

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

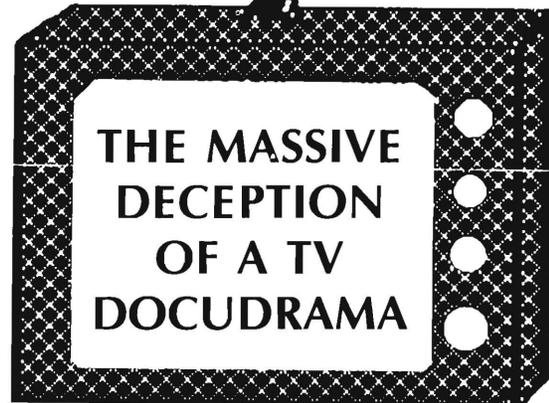
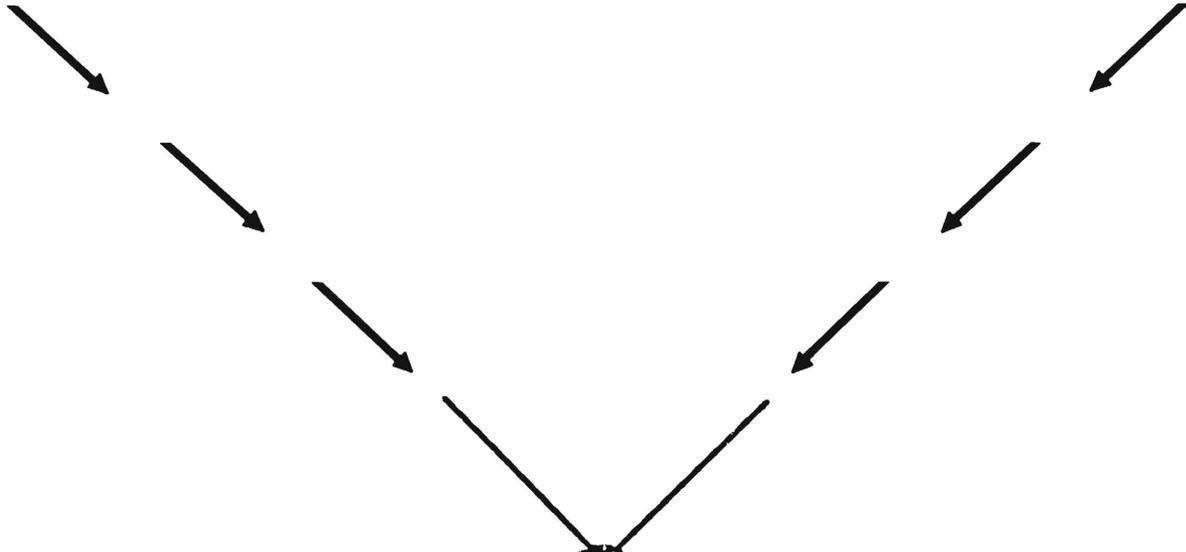
# Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 6

MAY 1988

Little Mary Phagan  
She left home one day;  
She went to the pencil factory  
To see the big parade.

She left her home at eleven,  
She kissed her mother goodbye;  
Not one time did  
The poor child think  
That she was a-going to die.



# Safety Valve

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

The Zionist flack men better start burning the midnight oil. The last time I wrote a letter to the newspaper about Israel, I only received hate mail, presumably from Jews. This time, however, I received five letters of thanks.

787

"A Hanukkah Carol" (Dec. 1987) was a beautiful idea which was carried out very well. I did wonder if Douglas Olson was a reincarnation of Cholly, but Cholly would never have had a naked woman letting "the cool night breezes fondle her body" when there's ice on the ground.

English subscriber

From the Safety Valve letters, I get the impression that some of us are frustrated on account of inactivity in advancing our own interests. Each can contribute to our survival by refusing to enrich the enemy. There is a certain newspaper I refuse to buy, though I sometimes read others' copies of it. I am selective in my purchases, especially of large items and I avoid wherever possible grocery products bearing a certain religious endorsement. We can all help to impose the most effective restraint on their insufferable arrogance. No group is more vulnerable to a Majority boycott.

115

The Trilateralist conservatism of the Wall Street Journal is really worse than Stalinism and maybe even Trotskyism.

208

In a democracy, the votes of two idiots count for more than the vote of one wise man.

230

Tacitus, I believe, said that "Luxury is more ruthless than war." Thus, an epic for the Americans of European descent would at the present time seem a little silly. We're too besotted with material comforts. Whereas the Vietnamese boat people were enveloped by drama that was both grim and terrible, but also possessed of grandeur -- a terrible grandeur! My own two tours in Vietnam had much to do with my emotional attachment to the events and persons involved. Reading Spengler allowed me to see that I was involved in an event of historical import. My perspective was analogous to that of a Moslem soldier fighting in Spain during the Reconquista. Saigon was Seville. Manila will be Cordova. Has *Instauration's* editor placed his own tours of duty in WWII in any sort of historical context? Was it a continuation of the first European Civil War of 1914-18? Or was it something quite different?

548

I had a ball on Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday. As luck would have it, I was assigned to a social studies class at a school where I'm well known to put the cream on the cake, and the subject I taught was Medieval History, a real quick look at Charlemagne, the Crusaders and Viking conquests. You can rest assured those kids -- all white, of course -- heard some stuff I wouldn't dare say in an integrated classroom. Before each class was over I made sure every kid realized that white people better get their act together if we want to survive in the midst of oppressive churches, hostile governments and miserably distorted textbooks. A few kids were actually really angry after I'd alerted them to the problems we face. They were all ready to go out and fight for their rights. For a while it almost made me afraid I'd gone too far and said too much, but apparently I got away with it completely.

428

At a recent conference in Ann Arbor on Women in Science and Engineering, it was pointed out that after 15 years of steady growth, the enrollment of women in these fields has leveled off and in some cases begun to decline. The usual remedies, such as encouragement in elementary school, were proposed to correct the situation and thereby reduce the risks of the U.S. losing its competitive edge (the latest slogan for action). But another problem has appeared -- classroom climate in college. There has been a growth of foreign graduate students as teaching assistants and later, as faculty. These are mostly men from countries that hold different views on the role of women. The gripe is that many do not treat American women as colleagues. The report did not mention whether fluency in English was part of the adverse classroom climate.

981

A couple of months ago they staged a play in Hollywood about Ezra Pound and all it concentrated on was his Mussolini period. I went to it, talked with the director, told him the play was journalistic, not creative, and that his playwright was pandering to the Beverly Hills Jewish crowd by stressing Ezra's anti-Semitism. The director, a nice Jewish boy, replied in a cold and correct letter and talked about how such talk contributed to the ovens at Auschwitz. Oh, sweet Jesus! EP became infatuated with Social Credit because he thought it was the only economic system that makes a place in society for the poet, writer and painter. The present system condemns them to the patronage of rich people and the incredibly stupid commercial publishers in New York and London.

900

I still marvel at the editor of *Instauration's* ability to put out a magazine with practically no staff. Thirty years ago Henry Luce could have hired you and canned all those so-called writers. Think of the dough he would have saved.

922

## Instauration

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

### Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)

\$15 student (sent third class)

Add \$10 for first class mail

\$38 Canada and foreign (surface)

Add \$15 Europe (air)

Add \$20 Elsewhere (air)

Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

**Wilmot Robertson, Editor**

Make checks payable to Howard Allen

Florida residents please add 6% sales tax

Third class mail is not forwardable.

Please advise us of any change of address well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

©1988 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.  
All Rights Reserved

## CONTENTS

God Bless Jesse Jackson! .....	4
The Real Seditonaries in the Sedition Trial .....	6
TV's Murderous Murder of Mary Phagan .....	8
Bitburg -- Remembered and Reconsidered .....	10
The "Education" Mania .....	11
Kaganovich, Stalin's Jewish Toady .....	13
Cultural Catacombs .....	19
Inklings .....	20
Notes from the Sceptred Isle .....	22
Thoughts from the White Tip .....	24
Talking Numbers .....	27
Primate Watch .....	28
Elsewhere .....	30
Stirrings .....	34

□ In your January 1988 issue, Zip 076 includes Hume in "the English philosophical tradition." Hume, described by Boswell as the most brilliant writer of his time, was born north of the border, was educated in Edinburgh, spent most of his life in "that beloved city" and died there. While on the subject of philosophers, I assert Scots can rightly claim John Stuart Mill as one of theirs, despite his London birth. His father, James Mill, no mean figure in his own right, was born in Forfarshire and was his oldest son's personal tutor and the major influence in his life. The article fails to mention many Scottish inventions, such as "The Maiden," the first guillotine (on display in Edinburgh) and radar. The list of Scottish pioneers in innumerable fields of human advancement is virtually endless. As Churchill said, "There is only one thing wrong with the Scots -- there are too few of them."

117

□ I feel I have to correct Satcom Sam (Feb. 1988). On the David Duke interview on Crossfire, Pat Buchanan was not on the show. I have the tape. It was Tom Braden and Fred Barnes interviewing Duke. Duke handled himself admirably. I think you're giving Pat Buchanan a bum rap. He's one of the better right-wing battlers around. Otherwise, I love everything about Instauration and I'm with you 100%.

049

□ Zip 101 rightly credits the Libertarian Party with some sensible positions, but doesn't mention a more subtle and useful purpose it can serve in the cause of racial revival -- that of an ideological halfway house. Many articles in Instauration have deplored the somnolence of Majority members who continue to follow liberal doctrine on racial matters because they lack first-hand contact with minorities that would jolt them awake. These same people, however, are quite sensitive to issues such as taxation, foreign intervention and victimless crime laws which can lead them to seek an alternative to the Republicrats. For some of them, the transition to libertarianism can be personally and socially manageable in a way that a move to full racial awareness could not be, in one step. Once there, they are exposed to more anti-establishment ideas, and they have broken some emotional ties that once obstructed an honest view of their culture. The momentum toward radical realignment is there, and welcome.

553

□ November's article on Spengler, "Race, Culture and History," made fascinating reading. It was a fine piece of writing. One point in particular interested me, and I can't help trying to explain it by way of what Spengler called "rational, i.e., soulless dissection and ordering." The Western preoccupation with distance, or to put it in Spengler's words, our destiny-idea involves "the assertion of human will into distance . . ." All the examples your writer gives of great Westerners who show this trait seem to be of Northern European origin, including Italian Renaissance painters like Leonardo, Botticelli and Titian. I wonder if this emphasis on distance comes from our Paleolithic ancestors' necessary emphasis on hunting?

404

□ As mentioned in Instauration (Feb. 1988), Karl Marx was a racist, sexist and anti-Semite. True, he was of Jewish descent, but nobody's perfect.

878

□ The liberals and their ilk have in effect taken our country away from us. I don't know when and where or how the reckoning will come. In some ways I regret that I will not be around when Der Tag finally comes.

117

□ It's too bad you buried Willie just when I had come up with an apropos jingle for him (sung to the tune of "Pattycake, Pattycake, Baker's Man").

Watermelon, watermelon,  
Cadillac car.  
We ain't as dumb  
As you think we is

789

□ Commander Judy Glenn, a Navy nurse at San Diego Naval Hospital's obstetrics and gynecology department, noted that over a 10-month period, 789 women sailors registered for prenatal care. Of those, 323 or 41% were single. This compared with a 17% figure among civilian women. There used to be a sailor's ditty whose lyrics went, "What do you do with a drunken sailor, early in the morning?" You can sober him up in a few hours, that's what you can do. But what do you do with a pregnant sailor?

077

□ I wonder whether Congress and the White House will expand the embargoes on South Africa to Israel. The Zionists, by the way, are twice as cruel as the Afrikaners.

114

□ If the West was the Titanic, wouldn't the water be up to our bloomers?

Canadian subscriber

□ That gallant knight, Sir Richard Attenborough, wrote an article in the Telegraph Sunday Magazine (Nov. 15, 1987) about his new film, Cry Freedom. In one passage he reveres Steve Biko as "one of the brightest, most charismatic, intelligent and fascinating men ever born in South Africa." Yet toward the end of the article he excitedly claims that the world today is witnessing "a groundswell of revulsion . . . against the whole idea that one human being is superior to another." If Biko wasn't a superior individual -- in Attenborough's eyes -- then what was he?

English subscriber

□ Two requirements are necessary to write a Majority anthem: people and events. You only need to listen to Woody Guthrie's superb songs to know that the potential exists. I'll submit to you though that the person who writes such an anthem won't know what he or she is doing at the time. The writers of "Dixie" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic" did not set out to compose anthems. I'm not sure it's something that can be done purposely.

486

□ The decline and fall of Jimmy the Greek suggests that all characterizations of other races are taboo on television. Far from it: the top-rated cable TV comedy hours are full of, by today's standards, hair-raising material. The night before the Super Bowl saw an HBO salute to the "Improv" nightclub in L.A., and the now-famous alumni of the place (Robin Williams, Billy Crystal, Martin Mull, Paul Rodriguez) spent an hour savaging Jews, Mexicans and homosexuals in addition to the routine attacks on WASPs. Rodriguez, a Mexican Californian, at one point in his spiel stopped to confess, "I don't tell any jokes about Jews, though, otherwise I'm out of a job. It's back to the kitchen for me." When he reproached blond, blue-eyed Martin Mull as "a fantasy out of one of Hitler's wet dreams," Mull, who was on next and seemingly not about to take it any more, started an indiscriminate assault on all his tormentors -- Jews, Mexicans, gays -- which the audience went crazy over. Later that night, Saturday Night Live (out of New York) presented a half-serious commentary on the Israeli hand-breaking of Palestinian teenagers, ending with the remark: "I suggest they try crucifixion. That always leaves a lasting impression."

181

□ Zip 275's letter praising the martial arts is right on target. From experience I can say that the best of the martial arts is kick-boxing, also known as American-style karate. One starts from a Western/white-style boxing stance, which is superior for upper-body fighting to any fancy Oriental windmill motions. Then suddenly up comes a hard leather shoe to the groin (euphemism!) while Mr. Black Power is watching your knuckles. Western-style boxing ignores the legs. Oriental fighting ignores the power of a full-twist Western punch. Kick-boxing combines both; and it gave me the poise and experience last year to stop a black shoplifter on the run who was hurtling past me to a drug-store exit. I derived a great deal of satisfaction from the close encounter.

223

□ What a disappointment the Renegades '87 cover story was. To think that with all the apt and witty nominations you've gotten, the article came out as one more tedious, embarrassing bitch session in defense of Klannish Kranks who have little or nothing to do with real Majority rebirth.

You may have thought Reagan hopeless from the start, but he at least took a pro forma stand for Majority values, and now he's selling us all down the river in a cheap attempt to go down in history as (ugh) liberal minded after all. Though this is plain as day, I'm not sure it's yet been fully decied in Instauration.

Just for the record, as soon as you stop apotheosizing Hitler, the malapropistically named Richard Swartzbaugh, and others so extreme as to be unrecognizable as true Majoritarians, Instauration will jump about 50% in terms of credibility, respectability and usefulness in persuading others to our cause. To put things a bit more positively, you do such a wonderful job of pinpointing our real friends and enemies, this subscriber would love to see you concentrate more on that!

070

# GOD BLESS JESSE JACKSON!

**N**O MATTER WHAT HAPPENS -- whether Jesse wins, loses or draws -- the American Majority can't help but profit from the Jackson bandwagon. Why? Because it is to our advantage to have the inevitable racial showdown sooner rather than later . . . because our ranks are thinning day by birthrate-declining day . . . because their ranks are thickening, sometimes in linear progression, sometimes geometrically; never, like ours, below the replacement rate and converging toward a racial disappearing act.

Jesse Jackson, needless to say, doesn't savvy that time is working for him and against us, that the longer the minorities wait until they make their final move, the better their chances of winning; that with every tick of the clock they are gaining on us. Jesse is on a roll. He is surprised, amazed, hungrier than ever for public notice and dreaming of a black man moving into that big house in DC, whose name will then be laughingly inappropriate.

Let Jesse be the Democrats' choice for president. Let him run against Bush. Let him beat Bush. Although these three sequential possibilities are hard to imagine and harder to swallow, they would only serve our purpose. President Jesse would raise Majority race consciousness as no white politician could -- a heightened awareness of race being the necessary first step toward our survival. As long as racial boundaries in the U.S. remain fuzzy and blurred, as long as Majority members continue not to know who and what they are, we will get more and more of the hassle we've been getting since Chief Justice Earl Warren inaugurated the era of racial bad feelings with *Brown v. Board of Education*. Up till now, the racial conflict has been characterized by a series of weak white defensive actions against an always increasing number of nonwhite inroads. Call it preliminary skirmishes. If they are not the preliminaries, if they are the main bout, we'd better give up right now and move to the back of the bus.

As many of his supporters must know, Jesse is a con-man, as lowdown a plagiarist as Biden and a self-proclaimed befouler of the soup of white diners who womanizes as wantonly as did his departed black messiah, Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. If any white had mishandled public money as badly as Jesse has mishandled it in Operation

PUSH, that honky would have gone to jail. Just because the invertebrate white Democratic candidates went for months without targeting him with a word of dispraise, just because he was protected from hostile questioning by the racial shield the media and the party bosses automatically bestow on black politicians, doesn't mean he isn't the biggest flimflam artist ever to make a try for the Oval Office. When will the real Jesse Jackson show himself? Probably not until he is comfortably ensconced at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and is suddenly overcome with the urge to hit the fast-forward button.

Everything said here about a Jacksonian presidency applies to a Jacksonian vice-presidency, the only difference being that, as Veep, Jesse will have less opportunity to be Jesse.

Suppose the Democrats deny him the nomination for either job. As his black delegates shuffle out of the Atlanta convention, the inner cities may put on a fireworks display that will rival the soaring flames of the riots that followed the assassination of King, whose bloody shirt, by the way, was symbolically -- but not really, according to other blacks who were closer to King at the time -- grabbed by Jesse, as if he were catching a falling flag in a SWAPO raid on South-West Africa. Following such a super-betrayal by the white pols, the Democratic Party would split apart at the seams.

So it's heads we win, tails they lose.

Despite his black preacher's penchant for earthy epigrams, some of them dragged out of a file cabinet, no doubt, by his Jewish campaign manager, Gerald Austin, Jackson got where he is today, which is miles above where he deserves to be, not by his own efforts but by the efforts of white mediocrats and the racist yell answered so stentoriously by legions of blacks. Jesse has whined and whimpered unceasingly about the difficulty of competing with the other candidates, who had "so much more money." The truth is, Jesse had reels more media exposure than the rest of the Democratic pack, and if time is money in TV land -- and it is just that -- Jesse got tens of millions of dollars of free coverage, far more than his rivals, who when they did appear on the tube gave an extra boost to his momentum by their woeful lack of even the faintest splash of charisma.

But what helped Jesse even more than the abysmal



performances of the other candidates was the scourge of anti-whiteism that has been drilled into the American population so intensively in the last several decades that many of us have come to believe we are guilty of every sin in the book. It follows that, if we are so bad and the Negro is so good, as we are told either liminally or subliminally every night on the box, why not vote for the better man? Why not vote for the black? And if it comes to a choice between Bush and Jackson, why vote for the man who donned a yarmulke and kissed the Wailing Wall in one of the worst emotional outbursts of smarmy schlock in modern American politics?

The white sellouts, and these are the only kinds of whites in high office these days, are even more reprehensible than the black snake-oil salesmen. So who can blame some don't-give-a-damn Democrats for voting for what they conceive to be the lesser of two evils -- or not voting at all? If there had been a Chinaman on the ballot, they might have voted for him in preference to Jesse. Their main object was to show their utter disdain for a system that is almost totally rigged against them.

About the only real opposition Jesse has faced so far has come from certain segments of Jewry. Having been born with long memories, Jews will never forget "Hymietown," the bear hug given Arafat and the palsy-walsy get-togethers with Farrakhan. They are now sharpening their verbal knives to cut down Jesse in Atlanta. Many left-wing Jews, on the other hand, will forgive anyone, even an anti-Semite, if he bids fair to take ever more wind out of the sails of the hated and envied WASP. If it's a Dukakis-Jackson ticket, Jews will feel drawn to a presidential hopeful who, though not a Jew himself, is the first Mediterranean and the first Greek to make a serious run for the highest office in the land, and the first to have a Jewish wife and Jewish children.

Like it or not, we are headed for revolution in this country. The question is what kind of a revolution. Will it be a minority one or a Majority one? Will it be a minority takeover by force or a Majority instauration at gunpoint? The third alternative, racial separation, is really not an

alternative because it could never come about without a revolution. The nonwhites, the Jews and the washed-out whites could not afford to let Majority members move out and set up their own independent enclave or nation, say, in the Northwest. Who would do the work when they left? At any event, America has a revolution in its future -- a revolution that may end in our reincarnation or our obliteration.

No one is moving us faster than Jesse Jackson to the great day that will decide whether we are to be or not to be.

So friends, before we tuck ourselves in bed tonight, don't forget to say a prayer for Jesse, that ill-windbag that blows us no ill.

## What They Say About Jesse

It's absolutely clear to me that if Jesse were a white man, he'd probably be getting . . . kicked around rather royally by the press.

Unnamed network correspondent,  
Washington Post, Apr. 5, 1988

All he can do is talk. Adolf Hitler made some good speeches, too.

Jeanne (Mrs. Paul) Simon

If he was a white candidate, you would not take Jackson seriously, based on his record. He doesn't have a record.

Jack Nelson,  
Los Angeles Times correspondent

The trouble with Jesse is that he ain't never run nothing but his mouth.

Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit

# Blacks Take Control Across U.S.

BY LARRY A. STILL  
NAPA News Service  
WASHINGTON, D.C.—"It is highly likely that for the foreseeable future America's great cities will mainly be populated and governed by blacks. It is also likely that white acceptance of this reality will come slowly, and may be diverted by political or social counter-reaction," two top political experts on elections declared after

studying Mayor Harold Washington's overwhelming re-election in Chicago and Mayor W. Wilson Goode's close re-election in Philadelphia, despite racial overtones. "Race is an undeniably central facet of urban American life," write Paul Maslin and Kirk Brown in "A Tale of Two Cities: Politics and Race in Chicago and Philadelphia," in Election Politics, a quarterly publication of the Institute for Government and Politics. However, ethnic politics in America could become "separate, but decidedly unequal if current voting trends among white and black urban voters continue," according to the political consultants to Democratic officials and candidates

(New Jersey), George Mitchell (Maine) and Paul Simon (Ill.), a presidential candidate. Brown, research director for the firm, served as analyst for the successful re-election campaigns of Washington and Goode, who won with apparently 20 percent of the white vote which belies the firm's statistics. Despite black mayors in Gary,

Newark, Cleveland, Detroit or Atlanta, "the initial base of support for a black candidate has not expanded. Instead, black political power has sustained itself, based upon an ever increasing minority population. The black and brown minorities are gradually becoming a majority in urban America, but the majority lies

(See BLACKS, P. 2)

## THE CAROLINIAN

RALEIGH, N.C., **NC's Semi-Weekly** SINGLE COPY 25¢  
MONDAY IN RALEIGH ELSEWHERE 30¢  
NOVEMBER 23, 1987 DEDICATED TO THE SPIRIT OF JESUS CHRIST VOL. 46, NO. 101

## Scam Charges Dropped

Low-Income Children

## Transportation Board Adopts A New, Sweeping Improvement Plan

The North Carolina Board of Transportation recently adopted a comprehensive update of the state's Transportation Improvement Program. The plan programs state and federal funding for a wide variety of projects and activities important to all forms of transportation. This year's TIP is significant in a number of respects. Highlights of the plan include:  
• The utilization of multi-year programming for all modes of transportation.  
• The incorporation of newly authorized continuing, dedicated appropriations for aviation, public

the letter. The governor also singled out the identification of the Strategic Highway Network as a significant contribution of the program, calling those roads "a blueprint for growth and development."  
The Strategic Highway Network is comprised of the interstate highway system and other routes that carry high volumes of traffic between major points in the state. Approximately 92 percent of the state's population lives within 10 miles of one of the roads, 83 percent of the state's urban areas of 5,000 or more people are within that distance.

by the board includes a number of Strategic Highway projects. The newly adopted program has two stated goals: to reduce traffic congestion in the state's urban areas and build roads needed for economic growth. Both objectives are addressed by the plan. A total of nearly 1,400 improvement projects are included in the highway portion of the TIP, including 134 projects that were not part of last year's program. The ability to add projects is due, in part, to the recent reinforcement of the state Highway Fund. In 1985 Gov. Martin proposed the "Roads to the Future" program.

It's not really that bad -- yet! But the headline in a North Carolina Negro newspaper may not be false, merely a bit premature.

# THE REAL SEDITIONARIES IN THE SEDITION TRIAL

**I**T WAS NOT A VERY EVEN CONTEST. An army of U.S. marshals, prosecuting attorneys, jailers, informers, detectives and government agents equipped with gigabyte computers, telephone taps and high-tech electronic "house bugs"—all arrayed against 13 (originally 14) harassed and harried defendants, some of them religious cranks, some romantic revolutionaries, some distinguished for their loose lips, many already in jail serving sentences that range from 20 to 250 years, one of them on death row.

Such was the *mise-en-scène* of the seditious conspiracy trial staged in Fort Smith (AR), a town notorious as a hangout for outlaws back in the days of the Wild, Wild West. The legal proceedings bore a certain insidious resemblance to the Moscow show trials of the 1930s. Judge Morris Arnold himself admitted it was in "some respects a political trial" and dismissed one of the accused, Robert Smalley, for lack of evidence. He did not admit, but should have, that it was a trial where some defendants were being tried, at least indirectly, for the third time for crimes they were convicted of in Seattle in 1985. When it comes to double and triple jeopardy, Justice in America is moving far away from Anglo-Saxon common law—so far away she is no longer blindfolded. Her eyes are now wide open, glaring with hyped-up animus and antiwhite racism. Forget fairness, forget equity, shred the Bill of Rights. Mobilize a giant KGB-type task force and go out and round up a group of citizens, some of whom had never even known each other until their arrests, and accuse them of spinning a fantastic web of conspiracy and murder to overthrow the government and set up some kind of racist state. It all makes sensational, circulation-building headlines for the gutter press, while giving the FBI the opportunity to demand more money when it goes before Congress to ask for its annual appropriation.

The white-bashing that went on in Fort Smith was actually two trials in one. There were the members of The Order, an outfit which may or may not have expired with the immolation of its founder-leader, Robert J. Matthews, in an air and ground attack by a combat team of 300 law enforcement agents, including an armed helicopter, on a house where he was holed up on Whidbey Island (WA). The Order members were charged with seditious conspiracy. They had already been tried and sent to jail in Seattle, after 10 or 11 of their good buddies turned state's evidence against them. Two of them, Bruce C. Pierce, 33, and David E. Lane, 49, were tried again and found guilty of violating the civil rights of a Denver Jewish talk show host, Alan Berg, who was gunned down in his garage. The charge was not murder, mind you, but civil rights violation, and the sentences handed out to the two defendants (two others were acquitted) was 150 years each, to be served consecutively with the 100- and 60-year sen-

tences given them, respectively, in the Seattle trial. These kinds of numbers are sheer madness, but anything goes in a courtroom when the defendants are Majority activists.

Three of the defendants charged with seditious conspiracy were not at the previous two trials, but were dragged into this one, largely because of previous socializing with members of The Order. The oldest is Richard G. Butler, a 70-year-old retired aerospace engineer who recently had a triple heart bypass operation and was not exactly in the proper physical shape to take over the U.S. government by force. He is the talking head of the Aryan Nations, the group to which some Order members belonged before they went on the warpath. Arrested at the same time as Butler was Robert E. Miles, 63, the minister of an esoteric church in Michigan, whose precarious state of health is hardly up to the rigors of storming the Pentagon. Miles believes strongly in the establishment of an all-white homeland in the Northwest as a means of preserving the white race in America. The third person in this trio was Louis Beam Jr., 41, a Vietnam vet, who, after the warrant for his arrest had been issued, hid out in Mexico for several months. When he was caught, his wife shot and wounded a Mexican undercover policeman. She thought her husband was being kidnapped. All in all, Butler's and Miles's crimes apparently consisted of talking a little too tough and a little too specifically about ways of establishing a white homeland, though one government informer, a religious fanatic, claimed Miles gave him a mess of cyanide to poison the water supplies of Washington (DC) and one or two other cities. Beam's sin was to have set up a computer network to supply information to the perpetrators of the various alleged "conspiracies." Many of the voluminous pieces of evidence that were introduced against the defendants involved the receiving, handling and distribution of \$3.6 million stolen from a Brinks armored truck—an armed robbery which the prosecution made much of in the Seattle proceedings.

Another group of desperadoes in this somewhat disjointed trial was comprised of four men (plus David W. Snell, also charged with conspiracy) who were accused of planning two killings to exact revenge for the death of Gordon Kahl, a tax protestor who, like Matthews, met his death in a government shoot-out. The two Wades, father William and son Ivan, supposedly conspired to finance the killing of the judge who had dished out jail sentences to those who had harbored Kahl, and the FBI agent they thought was responsible for Kahl's death. The van in which the team of avengers set out to commit their nefarious deeds was wrecked en route on an icy road, a mishap which was taken as a sign of God's disapproval. So the expedition was called off. The Wades, incidentally, wanted to

be severed from the other defendants and be given a separate trial. They declared they were Choctaw Indians and claimed the jury was stacked against them because it contained no braves or squaws. This outburst of Indianism threw an embarrassing glitch in the Fort Smith legal scenario, which had been built around the theme that all the evildoers were goose-stepping white supremacists.

As is the rule in such affairs, the ratio of informers was exceedingly high—high in number and high in status. James D. Ellison, the government's star witness, was the leader of the Covenant, the Sword and the Arm, a wacky, muscle-flexing religious cult. Along with his second in command, Kerry Noble, he was ratting to the rafters against many of the other defendants, in an effort to reduce the 20-year jail sentence he had received for a fling at what the government called racketeering. The sight of two leaders of an organization acting as stool pigeons to obtain the convictions of some of their followers who, if they did commit any crimes, were doing so at the behest of their leaders, is not a pretty one. Under cross-examination Ellison, who admitted he had already received \$16,000 from the government for his snitch artistry, claimed that his family tree goes back to David, that old Hebrew homo who lusted after Jonathan. He also confessed to having two wives waiting for him on the outside.

Defendant Snell, 57, was in hot water twice over. Accused of seditiously conspiring with members of The Order, he also rode in that assassination van that never got to its destination. In addition, he was charged with trying to blow up an interstate natural gas pipeline, though the explosives misfired and no hole was found in the pipe. Snell, who had already been given the death penalty for murdering a pawnbroker and an Arkansas state trooper, was practically immune from further punishment. One informer, Daniel R. Bauer, was charged in the indictment with reviewing "Jewish" publications at a Seattle library and snooping around the Jewish Defense League office in the same city. Since he was now working for the government, he had been removed from the list of defendants.

Some of those in the dock acted as their own lawyers, which is understandable because Miles's attorney, N. C. LeRene, half-Jewish, half-Lebanese, wanted \$50,000 up front. Beam asked the jury to watch Ellison's feet when he was testifying. "No man that's not psychopathic can lie without being nervous." Peter Lake, a Hollywood creep who joined the Aryan Nations under an assumed name in order to cash in on a video exposé, testified that Butler had once spoken admiringly of Adolf Hitler. While staying in the Aryan Nations' compound, Lake joined lustily in the badmouthing of Jews and blacks—all the better, he explained, to pull the wool over Butler's eyes.

Some of the testimony of the prosecution's witnesses was so repetitive and irrelevant that Judge Arnold ordered Assistant U.S. Attorney Steven Snyder to get on with the case and eschew further talk of swastikas and Nazis. Arnold seemed like a relatively fair judge, and the jury was almost completely, if not completely, composed of Majority members. That, besides the absurdi-

ty of some of the charges, was about all the defendants had going for them, since truth counts for very little in this type of media- and ACLU-approved legal lynching.

Miraculously, however, all 13 defendants were acquitted. When all was said and done, it turned out that the only seditious aspect of the trial was the seditiousness of the government prosecutors, whose case was really nothing less than a seditious attempt to trash the First Amendment.

*Note: Although hardly anyone knows about it, another seditious conspiracy trial has been taking place in Massachusetts. Seven of the defendants are white. One is black. Since this is left-wing sedition, the media are not interested. The Negro has already pleaded guilty. He was given a seven-year sentence.*

### **Big Bucks for Informer Martinez**

The man who came out of the sedition trial and the previous two trials smelling most like a rose--or most like a skunk--was Thomas Martinez, who, although involved up to his neck in The Order's unlawful forays, saved his own skin by being the first to blow the whistle on his erstwhile comrades. A swarthy Hispanic from Philadelphia who belonged more properly to La Raza than to a militant white racist group, he nevertheless wormed his way into the organization's confidence and became one of its counterfeit bill passers. He was picked up by the cops when he stupidly tried to change a phony ten for the second time in a Jewish-owned store.

In no time he was singing like a cage full of canaries and was the wired-up Judas goat who led the FBI to The Order's leader, the late Robert J. Mathews, who managed to escape the first government trap by breaking out of a motel surrounded by the feds with only a bullet wound in his hand. In the confusion an FBI sharpshooter also winged the motel manager.

Although he was an accessory to many more serious crimes than counterfeiting, Martinez was rewarded for his "cooperation" by being given probation. It wasn't long before he went to the ADL and is now a well-paid Zionist agent on the lecture circuit making big bucks by talking about the crimes that he committed and for which he sent his onetime pals to jail. He is also the co-author of a teary confessional written with a hack named John Guinther, in which he portrays himself as a martyr risking his life to bring a message of truth, light and minority racism to the masses. The title is *Brotherhood of Murder* and it can be ordered for \$17.95 from McGraw-Hill Books, 11 West 19th St., New York, NY 10011, if any Instaurationist should want to buy some expensive bathroom tissue.

Martinez started out in life by hating the Negroes in his integrated high school. Now, as he writes in his book, he regrets this hatred and quotes his mother, "Tom, I always told you the Jewish people were good." There wasn't much money in going after Negroes, was there, Tom? Pimping for Jewish racists brings in much more of the green stuff, doesn't it, Tom?

# TV'S MURDEROUS MURDER OF MARY PHAGAN

**N**BC-TV'S LATEST ANTIWHITE, anti-Southern, anti-Populist, pro-Jewish goggle-boxer, *The Murder of Mary Phagan*, wasn't too schlock-ridden from a dramatic standpoint, but let's see how it squares with the facts. As became glaringly evident by the first reel, it had been more heavily doctored than the usual docudrama, which may be why Orion Pictures, a purely Jewish film outfit, financed it, and why Brandon Tartikoff, the purely Jewish chief of NBC-TV's entertainment division, chose to buy it and give it five hours of precious prime time on January 24 and 26.

## FICTION

Played by the aging Jack Lemmon, a Southern governor who was a sure thing for the U.S. Senate willingly sacrificed a brilliant career in national politics by commuting the death sentence of a Jewish pencil factory manager. A cultivated man who enjoyed listening to Puccini, this Jew was wrongly perceived by a largely redneck population to be the violator and murderer of a teenage girl.

The docudrama quickly bypassed Mary Phagan and made Leo Frank the tragic figure. In the traditional Hollywood mode, a non-Jewish actor, Peter Gallagher, was cast (or rather miscast) as a Jew. Frank comes across as little short of angelic, with an equally angelic and attractive wife who stood by him all the way.

It soon became apparent that Frank, the president of the Atlanta B'nai B'rith, was a martyr, a victim of the Georgia and U.S. legal system. Though he had some outside support, white racism in Georgia turned the whole state against him and left him at the mercy of a corrupt old-boy network.

Thomas E. Watson, who became one of the south's greatest senators some years after Frank's lynching, was characterized as a political "boss" who ruled Georgia politics like an early-day Richard Daley. It was intimated that Watson was the gray eminence behind Frank's trial.

Hugh Dorsey, the Fulton County solicitor and the attorney who represented the people of Georgia in the trial, was played by Richard Jordan, the most Nordic-looking actor. Consequently, he had to be the villain of the piece. Less than subtle sneers and grimaces typecast him as an unscrupulous, hypocritical, on-the-make politico who enthused over the task of framing Leo Frank.

## FACT

John Slaton was governor of Georgia from 1913-1915. In 1914, in the middle of his term, he ran for the U.S. Senate and was defeated. Consequently, despite the main dramatic theme of the film, his career was already on the shelf before he commuted Leo Frank's death sentence. Slaton, though depicted as a man of principle in the TV show, had very few principles in real life. While serving as governor, he was a partner in the law firm which collected at least \$250,000 in legal fees for defending Frank. Transpose that tidy sum into 1988 dollars and it's hard to see exactly what Slaton was giving up in his "sacrificial" act.

In real life Leo Frank, born and bred in Brooklyn, was not exactly an Apollo Belvedere. Nor was his wife a modern version of Aphrodite. Mrs. Frank, hyped as a paragon of loyalty in the film, actually refused to visit her husband for the first seven weeks he was in prison. Frank ran a sweatshop in which more than a hundred teenage girls worked ten hours a day for 12¢ an hour. Some of these employees testified their boss had a "bad" character. To prevent any details of this "badness" from coming out, defense attorneys decided not to cross-examine.

Almost the entire Northern press was on Frank's side, so he was by no means alone in his fight to beat the rap. At his disposal were the huge financial resources of U.S. Jewry. As for getting his day in court, his appeals were turned down once by the U.S. Supreme Court and five times by the Georgia Supreme Court. The film did not point out that Frank took the stand as an "unsworn witness," which meant that under Georgia law he could not be cross-examined.

Watson, a scholar and the author of biographies on Napoleon and Thomas Jefferson and a two-volume history of France, was no political boss. He had no connection whatsoever with Frank's trial and did not even comment on it until eight months after the verdict.

Hugh Dorsey was actually a respected and talented prosecutor who later became a governor of Georgia. He stayed strictly within the parameters of the law throughout Frank's trial.

## FICTION

Mary Phagan's father was portrayed as a ne'er-do-well who lived off his daughter's meager earnings.

Ku Klux Klan-type mobs were filmed breaking up the trial with racial chants of "Hang the Jew" and similar taunts.

In order to get to the "truth" of the Phagan murder case, the good-hearted, principled Governor Slaton presided over a special court of inquiry which turned into a second trial.

The chief witness for the prosecution was Jim Conley, the janitor at the factory, who claimed that he helped Frank carry Mary's body down to the cellar. Unabashedly, the film came up with a pre-civil rights, almost a pre-Civil War, stereotype of the shiftless, lying black, a character no longer permitted on TV -- unless, of course, his Rastus-like behavior helps build up sympathy for a Jewish hero.

The film tried to pretend that Alonzo Mann, the office boy who served as a defense witness, showed up 70 years after the trial of his own accord, because he had a change of heart. For the good of his soul, he wanted to recant his earlier testimony and said that he only saw Jim Conley, but not Frank, carrying Mary Phagan's body.

The Confederate Memorial Ball in Atlanta was a gala event in the film. The widow of Stonewall Jackson was one of the star attractions.

Little attention was paid to the jury that convicted Frank, which reinforced the impression that it was composed of twelve bigoted illiterates.

Members of Tom Watson's, Hugh Dorsey's and Mary Phagan's families are still alive in Atlanta. One can imagine what they must have felt seeing their forebears demeaned and denigrated on national TV. But such humiliation is the price Majority members have been paying ever since showbiz fell into alien hands. The humiliation will continue until the entertainment industry is returned to the people who represent Americans as a whole, instead of one narrow, race-obsessed group.

The promotional hype that preceded *The Murder of Mary Phagan* was as damaging to historical truth as the video itself. The worst example was an article in TV Guide by Morris Abrams, a Reagan appointee to the Civil Rights Commission, who resigned some months ago to become chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. As such, he has emerged as one of the prime apologists for the Israeli soldiers who have been busy gunning down, beating and clubbing Palestinian teenagers.

Abrams's article was headlined, "They Lynched an Innocent Man -- as the Governor Tried to Save Him." In a few more years, may we expect to see a similar exculpatory headline in an Abrams TV Guide promo for a miniseries that will prove Jonathan Pollard's innocence?

## FACT

Mary Phagan's father died years before his daughter was raped and murdered.

No such raucous interruptions took place. The event was cooked up by the filmmakers to add a Ku Klux Klan flavor to the proceedings.

No such court of inquiry was held. If it had occurred, it would have been an outrageous violation of criminal justice procedure.

Jim Conley stuck to his story under one of the most relentless cross examinations in U.S. courtroom history. It lasted three full days. All that could be pinned on him was that he had been an accessory to the murder. He was released from jail one year after Frank was convicted of first-degree murder.

When Dan Rather reported on Mann's fortuitous reappearance on the *CBS Evening News*, he said Mann "saw" the murder. Mann saw no such thing. That Conley was carrying Mary's body alone without Frank's assistance did not prove that Frank was not the murderer. Jerry Thompson, a reporter on the payroll of the American Jewish Committee, found Mann and shepherded him from Tennessee to Atlanta. In the late 1950s, Mann had made the same confession to Ralph McGill, the civil rights crusader, who considered the story the alcoholic ravings of a publicity hound.

Mrs. Jackson was not in Atlanta when the alleged Confederate Memorial Ball took place -- alleged because it never occurred.

At least four Jews were members of the grand jury that indicted Frank.

**A delayed post-mortem of the President's famous visit  
on May 5, 1985, to that most famous of German graveyards**

## **BITBURG -- REMEMBERED AND RECONSIDERED**

**T**HE JEWS BEHAVED exactly as the most ardent anti-Semite would have wished. That a President as Judeophilic as Reagan should have had to put up with the vicious name-calling and shameful questioning of his morals that has been going on ever since can only raise questions about the morality of those who wage campaigns of hate against the dead, declare the music of Wagner and Strauss to be tainted by Nazism, and lash out at friend and foe alike who either attempt to heal their wounds or investigate the facts of their grievances. One would expect more perspicacity from the Jews, for the sophistry which claims the President's visit to Bitburg condones the persecution of the Jews by the Nazis is exactly the same as the one which characterized, not so long ago, any association of Christians with Jews as condoning the latter's murder of Christ.

It's a marvel our politicians, including the two senators from New York, didn't march off with shovels and spades to dig up the offending SS men who had the impudence to get themselves killed nearby and buried at Bitburg, and drive stakes through their hearts and rebury them at the nearest crossroads. So loud was the outcry it would not have been surprising if the mayor of New York and his administration, or any members of it still at large and unindicted, were to dedicate a section of Central Park as a site for an annual ceremony in which the bodies of SS men could be flung on dung heaps to rot. Our Washington politicians are to be commended, however, for the restraint they practiced in not authorizing several millions of dollars for searches of German graveyards to find one full of approved corpses -- kosher dead Germans, so to speak.

That a chorus of venal politicians should join the condemnation is not to be wondered at, but that the Catholic archbishop of New York should lend himself to the low passions and prejudices of the day passes belief. Is it any wonder that ordinary people are cynical about the church? If Cardinal O'Connor had nailed shut and barricaded the great bronze doors of his cathedral and stood before them with his crozier in his fists, declaring that no one should enter who had not forgiven his enemy, he would have been performing a Christian act. Why didn't he just come out and say that when it comes down to practical matters, such as resisting political pressure from the Jews, the quaint ideas contained in the New Testament are just buncombe? He could then advise us to disregard all that maudlin nonsense about loving our neighbors and forgiving our enemies as sentimental excesses spoken by an impractical dreamer, and get on with the worship of his real god, Nemesis.

This is not hyperbole. The incredible fact is that in Amer-

ica today not even the holder of the most powerful office in the land can act like a Christian and a gentleman with impunity. The President is called to account and reviled from the shrine of Nemesis, while the wretched occupant of the nation's most prestigious pulpit doesn't scruple to imperil his soul by denying those teachings of his church which were its glory and inspiration and which even the ancient pagans found irresistible. What religion is this in which Nemesis -- Revenge -- whom Hesiod characterized as the Daughter of Night, stalks even into our churches and speaks with the tongues of our prelates? Is this Catholicism? Is it Protestantism? Is this Christianity?

It is a dark night indeed, in which the country is at the mercy of the atavistic urges inspired by a primitive, wrathful religion whose adherents not only hate their enemies, but also hate those who refuse to join them in their hatred. Not that they lack for those of us who will join them. To our disgrace, they are there in plenty, on dais and pulpit, who will persecute their former enemies and revile those of their own countrymen who would treat those former enemies with common decency, let alone Christian chivalry. What kind of hatred is this, that pursues its object beyond the awful gates of death? Does it know any bounds? Any limits? Has it no scrap of shame?

It is a shameful lack of chivalry, indicating the decay of soldierly virtue, which prompted those members of veterans organizations to object to the President's visit, especially on grounds such as the incident at Malmedy, which some historians now say was manufactured by American wartime propagandists. The subsequent actions of American troops, in which German prisoners were murdered on explicit written orders, have been hushed up for decades. There is plenty of blame to go around, and if we are going to continue to punish the Germans, we must at last convene a tribunal like the one at Nuremberg to convict and punish our own criminals as well, or admit that might makes right, in which case it would be better for our souls to dispense with trials altogether and simply slaughter our enemies out of hand, rather than compound our criminality by perverting our courts and outraging justice.

That today, forty-three years after war's end, such mean-spiritedness, such lack of generosity, such downright inhumanity should be tolerated and encouraged is the direct result of a half-century of continuous anti-German propaganda coming from our cinemas, our televisions, our newspapers, magazines and books, until our view is so distorted by the exaggerations, lurid half-truths and the lies of base minds and vulgar imaginations that our former enemies appear worse to us than the fiends of hell itself.

Since we have come to believe in neither God nor Devil,

and the Devil always being closer to our hearts, we have invented one for our time in Hitler, with a gallery of attendant demons named Himmler, Goering and Goebbels, and legions of fiends comprising the SS, the Wehrmacht, and any other Germans whose gallantry in battle frightened us, and whose comparative lack of hypocrisy in politics shamed us.

Having achieved the diabolization of our enemies, the next stop was not so much a deliberate self-deception on our part as a natural degeneration of that endearing ingenuousness which refuses to believe that our soldiers could ever commit atrocities and chooses to believe we are on the side of the heavenly hosts. After all, the last time this happened, Satan and his legions were defeated by St. Michael and his army of angels. And so, the spurious diabolization of our enemies was followed by the trumpeted canonization of ourselves. It was simply breathtaking. Posterity can only congratulate us on our capacity for self-approbation. Hitherto unsuspected virtues were discovered everywhere. At one time and in certain circles it was even thought that Stalin was the new St. Michael and the best Satan-fighter of the lot.

How we have been polishing those brass halos ever since! How we have been admiring our papier-mâché wings! It is only as we examine the Allies' conduct during the war, when, among other crimes, they initiated the wanton bombing of women and children, and the deliberate cruelties and brutalities they inflicted on their prostrate and defenseless foe after it, that it becomes apparent that those false wings will never do for a band of angels with feet of real clay. Well, some of us were sure those supernatural appendages were unsuited to Stalin, anyway.

That the victors, in contravention of any conceivable legal right, had the incredible effrontery to sit in judgment on their helpless enemies in the postwar trials at Nuremberg is only made understandable, if scarcely forgivable, when it is realized that one of the purposes of the trials was to conceal the crimes of the Allies, and not to discover those of the Germans, whose guilt, in any case, was assumed from the start.

And now it may be seen why all four powers sat on the

court: to prevent any one or any combination of them revealing the culpability of any other. It only remained to show the world that the demon Germans bore the sole guilt. To do that, mock trials, perjured testimony, suppression of evidence, lack of competent legal representation and coercion became the rule. Tortures were employed that common decency forbids describing, all taking place in an atmosphere of sensationalism and hysteria that would make the witch trials of the Middle Ages seem to be models of enlightened jurisprudence.

The spite that has swirled around us since the Bitburg visit has revealed that a half-century of anti-German propaganda continued at a wartime pitch has borne bitter fruit, not the least of which has been a kind of war waged on the dead. It's as though we were speaking about a race of infernal fiends instead of the poor dust that we shall all become.

The youth of the SS men buried at Bitburg is particularly pertinent, for even supposing every crime alleged to have been committed by the Nazis were true ten times over, how can we, by the light of a hindsight that fate did not grant them, demand they solve, in the stress of war, the moral questions and the standards of behavior, whose ambiguities have puzzled older and wiser heads in the leisure of peacetime? All they knew, most of them, was that their country was in a desperate, titanic struggle. If they lost their sense of proportion in the hurricane of events, they did no more than thousands of others on both sides. Whatever else may be said of them, they were faithful to their comrades, their country and their oath -- faithful unto death.

So, let us finally say, "enough." Here, where Sergeant Death takes the muster of his grim ranks, let horrible Nemesis turn away her hateful face. It is for God to judge them, as it is for God to judge us. Let him who would usurp that prerogative do so at his soul's peril.

*Requiescant in Pace.*

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

---

## THE "EDUCATION" MANIA

**I**T NEVER CEASES, this din for "more and better education." Every candidate for virtually every office in the land must *pro forma* pledge himself to this goal. Illiteracy "must be wiped out," we hear, and the test scores of American youth "must be dramatically improved."

Further, every new immigrant to America believes in "education" as fervently as he believes in the medicinal properties of the national booze of his country of origin. "My children *will* go to college and get an education," he solemnly affirms, eyes shining with the reflection of the American Dream.

Then there's the mammoth and ongoing public relations campaign that has made illiteracy more of a stigma than

herpes. In one television commercial, a fellow who cannot read his daughter a bedtime story is made out to be the twin of the chap who's always sent to fetch the left-handed monkey wrenches.

Education is the solution to all the problems of the world, we are told, or at least that is the implied message. The Educational Establishment promotes this line as gospel, and peasants from the earth's four corners arriving on our shores, as well as those already here, swallow it down with their Coca-Cola.

Education, then, is much like Peace -- it's pretty damn wonderful, and woe to the nihilist who dares question its worth. It's one of those rare items that all humanity can

agree confers great benefit not only on the recipients but on the world in general.

Yes, everyone talks of "education," but what they are really speaking of is *training*. Education is an opening and broadening of the mind and soul, an instrument designed for comprehensive intellectual and spiritual development. In this sense, all education is self-education, although gifted guides along the pathway are of great and unquestioned value.

Training, on the other hand, is in most respects the opposite of education. Training is a narrowing, a closing off. Training is routine drill, to "fit" one for a particular career. And to this specialized end, mind and heart are usually firmly padlocked.

In an early essay, "On the Future of Our Educational Institution," Nietzsche decried the tendency of the German schools of his day to shift their emphasis from education to training. If that great European sage worried about the institutions of higher learning in his country at that time, one can imagine his reaction to contemporary American "education."

Americans are a highly pragmatic people, and so it is, as it must be, that *training* and not education is imparted in every college and university in this nation. And that which is taught under the rubric of Liberal Arts, and related courses, is mostly a propaganda line designed to suspend the student-victim in time, specifically the time of Woodrow Wilson or FDR. Or, in some cases, the time of John Dewey or Franz Boas, or Lenin or Freud. It is a mistake to believe that the ignorant are far more susceptible to propaganda than the "educated." In fact, the reverse is true. The latter group, in general, is much easier to propagandize than the former, particularly if the party line is decked out in some snooty and pretentious intellectual attire.

Any perceptive observer on a college campus will note that those being put through the Liberal Arts propmachine seem almost genetically preselected for it. Their physical and psychic energies are usually much lower than those undergoing science training (although some exhibit a neurotic energy, a spastic kind of hysteria), and their faces and forms are considerably less fair.

(Certainly there are exceptions to this, both students and teachers, and these exceptions are perhaps America's hope for the future -- truly *educated* people, with a respect for facts and a disdain for ideologies and propaganda, with a strength of spirit that complements depth of mind. These lone eagles are surely out there, having soared from the ivy-covered walls, but they are a rare and endangered species.)

There is nothing wrong, per se, with training. A soldier must be trained -- i.e., narrowed -- as must a physician, attorney, engineer, banker and businessman. But training is not education, and education is not propaganda, and the confusion of terms, and thus of reality, is a source of great damage -- individual, national, cultural and racial.

That which is called higher education in America is really a complex of training factories, interspersed with a few indoctrination centers posing as repositories of wisdom. In *Imperium*, Yockey points out that with the coming of late democratic conditions, "the principle of mass was applied even to the field of education. America with less

than half the population of the home soil of Western Culture had in the 20th century ten times as many institutions of higher learning, so-called." He also correctly noted that when everyone is given a diploma, the diploma loses all meaning.

What is the real value of mass education? In fact, what is the value of universal literacy? Some of the great names of Western literature made their reputations when less than five percent of the population of Europe could read and write. Reading was an art to be cultivated, not something passed out as a "right," like penny candy at a child's party. The literate of that time quickly recognized quality, and authors of genius did not have to compete in the marketplace with writers of commercial junk.

Was the ordinary person in those days less of a man or less of a woman because of a lack of reading ability? Were they less robust, less spirited, less straight and true, or even less intelligent or self-reliant than the dispirited and propagandized contemporary mob that wolfs down the daily newspaper with its morning coffee and donut?

Are the products of our training factories really all that superior to the yeomen of yore -- particularly when all too often much of the training and drilling misses the mark? As an example, there are probably *thousands* of people processed through the mills of academia who can precisely detail the "periods" of Picasso, or discourse grandly on every nuance of 19th-century French literature. There are likely *hundreds* of archaeologists and agronomists digging around in the deserts, and seemingly *trillions* of well-trained attorneys scouring over our megalopolitan wastelands like famished locusts. But where can one find a capable and well-trained *automotive mechanic*, for god-sake, to honestly and properly repair a motor vehicle? (I am convinced that there are no more than ten such men in America, and that they operate underground so as not to have great throngs besieging them day and night.)

It takes more real skill to be a superior mechanic than it does to be a good lawyer, and it is far more socially useful. Despite all the emphasis on training, anyone seeking a genuinely capable and trustworthy mechanic in America may as well run naked through a Plains Indian gauntlet, for all the pain that must be endured. Of course, we do have to realize that a lawyer keeps his fingernails neatly manicured, while a mechanic must often get as dirty and greasy as the engines he works on. Today, to "get an education" means, when all is said and done, that one will forevermore have clean fingernails.

D.H. Lawrence decried universal literacy, though recognizing the hopelessly romantic nature of his condemnation. I am one with him in spirit. Specialized training and ideological feedings are actually destructive of native intelligence, which at one time had great survival value. The *capacity* to be educated is, as it always has been, the property of the few. The slogan, "mass education," is an oxymoron. The masses can be trained, to varying degrees of skill, or they can be propagandized and mobilized; but educated -- never.

Universal education and literacy are no panacea. They came about in the first place because the moneyed elites -- which always have had liberal ideologues and democratic governments fronting for them -- needed the people who

had been put through this training to staff the lower-level executive slots, to interpret the mass of instructions and memoranda, to pass on the vital technological data, to type and read the mail, to peruse commercial and political propaganda. It is interesting that the progress of technics is making less necessary the previously required reading skills. If Money can accomplish its aims without literacy, we can expect to see reading and writing ability levels dip even further.

Unfortunately, this will not mean that the population in general will become superior, in any way that can be imagined: the garbage will simply enter their minds via television, computers, robotic dog and pony shows, or whatever other geegaws await us in the future. All it means is that they'll become even more superfluous, except as consumers and cannon fodder.

VIC OLIVIR

---

## KAGANOVICH, STALIN'S JEWISH TOADY

**T**HOSE WHO BELIEVE Commissar Josef Stalin was the most effective anti-Semite of modern times -- in the sense that he liquidated his top Jews while Hitler let his Jewish elite go and concentrated his wrath on the less chosen of the Chosen -- have a fairly airtight case, with one bothersome exception: the existence and continued presence during the Stalin era of Politburocrat Lazar M. Kaganovich.

When Stalin first inched his way to power in the early 1920s, the Soviet Union's ruling circles were loaded with Jews, not only in the Politburo, but in the armed forces, the media, the universities and the diplomatic corps. Even Lenin, enthroned at the apex of the Communist Party, was at least one-quarter Jewish.

After Lenin's death, Stalin exiled Trotsky, his chief Jewish rival, and in the 1930s wiped out the Party's remaining Jewish bigwigs, many by the handy device of confession-box show trials. By 1939 the only Jew who remained in the ruling clique was Kaganovich, who, in addition to his high ranking in the Party, was a close friend of Stalin, perhaps even a relation. His sister, Rosa, had either married Stalin or moved in with him -- or both. At least, this is what Kaganovich claims, although the liaison has been specifically denied by Svetlana, the dictator's daughter.

Stalin and Hitler pulled off the surprising and excruciating (to Jews worldwide) Russian-German Nonaggression Pact in 1939, which detonated WWII. When Hitler double-crossed him and invaded the Soviet Empire, Stalin put a temporary hold on his anti-Semitism, but only until the Wehrmacht was thrown back and the Third Reich surrendered.

The fires of WWII had hardly cooled when Stalin ordered the Soviet press to take off against "cosmopolitans," not much of a code word for Jews because they were also identified by name. On the night of August 12, 1952, 24 of Russia's leading "cosmopolitans" were murdered in the basement of the Lubyanka prison, and some 217 Jewish writers and poets, 108 actors and 87 painters and sculptors and 19 musicians disappeared into Gulags, some to reappear miraculously decades later, many to vanish forever. Zionism was now a crime and practically all Jewish institutions (including synagogues) and Yiddish publications were shut down. Nevertheless, Kaganovich managed to hang on to his Politburo seat throughout the entire purge and was only fired when Stalin died, either by poison or by heart failure.



Lazar Kaganovich

Unreconstructed anti-Semites rely on the existence of Kaganovich to prove that Stalin's bloodthirsty winnowings were all based on party infighting and had nothing to do with race. Others of an opposite frame of mind believe with Khrushchev and many other non-Jewish Soviet leaders that Stalin was as anti-Semitic as they come. Kaganovich, the argument goes, was kept on as a token and his high office and his physical well-being rested entirely on slavishly obeying Stalin's every whim, even to the extent of betraying his fellow Jews.

Kaganovich's cloying renegadism and sycophancy are the themes of an interesting new book by an American Jew, Stuart Kahan, who happens to be Kaganovich's nephew. After a long interview with his uncle, who until his death a few months ago was the occupant of a modest two-room Moscow apartment, Kahan wrote that Kaganovich was a self-hating, anti-Semitic Jew who went out of his way to persuade Stalin and the Party elite that he had drained the last drop of Jewishness from his Communist soul.

In *The Wolf of the Kremlin: the First Biography of L.M. Kaganovich, the Soviet Union's Architect of Fear* (Morrow,

NY, \$19.95), Kahan reveals some hitherto unknown facts (or gossip) not just about his Jewish anti-hero, but about Jewish and non-Jewish Party hierarchs.

- Goateed, round-faced, puffy-cheeked Nikolai Bulganin, with his twinkling blue eyes, one of the top-ranking non-Jews in the Stalin era and later president of the USSR, was married to a Jewess. Marshal Kliment Voroshilov -- infectious smile, pleasant looking -- also had a wife of Jewish extraction. Lev Kamenev (né Rosenfeld), the brother-in-law of Trotsky, was Lenin's literary executor. The co-editor of Lenin's papers was Grigori Zinoviev, Lenin's closest assistant. Both were Soviet Founding Fathers, both were Jews and both were liquidated by Stalin in 1936.

- Maria Ulyanova soothed the hypertension of her brother, Lenin (his nom de guerre was taken from the Lena River in Siberia), while he sat on his rocking chair stroking his cat, by playing Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Wagner and Tchiakovsky on the piano. Lenin's favorite piece was Beethoven's *Appassionato*. Unlike his less deluded Jewish compeers, Lenin liked to hunt and backpack.

- Anastas Mikoyan, Armenian commissar and so-called Soviet financial genius, was a 5'3" runt with olive skin, wavy black hair, sharp nose, upturned lips and a needle-thin black mustache.

- Vyacheslav Molotov was another "shorty." He had a thin neck, jaundiced complexion, a high, squeaky voice, blue eyes, delicate soft hands and a Jewish wife, Paulina, who was dumped in a Gulag for her real or suspected affection for Golda Meir. Molotov gritted his teeth and went on servilely serving the man who put her there.

- Stalin, known to his intimates as Koba, had "yellowish eyes," sallow pigmentation and a pockmarked face. He was only two inches taller than Mikoyan. He apparently had poor circulation and was always rubbing his hands to keep them warm. Spartan in his habits, Stalin made an exception for good food and hard liquor. He once belted down 30 shot glasses of vodka during one political gathering. History's hardest-nosed dictator was a night person who got to the office at 11:00 A.M. and worked right through till 1:00 A.M. with brief breaks at 4:00 P.M. and 8:00 P.M. for a snack. Like other Politburo members, all of whom were forced to follow his example, he put in a seven-day work week.

Lazar Kaganovich was the eyes and ears of his boss. He spied on Lenin's widow, Nadezhda (Natasha) Krupskaya, and spied on Stalin's second wife, Nadezhda Alliluyeva and testified that she had committed suicide, though her husband's hands were not entirely clean in the matter. Was it guilt that caused his nervous breakdown one week after her death? Stalin's first wife, Katherina, died of tuberculosis after three years of marriage. No one is quite sure how Nadezhda met her end. Some said peritonitis; most said she had shot herself in the head. She had been Stalin's wife for fifteen years.

Kaganovich broke into the Soviet limelight by helping to dispel and crush Ukrainian nationalism in the 1920s. His number-one aide in the massive crackdown was Nikita Khrushchev, whose daughter later married a Jew. To get in the good graces of the many Jewish Communist leaders in the Ukraine, Khrushchev played up to the Jewish nerds, who then comprised more than half of the student body at

Ukrainian universities.

Among Kaganovich's many jobs was that of Commissar of Transportation. He claimed responsibility for constructing Moscow's garish subway. He also bore a great deal of responsibility for the Ukrainian famine of the early 30s by being put in charge of Stalin's anti-kulak crusade in what was once Russia's breadbasket. As a Ukrainian Jew, he had no problem with overseeing the starvation of millions of Ukrainians, since historically Jews and Ukrainians had gotten along about as well as Jews and Palestinians do today.

In the same renegadish spirit that inspired him to join the non-Jewish Stalin against the Jewish Trotsky,<sup>2</sup> Kaganovich swallowed the Russian-German pact. Only Beria, Stalin's fellow Georgian, the head of the KGB, protested, possibly because his mother was half-Jewish. (Beria, by the way, was a notorious pervert whose sadism was expended on young boys.)

The goriest example of Kaganovich's toadyism came when his brother, Mikhail, whom he had managed to make Commissar of Aviation, was framed on a spying charge by Stalin. Instead of protecting his brother, Lazar gave him a pistol, with which Mikhail then committed suicide. This was too much for Lazar's non-Jewish wife, Maria, who berated her husband for his fraternal perfidy.

The career of Kaganovich tells us that if the reward -- and the fear -- are great enough, one or two Jewish power-players can always be found to betray their own kind. In the U.S., since there is no political leader with enough power and clout to order and reward such betrayal, no such proditor has emerged. At present the Jewish masses in this country are holding tight, while a few of their intellectuals quibble over unimportant aspects of domestic policy or on how to treat Palestinians. Based on the present measure of its cohesion, it will be a long time before American Jewry produces a Kaganovich.

---

1. Khrushchev turned on Kaganovich after the death of Stalin and the short interregnum of Malenkov. He had him expelled from his last job as First Deputy Premier. According to Kahan's sensationalized account of Stalin's demise, presumably told to him by "Uncle Lazar," Voroshilov, Bulganin, Molotov and Kaganovich himself hastened the deterioration of Stalin's health by getting Rosa to feed him the wrong medicine. The decision to get rid of Stalin was made after a dramatic March 1, 1953, meeting of the Presidium in the Kremlin, in which Stalin's once loyal servitors, led by Kaganovich, ordered him to stop killing and deporting Jews.

---

2. "That Trotsky, unquestionably the most outstanding man among the Bolsheviks, was a Jew did not seem an insuperable obstacle in a party in which the percentage of Jews, 52%, was rather high compared to the percentage of Jews (1.8%) in the total population." Kahan, *op. cit.*, p. 81.

### Ponderable Quote

I would have allowed myself to be shot without any fuss. But it is not possible to hang a German Field Marshal. This I cannot permit for the sake of Germany. Besides, I have no moral duty to carry out the sentence of my enemies. I choose therefore the manner of death of the great Hannibal.

Hermann Goering, in a letter  
written shortly before his suicide

---

---

# The Racial Slowdown in Washington

Sorry, but I'm going to let the cat out of the bag. Racial prejudice is a fact of life in the FBI. Not only there, but in the Commerce, Labor and Defense Departments as well. Indeed, wherever governmental personnel administrators have been hiring qualified employees to perform work efficiently, discrimination is the order of the day.

When I entered the civil service in 1964, it was common knowledge that government personnel managers were regularly bypassing the largely black DC job market and sending their recruits into the white hinterlands of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York to sign up talented high-school graduates. Anxious to escape the bleak prospects of farm, steel mill and coal mine economies, these recruits became the raw material of the federal bureaucracy.

They were all over Washington in those days -- well-scrubbed, bright-eyed, naturally courteous and ever helpful. Over the years, through dint of hard work and perseverance, these young whites, mostly of the female gender, would advance to the rank of clerkdom, living respectable, if sometimes lonely, lives of dignity, while enjoying the privilege of serving their country. Tens of thousands clustered along the leafy charm of Washington's Paris-like Connecticut Avenue in tiny flats, filled with the Biedermeier bric-a-brac that identified a "respectable" lifestyle. Eventually, with 30, 40 or even 50 years of governmental service in hand, they'd slip back to their native towns, often to take care of an aging aunt on their barely sufficient pensions.

With the ascension of Lyndon Johnson, all that began to change. New clerical hires became increasingly black. Slowly, a new cultural ethos began to permeate the government's secretarial ranks. Cultureless dark-skinned damsels from sharecropper backgrounds began to fiddle with IBM electrics. More often than not they were unable to find the "on" switch.

But worse was yet to come. Within a decade, a new generation of blacks arrived on the scene, armed with reams of civil rights regulations and battalions of lawyers to enforce them. Black clerks took on airs as indifference became sullenness and sullenness became arrogance. By the 1970s government professionals would find it frustratingly difficult to run their offices with this low-IQ army. Clerical errors, even in important letters, would become routine -- a standing joke instead of an occasion for horror. Filing systems would break down. On-the-job drinking and drug addiction were S.O.P. Office productivity plummeted as fast as office morale.

As a consequence, the entire civil service had changed by the mid-1970s. Whites, some who had forgone larger salaries for the opportunity of working on public issues, abandoned ship. Gone was the prestige associated with a federal appointment. Competitive hiring examinations were first modified to eliminate the "cultural advantages" of whites, then dropped altogether.

The Carter administration marked a new low in pandering to this bottom-of-the-barrel work force. Only the last-minute appearance of two phenomena staved off complete disaster -- the government contractor and the personal computer.

The heavily pro-business Nixon administration began widespread use of private sector government contractors -- "Beltway bandits," as they're derisively called around the capital. Employed first to circumvent civil service laws prohibiting "politicizing" the government (at that time loaded with pro-Democrat staffers from previous administrations), private contracting also became a means of maintaining productivity in the face of black listlessness and goldbricking. Increasingly, jobs (from keypunching to printing to survey work to statistical analysis) were shifted away from the Federal Triangle to glitzy office buildings in the Maryland and Virginia suburbs.

Costs rose accordingly. In contrast to a government worker who might make a salary of \$20,000 a year, the charge for a contract worker often amounted to three times as much. Another one of those hidden costs of "civil rights."

Today, the government has become so dependent on private contractors to end-run around black incompetence that their employees are increasingly (though quietly) being shifted directly into government offices, sitting at government desks, doing the work of government clerks (but costing vastly more). It's all quite illegal. But nobody dares blow the whistle. If it were to stop, government would stop. The blacks on the federal payroll simply can't, or won't, do the work.

The personal computer has been an administrative life-vest for the government professional. Today most senior bureaucrats find it more efficient to write their own letters and reports, using word processing software. Consequently, black clerks are left with less work than ever. Even this is more than most of them can handle.

What do they do now? In the morning they load up on mountains of greasy breakfast food from the cafeteria. Later come the coffee breaks. Lunchtime is the time to run shopping errands. And it's always time to congregate and giggle at "whitey" for De Man's stupidity. Between January 1985 and March 1986, for example, one charmer used to perch outside my office, resting her head directly on her desk for multiple hours of snooze. (Her awakening was an occasion for a vigorous shaking of the head, relieving her Afro of the peanut shells therein imbedded, the product of an earlier culinary encounter.) Eventually she found herself the ward of another state agency, one that specializes in iron bars, the "victim" of narcs who raided her single-headed family residence one midnight and "framed" her for peddling heroin.

IVAN HILD

---

---

## Third World Debt Crunch

In recent months, financial pages have told a long-anticipated story of big New York banks painfully adjusting their books to the reality of their increasingly worthless Third World loans. Multibillion-dollar set-asides in the form of bad-debt reserve funds that eat directly into profits have plunged some of the biggest banks into the red and

sent their stock prices skidding just as the curtain is about to fall on the second act of an economic melodrama which covers the entire century. (The first act was an equally foolish, though smaller spate of Third World lending that reached its peak in post-WWI days.)

In the early 1920s, New York and Chi-

cago investment houses bearing such names as Kuhn, Loeb, Warburg and Schiff, embarked on a foreign lending spree that was encouraged by the increasingly easy money policy of successive presidential administrations. Throughout this get-rich-quick era, investment houses touted the wondrous virtues of offshore bonds whose

security was based on little more than Albanian utility companies and Peruvian waterworks.

The years which followed taught a sad lesson about the solvency of such debtors. By the late 1940s half of Latin America's private debt was in default and the other half was being served on an "adjusted" basis. But all this was nearly forgotten or ignored in the gaudy 1970s. Third World private debt ballooned again, this time to gigantic proportions. The total external debt of the non-oil developing world leaped from \$600 billion to almost a trillion dollars, equal to about 40% of these debtor nations' gross domestic products. To service this debt required more borrowing, but by the mid-1980s, no more lenders were to be found. Along with the foolish optimism generated by pie-in-the-sky growth estimates from economists, the likelihood of debt repayment for the Third World states evaporated.

Currently, U.S. bank exposure in this debt amounts to about \$100 billion. With most of it trading in the New York second-hand debt market at about 60 cents on the dollar, banks have already lost as much as \$40 billion, though they've only written off a few billion to date. Nine U.S. banks are in deep, deep trouble, with their exposure (\$63 billion) more than 1.5 times their paid-in capital.

Though no one is really sure how this mess came about (some people whisper that Richard Nixon made secret promises to the bankers), what is incontrovertible is that few of these loans, even if they had been wisely invested, which they were not, could have earned a sufficient return on

capital to meet interest payments. Why? Because the necessary level of Third World economic productivity just isn't there. If it had been, the economic and financial problems of these countries would have vanished long ago.

Most of these loans to the Third World were never invested at all. Once the dollars were converted into local currencies, they were diverted to consumer items and to welfare spending, at the very unpropitious moment when export earnings on Third World raw materials were being squeezed by slumping prices and the costs of imports (mostly oil) were soaring.

Liberal politicians like Senator Bill Bradley want to link the debt problem to U.S. foreign policy and trade interests, offering taxpayer-funded incentives to the debtor nations in the form of debt forgiveness. Jesse Jackson calls for massive debt forgiveness without any quid pro quo at all -- a dark-skinned Marshall Plan.

The alternatives seem to boil down to letting the New York banks go down the drain or sending the taxpayer to the rescue. If it comes to the former, the bank failures could lead to massive credit contraction. In a fractional reserve banking system, where one dollar of reserves lost is a multiple of credit contracted, that would spell a depression.

Taxpayer forgiveness of the \$100 billion owed to U.S. banks by tacking that amount onto the national debt would add about \$8-\$10 billion to the annual tax bill. Needless to say, New York bankers are very favorable to that solution. It gets them off the hook and puts the onus of bad business judgment on the wrong shoulders. What's

more, it could free up the bankers and the debtors to engage in still another irresponsible round of lending/borrowing.

The one ray of light in this financial imbroglio is something called debt-equity swapping, which would impose the rigor of market discipline *and* the prudence of Euro-American banking judgment on the Third World. Say you're one of the dabblers in the second-hand debt market who is purchasing a Mexican debt at a 40% discount. The paper is then presented to the Mexican Central Bank for redemption at par into pesos, preferably at the premium prevailing in the free market. The proceeds are then applied to purchasing a Mexican airline or some other publicly owned asset that is being liquidated in a distress sale. When the accounts are settled, the external debt is reduced, the banks are ahead, the investor has exchanged rapidly deteriorating debt paper for real property, and the Mexican people have been quietly and cleverly rescued from the financial clutches of their rapacious and corrupt government leaders.

Who is against this idea? Leftist social theorists from the Ivy League to the Ivory Coast, who can't tolerate the idea of making the Dark Countries pay their own way. These bleeding hearts cannot and will not understand that the longer the Third World economic basket cases are left to drift in the doldrums of their own decisions, the less chance they will have to feed the ever hungrier mouths of their ever increasing number of offspring.

IVAN HILD

---

## Was Math the Brainchild of an Indo-European Proto-Race?

It is a matter of common observation that in regard to anything capable of being invented, transmitted and retained, all races, ethnic groups and cultures may be divided into three groups. There are the inventors; there are the intermediate groups that, unable to invent, can still copy, learn and retain; and there are those least cultured groups who cannot perform any of the functions of the intermediate groups. Perhaps it would be more accurate to speak of a continuous scale of ability to assimilate items of culture, for this may be what we see in the varying attempts at imitating that American innovation, the written constitution. The Japanese are usually held up as an example of successful emulators. Surely the decline of Haiti since the expulsion and massacre of the French exemplifies the rapid and almost total loss of a formerly rich cultural heritage of alien origin.

Invention is perhaps the rarest of human achievements. Only a tiny fraction of us can hope as individuals to do more than help to preserve and cultivate what has been passed on to us. Newton's apple does not fall often, and it is selective about whom it hits. The same applies to peoples, nations and cultures, and the inference -- unpopular among equalitarians -- is that most things, ideas and customs are invented only once.

There is, or there used to be, a distinct school of cultural anthropology, the diffusionist school, based on the view just outlined. One of its leaders was Lord Raglan, who has been quoted as saying, "Take the Greeks, now. Clever fellows, the Greeks. They didn't have stirrups." American military personnel in the Pacific in WWII met some pretty isolated natives on occasion. Some of these possessed a remarkable instrument for making fire. It had a plunger,

by means of which air in a small hollow chamber was compressed until it became hot enough to ignite tinder. It was in some ways superior to a cigarette lighter, especially in the jungle.

This remarkable invention was rather naturally, but erroneously, attributed to some savage forebear. Specialists assure us that the gadget was copied from a patented 19th-century invention of British origin, which was once pretty well known. The savages deserve credit not for inventing it, but for seeing its special value to them, and for copying it serviceably in bamboo. There is historical evidence to show that Westerners who used the lighter had once been in the neighborhood, and the presumption is as strong against independent invention as it would be if a fairly isolated people were found using alphabetic writing. Sequoyah devised the Cherokee syllabary,

but he did not invent the art of writing independently.

Some anti-diffusionists believe the English custom of taking a lady in to dinner on your arm is a survival of the Stone Age, related to a universal ritual of counting. How many will be at table? The diffusionist view on counting is that all the peoples of the earth count, not because circumstances and the rational nature of the noble savage determine this response, but because in the remote past one advanced tribe hit upon the idea and made it a basic ritual. Since it was such a good idea, neighboring tribes quickly picked it up and now the custom has been passed around to nearly everyone. This argument seems to this writer much more reasonable than the opponents' -- but this is all by the by.

It is not difficult to surmise which is the more established view nowadays, the diffusionists' or their opponents'. Diffusionism is against the presumption that, being all almost mechanically alike, we should all act alike in similar circumstances -- that, given the same circumstances, white folks would be whacking grubs out of rotten logs like Australian Abos, and *mutatis mutandis*, Abos would have founded Virginia. Of the two opposing points of view, which prevails at the present time? The answer, my friend, is the one that is blowing in the anti-diffusionist or simultaneous invention wind. It is the more remarkable, therefore, to find a book, *Geometry and Algebra in Ancient Civilizations*, from an established publisher and by an established scholar that supports the diffusionist view -- by its conclusions, if not in a polemical sense. Springer Verlag in West Germany is about the most respected publisher of serious mathematical works in the world.

The author deserves a short biography. Professor Bartel Leendert van der Waerden was born in 1903 in Amsterdam. He is the author of *Moderne Algebra*, which has remained an extremely influential textbook

from its publication in 1930 to the present. During most of this period, and arguably even now, it has been the textbook of modern higher algebra, the kind that you learn after calculus and is a graduate course in some of the less notable American universities.

Among his other claims to fame, van der Waerden is an acknowledged expert in the subject of mathematics in antiquity. *Geometry and Algebra in Ancient Civilizations* is quite accessible to the mathematically educated -- any engineer or high-school science teacher should be able to understand all the math in it, albeit with a little bit of mental elbow grease. The English is smooth; only Springer is to be blamed for the few misprints. The explanations are particularly clear and simple. When the reader needs to be told what Pythagorean triples are, he is told.

The author has no axe to grind and is in no sense doctrinaire. That he has earned a respected position as a scholar in the field obliges us to pay attention when he says that something is probable. The conclusion he comes to, after some very interesting detective work, is that certain specific items of mathematical knowledge, shared by the ancient Egyptians, Indians, Babylonians, Chinese and Greeks, must go back to a common origin. He ventures a "tentative reconstruction of a mathematical science which must have existed in the Neolithic Age, say between 3000 and 2500 B.C., and spread from Central Europe . . ."

This science seems to have included the statement, if not a proof, of the Pythagorean theorem that the sums of the squares of the legs of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square of the hypotenuse. Indeed, after looking at all the evidence, he feels that Thom's megalithic yard of 83 cm. is well established, and that the occurrence in megalithic monuments of measurements that amount to Pythagorean triples is a

fact. (A triple of numbers,  $a, b, c$  is a Pythagorean triple if  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ ; thus, 5, 12, 13 is a Pythagorean triple, since  $5^2 = 25$ ,  $12^2 = 144$ ,  $13^2 = 169$ , and  $25 + 144 = 169$ .)

The builders of such ancient monuments as Stonehenge knew that such triples of numbers would be the measurements of a right triangle and incorporated that knowledge into the engineering of the structure. Stonehenge, by the way, is older than the Pyramids.

More tentatively, the book ventures the conjecture that the people who originated mathematics spoke an Indo-European language -- this on the double basis of the geography of the megalithic sites, which are European, and the decimal counting system as it is built into the structure of Indo-European languages. Contributing to the conclusion is the striking fact that both Greeks and Hindus, in other words, both wings of the Indo-European family, associated altars with geometrical constructions, with divine wrath to be expected if the construction was not exact.

Dressed up slightly differently, stated more sensationally and calling it Aryan or *Indogermanisch*, with allegations that only Northern Europeans ever initiate anything, that the Chinese must have some white blood, and such, the book could be dismissed as the work of an obvious crank. That it most certainly is not. Nor can any evidence of crypto-racism be found. Van der Waerden was the assistant of Emmy Noether, the physically unattractive "mother of algebra," and spent WWII in Zurich. The whole Central European mathematical milieu was hostile to German nationalism, and van der Waerden is Dutch. Noether was Jewish. One would expect a man coming from such a background, if he indulged in distorting facts, to twist them the other way.

---

## Dispossession in the Northwest

When I grew up in the Seattle area, the people were largely of English, German and Scandinavian extraction. There was a smattering of blacks, some Orientals and almost zero Hispanics. The Irish, Italians, Poles and Jews were few and far between, and the Puget Sound area still does not have many of these people. The first blacks in any considerable number were brought in from Chicago (about 1910) as strike-breakers by a coal mining company supplying fuel to the railroads. I remember a long conversation with an 80-year-old real estate man, who told me the federal government was shipping in blacks during WWII. I asked him if they were coming to work in the war industries. He just laughed.

The largest black migration into this area coincided with the civil rights movement and was very noticeable by the early 1960s.

Orientals were first introduced as coolie labor to build railroads and work in the coal mines. The recent influx was a product of the 1965 Immigration Act. It's becoming a flood. The first Hispanics were recruited to work the central Washington fruit orchards. Instead of going home, the illegals just moved west to the Seattle area to collect their welfare benefits.

Western Washington has been liberal during almost all of my lifetime. Prior to the admission of Alaska and Hawaii, John Gunther, author of *Inside USA*, described

the nation as consisting of 47 states and the 48th socialist state of Washington. The Depression and strong unions were major factors in shaping the left-wing tilt, which made the University of Washington the second largest industry in the state. It was a hotbed of radical activity as far back as I can remember. Today, the main mall of the university is called "Red Square."

The state of Washington is dominated by Seattle and the adjacent Puget Sound areas. Even though the minority component in Seattle and Tacoma is relatively small -- 15% or so -- it is almost nonexistent in the suburbs and in western Washington (except for Indians). The civil rights movement and anti-Vietnam War demonstrations,

centering about the University of Washington, caused a great deal of racial ferment. The media supported the agitators and minority racists, while the institutions, including the city, county and state governments, stumbled over themselves to meet the non-white demands. The drug culture and sexual revolution exploded. Since then Seattle has become a mecca for one of the largest homosexual populations in the country.

The Seattle area media (three dailies, three commercial network-affiliated TV stations and one PBS station) is very, very liberal, especially two of the dailies. A profusion of articles in these papers extols the

exploding minority population, praises the racial diversity, demands complete racial integration and beats the drum for social change.

The Democratic Party of the state is rapidly becoming another British Labour Party. Union leaders, strong backers of the Democrats, are an important part of the leftist establishment, as are the social sciences, philosophy, psychology, history and political science departments of the University of Washington. Only mild deviations from leftist-liberal views are permissible. The ultraliberalism of the newspapers is not surprising when one realizes that

many of the journalists are graduates of the University of Washington School of Journalism. Almost as influential as academia in controlling the thought of this area are the mainline churches, under the leadership of the Church Council of Greater Seattle.

There's more than a whiff of Scandinavia in Washington State these days. One of the whitest states is also one of the most liberal. Nordicism and liberalism is a lethal combination that leads to the destruction of the former and the corruption of the latter.

981

## Music Cartel

*The Dispossessed Majority* accurately described the contemporary American theater when it noted that homosexuals and Jews were its two main props. In Joan Peyser's biography of Leonard Bernstein, we find that the same coalition has been dominating the American classical music scene in recent times. From Bernstein to David Diamond to Aaron Copland, a network of urban Jewish gays has taken over.

That this was not an inexorable decree of fate is noted by author Peyser in her comments about American composer Roy Harris. While Copland was admittedly influential in the 1920s, Harris, born in Oklahoma and proclaimed an "authentic American genius" in *Musical Quarterly*, "held center stage." But, Peyser writes, when Bernstein met Harris in 1938 the two did not hit it off. With Copland, on the other hand, Bernstein

found far deeper ties. Like Bernstein, Copland came from a Russian-Jewish background; his family name had been Kaplan. Like Bernstein, Copland was urban; he'd been born and raised in Brooklyn. Like Bernstein, Copland was left-wing politically. Like Bernstein, Copland was homosexual. . . . Bernstein's conducting and playing of Copland's works surely helped to move him into the position of preeminence that had been occupied by Harris.

Harris's works are rarely played today, while Copland's highly overrated compositions are fixtures of the concert hall and public television.

Peyser believes "the alliances set up in New York in the early 1940s are as crucial to an understanding of some of the most important [modern] art as the alliances set up in Paris in the postwar years among Boulez, Stockhausen and John Cage are to the understanding of European music." Bernstein's allies were Jerome Robbins, the choreographer who worked with him on several Broadway shows, composer Mor-

ton Gould, who gave him some important boosts early in his career, and composer Marc Blitzstein, who influenced him not only musically but encouraged his sorties into left-wing politics.

That virtually all of Bernstein's important connections were and still are with fellow Jews would not be surprising to composer Gunther Schuller, who noted,

[H]e is so adamant about music being Jewish. It is important to him that a composer is a Jew, that a performer is a Jew. He told me that "Triplum," my composition, has a Jewish soul. That is meant as a compliment. I am not a Jew. When Lenny says, "you can almost be Jewish," that is considered by him to be the most supreme of compliments.

Peyser goes on:

Many composers who were not programmed during Bernstein's time at the [New York] Philharmonic, or were not conducted by him in his hundreds of guest engagements over the years, attribute his rejection either to their heterosexuality or to their adoption of the serial technique. But Bernstein's reluctance to play [Samuel] Barber or, for that matter, Virgil Thomson, indicates that these speculations are simplistic. More complex considerations invariably prevail.

Peyser, unfortunately, doesn't get into these "complex considerations."

The great composers of the West have traditionally tapped the roots of their culture for inspiration. But as non-Westerners have come to dominate Western music, the influences have become increasingly exotic. From the "serial" technique of Arnold Schoenberg, a kind of composition by mathematical equation, to the synthesis of jazz and classical music (Gershwin), to today's "minimalist" style, a form which repeats a melodic line over and over monotonously, American music has lost its moorings to the Western past and, as a

result, has little interest to listeners. Two of today's leading composers are Steve Reich and Philip Glass. The former Jew has been heavily influenced by African and Indonesian music, while the latter Jew, for years a self-proclaimed Tibetan Buddhist, has drawn inspiration from Hindu music.

Modern America has often been compared to the Weimar Republic, both in respect to its cultural degradation and its political neuroticism. Shortly after the National Socialists came to power in 1933, a book called *Kurfurstendamm* by Friedrich Husong was published. It contained the following interesting passage.

A miracle has taken place. They are no longer here. . . . They claimed they were the German Geist, German culture, the German present and future. They represented Germany to the world, they spoke in its name. . . . Everything else was mistaken, inferior, regrettable kitsch, odious philistinism. . . . They always sat in the front row. They awarded knighthoods of the spirit and of Europeanism. What they did not permit did not exist. . . . They "made" themselves and others. Whoever served them was sure to succeed. He appeared on their stages, wrote in their journals, was advertised all over the world; his commodity was recommended whether it was cheese or relativity, powder or Zeithheater, patent medicines or human rights, democracy or bolshevism, propaganda for abortion or against the legal system, rotten Negro music or dancing in the nude. In brief, there never was a more impudent dictatorship than that of the democratic intelligentsia and the Zivilisations-literaten.

Is there a more accurate description of the present-day American cultural scene? But where is the American "miracle"? Meanwhile, the "impudent dictatorship," which has moved to this side of the Atlantic, continues to rule unopposed.

162