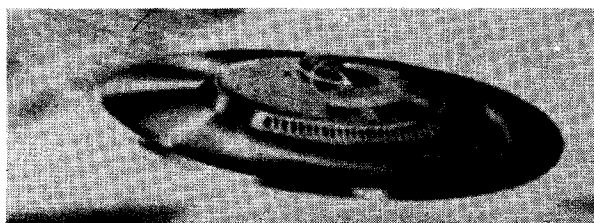
While it says in another breath:

Synod urges its member churches: . . . to reject subtle forms of racial discrimination found in many countries today with respect to housing. . . .

For the South Boston Irishman the very essence of his existence is found in his own neighborhood. He senses perhaps much more than the professional sociologist that a community is a precious and fragile thing. It is also something that is not readily pieced together in a social science department or library. When a neighborhood changes quickly and radically, alienation is the inevitable result. As John Crowe Ransom has written:

[It] is the character of our urbanized, anti-provincial, progressive, and mobile American life that it is in a condition of

Continued on page 11



Clupei Ardentis

We see no proof of the existence in the universe of intelligent beings or conscious powers superior to man, but one cannot exclude the possibility that they exist. We discount all statistical guesses about the number of suns that "probably" have planets and the number of planets that "probably" have the conditions that, so far as we know, are requisite for the chemical reactions that produce living organisms. Having no conclusive evidence that there are other solar systems in the universe, we are left with the strange phenomena that the Romans called **clupei ardentis** and we call "flying saucers" or "unidentified objects." Some of the reported sightings seem most unlikely to be the result of either illusion or mendacity, and if they are not, they certainly suggest mechanisms controlled by intelligent beings and operated by forces unknown to us. The question, however, has been seriously complicated by the recent disclosure that the C.I.A. has been financing persistent efforts to prove that such things do not exist. One wonders whether our enemies' interest in exciting disbelief is an indication that they know what the strange objects really are. The natural suspicion that the objects are secret devices of terrestrial origin seems negated by some apparently authentic reports of sightings in earlier centuries, when surely no one can have known how to construct such machines. It is, however, always possible that some group on earth, supplied with unlimited funds by the tax-paying boobs in this country, has discovered a way to produce imitations of meteorological objects seen in earlier times.

As a more or less whimsical speculation, we might allow that the mysterious mechanisms are still in an experimental stage, and that when they have been perfected and manufactured in sufficient numbers, there will be a grandiose display of them over this and other Western nations, and that the display will be accompanied by the establishment of communication with the operators, highly intelligent beings who will describe themselves as the members of a vastly superior civilization on a distant planet, will naturally speak Hebrew, and will insist that this barbaric planet advance to the enjoyment of World Peace, as only they know how to piece it together, given the Majority's present state of intellectual petrification. For this specu-

lation one can say that if such is the plan, it will certainly work.

We do not entirely deprecate the wonder books now produced in such quantity by Erich von Daniken, Richard Mooney, et al. They exasperate by the grossness of their errors when they cite sources by tenth hand and when their disorderly display of evidence is in keeping with the type of reasoning used by social scientists. Sooner or later we confidently expect one of them to produce something like this:

Cinderella attended a ball and vanished at midnight. Was she a visitor from another planet who knew how to move into another dimension? She vanished exactly at midnight when the right ascension of the sun changes from increasingly minus to decreasingly minus. That is proof of an advanced knowledge of celestial mechanics, which no one could have had in those old times. And she wore glass slippers [in the English version by a translator who mistook *vair* for *vairre*, the archaic form of *verre*], which proves that she needed to insulate herself from the earth's surface, so she must have maintained herself in our dimensions by means of an electromagnetic charge that would have been dissipated by contact with the earth's field. It is impossible to think of any other reason for putting one's feet in vitreous footwear.

Despite the silliness of such wonder books, they perform a very valuable service by (1) calling attention to a large number of anthropological and archaeological problems that require systematic and objective investigation, such as the mentality of our race alone makes possible, and which have thus far been ignored or dismissed with sciolistic generalizations; and (2) they do remind their readers that wherever vestiges of what may properly be called civilization are found on this planet, we find either unmistakable physical evidence or persistent native traditions to show that the culture was brought by a small number of white men in a prehistoric time, and there are usually indications that the culture deteriorated after the white men moved on or, as more commonly happened, left descendants that were absorbed in the native masses. That is a fact of which intelligent Americans cannot be too often reminded. If reminded often enough, they might even begin to think about their own precarious situation.

The Distinguished Gov. of Md.

Governor Marvin Mandel has recently been indicted by a grand jury for (1) mail fraud; (2) reporting his income falsely; (3) violating a federal statute that prohibits racketeering. The central charge against the governor is that he accepted a bribe in the form of shares worth \$100,000 in real estate investments. In 1971 Mandel vetoed legislation that would have increased the profits of a Maryland racetrack. According to the prosecutors, the track's owners then sold it to friends of Mandel. Next the governor allegedly used his influence with the legislature's Democratic majority to have his veto overridden. In return, the prosecution claims Mandel received the real estate shares from his friends. It will be remembered that Mandel recently divorced his Jewish wife, who then staged a long sitdown strike in the governor's mansion. In the interim Mandel remarried, this time to a Majority divorcée who converted to Judaism before becoming Maryland's First Lady.

The Distinguished Lt. Gov. of Colo.

George Brown, the first black lieutenant governor since Reconstruction, recently claimed that he had been tortured, chained to a wall and branded with a "K" by an Alabama farmer during World War II. Soon afterwards, members of a black college fraternity told newsmen that Brown had been branded as part of an initiation ceremony. Brown then retracted his original story but still claimed that the incident happened to a fellow Air Force training cadet. The U.S. Air Force has categorically denied these charges.

94th Congress

In the 1974 elections only 38% of those eligible to vote did so. The nationwide Democratic landslide resulted in the Republican's losing 42 seats in the House, 3 seats in the Senate, many state governorships and control of several state legislatures. Nine new Jews were elected to the House, increasing the number of Jewish congressmen from 12 to 21. In the Senate, the major opponent of the Zionist lobby, J. William Fulbright, was defeated for reelection, as was John Rarick in the House. (In Britain, where Jews make up 1% of the population, they hold 7% of the seats in the Commons.) The 93rd Congress had 15 Negroes in the House, and one nonvoting delegate from D.C. All 16 were reelected in 1974, and an additional seat was won by Harold E. Ford of Tennessee. Only 3 members of the Black Caucus do not vote with the Israel Lobby: Chisholm, Dellums and Mitchell.

The Cultural Catacombs

Kindredness \

Those unhappy few of us who believe in race seldom fail to stress its importance. But how often in comparison to the full-time minority racists, do we behave racially? How many of us choose our friends, our teachers, our business associates, our entertainment, our art on the basis of race? Surely not enough of us. We think we prefer reading matter that reflects at least some glimmer of Majority race consciousness. But aren't we often so intellectually starved that we gravitate to the less objectionable advocates of the established equalitarian or minority viewpoint.

In sum, aren't we the first to violate, consciously or unconsciously, the very racial standards we ourselves have set up?

It is not too difficult to identify the race of those with whom we deal in our social and economic life. We do it all the time. But when we make the identification we do not always act on it. Perhaps out of fear, perhaps because we are lazy, perhaps out of "fairness," we continuously make exceptions. We reserve for ourselves the right to appoint "honorary Majority members" whenever the need arises. If a friend has a good word for someone, though he may look and act like a Hottentot, we frequently accept him as one of us.

When the curtains are drawn and the TV is turned off, we say we feel strongly about race. Next day we shut our mind's eye and our inner ear and miscegenate back and forth across the whole spectrum of human relationships. We are not only unable to break a bad habit. We are unable to break our worst habit.

Sometimes we excuse our actions by saying we didn't know that such and such was of a different race. This is really no excuse. Even at a distance, even without seeing him or knowing anything about him, we can usually pinpoint a minority member, not so much by what he says or does but by how he says or does it. Style is a better clue to race than content.

We of Northern European descent come equipped with an abundance of virtues, but not the all-important *collective* virtue. Historically, although we are hereditary loners, we have proved ourselves capable of loyalty to king, feudal chief, bishop, flag and family. But somehow we cannot get around to being loyal to our extended family, our race. It is this defect that is almost wholly to blame for the past and present downswing in our curve of power. Race unconsciousness explains why, when our patent on high civilization is infringed, the patent is so weakly defended.

Racial loyalty may be described as the hibernating loyalty of Northern Euro-

peans. It only surfaces at the rarest and most crucial moments in our history. It was quite evident at Attila's about-face on the Catalaunian plains, though there were Germans in the Hunnish hordes. It was more evident at the Arab defeat at Tours and at the turning back of the Turks before Vienna. But when the invasion comes from within, when the enemies are "fellow citizens," the loyalty is harder to arouse, though the danger may be far greater.

While awaiting that day of days—the day of a universal explosion of Majority raciality—those of us who are most anxious to welcome it might start the ball rolling. We must not let group awareness remain the exclusive weapon of minority ethnarchs.

Racial loyalty. It has a noble ring. It is time we paid it more than lip service. We cannot afford many more Dresdens, Sommes, Antietams, Hastings, Saxoncides, Teutoburger Walds and Mantineas.

The B'rithed Press

The Anti-Defamation League, after carefully scrutinizing what it called the "editorial reaction of the nation's top fifty newspapers," happily reported that they were unanimous in their condemnation of the UN for equating Zionism with racism. The condemnation was just as unanimous, and much more forceful, *ahead* of the editorial pages—in the headlines, where news manipulation really counts. Either way, we think it utterly predictable but still curious that the editors of fifty different newspapers, all presumably with minds of their own, arrived at the identical conclusion that a modern version of the world's oldest and most enduring racism is not racism at all. A similar editorial reaction in Russia would be put down as typically totalitarian. But a 50 to 0 newspaper response here disturbs not one high mucky muck, not even those who sermonize that diversity of opinion is the hallmark of true liberalism.

Man of the (Whole) Cloth

At the recent World Council of Churches meeting in Nairobi, Kenya, the Reverend Robert McAfee Brown, a Presbyterian from Stanford University, was one of the two major speakers. The other was Prime Minister Michael Manley of Jamaica, who catalyzed Third World xenophobia with a doctrinaire attack on the U.S. Did the Re-

verend Brown rise to defend America? Not exactly. First he damned the erstwhile U.S. presence in Vietnam and the Americans' use of napalm to maintain that presence. He then damned himself for being a male. He then apologized for being an American. He then went so far as to say he was ashamed of his native language. To prove it, he gave the latter half of his speech in Spanish.

The Forgotten Anthropologist

In the final decade of the 19th century, a French anthropologist, Vacher de Lapouge, wrote two books which should be in every library in the United States, but which have never even been translated into English. One of them *Les sélections sociales* emphasized the negative, man-made, selective processes operating in the West to nullify the evolutionary advances of natural selection. Lapouge's chief villains were: (1) the Church, because of its evangelical equalitarianism; (2) the Military, because the West's best blood was being wasted in fratricidal wars; (3) Finance Capitalism, because it stimulated the growth of huge metropolises where Northern Europeans bred less and other human breeds bred more. Urban living, he asserted, was the prime culprit in the brachycephalization or Alpinization of the European Nordics.

Since anthropologists are no longer permitted to put forth such ideas, it is not hard to understand why Lapouge has been forgotten. Few would dare to remember him. But certain predictions that Lapouge made in another book *L'Aryen, son rôle social* have caused even the most hardened Boasites to raise their bushy eyebrows.

The hopelessly wrong prognostications of Marx that the proletarian revolution would come first in the industrially advanced nations and last in such backward countries as China and Russia, should have destroyed his credibility for all time. Instead it increased it. Fanatics will forgive their leaders every inanity. Lapouge, on the other hand, had an uncannily correct view of the future, and was rewarded with oblivion.

Marx based his predictions on a weird amalgam of false economic and sociological dogmata. Lapouge based his on biology and comparative genetics. Writing in the 1890s, Lapouge predicted "absolute socialism" for Russia and an eventual contest for world domination between Russia and the United States. He was not worried about the Far East, but the thought of Russia stationing Mongoloid troops in the "historical museum" of Europe disturbed him no end. Because America was more

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Nordic than Russia, he gave us the edge. In his opinion we were more resourceful. But he was fully aware of the biological dangers to America of indiscriminate immigration and the high black birthrate.

His outlook for Germany was incredibly accurate. He foresaw a great but short-lived expansion and consolidation of German power, including the annexation of Austria, all to culminate in a German defeat in a world war. He felt sorry for the German mothers whose children would go to America and then return to Europe to war against the fatherland.

As for the distant future, Lapouge predicted a universal state under the aegis of the victor in the Russian-American super-bowl. It would be garrisoned by a small but highly trained group of soldier-technologists. He indicated that the forward march of civilization would depend on how well the victor treated the vanquished. In one sense he was optimistic. He decided there were enough Nordic genes left in both Russia and the United States to insure the presence of an intelligent and creative leadership no matter which nation won.

The choking liberal-minority influence on anthropology was already at work almost a century ago, so Lapouge became a nonperson in his own lifetime. He spent his last thirty years as an entomologist. Even in Poitiers, where his family had lived for a thousand years, no one remembers him. His grandson, a gynecologist, when asked about the possibility of relinquishing a copy of each of his grandfather's two most important works, demanded \$15,000 from the writer of this article. The books are rare, but not that rare.

Round-headed or long-headed, Lapouge's descendants have certainly become hard-headed in their dealings with those who want to rescue their wise and all-knowing forebear from the cultural catacombs.

Sycophantic Pundit

"Anti-Semitism is one of the most persistent and mysterious evils in the world. It is gratuitous, self-torturing, wholly committed." This is the disclaimer that Garry Wills, the columnist, employs to introduce a piece in which he plaintively urges the Israelis to stop "stonewalling" in the Middle East (*Miami Herald*, 1/15/76, p. 7-A).

He can't come right out and state his case. Even *tones* of writing these days can be interpreted as being anti-Semitic. But the taboo has been watered down to where a columnist with a trace of a backbone can, after a few brown-nosing and humiliating obeisance's at the altar of Semitism, put in a word or two for the homeless Palestinians. We are reminded of the fawning dedications that poets and playwrights used to make to their royal or ducal patrons in the days when divine

rights took precedence over civil rights.

Wills tries to justify his verbal sycophancy by saying that whenever he wrote anything even remotely unfavorable to Jews, he was deluged with "sickly hate mail" from "anti-Semites" ready to welcome him into the Protocols of Zion club. We, ourselves, have seen some of this hate mail, and it is as bad as Mr. Wills intimates. But we don't shut off our minds as quickly and as conveniently as Mr. Wills. Since the mail produces such an overwhelming boomerang effect against those who write it and the ideology they are peddling, we are prone to wonder if it is not sent out by people who favor rather than oppose Jews. It might even be that it originates in the offices of the organizations for whom such mail ultimately does the most good. If the CIA can create riotous dissension among the ranks of radical and racist groups by "hate letters," who is to say that Jewish organizations, which have been around a lot longer than non-Jewish agitproppers, do not do the same? Doesn't the B'nai B'rith have as many tricks up its sleeve as the FBI or KGB?

We, ourselves, have had occasion to meet a few individuals who crank out the kind of insensate, conspiratorial literature that bothers Mr. Wills. And we have found them to be some of the sorriest physical specimens we have ever seen. In fact, many of them have what can only be defined as "nostrility." We suggest that Mr. Wills pursue this matter a little further before he indulges in his own effusions of hate. (Strange that the haters of haters often hate more hatefully than the haters who arouse their hatred.)

We further suggest that if anti-Semitism is the horrific evil that Mr. Wills alleges, why has it persisted so long and been embraced by so many great Western minds? Cicero, Seneca, Chaucer, Martin Luther, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Gibbon, Goethe, Dostoyevsky, Henry Adams and T. S. Eliot were anti-Semitic, many of them violently so. We will not recite the interminable roster of anti-Semitic emperors, kings, popes and even saints. Were all these historic figures as evil as Mr. Wills suggests? In a time when Jews are riding higher on the hog than ever before, the following statement will not be believed or, more accurately, *cannot* be believed. Nevertheless, more great Westerners have been anti- than pro-Semitic.

Empyrean *Continued from page 7*

eternal flux. Affections and long memories, attach to the ancient bowers of life in the provinces; but they will not attach to what is always changing.

To forcefully change the ethnic neighborhood is to destroy it. If the Irish neighborhood changes, an Irishman will be as rare in Southie as he is in Roxbury. For him the word discrimination, if he uses the word at all, does not mean oppressing anyone. It simply means holding on to what little he has. For him, blacks are a dangerous threat. Millions of whites have voted against integration with their feet by moving outside of the cities. Our Irishman wants to prevent that. Consequently, the slogan arises, "Southie won't go." This says two things—Southie won't go black and Southie natives will not leave.

The focal point of opposition is the schools. Christianity lays the responsibility for educating the children squarely on parents. But as the federal government intervenes ever more actively in the educational process, parents are less able to control the upbringing of their own children and are worrying more and more about the dangerous influences being brought to bear on their children. For the young people, forced busing usually means years of racial tension.

Based on the teachings of the church, the situation and the Irishman himself, his opposition to forced busing would seem to be ethically justifiable. Whether or not busing will drastically change South Boston is not the main issue here. The main issue is the right of South Boston to have a say in matters that it thinks are of great importance to its survival. The primary consideration is not busing, or methods used in opposing busing, or the many legal questions involved, but the survival of the people of South Boston as an ethnic entity. If the church makes no condemnation of the existence of the Irish as an ethnic group in America and does not condemn the efforts to preserve ethnic identities, if the liberal-minority establishment applauds the Indians, Chicanos and blacks in their emphasis on ethnic identity, if the Irishman in South Boston views his plight as a matter of life and death, his present line of conduct cannot be unethical or immoral. Christians, therefore, must give him a clean bill of health.

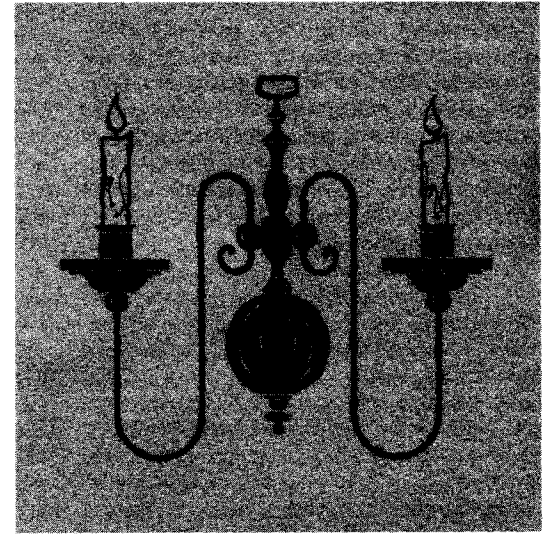
"Out of the corruption of women proceeds the corruption of races; out of the corruption of races, the loss of memory; out of the loss of memory, the loss of understanding, and out of this all evil."

Bhagavad Gita



THE GAME and THE CANDLE

A dramatized rendering of the
secret history of the United
States (1912–1960)



The Action So Far: The Old Man, America's oil king, has decided to elect a Democratic president in 1912, who will agree in advance to push through a federal banking system and prohibition. His emissary, the Colonel, offers the presidency to Mayor Gaynor of New York, who declines, and then to the Governor, who accepts, though the latter's wife insists that something must be done about Gaynor, who now knows too much. The matter is disposed of by framing a Gaynor-appointed police officer on a murder charge. Meanwhile, World War I has started and the Old Man, after imposing his own brief oil embargo on Britain, guarantees a British victory in return for a half interest in the Middle Eastern oil consortium.

PART ONE, ACT II

Scene 3: The oval office of the White House, 1915. The Governor, who is now addressed as Mr. President, is discussing affairs of state with Uncle Robert and his nephew, Foster.

UNCLE ROBERT. In view of the seriousness of the situation and some things our Naval people said to me privately, and frankly, Mr. President, in view of Secretary Bryan's attitude . . .

PRESIDENT. What did the Navy people say?

U.R. That it would normally be impossible for such a ship to be sunk by one torpedo.

P. How many did the British say were fired?

U.R. They didn't say. But the depositions of our people to the consuls at Liverpool and Queenstown leave no doubt about it. There was only one.

P. I see.

U.R. For all those reasons, Mr. President, I asked my nephew to ascertain all the facts for you. I gave him complete leeway, of course, and he worked entirely outside the Navy's chain of command. The facts he has collected are exclusively available to you until you judge they should be known to others.

FOSTER. If ever.

P. What do you mean, young man? What is so peculiar about this sinking that makes it different from others, except the shocking loss of life?

F. Her cargo.

P. What about her cargo? Her manifest shows nothing out of the way. Small arms, but that is hardly surprising in a war.

F. The manifest was false.

P. Are you certain of that?

F. Reasonably certain, Mr. President.

P. Would you please explain?

F. Well, sir, Uncle Robert told me about what the Navy people had confided to him. That is, they were sure from the way she went down that she must have had a great deal of TNT or some other high explosive aboard. So Uncle Robert asked me to check shipments from all the high explosive factories for a few weeks ahead of her sailing. There's only a few such plants, so it wasn't too difficult.

P. And?

F. Five carloads, about 150 tons were shipped from Hopewell and put aboard without being declared on the manifest.

P. How could that have been done?

F. The shipment was consigned to the purser, put aboard lighters in New York harbor, and signed for by the purser. Who could object? No regular bills of lading would then be needed. Very probably some false bills of lading were issued to someone just in case Customs wanted to be sure all the marks and so forth agreed, but Uncle Robert didn't want me to try running that down without first checking with you. He was afraid that would start undesirable talk.

P. Quite right. Indeed it would have. I think you did very well to stop where you did. Well, it leaves us in somewhat of a quandary, doesn't it? If we were to get ourselves too deeply involved with the German government over this matter and then this were to come out.

Continued next page

The Game and The Candle

U.R. It seems unlikely, Mr. President, that the German government can be sure about her cargo. The Germans may suspect what they please, and I'm sure the report of their submarine commander must indicate something about the vessel exploding, but that is a long way from being able to say that we knowingly let an armed passenger vessel loaded with high explosives sail from New York for Liverpool.

P. Are you confident there is no chance of this information being learned by anybody here?

U.R. I don't see how it could. (*looking at Foster*)

F. No, sir. I don't see how it could.

P. Anyway, we will have to take that chance. It would not do at this critical moment in our search for world peace to place the British government in the embarrassing position that the revelation of this matter would put them. It is true Britain is a monarchy, but it is a more democratic monarchy than either Germany or Austria, and, of course, Britain is allied with republican France. On the other hand we cannot afford to take a bellicose posture vis-à-vis Imperial Germany. It would be morally wrong and would endanger even greater matters of political importance on which perhaps the future welfare of the world may depend. (*abandoning the moral tone*) Have you discussed this matter thoroughly with Secretary Bryan?

U.R. Only enough to know his general viewpoint.

P. He has, of course, expressed it fully to me. He desires to make the whole matter turn on the issue of armed ships.

U.R. (*declining to be helpful*) In what way, Mr. President?

P. I thought he would have discussed that with you?

U.R. All he says is that he does not want to get into the war.

P. None of us do. So far as I have known, you yourself do not.

U.R. Not at this time, Mr. President.

P. It would be quite impossible politically, even if it were otherwise desirable. I do not believe a declaration would pass the House and the debate over it, however it turned out, would confuse the electorate.

U.R. Nevertheless, the country does not want Americans killed on the high seas with impunity.

P. No, it doesn't. But the main problem is to maintain our freedom of action to bring about postwar conditions that will guarantee world peace for mankind. That is a thought we must keep central to all our considerations of what we might call tactical questions. Peace and democracy, these are the only goals worthy of us as Americans.

U.R. I quite agree, Mr. President.

F. Quite.

P. It is Secretary Bryan's inelastic approach to the submarine problem that risks sacrificing these major objectives of our policy.

U.R. (*deciding to help him out*) I find myself most thoroughly in agreement with you, Mr. President. With your permission, it seems to me that any too precise position on our part, either with Germany or Great Britain, risks endangering your long-range objectives. If we are too insistent with Germany about warning armed ships before sinking them, the logical inconsistency of our position could readily become apparent. After all there is nothing in the laws or customs of war that requires one armed ship to give formal notice to the armed ship of an enemy before opening fire. But if on the other hand we insist that the British disarm the merchantmen they sail into our ports, we will save lives at sea, but we will also assist the German submarine blockade.

P. How do you think we should handle the matter then?

U.R. I think we should talk to the Germans about not sinking **merchant** ships without warning. That gives us a strong humanitarian position. We should not mention whether they are armed or not, and if the German government raises the point, we should just ignore it. With the British we should discuss very thoroughly whether they would be willing to remove the guns from their passenger ships.

P. That also is the humanitarian position, is it not? We could, of course, shortcut that and close our ports to those ships right away. I believe that is in the back of Secretary Bryan's mind.

U.R. (*laughing to show that he is not really arguing with the President*) I believe it would be, Mr. President, if he quite understood the issue. (*seriously*) I presume it will be in the front not the back of his mind when, as eventually I suppose he will, Bryan **does** come to understand it.

P. You do not think that would be desirable?

U.R. I do not think it would help carry out your great ideals of world peace and democracy, Mr. President. It would almost certainly result in German victory and I do not think Imperial Germany, particularly a victorious Imperial Germany, would look with favor on those steps which you should take in the interest of the welfare of mankind. Forgive my making the case so personal, but I believe it is important to do so.

P. And Austria-Hungary?

U.R. I am sure you agree the very existence of that monarchy is a denial of the legitimate national aspirations of the different peoples who are its subjects.

P. That has come to be my view. I was wondering about yours?

U.R. It is precisely my view, Mr. President.

P. (*after a brief pause*) Would be difficult to conduct the type of submarine discussions you just outlined with both Britain and Germany, without for some months bringing the matter to a crisis?

U.R. I'm sure it could be done if the Secretary of State . . .

P. I am talking about a hypothetical case, in which the Department of State conducts matters precisely as you would desire them to be conducted. Do you think it could be done?

U.R. Indeed I do, Mr. President.

P. (*rising and walking towards the door*) Well, I have come to believe you are right. Mr. Bryan has expressed the possible wish to be relieved of the responsibilities that he feels he can no longer properly discharge. I am accepting his resignation at once and am appointing you Secretary of State ad interim. I shall have the White House staff make the announcement to the press immediately. I wish you a pleasant evening, gentlemen. Use my office as long as you wish. At least use it to catch your breath. (*He leaves.*)

F. Well, I'll be damned. You don't act surprised.

U.R. I'm not. It was inevitable in the combinations of forces and pressures on the President.

F. Tell me, Uncle Robert, Is he always such a . . . I mean does he always talk as though he were making a speech to college boys?

U.R. (*sternly*) That is no way to talk about the President, Foster. Naturally with his academic background . . .

F. It's not his background, it's the man.

U.R. He believes in his ideals, yes. It is up to us to furnish him the practical help that will let the pursuit of those ideals go on in a practical workaday world.

F. Oh come, Uncle Robert! You're beginning to speak like him. You've just got an order to intervene illegally in the war, provided you don't get involved in open hostilities before the 1916 election. Why the double-talk?

U.R. (*angrily*) Foster, you are an intelligent, keen young man. Your perceptions are acute and generally correct. But I warn you right now if you do not learn to express them to yourself, yes to yourself, in less offensive phraseology, you will never rise in political life. No man will trust you. It is not enough to avoid saying such things publicly. By just indulging in the luxury of saying them to yourself, you will sooner or later say them to someone else.

Scene 4: A business office of old-fashioned elegance. An elderly, heavy-set man who looks somewhat like Pierpont of
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Act I, Scene 1 is deferred to by the numerous company present. Only Tom addresses him as "Jack." The clothes of the younger men indicate that more than a decade has passed since that Spring morning in the White House when Secretary Bryan was given his walking papers.

TOM. Well, Alan, we have assembled dutifully per your instructions.

ALAN. (*indicating two of the men*) There is no reason for Dick and Rolland to be here.

TOM. What you wanted to talk about concerned the Stock Market. What better people could we have?

ALAN. (*unruffled but not retreating*) If we wanted everybody who is involved, we would have invited Ben Strong and Montagu Norman and John D. Rockefeller and Secretary Mills.

JACK. Alan, your point is not valid. Tom has kept things right within our own circle.

ALAN. Of course, sir, you are the judge of your own circle, but Dick is not my client, and of course, Rolland is his own.

ROLLAND. (*angrily*) I resent that!

JACK. Please! Come, Alan, please get to the point.

ALAN. Very well, sir. One of the things you gentlemen ask me to do as part of my law service is to keep you abreast of the drift of the law. Any law firm can represent its clients in law suits and all that. You have always wanted me and my partners for a long way back to keep you advised not only of what the law is today, but what in our conscientious judgment as lawyers the law is likely to be tomorrow. (*directly to Jack*) Your father, sir, was always very clear and emphatic on that point. His principle in regard to the law, as in every other department of his life, was forewarned is forearmed.

TOM. An excellent maxim.

ALAN. It's more than an excellent maxim. It's a way of life. It's the use of personal judgment and responsibility instead of the acceptance of a hodge-podge of someone else's statistical flummery.

GEORGE. Is that a crack at Dick?

ALAN. If it fits, yes, it is.

GEORGE. (*angrily*) Of course, it fits. It was made to fit!

DICK. Never mind, brother mine. Little Richard will take care of himself when the time comes. Don't interrupt the great legal mind.

GEORGE. I don't see what's so wrong about Dick's use of statistics?

ALAN. Because he has a new set each month proving the Stock Market has a firm bottom and no top.

DICK. There's no law against being optimistic.

ALAN. There are laws about being too

optimistic with other people's money.

ROLLAND. (*angrily*) What's that supposed to mean?

ALAN. Originally it was intended as a general remark, Rolland. Should it have a more direct bearing on something Dick has been doing?

ROLLAND. No. No. Of course not. How could it?

ALAN. Until you mentioned it, I hadn't thought of it that way. (*abruptly*) That's beside the point here. What I'm talking about is something that involves us all. If you have a Stock Market crash, we're going to have all kinds of laws wrapped around our necks. Laws we won't like at all. Laws not only on the Stock Market itself, but laws on underwriting and banking—laws I can't entirely foresee, but will certainly be far-reaching and from our point of view disastrous.

DICK. You say, if the Stock Market falls. How do you know it will?

TOM. (*interrupting*) No, that's not the essential point. I think Alan is quite right in assuming that the Market is bound to have a serious shake-out sometime or other, perhaps in the not too distant future. This permanent plateau theory that you're so fond of, Dick, is more of a sales gimmick than a serious analysis that an intelligent banker or investor would accept. What is important, however, is Alan's certainty of the disastrous political consequences that would follow a Market break. How can you be so sure of these consequences, Alan?

ALAN. You mean, since there are as yet no statistics about the future, how can I possibly foresee it?

TOM. That's not a particularly gracious way of rephrasing my question.

ALAN. Was it an accurate way?

TOM. No, not precisely. It is somewhat rigged. Clearly there can be no statistics of the future, in the narrow sense of the word statistics, but there can be projections from present bases. I would like you to project from a present base this gloomy prognostication of the future. Always, of course, within the initial assumption of a serious Market break.

ALAN. Well, I think it could be done, but the figures I would use as my base might not be ones you would be willing to accept, Tom. You see, they aren't anything like the kind of thing Dick uses for mental crutches.

JACK. Please!

ALAN. (*to Jack*) This would be the way I would project it, sir. When your father was in his prime, his word was the financial law of North America. It was recognized as such not only here but in London. (*Jack nods*) From the Civil War to the World War, or at least to Wilson's election, that power of financial command carried with it basic control of the two political parties. Obvi-

ously, no one was a dictator and in this world no one gets exactly what he wants all the time and just when he wants it. But I'm talking about the general channeling of politics. There was no doubt, was there, where the final political power lay? (*Tom does not seem to like this so Alan prods him.*) Isn't that so, Tom? Was there any real doubt or uncertainty?

TOM. No, in those days there was not. But you forget, Alan, that many things are different . . .

ALAN. That's just what I'm trying to project for you. The constant, consistent direction of those differences as they pile up, year by year, decade by decade. What I'm trying to get you to think about is the next jump that accumulation of differences is going to take.

TOM. And you think you can forecast what it will be?

ALAN. Of course, I can forecast it, that is I can forecast the general nature and direction of the next change. All you have to do is consider the interests and prejudices of the different people who will have a hand in making the changes. The interests of independent industrialists, oil men, union bosses, socialists, minority pressure groups.

TOM. Really, Alan you can be almost tiresomely silly. Why should the sensible, sober people of the United States be swept off their moorings by new ideas that have little currency or by a new crowd that has little political clout?

ALAN. What you don't seem to realize, Tom, is that the people of the United States are not "sensible" or "sober" or anything else you mean by those words. At the moment these people, the majority of them anyway, either have confidence in you or can be managed by people who have confidence in you. That's all you mean when you say they're sensible and sober. Once they lose confidence in you, or the men who can manage and persuade them lose confidence in you, then they'll seem "sensible" and "sober" to some one else and they'll seem like left-wing lunatics to you.

GEORGE. Being a firm believer in the virtues of the democratic process, Tom will remain convinced that even if they should stop being sober and sensible, it would only be a temporary change, one that could be quickly rectified by reason and a few gentle nudges from people like us.

TOM. So you agree with him!

GEORGE. I agree with him that there's a socialist drift in public opinion that will become much more pronounced if there's a business depression. I don't know whether I agree with what Alan wants to do about it, because I don't know what that is.

ALAN. You are the bankers. I'm only a lawyer. It's hardly my field, suggesting what to do about it.

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JACK. Specifically, what is it you're worried about, Alan?

ALAN. Public opinion.

JACK. I realize that, but what do you feel we are doing or not doing that might move public opinion in the direction you're afraid of?

ALAN. Frankly I'm afraid of the Stock Market. It isn't just that it's being supported by call money. It's that there's a huge public participation of people who are buying not for income but for resale. When any market gets to that condition, sooner or later it runs out of buyers.

TOM. In pure theory that's true, of course, but there might be an upturn of earnings that would make the dividend income, even at those prices, seem attractive.

GEORGE. *(a little embarrassed)* Tom, how could it? How could all corporate earnings go up that much, all at the same time?

TOM. Not all earnings will increase simultaneously.

JACK. Tom, you're not very convincing.

TOM. *(laughing politely)* No, Jack, it's not too persuasive an argument is it? *(seriously)* But there is a real difficulty here. I admit I don't like the Market and I admit it is supported by much too much credit, and too easy credit. You say, fine let's tighten up credit. Obviously we can't do that alone, but suppose we could convince the Street and the government that it ought to be done. The only result would be to bring about the very fall in prices that Alan is worried about. It's too late. The time to have tightened up on credit was two or three years ago before such an enormous liquidation hung over our heads.

ALAN. But at that time you opposed tightening credit as being premature.

TOM. I may have used that word, but that was not the reason.

ALAN. What was the reason? You gave no other at the time. At least I remember no other in our several discussions.

TOM. I didn't mention the real reason because it was highly confidential.

JACK. I am aware of the reason, Alan. Ben Strong had been asked by the Bank of England to keep money rates at New York abnormally low. The English were trying hard to restore the value of the pound and also they had a lot of trouble trying to fund their rupee debts left over from the war. Naturally they wanted to keep the rupee-pound ratio as favorable as possible, and it all meant easy money here. We felt at the time that it was a necessary step, though a highly confidential one. It is still a factor, but not as compelling as it was two years ago. Still I would not want to have credit tightened unduly without first giving Ben a chance to sound out the Bank of England.

ALAN. *(despondently resigned)* Well, if nothing can be done, that's the situation. But it does not ease my worries.

TOM. Cheer up, Alan. You're not back in Petrograd in 1917. That's more than ten years ago and half a world away.

ALAN. I still don't regard it as an altogether irrelevant experience.

TOM. Worse than irrelevant. It warps your judgment. You see Bolsheviks under every rug.

ALAN. No. I never knew the Bolsheviks well enough for that. I had to deal with Lenin a little, but not often. The people I knew much better, naturally, were the Russian bankers and industrialists—up, that is, until the October revolution. They were very able, cultivated gentlemen. Their economics was sound, their personal honesty impeccable, their humanitarianism extensive, and their politics were liberally democratic. They had only one handicap. They never could do anything if it had the slightest political tinge. Every step, no matter what it was or who proposed it, that might have staved off the revolution never could be taken. It was always either premature or too late to do any good. Also, of course, it would have cost them some money. *(He stands up wearily to leave.)*

JACK. *(restraining him and dismissing the others, including the reluctant Tom)* Alan, there is a great deal in what you say and a great deal more in what you mean but are inherently too kind to say. No one knows better than I do how far things have drifted from their old moorings and indeed how dangerous they are. Do you think I am so easily fooled, with the background and family training I have had? What a man knows and what he says are not the same thing, and the higher his station in life and the more responsibility that sits on his shoulders, the more that is true. But I want you to consider what in fact we as a firm can do, not what in theory the financial community ought to do, if it were a community and capable of responding collectively to the promptings of self-interest. In my father's time, there was a financial community and we commanded it. There is no question about that. If we felt credit should be tightened, it was tightened. If we refused to finance a particular enterprise, it was not financed. But today that's not so. There isn't a railroad or a utility or a big industrial corporation that couldn't be financed somewhere else, if we refused to float their issues. Not one. So we have prestige left, but not power. And what can we do with our prestige? Certainly we could go to the other bankers and to the government—we'd have to go to the government today on such matters—and say that credit is much too easy and ought to be tightened up to avoid a disastrous defla-

tion. And what would happen? Every one who still had poor securities that they wanted to unload on the public would denounce us as grasping bankers trying to drive up interest rates. The only question would be how many other bankers and industrialists still have securities they wanted to sell. That and only that would determine what was done. No consideration would be given to what might be wise or necessary. That's what happens to you when you are no longer in command, Alan. You have to plead and argue and the element of self-interest, which is always present, is seized upon as an excuse for not doing what you are arguing must be done. *(after a pause)* I do not know how all this is going to turn out and I do not think the tide will change. We no longer run things as we did in my father's time. I sometimes look back and try to see where the change occurred and whether there was anything we could have done to have kept our old position. It is not pleasant for me to realize that what my father and grandfather established has been largely destroyed. Nor can I entirely excuse myself since we consciously adopted the course that in the end so gravely injured us. Some of this you know, but perhaps not all of it in its proper focus, for among ourselves we always place the blame on President Wilson. It is the comforting thing to do. He did most solemnly assure us that further financing of England was a government program. We were to continue it privately until the formality of a Declaration of War could be obtained. This was in November of 1916 and we thought—with the election out of the way—that Wilson would act promptly. But he did not. Lansing said they feared the House might refuse to pass a Declaration of War or pass it by so narrow a vote as to be a political disaster. Perhaps. But I have come to distrust Lansing's statements. I should have distrusted them sooner. His whole long charade of getting American ships armed so they would, of course, be sunk without warning. Then Wilson could have dead American seamen to talk about as an excuse for war. It was disgusting and enormously costly to us. So we all feel privately that Wilson betrayed us. To forbid the British Government to pay us, even with their own dollar earnings! Nearly five terrible years with all our capital locked in unpaid British debt while the rest of the financial community made vast and prudent investments in the industries that were soon to flower! That was really where our power shrank to the little we have today. So I cannot entirely excuse myself, Alan. The determination of Wilson's decisions was always made by men who were no friends to us. We should have known that from the Federal Reserve Act, if no-

Continued next page

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thing else. And yet in retrospect the true alternative was worse. We **had** to finance England from November till April. No one else could have done it. And without that financing the war would inevitably have ended, very soon too, in a German victory. So in theory I can see how we as a firm might have kept our own old financial supremacy. But over what a world, Alan. A world with a crippled England. However, that was only an imaginary course, not even a theoretical possibility. It would have been contrary to the traditions of our firm and inconsistent with our honor. There never was such an alternative.

SCENE 5: *A young man, dressed slovenly in the style of the late 1920s emerges from a private room in a hospital. It is obvious he has been visiting someone who is very sick. After walking a few steps down the corridor, he suddenly stops and leans against the wall. He breaks out in a half prayerful, half blasphemous soliloquy.*

YOUNG MAN. He's not too far from death. I've just seen him. So make him die,

God! Make him die! (*laughing a little*) I haven't prayed since I was what, eight or ten? And I don't believe in you at all, God. You don't exist for me. So I can easily promise never to pray to you again. After all, why should I pray to you when I know you don't exist? But on the off chance you do, do me a favor. Make him die. I don't hate him. He's my partner and we started this magazine together, but if he lives, he'll take it away from me. It isn't that he's any abler or smarter than I am. It's just that men are willing to trust him and they never trust me. Never, do you hear that, God? They never trust me. What do they see that bothers them? I can make them fear me and make them obey me, but I can see behind their eyes that they feel I'd be quite capable of doing some enormous injury to them. And that's not so, God. I just have to take care of what I care about, don't I, God? Everybody else does. Why should they distrust me for doing what they all do themselves? I don't love myself more than they all love themselves. But they are willing to trust him. I can't let him take this away from me. I can't. This is my whole life. My way up the ladder. Right to the very top

of the glittering pile. I know it's not too much of a magazine now, but I can make it the greatest thing ever. It's past the critical point. I know it is. From here on it's just coasting. But not with him. With him still alive and kicking, it wouldn't be mine. It would be his. That's why he has to die, God. It's the only way. And it will hurt him less to die than for me to lose. (*giving vent to an embarrassed laugh*) I know that sounds funny, but it's true. I care more about this magazine than he cares about his life. Oh, I know you can say if I care so much, why don't I kill him myself? Why do I ask a God I don't believe in to make him die from such a ridiculous thing as the scratch of a kitten—that little scratch that has now turned into such a big and raging and, should I say, fortuitous infection. It's not that I think it would be wrong to kill him, not with the awful importance of what's at stake. It's just that I don't dare. I'm afraid. Why, I'm even afraid that, if he dies, they'll say I gave him that kitten, because everyone knows he's my partner and everybody knows how much he loves cats.

(*To be continued*)

Reagan *Continued from page 3*

Reagan never went to pot—in both senses of the word—in Hollywood. He married Jane Wyman, a star of equally dim magnitude, who later divorced him be-



Testifying as a friendly witness before the House Un-American Activities Committee way back in 1947.

cause he spent too much time in union activities. For many years he was the president of the Screen Actors' Guild and was as responsible as any other member for keeping the union out of the hands of the Stalinists.

Reagan was deeply committed to Franklin Delano Roosevelt and spent World War II in Hollywood in an armed services film unit. He voted for Truman in 1948 and worked hard for the re-election of Helen Gahagan Douglas in 1950, whose defeat by Nixon put the latter on the road to the presidency. All the people who later criticized Reagan, when he was running for California governor, for being an actor, never criticized the ex-starlet senator for being an actress.

The great political turning point in Reagan's life was apparently triggered by some highly placed executives of General Electric, who had hired him at \$150,000 a year as their TV pitch man. They told him to "get a philosophy." Always loyal to his bosses, Reagan obeyed and a few years later the philosophy came out as a mixture of Burke, Buckley and a little, just a little, of Robert Welch. Reagan toiled so mightily in Goldwater's 1964 campaign, in preparation for which he switched from registered Democrat to registered Republican, that the Fat Wallets decided he would be the next governor of California. They were right.

In general Reagan stood up for his principles when he sat down at the governor's desk in Sacramento, except for the usual compromises on spending. He tried hard to put some sense in government, though what could he really do? The Legislature was Democratic. The media were liberal. The judiciary was on a permissive binge. He had the office, but not the power. It was the old, sad story of American politics, as it had evolved since the death and transfiguration of FDR.

At least, however, Reagan was an authentic Republican—converts are usually the truest of true believers—and not a Democrat in disguise like his Republican gubernatorial predecessors, Goody Knight and Earl Warren. To win the governorship he had to knock out Pat Brown, a stumblebum Democrat, and after serving two terms he yielded it to Jerry Brown, Pat's tall, dark and handsome son, who looks more like a movie star than Reagan and who, thanks to his Jesuit apprenticeship, speaks much better Latin.

Now 65, Reagan, who was eased out of earlier bids for the presidency by Nixon, has decided to make one last stab at the impossible and hopeless job in the House that is White in the City that is Black. To prepare himself for the ordeal of the primaries he spent a few days at the lavish Palm Springs spread of Walter Annenberg, the publisher son of Moses Annenberg, an

Reagan

old Hearst racketeer who went to jail for income tax evasion. Walter was indicted with his father but somehow got off. Nixon is a good friend, so is Reagan, so is Agnew, so is Frank Sinatra. What's wrong with being such good friends of such characters? After all, none of them ever went to jail.

Refreshed and tanned by his stay with the Annenbergs and a few rounds of golf on his host's private 18-hole course, Reagan set out for New Hampshire and the first leg of the grueling grinder of the presidential contest. The brain, character and temperament that make it possible to hop from Holiday Inn to Holiday Inn, from frosty milkshakes to frosty handshakes, would not seem to be the qualifications needed to lead a confused and limping nation through its time of troubles. But since we have no choice, since all the other candidates are also Holiday Inn hoppers, we just have to take the best of the worse—in Reagan's case the second best.

Yes, we are clutching at straws. Just because Reagan is a little bigger straw than the others (excluding Wallace) and has slightly more buoyancy is of not much importance to the drowning voter. What we need is a log, a life preserver, a lifeguard, not a straw. The problem is that the system is failing and it is doubtful we can be saved by someone who is part of the system, someone who has spent most of his life—consciously or unconsciously—making the system fail. Repentent sinners make interesting literary figures, but there is not much hope for America if it can only be saved by the wicked who mend their ways

or by the ignorant who suddenly become learned. Death-bed conversions may relieve some last-minute tensions, but they don't put a Humpty Dumpty civilization back together again.

Anyone who has worked ten minutes in Hollywood and has associated with the people who run the film industry and subscribe to the mystagogy of the film capital needs only another ten minutes to crystallize his revulsion into an anti-liberal, anti-equalitarian, anti-Marxist, anti-pornographic world view that will never leave him. Yet it took Reagan twenty years to see, not the light, but just a glimmer of the light.

Let us assume that Reagan wins the Republican nomination. Let us even assume that he wins the presidency. Let us suppose that he really manages to get the government on a balanced budget again, that he is able to unchain the economy and give us a truly free market again. Do we end materialism, one of the scourges that has brought us low, by a *saner* materialism? Does it do the man in the sinking boat much good to be rescued by another sinking boat that is sinking a little more slowly?

What we need is a major biological and philosophical overhaul, not a temporary economic cure, not just a couple of massive shots of conservative Republicanism, which has been the junior member of the political partnership that has presided over our downgoing. All the Reagans really do is slow the process, offer false hopes and waste needed energy. There are old virtues in the land—orderliness, self-reliance, in-

genuity, stick-at-it-ness—and Reagan rightfully reminds us of them. There are also old vices in the land—equalitarianism, pseudo-humanitarianism, dollar-grubbing, interventionism—and Reagan also reminds us of them. As for that most egregious vice—the upper-class Wasps' almost total abandonment and desertion of lower- and middle-class Wasps—so far Reagan has never uttered one word to indicate his horror of this great betrayal.

The future of America belongs to the man who restores the old virtues, quashes the old vices and imbues his people with new virtues as he leads them into the quicksands of tomorrow. This epochal task is so much beyond Reagan's comprehension and capabilities that it is almost cruel to bring it up.

If we have to be destroyed, it is better that our enemies destroy us than our friends. We cannot build while the ramshackle old building stands, the battered, antiquated fort that Reaganites are determined to hold. Meanwhile, let us stop splitting the ranks of the Majority by dividing our loyalties and our votes. Wallace symbolizes race, and if he offers us little substance, if he has little substance, he at least offers us a shadow. Reagan is just a great-grandfather clock that rings pleasantly with nostalgic chimes, as it runs forty years slow.

It is true that our great-grandfathers would have made a better president than the one we have today or the one who will be elected in November. But it is also true that our great-grandfathers are dead.

Disarmament *Continued from page 4*

The late Edgar Wallace, one of the kings of twentieth-century detective literature, was well acquainted with the criminal element and well versed in criminal psychology. In his autobiography, *People*, Wallace makes the following commentary: "Burglars, by the way, are a very timid class. Their nightmare is the vision of a householder armed with a revolver. There is not one burglar in a hundred who does not go through life with this horror hanging over him."

Another 1973 statistic is that 2,700 persons were killed "accidentally" by firearms, perhaps half of them by handguns. The figure is somewhat suspect because it is so nicely rounded off. The reason quotation marks were placed around the word "accidentally" is to denote our disapproval of the choice of words. Many deaths officially ascribed to the accidental discharge of firearms are not accidental at all. Any experienced law officer will verify this charge.

Since the turn of the century, handguns manufactured by the major American producers—Colt, Smith & Wesson, Iver Johnson, Harrington & Richardson, High

Standard, Ruger—have been far safer than other manufactured products, such as electric handsaws or power mowers. Well-made, double-action revolvers require a trigger pull of anywhere from 2-1/2 to 4 pounds. In addition, these revolvers have built-in hammer blocks which render them virtually impossible to discharge except by pulling the trigger. Comparatively few automatic pistols are now being made in this country, but those that are routinely have two or more built-in safeties, as do all the quality imports.

If someone claims he shot somebody when he dropped a pistol "accidentally" on its hammer; or when the gun went off "accidentally" as he was cleaning it, even Nick the Greek would probably give ten to one odds that no "accident" occurred! I'm afraid the first alibi just won't do in view of the positive hammer blocks integral to every handgun of reputable American manufacture. As to the second alibi, common sense would dictate that no gun can be cleaned with a cartridge in the chamber. Sheriffs should not be wasting their time trying to reconstruct such "accidents." They might better be searching for the motive behind the shooting!

A final statistic concerns suicides. The figure cited for 1970 is 11,772—with

firearms alleged to be the means employed in approximately half the cases. Those liberals who are only too ready to blame guns for suicides are often the very ones who clamor most loudly for individual rights. Are persons determined to take their lives to be denied their inalienable right to choose this method of doing so? Must they employ poison, or carbon monoxide because these means are less offensive to those who arbitrarily categorize all guns as sinful?

Who's behind the perennial gun bugbear? The reason we don't know is that those constituting its nucleus aren't about to stand up and be counted. Empirical observation plus deductive logic indicates it is not the visible left-wing trumpeters nor the emotion-blinded "do-gooders"—even though these constituents serve as invaluable shock troops of the fifth column variety.

Whoever the sub rosa nucleus consists of, we can be reasonably certain its members don't give a damn how many Americans are murdered, robbed at the point of a gun, die from gun "accidents" or commit suicide by means of firearms in any given year. All they are interested in is the total disarmament of the American Majority for reasons best known to themselves.

They are neither trusted by their own constituents nor by alien allies. On a large or small scale, as Negroes displace whites in the municipal districts that they represent, U.S. politicians follow a consistent behavior pattern. They evidence no responsibility for the rout of millions of whites from the urban, industrial centers of the American nation or for the loss of billions of dollars worth of property by the fleeing whites. Quite the contrary, they have been observed to be active in encouraging the arrival of new Negro voters. They speak, if at all, of these subjects in a detached manner, as though they are not involved. Few, if any, have admitted culpability for the ineffective courts, the inadequate and commonly corrupt police forces (which now number over 50,000 separate bodies), or of the virtually wrecked educational system. They have, in fact, presided over the liquidation of their own districts! In fact they've devised a new system of national territorial aggrandizement in reverse, something novel in universal history—the conquest and occupation of their own cities by hostile racial hordes. U.S. Negroes, with relatively few casualties, have taken Washington, Detroit, Cleveland, Gary, and Atlanta and are in the process of conquering Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago.

Based on a logical extrapolation of present American national mores, and assuming no renovation of the U.S. political structure nor any change in the type of personnel who normally get elected to

either high or low office, a Tricentennial looms as a terrifying prospect. One pictures the 30 most important cities by that time physically inhabited by only two ethnic groups, Negroes and Jews. Productive Majority members, glued to farm, mine, forest, and factory, will maintain the flow of wealth into the metropolitan areas, converted into relief checks for the millions of Negroes vibrating in the cities, and for art treasures, mansions, universities, and cultural and sports refinements for the elite Jewish racist element. Censorship of the suburban white helots will be maintained from Jewish metropolitan publishing and television centers. The police forces, predominantly colored, will generally ignore ordinary crime and concentrate almost entirely on suspected racial or religious bigots. Muggings will assume undreamed-of proportions, as for example the mass stripping, robbing, and beating of over 100,000 suburban whites during a professional football game in which two teams, each consisting of 11 oversized Negroes, both owned by Jewish entrepreneurs, halted play in the third quarter and mugged the audience in the stadium section by section, filling 22 trucks with wallets and purses. Suburbs will be subjected to periodic waves of terror from helicopter landings by S.W.A.T. groups, mostly Negro, seeking suspected Wasp racists and Italian-American fascists. All distinctions as to gender will long since have been so completely abolished that a poll among a typical sampling of metropolitan voters showed that 89% were not sure of the sex of a leading Presidential candidate and 72% did not know that their Mayor was

a woman (10% were undecided and 18% were unsure they had a Mayor). American foreign policy was exclusively occupied with stationing peacekeeping machinery between Israel (now stretching from Afghanistan to Morocco) and newly unified Africa, with both almost entirely supported by U.S. foreign aid.

It goes without saying that there are those who believe there will be no Tricentennial at all, who believe that the United States, ripped entirely apart by race, tribe (by then the Sioux will have laid siege to Chicago), religion, ideology, language, and tradition, will have been divided by Oceania, Eurasia, and East Asia into three approximately equal spheres of influence: Los Angeles, the western third, a region given over entirely to the export of entertainment; the central third, loosely known as Mississippi, a pastoral belt administered locally from both Peking and Moscow to monopolize the grain crop; and Rooseveltia, the eastern third, a disorderly area mostly given over to racial and religious rioting, but singularly productive of coal, largely due to a forgotten proletarian Wasp enclave in the middle mountainous region.

"You are a slow learner," said O'Brien gently.

"How can I help it?" he blubbered. "How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two make four."

"Sometimes, Winston, Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane."

Ike *Continued from page 6*

His latest move in his Community Action project, which is the subject of an entire issue of **Action**. It seems Ike is now making an open bid for leadership of all blacks. While in the past his philosophy has been primarily aimed at "teaching the individual to come to terms with his own divine consciousness," **Action** now reveals (Sept. 1975, p. 6), "the positive effects of the ministry are also felt in the community and at the national level."

No one can argue that when Ike speaks, things happen. Among them:

1. Presentation of a lifetime NAACP membership plaque to Ike by President Roy Wilkins. Ike reciprocated by giving Wilkins the Reverend Ike Foundation Human Dignity Award. "We're both helping people to become more useful to themselves as well as to humanity," Wilkins is quoted as saying. When questioned how a ministry which so obviously seeks contributions from poor people could in any way be said to be helping the underprivileged, Ike replied in true form, "Freedom is not free and neither is salvation."

2. Reverend Ike joined with Jesse Jackson for "I Am Somebody Day."

3. Reverend Ike was invited to Washington, DC, by former Assistant Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, H. R. Crawford, to advise HUD on the nation's housing problems.

4. Proclamation of Reverend Ike Day by the City of Los Angeles, May 18, 1975.

5. Ditto by Fulton County, Georgia, April 27, 1975.

6. Presentation of the Washington, DC, seal to Ike by Deputy Mayor Schaller.

7. Declaration by Atlanta Commissioner of Public Safety, A. Reginald Eaves, that "it was the same positive self-image approach that Reverend Ike teaches that made Atlanta one of the most progressive cities in America."

8. Pictures of Reverend Ike posed beside Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles, Mayor Maynard Jackson of Atlanta and Congressman Walter Fauntroy of Washington, DC.

Is Ike a bona fide contender for the crown of the fallen King? Could he become

a serious figure in American politics? Don't write off too quickly the man who proclaims across the nation's air waves each night, "You can't lose with the stuff I use."

When the ghettos and their inhabitants are practically out of control, we should welcome any figure who can get a hold on the Negro imagination and instill some kind of morality, some kind of organized behavior among a people that is lost and always has been lost without the touch of a stern patriarchal or tribal hand.

If we don't like what Ike says, we might remember that he is only replying in kind to the drivel that white preachers and teachers and white minority shamans have been harping on for the past century. If Ike is a caricature, he is not a caricature of his fellow blacks, but of fake 20th-century American culture. Perhaps he realizes instinctively that the only salvation for Negroes is to put light years of political and cultural distance between them and other races. Until we realize this as well, the country may expect much worse than Reverend Ike.

Tampa: The *National Enquirer* has now formally refused to carry any advertising for **The Dispossessed Majority**, even the very bland reprint of an editorial on the book by T. R. Waring, editor of the *Charleston Evening News* and one of the South's most distinguished journalists. The rejection was not unexpected. The *National Observer*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Wall St. Journal*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Human Events*, *National Review* and the various Birch Society publications have all gone on record as turning down ads for the book, as well as such daily newspapers as the *Rocky Mountain Daily News*, *Buffalo Courier-Express*, *Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. One gun publication, the *Shotgun News*, ran one ad and then refused a rerun because "too many of our good advertisers complained." The *American Rifleman* and *Ducks Unlimited* would not carry advertising for **The Dispossessed Majority**, but *Guns and Ammo* and *Gun News* did. On the other hand, almost all the large urban dailies have run ads for the book, except the Washington and New York papers which, because of their high cost, have not yet been approached. Aside from the rejections by the weekly newspapers and magazines, the greatest handicap to promotion of **The Dispossessed Majority** remains the refusal of the nation's book reviewers to mention one word about it and the refusal of the large mailing list brokers to rent Howard Allen their mailing lists.

New York: A supporter in Manhattan writes in to tell us how good it was to know that at least one television network was back in Majority hands. He was referring to the recent resignation of Robert Sarnoff as board chairman of RCA, which controls NBC, and his replacement by Anthony Conrad. We told him not to be so optimistic and to do a little digging. He found, among other things, that David C. Adams, the board chairman of NBC, was a lawyer born in Buffalo, whose mother bore the name of Matilda Berkman and who was married to (1) May Grelick and (2) Ilyana Lanin. Our supporter also found that Herb Schlosser is now the president of NBC; that the minority members who run NBC programming and news are still around in force; and that Martin Sereteau, a Jewish textile king, is still the largest RCA stockholder (1.2 million shares currently worth about \$30 million). Our supporter, whose enthusiasm has been considerably cooled,

is now willing to agree that it's a little too soon to hail the return of one of the three big networks to Majority control.

Los Angeles: A brilliant young Ph.D. in solid state physics, too well known for his outspoken Majority views, is being forced to leave the area because he no longer can get a job. He has decided to take his wife and four children to the Ozarks and start from scratch on 75 acres. Their first domicile will be a log cabin built according to plans specified in *Foxfire*. They propose to raise hogs, save the fecal material and let anerobic bacteria work on it to generate methane gas for sale as an energy source. It's hard to keep a good Majority member down.

Florida: A law student reports on a recent confrontation with a Catholic priest: "I attended a Lutheran Church service this evening, and left that abomination with a sick feeling in my stomach. Martin Luther would wonder why in the world he tried to change anything if he could see the lunatics in charge of his operation. A Catholic priest addressed the Lutheran congregation and pulled out all the stops in favor of ecumenicalism and woman priests. He lauded the World Council of Churches and wished the Catholics were in it . . . Finally I couldn't stand it anymore and asked him if he thought it was our Christian duty to support the Soviet-backed forces in Angola. He said, yes, we should help fight the "forces of oppression." I proceeded to inquire as to where in the Scriptures he found that women should be members of

the priesthood. He replied that it was all a matter of interpretation. I finally got him to take the position that the Bible was not really to be followed at all, but that God would manifest His will through the Holy Spirit. Let me tell you it created an uproar, but to my surprise about half of the congregation was on my side."

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We're Down But Not Out

The only book that presents a thoroughly substantiated case for the Majority in the great ethnic debate

No one who reads this probing, all-encompassing study of the American predicament will ever again view his country, his people or himself in the same light. Its 586 pages, most of them lavishly footnoted, recount the tragedy of a great people, the Americans of Northern European descent, who founded and built the U.S. and whose decline is the chief cause of America's decline. Defined as the losers in a racial conflict growing more choleric each year, the Majority has suffered so many defeats that the book's title is no overstatement. The winners are a coalition of the dynamic unassimilable minorities, white and nonwhite, and those Majority preachers, teachers, millionaires and politicians who still honestly or dishonestly subscribe to the political and social credo known as liberalism.

Although loaded with cogent criticism of the people and events which have brought America low, the book ends on a constructive, optimistic note. The final chapter envisions a resurgent American Majority liberating its schools, its institutions and its unique civilization from the control of intolerant intellectuals innately programmed to destroy what they could not create. Majority primacy will then be reasserted on the domestic scene by protecting all American population groups from the genocidal threat of forced integration and on the world scene by a Pax Americana based on the inviolability of the New World and the kinship of Northern Europeans in the Old.

An historic book to free us from the moral and intellectual tyranny of the liberal-minority coalition

Since the race concept is so important to the comprehension of modern America, the book opens with a clarification of the ethnic semantics put out by social scientists to force their self-serving equalitarianism on the general public. There follows a brief racial history of the U.S., which concludes with a racial census, the only one in recent times to enumerate the important divisions of the white race in America.

Part III is a richly informative historic profile of the Majority going back beyond the national to the genetic origins. It treats Northern Europeans as one people and evaluates their collective achievements in ancient, medieval and modern history and in the settlement and efflorescence of the U.S. The decline of the Majority, almost entirely of Northern European ancestry, is traced to the Civil War, the New Immigration and the rise of minority racism. One of the great sources of Majority weakness, the deracinating effect of the split in the Majority ranks, is examined together with one of the Majority's last remaining sources of strength, the esthetic appeal of Northern European physical traits.

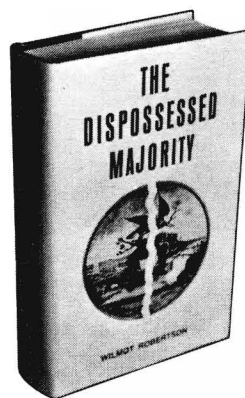
A study of the minorities follows, with a sharp distinction made between the assimilable and unassimilable population groups. Special chapters on the Jews and Negroes delve deeply into their historical record in the Old World in order to obtain a better understanding of their positive and negative contributions to the U.S. Conclusions are reached which differ widely from those currently favored by the academic profession and the news media.

The remainder of the book focuses on the various battlegrounds of the racial conflict—cultural, political, economic, legal and diplomatic. The re-

strictions placed on Majority creativity and the demoralization of the Majority artist are given as reasons for the present cultural disintegration. The transformation of fundamentalist Christianity into a social creed and the emergence of a new religion, psychoanalysis, which feeds on Majority frustrations, are thoroughly discussed. Education is shown to have abandoned its primary mission of teaching, as it turns its energies toward the propagation of doctrinaire liberalism and equalitarianism.

The political section reviews the latter-day perversions of liberalism and conservatism which, in spite of their highly publicized "differences," now stand united on many major issues of the day. The degeneration of democracy, the rise of the money manipulators, the labor-business confrontation are described as mere side effects of the race struggle. The class war itself is defined as the ideological camouflage of minority racism.

The liberal-minority coalition won its most important victory on the legal battlefield by transforming the Supreme Court from a law-interpreting to a law-making body. The downfall of Anglo-Saxon common law and criminal justice is methodically recorded and an entire chapter is given to the guerrilla war in the cities. The section on foreign policy compiles the dreary list of worldwide American diplomatic and military defeats, as the national interest was made subservient to special interests. The total hypocrisy of the "peace movement," which has forced the withdrawal of America from one war in the Far East to threaten it with involvement in a far more dangerous war in the Middle East, receives scrupulous attention.



All-important questions that only "The Dispossessed Majority" asks and answers

Questions	Answers
What are the biological requisites for eras of great art?	p. 231
Why is the current attack on religion in reality an attack on Majority folkways?	p. 260
Why does the social phase of democracy come after the political and economic phases?	p. 313
What is the crucial difference between a Majority and a minority liberal?	p. 323
Why are modern conservatives the enemies of conservatism?	p. 333

Scores of quotable insights into issues that weigh heaviest on American minds

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" . . . the alteration of custom by judicial fiat is one of the most noxious forms of tyranny."

"The absurdities, fallacies and contradictions of Marxism, Freudianism, the equalitarian anthropology of Boas and contemporary social democracy are not important in themselves. What is important is how and why they have been developed and synthesized into the most unbending intellectual absolutism since medieval scholasticism."

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