

illic heu miseri traducimur!
Juvenal

Instauration.®

VOL. 8 NO. 12

NOVEMBER 1983



OLD FAG ANTHONY BLUNT
OF STALIN'S SNOBBISH SPY NETWORK

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

Is there anything more annoying than the sound of some black screeching a "jazzed-up" beer commercial on the radio? At such moments one wishes that the settlers at Jamestown had packed up and gone home!

538

Question: which will happen first?

(a) The mass expulsion and murder of millions of Oder-Niesse and Sudeten Germans at the end of the Second World War suddenly becomes a hot media topic, with *Newsweek* cover stories, hour-long PBS specials, "Sixty Minutes" segments, Hollywood films, fictional treatments, radio talk-show interviews with eyewitnesses and survivors, presidential investigations and public-school curricula.

(b) Hell freezes over.

121

I can remember visiting New York City when it wasn't quite the jungle it is today. The popular saying then was, "It's a nice place to visit. But I wouldn't want, etc." Now many who helped ruin it have moved away to the south or southwest. Dallas is getting its share of the rude, arrogant, aggressive transplants. Martin Greenberg, vice-president of Belo Broadcasting (a biggie in Texas), has announced that WFAA-AM will drop a talk show begun in 1976. Too much truth was seeping through from callers. Jim Ennes, author of *Assault on the Liberty*, was a guest. Well, we can't allow that! So one of the last "town halls" in this area has been shut down.

752

Zero Population Growth wants late-date amnesty for illegals already in the U.S. Seems it was all right to endorse smaller families for "elite" WASPs, but to suggest this for "others" would be "racist." So much for the workings of the liberal mind!

931

Editing *Instauration* must get disheartening at times, given its overview of racial politics, but I don't sense the "Oh, the hell with 'em!" attitude that comes across in some of Cholly's work. Essentially, *Instauration* is a journal of conservation and restoration, goals that one would think would find more gracious reception in media/academia. *Instauration* writers and readers are not the real haters. The promoters of racial animosity are those who most ostentatiously proclaim their love of other peoples, all the while working to put them at odds with one another and at each other's throats. Though its enemies won't believe it, *Instauration* is aimed at inducing a respect for other peoples and a true interdependence, one based (biologically) on self-pride and a thoughtfully considered separateness.

613

My aim now is to elaborate on what I think is my most fundamental discovery, that whites, in the deepest metaphysical sense, are more than a mere sub-species. My dissertation will be a building block toward that end. Ostensibly, I will be putting the case for liberty on more secure grounds, but in fact I will be attacking extreme individualism and will be trying to get the individualists to adopt a measure of collectivism. I will be making a collectivist bottle into which race can be poured. I won't fill up the bottle, so the individualists won't see me as an enemy of whole-hog collectivism.

457

The reason masses of whites do not rise up is mainly due to fear -- fear of minorities, the government, fear of losing their jobs, of their children being beaten in school. Also, they see no "appealing" organization to join. This is due in part to the media's warped portrayal of white racist groups. But let's face it, most white groups do lack appeal. Two or three dozen whites in a protest march is a disgusting sight to most people. Whitey will not follow a few dozen or a few hundred. But he will follow thousands and tens of thousands, if they are efficiently led and have sound programs.

275

The lib media, naturally enough, championed the Beach Boys in the contretemps with ex-Interior Secretary Watt, while conveniently forgetting the racist message in the quartet's famous hit, which goes something like this: "They're so blonde and pretty. I wish they all could be California girls."

535

The "Safety Valve" is wonderful. It tells you about a community of *Instaurationists* out there, groaning and moaning right along with you during a "Nightline" interview with Rev. Jesse Jackson.

441

The July cover story on the Confederate officer corps furnished a good example of a picture being worth a thousand words. Though the text was interesting, the message of those photos on the cover said infinitely more! The sight of those racial aristocrats stands in the sharpest possible contrast to the sort of flotsam and jetsam one sees floating about on the average American city street. To think of the Braxton Braggs, the J.B. Hoods and the J.E.B. Stuarts being replaced by the Andy Youngs, the Alan Cranstons and the Bella Abzugs is enough to break one's heart.

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□ A regular theme of "Safety Valve" letters seems to be a sort of bitter musing on the various shortcomings -- financial, marital, vocational -- of many Majority activists. Safety Valvers periodically scold us for "making a virtue of poverty," for losing our women to minorityites-on-the-make, for being "losers" and "downwardly mobile." Let's get a few things straight. While I by no means wish to rationalize failure, let us not go down the opposite path of self-hatred. At this historical moment, the Majority, especially Majority activists, are an oppressed people. Our position is in some respects comparable to that of Palestinians on the West Bank. Now we all know that Norman Lear, David Begelman and Herman Wouk are making millions upon millions of dollars trashing what remains of our culture. Does this financial fact-of-life mean that the Hollywood hatesters are "better"? Of course not. In the less controversial ideological realms, it's obvious that money-hungry Majority members are still free to amass their fortunes. Yet tell me, what would happen to the Majority businessman who purposely did not meet his minority hiring quota or who spoke out publicly on the desperate crisis facing his people? He'd be kicked right off the ladder and land down here with the rest of us struggling activists. So let's not cripple ourselves with self-hatred. There's more truth and substance in the average Safety Valve letter than in any of those pompous Op-Ed pieces in the holy New York Times. To talk openly with friends, to write letters to the editor, to call in to radio talk shows or to engage in political organizing work for pro-Majority causes and groups -- any or all of this is very close to an act of heroism in these times. It will not make us rich or famous. Nor will it persuade Jacqueline Bisset to move in with us. But such actions are of infinitely greater value than simply putting up and shutting up, hoping that we can sock away enough cash to keep ourselves and our families free from the minority-ridden jungle that much of America is fast becoming. If we choose the latter path -- the ostrich option -- the jungle will engulf us anyway.

909

□ Here are my predictions for the sex/racial/sexual preference breakdown of the freshman class of Harvard in the year 2000: 55% female and 45% male; 25% black, 25% Hispanic, 10% Asian and other, 40% white. Of the white total, about 80% will be Jewish, 10% will be Catholic, with the remaining 10% split up among Buddhists, Hare Krishnas, agnostics, atheists and Protestants (in that order). As to gender, 30% homosexual, 20% bisexual. Of the remaining 50% of presumably straight students, half "would be willing to experiment with alternative sexual preferences," while the other half would "not actively participate in alternative lifestyles, but would have nothing against those who did."

665

□ Really sorry about Frank Reynolds. I listened faithfully every evening. He was "one of us," a prisoner of the "mike," who had class and dignity.

037

□ One wonders how, deep down inside, the late Turner Catledge, James Reston, Harrison Salisbury, Tom Wicker and Hedrick Smith have felt about being token Gentiles for the big Sulzberger word processor. As intelligent Majority members, surely they must have been the subject of at least an occasional Instaurationist thought! Did not Southerners Wicker or Catledge ever experience a twinge of uneasiness about the special role of their paymaster in leading the onslaught against the white South? Or was their scalawagism planted in the very marrow of their bones? Did not Smith and Salisbury in their writings on Russia, ever chafe at the establishment's historical black-out of the minority status of the first-generation revolutionaries?

144

□ If you will study the backgrounds of the men who wrote the Constitution, you will find all their families originated in an area that covered a very small part of the globe, perhaps even a few hundred square miles. The Constitution didn't create the men; Northern European men created the Constitution. Without such men in leadership, without the presence of a homogeneous society of above average intelligence, a constitutional form of government is unachievable and inconceivable. So when someone tells me he doesn't believe in race, but wants to save the Constitution, he reminds me of a man who would dearly love to drive his car, but is out of gas. A constitutional government was in force in the U.S. until the Civil War erupted. After that bloodbath the ancient fraud of democracy took over -- the age-old trick of religious madmen who in attempting to create heaven on earth only succeed in creating hell on earth. In a pluralistic, racially mixed, one-man, one-vote society, the Constitution can be compared to the Pyramids of Egypt, which look down on a country polluted by a racial sludge that sits on its haunches and asks itself what creatures could possibly have created such architectural wonders.

The Constitution stands over us today, not as a beacon, but as a gravestone memorializing a great race. Gross immorality, race-mixing, political corruption and a tendentious educational system have moved us thousands of leagues away from the intentions of the Founding Fathers. The Constitution has been amended many times and will be amended again and again to serve the purposes of the races who have usurped our turf. It has become the Maginot Line, the illusion of safety in a blitzkrieg that has already penetrated it.

The conservative clutches at the Constitution like a man who faces impending doom while calling upon God to save him. But there is no answer from heaven about some sheets of parchment that have lost all their divinity.

I do not know what the future of the white race holds. I do know that Nature gives no quarter, that there is no guarantee of survival for either dinosaurs or white men. I do know that to meet the challenges that are all but overwhelming them, Majority members must reequip themselves with the survival instincts of the Norseman, who was full of love for his family and his kind, but ruthless against anyone who lifted a hand against him.

920

□ Jews are analytical, not creative. Somewhere I read a Martin Buber comment to that effect. In any event, they are not visual. Mark Rothko's paintings are merely mathematics slapped on a canvas. Jewish paintings don't say "hello" to the viewer's emotional circuitry.

405

□ Ever notice how those "autobiographies" of famous black athletes (usually written by whites) seem to have an obligatory "white woman" section, if not a whole chapter? Whether it's Arthur Ashe, Bill Russell or -- most outrageously -- Wilt Chamberlain, we can be certain that sometime not long after the standard tirade about "racism in professional athletics," we'll be having our noses rubbed in the swarms of white girls surrounding this dude. Besides the usual ego-tripping, these little anecdotes are obviously great fun for the jock in question as he gloatingly envisions the honky sports buff's face turning red as he reads these quasi-pornographic passages.

883

□ As time goes on, I'm coming to see American debates and divisions, whether liberal vs. conservative, Republican vs. Democrat, labor vs. management, Schlaflyite vs. Steinemite, environmentalist vs. "developer" as comparable to the fissures and disputes within the French community of Santo Domingo in the early 1790s. While we fuss and fight, out in the boondocks, a vast nonwhite army silently assembles, preparing for its "revolt against civilization."

003

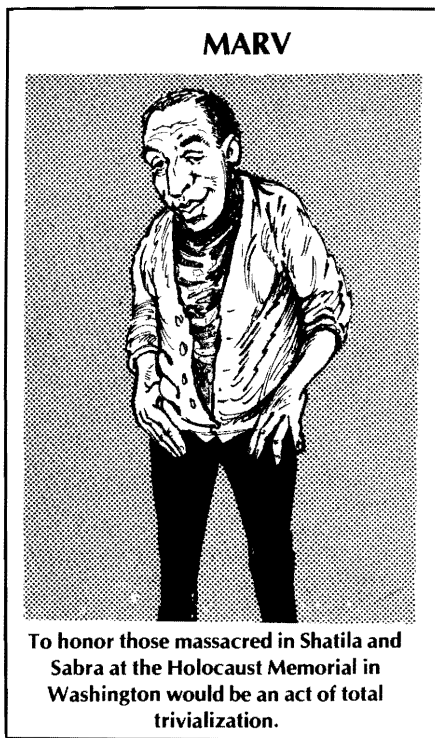


□ The actress Stella Stevens provides yet another example of the sickening scenario that befalls -- and will continue to befall -- Majority women in the present-day piranha pool of liberal-minority culture. Originally from Memphis, she first made a name for herself through her association with that renegade procurer, Hugh Hefner. She periodically "appeared" in Playboy while trying to become an actress. Somewhere along the line, she encountered aging Jewish mobster Moe Dalitz, and ended up living with him for several years. In 1972 she showed up once again in Playboy, this time in the company of "actor" Jim Brown, one of Hefner's many brown buddies. Hefner was helping to promote Brown's new film, which featured at least one race-mixing workout between him and the blonde Miss Stevens. In a televised interview a year or two ago, Stella seemed rather worn, which is hardly surprising. She acknowledged that she had made a lot of mistakes and had often been exploited as a result of her association with Hefner. How many times is this scenario going to be repeated? Stevens, once a paradigm of Southern womanhood, in the hopes of advancing her career made a Faustian deal. She paid for it, not just with her body but with her soul.

121

□ Perhaps we should devote our collective efforts to the construction of a time machine so we could go back and prevent all the mistakes which have led us into our present-day death-trap! Reading American history is much like watching a rather predictable, but nonetheless frightening horror movie. You keep pleading with the heroine not to go into the room where the hatchet-wielding maniac is hiding, but you know she's going anyway.

803



□ As to whether Richard Attenborough, the man responsible for Gandhi, is a homo, I cannot say for certain. All his mannerisms suggest he is. The trouble is, like many fairies, he drags around a wife for appearance's sake. I looked him up in the stage Who's Who in our local library and was reminded of this. Mrs. Attenborough, actress Sheila Sim, has appeared in a few lesser-known British movies. The Who's Who did not mention any offspring. When Attenborough was a run-of-the-mill actor he used to get under my skin. I suspected that the cocky demeanor displayed in most of his screen roles served to conceal that in real life he was the worst type of creep. However, he never did much in those days to induce me to think about him for more than two minutes. I only started to take a deeper interest in him when I saw his first major work as a producer, Oh, What a Lovely War!, which revealed him as an obvious left-wing peacenik. His Gandhi effort and the circumstances in which it was financed show him as absolutely the most loathsome specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race among the many that abound in these retrogressive times.

British subscriber

□ Is there anything else quite so sad -- or quite so indicative of the terrible sickness afflicting our race -- as the ostracism of South Africa by the Netherlands? A recent item in the South African Digest noted how 20 white South African forestry students were denied entry into the Netherlands to study a land reclamation project. The Dutch government, I learned, severed all cultural and scientific contacts in 1982. Despite this, Afrikaners still have many sentimental ties and feelings towards their mother country -- an increasingly unrequited love, as Holland lends its decadent voice to the anti-South African chorus. Afrikaners are their own flesh and blood!

550

□ I'm amazed to discover that Arno Breker is still alive and still working. While I'm not all that thrilled with his woodenly posed nude statues, they still represent a far nobler, far more idealistic sense of life than the twisted excrescences modern sculptors deposit outside today's office buildings. (The analogy to unhousetrained dogs is intentional, given what some of these things look like. The difference is that a dog's mess can be cleaned up, but modern sculpture weighs tons.) I found Breker's busts of Dali and Pound, particularly the latter, fascinating. The Pound bust radiates energy and personality, much more than the cold, sterile Nordic nudes.

606

□ Is there anything which ruins our day more effectively than the sight of some Majority woman pushing her hybrid nonwhite infant along in a stroller? Make no mistake about it. Those strollers are our "gas chambers," and they are the real McCoy.

555

□ I fail to see the point of the lengthy article on the Celtic/Anglo-Saxon origins of Confederate officers (July 1983), particularly since no rational conclusion can be reached other than the fact that they were soundly whipped. I doubt if any of the officers mentioned as being Anglo-Saxon could prove that there was no Norman blood in their ancestry, yet Celtic names were excluded on the mere suggestion of Norman ancestry. To further muddy the issue, you list three distinctly Irish names, Powers, Greene and Ross as Anglo-Saxon, when in fact they were in the wider sense, as you say, Irish. My native Irish wife, whose maiden name was Ross, had a laugh over that one.

The outcome of the Civil War was predictable from the start, and had little or nothing to do with the ethnic makeup of the officers on either side, nor was the defeat of the Confederacy any shame upon those who fought so gallantly for its cause. It was simply a matter of good men of good European stock fighting on both sides, with the Union having a large industrial capacity and the Confederacy having practically none and therefore forced to rely on the British for manufactured goods and weapons. For those who would lament the defeat of the Confederacy as a death knell of sorts for the U.S. and the white race, consider the alternative. If the Union had lost, the U.S. would have had a policy of King Cotton, the North would have been de-industrialized so as not to present a threat to Mutha England, and we would have been reduced to an agrarian society built on slave labor.

077

□ Just finished a graduate course on "20th-Century Russian History." All the usual bases were touched. Not a word on the Jewish role in the establishment of Bolshevism. Much speculation about how much more "humane" Soviet socialism probably would have been "had Lenin lived." Denunciations of "Stalinist terror," yet a surprisingly favorable comparison of Stalin's "work camps" and Hitler's "death camps." Justifications of Soviet mass rapes and Eastern Europe annexations because of those same death camps. Gnashing of teeth over contemporary Soviet anti-Semitism and so on and so forth. And all this from a relatively right-of-center professor!

211

□ Whatever one thinks of the Jewish intelligentsia, they do come up with interesting concepts now and then. One I like is "over-determined." Certain Jewish scholars are given to insisting that the big, brutal facts of life would still be around if several of their causal props were knocked out. That's because such things are "overdetermined." For a group of radical-liberals out to "change the world" (their favorite phrase), that seems suspiciously like fatalism.

158

□ I was delighted to find old Thunderthighs, as I call her, on the cover of the September issue.

203

Lawski, ...

A young woman of my acquaintance has been told by her writer father that it would be a hundred times better for her to marry a petty African chieftain than a white street-sweeper in a Western nation. That brought to mind Hitler's impossible ideal, which he occasionally stated. He hoped that someday a German would prefer being the lowliest street-sweeper in Germany to being the head of a rival state. Could two philosophies of race be more clashingly different?

109

I miss Hilda Broun's wise words, though she wasn't too honest about the South.

744

I'm a bit troubled by the anti-Christian sentiments currently being voiced by many Majority activists. In our righteous and completely justifiable anger at the way in which contemporary "social Christianity" had sided with our people's enemies, is it not possible that we are running the risk of throwing the baby out with the bathwater? By accepting our opponents' definition of Christianity as Christianity and thus rejecting it, we may well be doing a disservice to both ourselves and to Christianity.

The chief alternatives that are being advanced seem to fall into two categories: one is a reaffirmation of pagan Northern European beliefs, the other a sort of evolutionary creed aimed at progressive racial improvement. While there are surely elements of merit in both of these systems, I seriously question whether either offers the sort of comprehensive philosophical and theological construct which can accommodate both our intellectual strivings and our deepest emotional needs. By linking the tremendously important cause of white racial survival and resurgence to either one of them, we run the risk of making our task a great deal more difficult.

I am not advocating that we tie Majority activism exclusively to Christianity. On these very private matters, we should respect the individual beliefs of all who stand in agreement with our social and political agenda. That agenda is by itself so important that theological issues must not short-circuit it. Those of us who are Christian must work together with those of us who are not.

True Christianity is a cosmic impulse linking man with the deepest and most profound mysteries of the universe. It has absolutely nothing to do with either the "hip clergymen" who betray their race by collecting money for black guerrilla movements, nor with the clownish fundamentalist televangelists who lecture us about the religious freedom they discovered in the Soviet Union, or who run errands for "their good friend Begin." To abandon Christianity to their likes would be a tragedy equalled only by that which would result from the biological disappearance of our race.

956

I know of nothing written in the 20th century -- indeed, in prose since Swift -- that matches Cholly in all of the criteria of great satire: truth, style, incisiveness, instruction, warranted indignation, high imagination, hilarious wit.

803

I was flabbergasted to read of the recent marriage between beautiful English actress Rachel Ward and handsome Australian actor Bryan Brown. What's going on here? Couldn't she find some chubby, balding, filthy rich Hollywood hotshot? Couldn't he wed some exotic Vietnamese beauty? Why, if they really get outrageous and have children, the kids will be wonderfully attractive Nordics. Surely there's something suspicious about all this!

669

The question of Northern Ireland really has two aspects. Viewed purely from an internal perspective, it is an ancient festering dispute. Aspect #2 is the way Northern Ireland's troubles are used in the U.S. The media like the Ulster tragedy for the same reason they like feminism. It's an issue that helps to divide the Majority. As most of us are well aware, Irish Americans are now for all practical purposes basically a subcomponent of the American Majority. Once out of that particular pressure cooker of Northern Ireland, most Irish Catholics and British-descended Protestants in America have been willing to discard the old hatreds. This is a positive and rational development in an era which requires white racial unity above all else.

The liberal-minority coalition very much dislikes "bad Irishmen" like Nixon, Reagan and Patrick Buchanan, while positively enamored of "good Irishmen" like IRA bomb-throwers or left-wingers like Fat Face. The more our enemies can get American Majority members of Irish descent stirred up over Bobby Sands, the better for our enemies. Also, Majority members of British origin can't feel too happy when they see those inflammatory Bobby Sands bumper stickers or read about IRA front groups trying to raise gun money among Irish Americans. All this agitprop aims at making Irish Americans yet another aggrieved and "persecuted" anti-Majority hate group at a time when, historically, they are leaving those days further and further behind. Let's not jump through hoops and tear at each other's throats while Abe Rosenthal wields the whip inside our gilded cage.

522

Although our media masters love to remind us that, regardless of race, "we're all Americans," why is it that when some fresh-off-the-boat Third Worlder proudly informs us that he's "marrying an American girl," we know he's not talking about some nappy-headed black welfare mama. He's talking exclusively about a Majority woman -- and the blonder the hair and the bluer the eyes the better.

877

Instaurationists are racially postjudiced!

200

I think publishing the popular edition of The Dispossessed Majority is a wise move. Of the uncondensed version, one cannot properly say, "I have read The Dispossessed Majority." Rather, one must say, "I am reading The Dispossessed Majority." This does not mean that it is long and difficult, but that it is that rich and good.

056

I wish Instauration would speak out against the word "nigger." It's a hateful word and evokes the worst sort of stupid white trash image. It's thoroughly counterproductive.

338

Why do white people live the way they do? Why are they so easily led into wars? Why are they so hateful, dull, ugly? Why their everlasting emphasis on money?

956

Back in the days when all local newscasters were white, I regarded many of them as rather lumpish, ordinary folk. Now, when most stations have at least one black or mulatto announcer, the newcomers are (relatively) superduper members of their race. This is terribly disorienting for the young Majority kid watching the news. Anyone who's spent time in New York knows that the aesthetic distance between Jewish stars like Kirk Douglas or Barbara Walters and the average Jew is far greater than the distance between Gentile stars and the folks in Nebraska.

774

When, about 1977-78, I told people that America's white Majority was doing a fast fadeout, they actually acted surprised, interested and rather alarmed. When, about 1982-83, I told them the same thing, they usually looked as though they'd heard it all before; it was "inevitable," and I'd better not provoke a civil war. While the climate of opinion has improved in some ways during the past five years, I consider this a clear change for the worse.

882

In our profound gratitude for the ideology promulgated in The Dispossessed Majority, we sometimes overlook another of its accomplishments -- the vocabulary it gave us. "Minority racist," "liberal-minority coalition," "Gracchites," "Trucklers," "Proditors." All these terms were desperately needed so we could begin to articulate our tragedy. Before, we were mute. We no longer are. Orwell brilliantly reminded us of the relationship between politics and the English language. Now that we have been given the language we need, let us crank up the politics we need even more.

993

The filthy perversions of Gandhi and Company's diet (July 1983) raises one question: Has the left ever championed a human being who was normal and/or honorable?

995

The photos of the Confederate generals (July 1983) reminded me of something I long pondered before resolving: Why do so many people in 19th-century photographs look so "different" from their 20th-century descendants? I may have found the answer in a line from Ammianus Marcellinus, the noted 4th-century Roman historian: "Nearly all the Gauls are . . . terrible from the sternness of their eyes."

096

STOP THE DREAM! I WANT TO WAKE UP!

"Freedom, Jobs and Black Power! Freedom, Jobs and Black Power!" chanted the Negro members of an openly Andropovian group to a syncopated beat. Immediately behind them in the great parade came the pasty-faced, shapeless white women of NOW (National Organization of Women), who were apparently thrilled to be making common cause with a race which has never been known to give freedom of any kind to either women or men. Stranger and stranger bedfellows followed, for this was August 27 in Washington -- the twentieth anniversary of Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" spiel.

More than one onlooker must have had a nightmare after watching the motley contingents of Black Firsters, Feminist Firsters, Gay Firsters and White Heterosexual Male Lasters stream past. They were joined by various Communist laddies who have followed the lead of the dykes and faggots and are coming out of the closet in droves. It's like the good old Popular Front days before Stalin made that noxious deal with Hitler.

The anniversary march was a chance to see gold six-pointed stars dangling in front of T-shirts proclaiming "Smash Apartheid" (not the West Bank kind, of course). One could also watch a young blond boy cheerfully waving the red, black and green flag of International Blackdom, or see Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Pete Seeger, Peter, Paul and Mary, and plenty of other fave rave has-beens from the 1963 Muscovite Hit Parade.

Unlike the 1963 marchers, many were white, mostly youthful and middle class. The palefaces generally seemed a lot more interested in achieving a unilateral freeze, keeping our boys out of Central America, and smashing the Reaganite oppressors of middle-class teachers, lawyers and social workers, than in memorializing Brother Martin. Not a soul protested our boys being in Lebanon, however, because aside from the black marchers, this was strictly a 4W affair -- Wave upon Wave of White Wimps -- and such slack creatures know better than to be caught taking an anti-media stand.

The Official Celebration Program featured Jesse ("From the outhouse to the statehouse") Jackson, the widow King, Andy Young, Bella Abzug, Gloria Steinem, Judy Goldsmith of NOW, Jim Cohen of the "Environmental Task Force," Rabbi Alexander Schindler, Bishop James Armstrong of the National Council of Churches, Audrey Lorde of the Lesbian and Gay Community, Asia Bennett of the Quakers and Tony Bonilla of the Latino lobby.

Among the best-received speeches was one by Lewis Farrahkan of the Nation of Islam, who gushed about how blacks and whites needed each other. Twenty years ago, King had said that "[white] destiny is tied up with our [black] destiny . . . their freedom is inextricably bound up to our freedom. We cannot walk alone." Apparently, the onetime separatist Black Muslims discovered in the interim that they really couldn't walk alone. As for King's golden

prophecy that "the jangling discords of our nation [will be transformed] into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood," it never panned out. Indeed, his very appeal to "brotherhood" would now be branded "sexist," while the homosexuals, Hispanics, Asians and other "jangling discords" who were unknown or nonexistent in 1963 will be jarring the national symphony for decades to come.

When a group like the Klan marches these days, the curious public is increasingly kept at a distance which has grown from yards to city blocks. Fraternalization with the official, government-designated "enemy" is a no-no. A Klan leader can talk until he's blue in the face, when he isn't rocked in the face, because the Constitution guarantees it, but "public safety" (as dictated by the Jewish Defense League and similar groups) requires that no one will be within earshot. The King march was altogether more comfortable. Some 600 "jiffy johns" were set up. Parking at outlying subway stations was free, and the fare was reduced to 50¢ for this occasion. Local television spent a large part of three days discussing the "specialness" of it all. It reminded old cynics of Eleanor Roosevelt's string-pulling for the "American Youth Congress" back in 1940, when she "persuaded" the Army and Washington's hotels to provide free services for the tired Red delegates.

Harry Belafonte assured this year's marchers that the only Reds on hand were the American kind. As Gus Hall said as early as the 1960s, "Who needs front groups these days?" An old-fashioned, two-fisted populist of the Eugene Debs or Jack London stripe might have provided a rousing counterpoint to Jesse Jackson's "Black Americans, Hispanics, women . . . Our day has come."

NAACP leader Benjamin Hooks affirmed, "We are here because we are committed to the elimination of Reaganism from the face of the earth." Reaganism -- the ghost dance religion of the Great White Male! This land ain't your land, this land ain't my land, as Pete Seeger might have sung. The earth's surface may contain 197 million square miles, but that's hardly enough to sustain a white male preserve. King wasn't kidding when he told us that we "cannot walk alone."

The rogue Instaurationist who witnessed this hate fest nonetheless chose to walk alone, only twice feeling an urge to join the collectivist shuffle down Constitution Avenue. First, there was the giant banner of Marcus ("Back to Africa") Garvey. One wanted to fall in spirited step behind it and hope it would not stop until it reached Zaire. Again, there was the quietly observant band of about 15 blond and red-haired Sikhs, with nary a stitch of nonwhite clothing upon them, and nary a colored person in their turbaned midst. In a sea of overfed faces and cut-off shorts, they were practically the only whites who manifested a touch of class and spiritual distinction. As Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post* wrote in his story of the march, the nation is "almost unrecognizable from that which existed in the

*A Washington friend took his camera
and joined the fray.
He escaped alive with
these photographic mementos.*



But not out of Lebanon



Organized confusion on the speaker's stand



How true!

summer of 1963."

Meanwhile, a simultaneous celebration in King's honor was staged on a hill in Galilee, the country of the man who until the coming of the civil rights movement used to be more popular than King in religious circles. The Committee for the Dr. Martin Luther King Memorial Forest in Israel (10,000 trees) put on the show. It was just one more Zionist tribute to the apostle of nonviolence, who, though he inveighed bitterly and seditiously against the Vietnam War, tactfully never said a word against the Jewish rape of Palestine. In fact, he supported it by adding his name to pro-Israeli petitions and advertisements. No wonder he received so many Jewish rewards in his lifetime and so many glowing notices, alive and dead, in the media. And, of course, he won the Nobel Peace Prize, as did that other great pacifist, Menahem Begin.



**They remembered Marcus Garvey --
They forgot his dream**



But there was an enemy

BRITAIN'S ELITE CONSPIRATORS

Oh, what an unlovely decade!

At summer solstice in June 1941, Hitler's armies invaded Russia. Had Japan's massed forces attacked the Soviet Far East during the next few months, nothing could have prevented an Axis victory. But Japan elected to hold her fire for Pearl Harbor. And what is just as important, Stalin knew that Japan would not strike. The knowledge enabled him to withdraw critical reinforcements from the Far East in time to repulse the Germans at the gates of Moscow. Many students of World War II believe that this bit of intelligence proved decisive. It came from the Soviet master spy Richard Sorge in Tokyo, and, almost certainly, it was disseminated by Anthony Blunt, Moscow's genteel "mole" inside MI5, a branch of the British Secret Intelligence Service (SIS). As Andrew Boyle demonstrates in *The Climate of Treason* (Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1980), Blunt had access to "everything that mattered" in London. His superiors, who knew of his Marxist past when they accepted him for a key wartime intelligence post, "heaped responsibility on to him." In 1945, the fickle Blunt lost much of his interest in espionage and returned to the embrace of his first love, art. Knighted in 1956, he eventually emerged as perhaps "Britain's most distinguished art historian." His war-time treachery was proven only in 1964 and not publicly revealed until 1979. Blunt died in his elegant apartment near Marble Arch earlier this year.

1941 was the year the German army overran Yugoslavia. General Draja Mihailovich, a brave and decent patriot, organized the first desperate resisters, the Chetniks.

Though the Royal Yugoslav Government in exile rewarded Mihailovich by appointing him minister of war and tried to lure him to London, he elected to remain in his native land, fighting on with a pitiful, ragged band of irregulars. The general's worst enemy was not on the battlefield, however, but in the Yugoslav section of the British Special Operations Executive (SOE). There, the dedicated Communist, James Klugman, was doing everything in his considerable power to divert Allied war materiel from General Mihailovich to his upstart rival, the Red agent, Josip Broz, later known as Marshal Tito.

Even as the general held his own against the Nazi lions, a cunning fox felled him from behind by altering his messages to suggest that he was aiding the Nazis, and by exaggerating Tito's minor exploits. In time, the British betrayed their royalist ally. Tito had him murdered on July 17, 1946.

Klugman the fox was remembered from Cambridge University days as a "short, dark, rather flabby youth," poor at sports and with "a total allergy to good order and discipline," yet exerting a peculiar influence over morally flabby fellow students like Donald Maclean. Maclean knew enough to keep his witty Jewish classmate, later the official historian of the British Communist Party, away from his father, Liberal politician Sir Donald Maclean. But soon Sir Donald was dead and his son could throw discretion to the winds. From his position high in the wartime Political Intelligence Department of the British Foreign Office, Maclean would help Klugman orchestrate the destruction of



Guy Burgess at 23



Anthony Blunt at 27

Mihailovich. Curiously, Maclean had told his Foreign Office examiners back in 1935 that he had never swerved from communism: "I think they must have liked my honesty because they nodded, looked at each other and smiled."

Shortly after war's end, Harold (Kim) Philby, the new chief of British counterintelligence in the SIS, was awarded the Order of the British Empire for his wartime work. Philby, who was privy to nearly all Britain's secrets from the early 1940s to the early 1950s, was yet another of Moscow's moles. How many daring British secret agents were done in by his duplicity? Anthony Boyle believes "three dozen casualties would be a conservative estimate" for the years 1945 to 1947 alone. No doubt the Soviets could have flushed out and liquidated more agents, but too much success might have tipped off even the worst dunderheads in London. From the archives of SIS at St. Albans, Philby lifted the code names, identifications and wavelengths of British agents and networks around the world.

In August 1945, Philby was responsible for causing the West to lose one of its best opportunities to turn the tables on Moscow. The British minister in Istanbul disclosed that Konstantin Volkov, an important KGB man, was seeking British asylum in return for his valuable information. For starters, Volkov would reveal the names of three British traitors working for Moscow, two in the Foreign Office and one (probably Philby) high in the secret service. Andrew Boyle recounts the episode's tragic denouement:

It was again Philby's turn to be lucky . . . Volkov was adamant that the Russians could read certain British ciphers. He therefore insisted that all communications with "C" [security chief Stewart Menzies] should be conducted by diplomatic bag. The inevitable delays played right into Philby's hands; he at once warned the Moscow Center through his own controller. Not for the first nor the last time, the head of Section Nine [counter-intelligence] exulted in a murder he had arranged for others to commit. His own cold-blooded account [in *My Silent War*] of his blithe scheming to outwit both Volkov and Menzies reeks of the

smug amorality characterizing the schoolboy ringleaders in William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* . . . Volkov slipped the noose round his own neck by time-wasting. Menzies had humored the security-crazed Russian, forbidding all radio communication with Istanbul. From start to finish, nearly three weeks had passed before Philby set foot on Turkish soil himself in the reasonable expectation that the would-be defector had already been satisfactorily dealt with.

By then, of course, "everything had turned out for the worst, just as the would-be defector had feared . . ." This grisly pattern recurred all too often during the decades when Moscow had so many able foxes on its side.

In October 1950, South Korean and American troops crossed the 38th parallel and advanced to the Yalu River. There, General MacArthur's men were suddenly attacked by 400,000 Chinese soldiers. Many Americans perished in the heavy fighting which followed. In *American Caesar*, William Manchester recounts MacArthur's ample reasons for believing that China's "uncanny knowledge" of UN troop deployment was due to intelligence leaks. MacArthur knew, among other things, that one of two British diplomats who fled to Moscow on May 25, 1951, Guy Burgess, was working in the British Embassy in Washington during part of the period concerned, and that the other, Donald Maclean (Klugman's buddy), had been first secretary there only a short time before. After a brief crackup in Cairo brought on by the tensions of his double life, Maclean returned to the American desk at the foreign office in London in October 1950.

From there, according to a recent story in the London *Sunday Telegraph*, he informed the Kremlin of every major decision by President Truman on the Korean War. Maclean knew that Truman had prohibited MacArthur from bombing bridges over the Yalu River, flying reconnaissance in the area, or engaging Chinese planes. This knowledge, passed along, enabled China to commit large numbers of troops to Korea without fear of retaliation on the home front. Maclean continued seeing top-secret U.S. war documents right up until early 1951, when British intelligence finally grew suspicious. Luckily for him, none other



Kim Philby at 22



Donald Maclean at 21

than Kim Philby was by that time Britain's chief liaison officer with the entire American intelligence network. America's savvier espionage men, notably James Jesus Angleton and Walter Bedell Smith at CIA, had suspected Philby for some time and finally asked London to recall him. By this time, Washington had become so convinced of Whitehall's untrustworthiness and incompetence that the standard practice was to keep the British safely at arm's length rather than share incriminating evidence regarding British officials. British intelligence was so full of holes, it had become a sieve.

In the early 1950s, an Anglo-American military operation in unstable Albania had a lot to do with Washington's cool attitude. When the secret mission ended in a bloody fiasco costing scores of lives, Angleton and his circle were convinced that Moscow had been tipped off well in advance. Many bits of evidence pointed to Philby, who had planned and controlled the operation with Lord Jellicoe and two American officials. Yet Angleton's Machiavellian temperament led him to play a notoriously "deep game," one which left even the suspected spies in place for years, in the often futile hope of netting still larger fish. Frustrated readers of *The Climate of Treason* must watch as Philby ruins countless lives before he is finally confronted in Beirut in 1963, and then almost casually allowed to run to Moscow and subsequent beatification by the Soviets.

As the preceding examples make plain, the present bondage of the Albanians, North Koreans, Yugoslavs and many other peoples is intimately connected to the treacherous careers (circa 1941-51) of men named Blunt, Burgess, Philby, Maclean and Klugman. Each of these masters of deceit was a student at Cambridge University in the mid-1930s. So were atomic spy Alan Nunn May (caught by Canada in 1945), diplomat John Cairncross (exposed in 1951), and a good many other large, middling and small traitors. Many of these students attended Trinity College, most were homosexuals. One important leader of this renegade elite was the patrician American Michael Whitney Straight, who himself was briefly recruited as a Soviet agent. By his own belated admission, Straight was at least vaguely aware of what the others were up to, but he sat on his precious knowledge until 1963. In the interim, he served for many years as editor of *The New Republic*, which just happened to be one of the most stridently anti-McCarthy mouthpieces of the American left.

From about 1950 to 1954, nearly every issue of Straight's magazine went gunning for "Tail Gunner Joe" because of all the "innocent lives" he was wrecking. It is true that McCarthy made some innocent people temporarily unhappy, but Straight knew perfectly well that many culpable people were going untouched. For an unforgettable lesson in hypocrisy, one should read Straight's long-overdue mea culpa, *After Long Silence* (Norton, 1982), while perusing the self-righteous anti-anti-Communist editorials of his *New Republic* days. Straight's crooked odyssey will get separate treatment in an upcoming issue of *Instauration*.

Returning to the British Cambridge Stalinists, we should first ask what kind of people were they? Why was Cambridge, and especially Trinity College, so full of future proditors, while Oxford was largely spared? Who stood

behind and prodded the treasonous dandies in their innocent school days? By what markers may one spot the growth of similar subversive cells in today's world? Andrew Boyle, the investigator whose explosive 1979 book *The Fourth Man* (later expanded into *The Climate of Treason*) forced Prime Minister Thatcher to publicly reveal Anthony Blunt, Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, as "Mr. Four," answers these and many related questions in admirable fashion.

Though Boyle does not dare to write explicitly of the Jewish roots of the Cantabridgian plotters, he names enough weighty background names to alert perceptive readers. Prominent among them, in addition to Klugman, are Maxim Litvinov, Willy Muenzenberg and Samuel B. Cahan.

Litvinov, born Meier Polyanski Finkelstein, was a true Jewish chameleon of the type satirized (or celebrated) by Woody Allen in his new movie "Zelig." Whether garbed in the trappings of an Ecuadorian army officer or busily shedding crocodile tears at the state funeral of King George V (whose Russian first cousins, the Imperial family, Litvinov's Bolshie pals murdered), Litvinov often went by aliases such as Borissonk, Buchmann, Dentiarick, Graf, Harrison, Hinoch, Maxitrovich, Meir-Meer, Nitz, Papasha and Wallach. Without this undercover operator, there might have been much less treasonable material for Boyle to write about. It was the "Litvinov master plan" which had called for recruiting middle- to upper-class English undergraduates as undercover agents and covertly helping them up the "old boy network." Widely traveled, Litvinov was intimate with leading British literati and well acquainted with "the tight web of loyalties, friendship, family and club relationships binding together the sprawling but complex fabric of Britain's ruling class." He even knew enough to choose Cambridge, with its tradition of "Cromwellian earnestness," for his target.

Willy Muenzenberg was the no less despicable Paris-based impresario who conducted Moscow's "Popular Front" strategy against Hitler. Arthur Koestler, a close friend and associate, later marvelled that "Willy produced Committees as a conjurer produces rabbits out of his hat: his genius consisted in a unique combination of the conjuror's wiles with the crusader's dedication." Boyle gives us the real dope on Muenzenberg:

As Chief of the Comintern's West European Agitprop Department, Willy Muenzenberg had established its headquarters in France after escaping from Berlin on the night of the Reichstag fire. His first venture, the World Committee for the Relief of the Victims of German Fascism, set the pattern for all future camouflaged "front" organizations. It had branches in every Western country, with highly respectable non-Communist members, "from English duchesses to American columnists and French savants who had never heard the name of Muenzenberg and thought that the Comintern was a bogey invented by Dr. Goebbels." Such expert propaganda methods contrasted with the heavy-footed ingenuousness of official British measures like the Incitement to Disaffection Act of 1934, aimed at stamping out Communism in the armed services. When the Spanish Civil War broke out in July 1936, Muenzenberg's oblique and unseen influence on the public mind in Britain and

other Western democracies was considerable.

No foreign question since the French Revolution caused greater excitement and controversy among British intellectuals than the conflict in Spain. Liberal and left-wing adherents swallowed the Muenzenberg bait, accepting that the Franco rebellion was part of a worldwide Fascist conspiracy against democracy itself. Spain became a battlefield of rival ideologies

The Comintern, otherwise known as the Third International, was the international organization of Communist parties, founded in Moscow in 1919 and supposedly dissolved by Stalin in 1943. When the first Communist cell was founded at Cambridge in 1931 following a visit by the half-Indian, half-Swedish ideologue Clemens Palme Dutt, "the initiative came from the West European Bureau of the Comintern, acting on instructions issued by Maxim Litvinov, Karl Radek [born Karl Sobelsohn] and other leading policy-makers in Moscow Moscow uttered the word, and Palme Dutt promptly obeyed." By 1937, the fast-rising BBC producer (and future Foreign Office mole) Guy Burgess was making "occasional visits . . . to Paris for secret exchanges with Willy Muenzenberg and Otto Katz, the chief manipulators of the Comintern's propaganda apparatus in western Europe."

As for Samuel B. Cahan, he was resident director of the Soviet Secret Intelligence Service in Britain. "Acting on instructions from his Comintern superiors," Cahan was "on the lookout for talented young middle-class dissidents who, in time, would move into the upper echelons of Britain's power structure and control it from inside." This Trojan Horse strategy promised "gradual yet more devastating results" than could be expected from working-class hot-bloods. "A profound secrecy enveloped the mysterious activities of Cahan" and his trusted lieutenants, who worked independently of the somewhat ingenuous and national-minded British Communist Party.

Boyle writes that the Philbys and Macleans "were wild-eyed, trusting neophytes and dupes for whom Stalin, their God, could do no wrong." Never very intellectually curious (except for Blunt in the realm of art), they really seemed to believe in the Worker's Paradise. When, after World War II, in a suddenly changed political climate, Britain's Gentile spies began to grasp something of the truth about the "New Soviet Man," they were too morally compromised (and too susceptible to blackmail) to turn back. Colleagues noted that Maclean and Philby seemed to know very little about the Soviet Union, and to care even less -- which was particularly strange in Philby's case, as he actually headed for a time the SIS's new Section 9, whose chief task was the penetration of Moscow's worldwide espionage network!

With Churchill's proclamation of the "Cold War" at Fulton, Missouri, in March 1946, the West's love affair with "Uncle Joe" Stalin cooled. The "double patriots" (as they wishfully fancied themselves) had nowhere to hide their secret shame. Drunkenness, homosexual orgies and wild behavior became a sort of refuge for Maclean and Burgess. The latter had been charmingly crazy (or obnoxiously so, as others tell it) even in his Cambridge days, but Maclean, the scion of dour Calvinists, had once been reasonably square. By the late 1940s, however, though still

the tall, handsome "darling of the Foreign Office" and "too good to be true" in the eyes of many, Maclean had fallen to "peccadilloes" like urinating publicly at a formal diplomatic reception. At last came the night of May 8, 1950, in Cairo, when Maclean and friend Philip Toynbee left a reception in search of further amusement. After spending most of the night finishing off all the whiskey in one flat, Maclean broke into a second flat which belonged to an American girl who had already left for her job at the U.S. Embassy library. Before long he was smashing her furniture, breaking up the bathroom, and, "as a final gesture of contempt," throwing her underwear in the toilet. This was a bit much for even the decadent old boy network to bear, so London ordered Maclean to return home and visit the shrink of his choice while awaiting reassignment to another Foreign Office post.

Maclean, Burgess and Philby always seemed to be getting "another chance," largely because an extraordinary mutual trust and faith still reigned supreme within the upper reaches of the British class system, the logic of which suggested and the experience of which proved that the beneficiaries would do nothing to harm the source of their good fortune. This once fruitful tradition of class trust, after years of tottering, crashed down for good in May and June 1951, when a shocked British elite learned that two of its popular members had long been betraying both class and nation. A typical reaction was the "instant incredulity" of M. Vidal, a French police chief who helped trace the defectors' getaway route. "*Mon Dieu*," he said. "It's grotesque. Two men from the Quai d'Orsay I'd have understood. But two *British* diplomats -- *parbleu!*" Soon the entire British ruling class was regarding one another in a new, suspicious light. Philip Jordan, Prime Minister Churchill's press officer and one of Maclean's more intimate friends, was perhaps the first victim of this "almost uncontrollable undertow of mistrust." Several days after the dual defection, he cried out in the night and died of heart failure. Many other friends and spouses would die prematurely because of broken hearts in the years to come.

It is no exaggeration to say that Anthony Boyle has given the world an updated *Portrait of Dorian Gray* in tracing the careers of Britain's elite spies, who degenerated outwardly as well as inwardly as time went on, no one more than Blunt (see cover picture). What made them become "devil's disciples," as Boyle calls them? Some say it was the absence of a father. Burgess hardly knew his naval commander father, who died suddenly when Guy was 13. Philby rarely saw his absentee father, the well-publicized adviser to King Ibn Saud of Arabia. Maclean felt a "bottled-up resentment" for his emotionally distant father, but could not quite join the Communists until dad was dead, again quite suddenly. Betraying a nation came easier to those who didn't have to betray a father as well.

At Gresham's, an old public school where, according to Leonard Forster, "a certain flabbiness and limpness," mental as well as physical, was "characteristic," the sullenly passive Maclean met the self-described "clever oddity" who was James Klugman. To "The Communist," as Klugman already called himself, Maclean admitted that he had lost what little Christian faith he once had. Klugman had rich parents who lived in "a large, expensively furnished

home in Hampstead," but instead of visiting him there, Maclean, whose parents were not rich, preferred to meet him furtively "at public houses or in cinemas." At first Maclean pretended not to be interested in his friend's super-heated Marxism. But when he relocated to Cambridge, their rooms were situated just a two-minute walk from each other, "so that Klugman's new friends became [his]." Leonard Forster remembers Maclean as the "most easily malleable" of the former Greshamites, and Klugman as one of "the two cleverest and most articulate." This element of *chance* in one's close associates seems to have played a large role in selecting Britain's future spies.

Homosexuality was another factor. The "Homintern" has become a journalistic moniker for Cambridge's Muscovite network, with its E.M. Forster-derived cult of "friendship before all." Blunt (and many others) became "more deeply Marxist" by performing their disgusting sexual rites with Burgess. Maclean was eventually blackmailed into continuing loyalty when Burgess stage-managed an orgy for him and took some "choice erotic photographs of Donald lying naked and oblivious in the arms of another man." These, Burgess later warned his "friend," had been filed away in his private collection. Philby's heterosexuality made him the queer bird of the lot.*

The student radicalism of the 1930s was also facilitated by a "generation gap." Boyle reminds us that

in the trench warfare of Flanders, death had discriminated cruelly against the young subalterns fresh from the public schools. Proportionately three times more young British officers were wiped out than non-commissioned men in the Army, Navy and Air Force. The thought crossed some minds -- minds of a reflective bent -- that the nation could not afford such a huge human sacrifice. Those missing tens of thousands of tomorrow's leaders stood for all that was finest in the national character. This absence would make it harder for their elders and juniors to live easily together.

H.R. Trevor-Roper adds to the dismal picture by noting that these elders and juniors held widely divergent images of the world because of the interim growth of leftist propaganda.

The shift came about the time that Hitler took power in Germany. I was myself an undergraduate at that time and

* In 1934 Kim Philby, today a colonel general in the KGB and a great friend of Yuri Andropov, married an Austrian-Jewish Communist by the name of Litz Friedman in Vienna. His bride was active in the Stalinist underground. One of the witnesses to the marriage was Teddy Kollek, nowadays the mayor of Jerusalem. Kollek later told James Jesus Angleton, the CIA official who specialized in ferreting out moles, all about Mrs. Philby. Yet somehow Philby's marriage was of no interest to U.S. or British intelligence services and somehow did not prevent him from rising to one of the top spots of the latter. Could it be that mole hunters are also moles? Among suspected American moles, according to *Harper's* (Oct. 1983): Kissinger, Averell Harriman, former CIA head William Colby and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Angleton, fired from the CIA in 1974, was chief of counterintelligence and served for years as head of the CIA's Israel desk. Angleton is quoted as follows in the *Harper's* article: "My Israeli friends have always been among the most loyal I've had. Perhaps the only ones to remain loyal."

could observe the change. The problems of the 1930s loomed before us all . . . but young and old faced them from radically different positions. The old hated war and feared Bolshevism: they remembered 1914-1918 and the revolution in Russia. The young . . . were more tolerant of both. They were prepared to regard communism and even war as preferable to the new and visible horrors of economic chaos and fascism. The period of crisis began with the Spanish Civil War in 1936 . . . Munich, in particular, divided generation against generation within families . . .

To the young of 1933 Soviet Russia was unknown except through its propagandists . . . Ever since the revolution it had been sealed off from the West. Only a few privileged visitors had penetrated it, and they, of course, had only seen what they had been shown.

The "Devil's Decade" is Boyle's tag for the 1930s. His book treats the evil fruit which it bore in the 1940s and beyond: Kim Philby sending three Armenian patriots straight into the clutches of the Soviet frontier guards; Anthony Blunt helping Moscow unmask the only spy Britain ever had in the Kremlin, a Russian who was never heard of again; Donald Maclean drunkenly admitting he was a Communist agent; Philby's second wife frantically denouncing her husband as a spy -- *and neither being believed*; Guy Burgess keeping the Soviet cipher clerks so busy conveying secrets that, according to a Russian defector, "other urgent messages had to be dispatched in diplomatic bags by couriers." The list is endless.

Boyle believes the original Cambridge Conspiracy is now a thing of the past, though we will never know who all its members were. But confused, fatherless young men are with us today as never before, as are tightened homosexual cliques. Meanwhile, Affirmative Action programs are propelling ever more "twilight" creatures toward the center of the FBI, the CIA, the National Security Agency, and who knows where else. Quite a few of these propellees are racial hybrids, a dynamite recipe for subversion.

In 1983, there is little need for a Maxim Litvinov or Samuel B. Cahan to recruit bedazzled young bluebloods to clue the Anti-West into the West's secrets. There are more than enough applicants from all social levels. If the Macleans, Philbys, Blunts and Burgesses could so blandly betray their race, their class and their nation, consider how much easier it will be for the present breed of proditors, actual and potential, to betray the multiracial, multicultural monstrosity known as the present-day United States.

Ponderable Quote

It cannot be disputed that Jews have been foremost among the foreign-born population of Virginia advocating the secession movement -- being interested in the "Negro trade." The largest auction-house in Richmond for the sale of slaves was owned by a Jew. Although slaves were considered a necessity by the planters and slave property . . . legitimate, the Negro-trader was looked upon with contempt, and therefore it reflected to a disadvantage on the Jews that several of them were engaged in the detested trade.

Hermann Schuricht
*History of the German Element
in Virginia* (Geological Pub.
Co., Inc., Baltimore, 1977) p. 93

Black-tintured beauties win and place

THE MISS AMERICA CONTEST -- PAST AND PRESENT



Miss America 1958 was white.



The New Miss America is what color?

Anyone who has spent some time in a heavily Anglo-Saxon part of the U.S. and has also lived in a dominantly German-Irish-Slavic-mixed-white region, knows that the true "WASPs" were and are a very special breed. A lot of young German-, Irish- or Polish-American women are what one would properly call "pretty" or "cute," but for really ravishing "beauty" in fair abundance, one must turn to America's fast-dwindling "Original American Reservations," be they in the Deep South, the lower plains states, or parts of the Rockies.

Owens Hand Browne, a columnist who lives in Raleigh, North Carolina, came to the same conclusion a year ago while watching Miss California, Debra Sue Maffett, win the Miss America crown. (Actually, Miss Maffett was born to a Navy family in Pittsburgh, Kansas, the hometown of Debbie Bryant, Miss America 1966. Maffett grew up in tiny Cut-n-Shoot, Texas, where her unaffluent parents cleared the land and built their own house.) What struck Browne and many others was that the four runners-up were from Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Oklahoma, while three of the other five finalists were from Georgia, Arkansas and Kentucky. On top of that, Miss North Carolina won the swimsuit competition and was picked by a computer to win the crown. The 34 non-Southern states were practi-

cally shut out!

A survey of Miss America winners from 1951 until the "black year" of 1983 reveals a similar geographic pattern. (There was no "Miss America 1950," and winners until the World War II era tended to come from states near Atlantic City, New Jersey, the contest site. Even then, however, most had British last names.) From 1951 through 1983, there were 33 Miss Americas. Fourteen came from Southern states, 10 from North Central states, seven from the West, two from the Northeast. Mississippi and Colorado led with three winners apiece. On a per capita basis, the "Beauty Belt" extended through six contiguous states from Mississippi in the East to Utah in the West.

State	Miss America Winners (1951-1983)	White Population in 1980	Winning Ratio
Mississippi	3	1,615,000	1 per 538,000
Colorado	3	2,571,000	1 per 857,000
Arkansas	2	1,890,000	1 per 945,000
Kansas	2	2,168,000	1 per 1,084,000
Oklahoma	2	2,598,000	1 per 1,299,000
Utah	1	1,383,000	1 per 1,383,000

The "Ugly Belt" was clearly in the Northeast, with a 1980 white (and off-white) population of 42,328,000 (which had been relatively *higher* in the 1950-70 census-es), but only two winners in the past 33 years (an Evelyn Ay of Ephrata, Pa. in 1954, and a Tawney Godin of Yonkers, NY in 1976). New Jersey's first and only winner was Bette Cooper, back in 1937. Bess Myerson, the 1945 winner, was, as far as we know, the only Jewish Miss America. Since Miss America contests are produced by Jews (one Albert Marks seems to be the boss), Myerson's win, though undeserved, was understandable. (Myerson, incidentally, complained about this year's pageant because it was held on Yom Kippur.)

This Year's Contest

America's Beauty Belt did not suddenly disappear on September 17 because of eight judges in New Jersey. But an era of official recognition for our nation's lovely Nordic women may have come to an end. The latest Miss America, as everyone knows, is a green-eyed, brown-haired, fractionally Negro woman from New York named Vanessa Williams. Thankfully, the official "Miss America" song was not sung this year for various reasons. After the "coronation," the words would have been wildly inappropriate:

There she is, Miss America,
 There she is, your ideal.
 With so many beauties, she took the town by storm,
 With her all-American face and form,
 And there she is,
 Walking on air she is,
 Fairest of the fair she is,
 Miss America.

The runner-up was an ultra high-yellow from New Jersey named Suzette Charles. Miss Maryland and Miss North Carolina were also black. Miss South Carolina was a Caucasian Hispanic. The two classic "all-American" blonde WASP beauties among the first ten finalists (usually there are at least six or seven) were Miss Texas and Miss Kentucky, and neither made the top five. Yet the break with the past was not complete because Miss Alabama (a dark brunette) finished third and Miss Mississippi (a pert blonde) came in fourth.

Actually, if the fiasco at Atlantic City can be forgotten, 1983 was another very good year for Nordic beauty contestants. In May, Miss California won the rival "Miss USA 1983" crown, and was followed by the Misses Texas, South Carolina, Louisiana and North Dakota. In June, Stephanie Ashmore of Muscle Shoals, Alabama, won the nationally telecast "Junior Miss of 1983" crown -- to replace Susan Hammett of Hattiesburg, Mississippi. The runners-up were from Colorado and Utah.

On the international level, beauty contests are not much different. A Miss Israel won several years ago, but she happened to be the most Nordic and least Jewish-looking woman in the entire country. Whether this increased Israeli pride is highly doubtful. Two years ago Miss Venezuela won the Miss Universe contest in New York. The seven black contestants screamed racism. They had been ignored, they cried, while Irene Saez Conde had "all the right things" -- including blonde hair and blue eyes. Last

Miss America Fact Sheet

First contest was in 1921. First televised contest 1954. As late as 1945 all contestants were required to state how far back they could trace their ancestry.

Blacks first appeared in 1922 as "slaves" in Miss America's Court. First local black winners were in 1959: Miss Sacramento and Miss Indiana University. First state winner: Miss Iowa (1970).

Beginning in 1926 and on and off until 1957, the pageant welcomed an American Indian queen, first as "Princess America," then as "Miss Indian America." She was not permitted to compete but was kept on hand to represent "the first American beauty."

After World War II the contest had a Miss Puerto Rico (until 1961). Miss Hawaii entered the picture in 1948. The first one was an Oriental.

Rule 7, that only whites could compete, although it had long been violated (see above), was officially taken off the books in the mid-1950s.

In 1968 a black was named to the Miss America board of directors, and two black hostesses were appointed. In 1969 a female black sociologist became the first black judge. Grace Kelly was a judge in 1954. Marilyn Van Derbur (1957) was the first Phi Beta Kappa Miss America.

Miss Rheingold was an immensely popular contest for years. Even though it produced the second highest vote in the land (after the presidential race), it was dropped in 1964 because WASP ideal types always won and "ethnics" were (supposedly) switching beers as a consequence.

Until the late 1940s the Miss America Pageant was a real beauty contest with swimsuit competition the key. Padded breasts, hair dye and such were not allowed. Now padding, wigs and dye are all the norm. The contest manager has been threatening to end the swimsuit competition for years.

In the early 1950s Miss USA came along as the authentic national beauty contest. That's where the Nordics are now heading. Miss USA goes to Miss Universe. Miss America only goes to the Rose Bowl.

In the 1960s Miss America was the #1 show on TV, which accounts for two-thirds of the annual Miss America budget. Main audience is women (of all ages).

year, a blonde Canadian won Miss Universe. This year, it was a blonde New Zealander, chosen from a field of 80 mostly non-Nordic contestants. The runner-up was Julie Hayek of California. Then came Miss Ireland, Miss Switzerland and Miss England. More than 600 million viewers in 50 countries -- most of whom must have been non-Nordic -- watched as five Nordic lasses swept the field.

Which goes to show that one green-eyed mulattress, who won precisely because of her modicum of black physical traits, does not an aesthetic revolution make!

One lesson learned from the latest Miss America contest is that "Negro" has become more of a cultural than a racial category. In one sense the Aesthetic Prop, the last weapon of the WASP, actually was given a boost by Vanessa Williams's coronation. She won precisely because she didn't look like a black. Her straight (straightened?) hair, light skin and green eyes were traits that hardly fit into black biology. In fact, it was only her broad nose that "gave her away." In the motley crowd of any big American city, she could

easily pass for a Latin, as could her father. Miss Williams currently dates a white male.

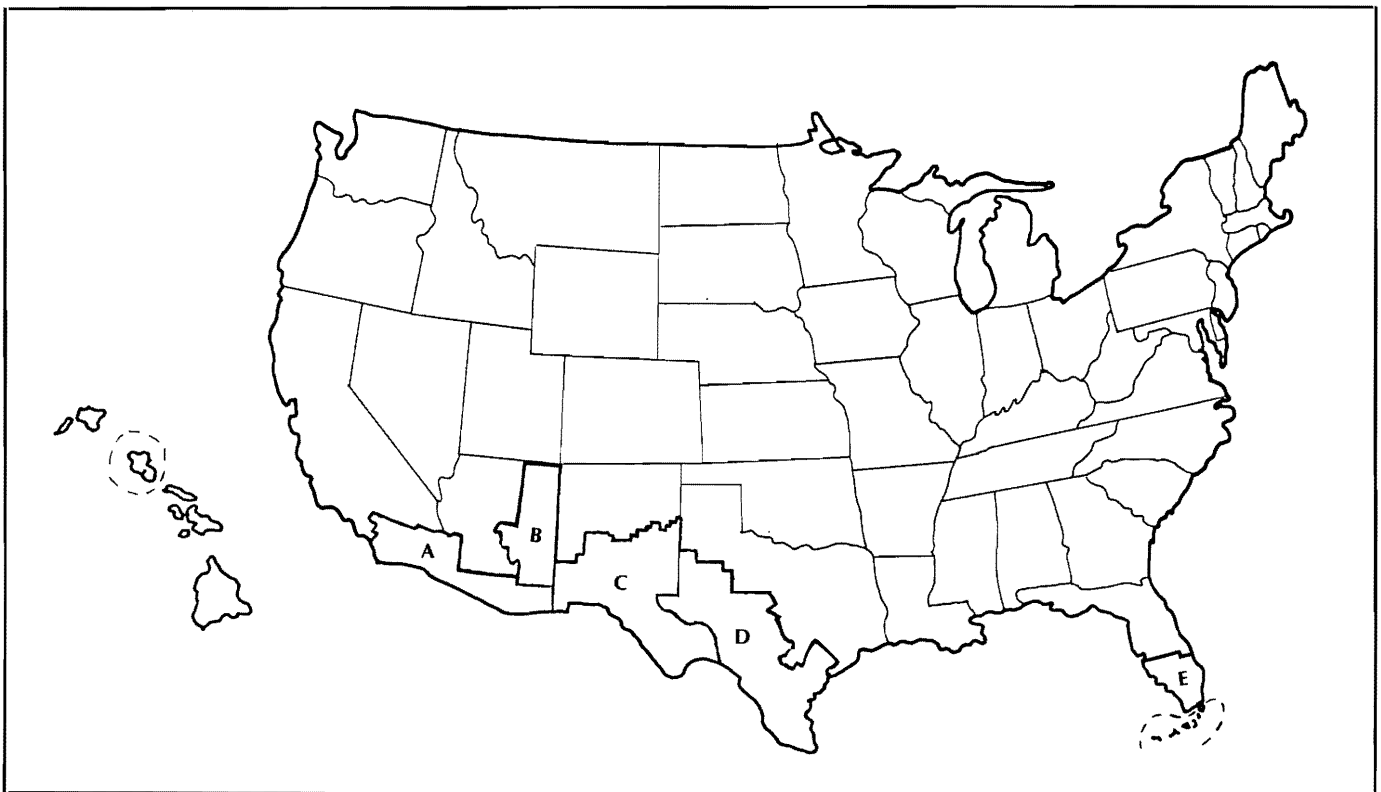
According to Negro columnist Carl Rowan, " 'black' is a word claimed equally by 27 million Americans who range from fair skin and blue eyes to ebony skin and hair that curls like barbed wire." In other words, black has become a term so elastic that it can mean anything anyone wants it to mean.

Note: Whites cannot enter the Miss Black America contest, which was won this year, as always, by the contestant with the most Nordic or Mediterranean features. In fact, white girls now have difficulty being chosen Homecoming Queen in predominantly white educational institutions. Last September, in McGeehee, Arkansas, 25 black members of the high-school football team went on strike when a black candidate for queen lost to a white girl by a considerable number of votes.

SPINNING OFF THE MINORITIES

Richard McCulloch in his upbeat study of the Majority's predicament, *The Ideal and Destiny*, not only made a point of urging the geographical separation of the races in America; in some cases he spelled out county by county (pp. 300-303) where such separation should take place. We chided McCulloch for not including a map to illustrate exactly where he thinks blacks and other Unassimilable Minorities should live and where they should not live. A few weeks later we received this map in the mail.

A - The combined Mediterranean, Orientalid (Arab), Armenid (mostly Jewish), Irano-Afghan and Asian-Indian inhabitants of the U.S. (the unassimilable "whites") should be formed into two nations, one in the southwest (A), the other in South Florida (E). Nation A comprises San Diego (except Camp Pendleton), Riverside and Imperial counties in California, and Yuma, Pima, Santa Cruz and Cochise counties in Arizona, an area of about 42,000 square miles. With 12,684,000 people, its population density would be



McCulloch writes, "This map designates the areas by letter. A and E are reserved for Unassimilable White Minorities, B for Indians, C for Mexicans and other mainland Latin Americans, D for blacks. I have not given a letter to the Hawaiian Islands where, with the exception of Oahu, are to be located Polynesians and various members of the yellow race. The only gerrymandering I indulged in was in Texas, where I wanted to preserve the Alamo for Majority America."

McCulloch then went into more detail about his map.

302 per square mile.

B - Indians should be given Apache, Navajo, Gila, Greenlee and Graham counties in Arizona, a territory of 32,326 square miles. This is approximately four times the size of Israel, with an area of only 8,017 square miles (pre-1967 boundaries) for a population of 3,410,000 (1975). The Indian nation's population density would be 44, compared to Israel's 426.

C - Chicanos, who are mostly of Mexican origin, and other Hispanics (except Puerto Ricans and Cubans) should

be relegated to the territory of Texas west of the Pecos River and to all of New Mexico south of, and including Curry, Roosevelt, De Baca, Lincoln, Socorro, Sierra and Grant counties. This represents an area of 89,500 square miles. The population density, based on a current estimate of 18 million Hispanics (excluding Cubans and Puerto Ricans) would be 201 per square mile. This is twice the density of Mexico's rapidly expanding population, but as most of the inhabitants would be post-1965 immigrants (mostly illegal) from Mexico and other Hispanic countries (and their children), they should not be rewarded with more territory, especially as they could easily return to their homeland south of the Rio Grande.

D - The territory of the new Negro nation should be carved out of the present state of Texas. It would include Calhoun, Jackson, Wharton, Colorado, Fayette, Gonzales, Wilson, Atascosa, Medina, Bandera, Kendall, Blanco, Llano, San Sabra, Brown, Coleman, Runnels, Coke, Mitchell, Scurry, Garza, Lynn, Terry, Yoakum, Cochran and Hockley counties, plus all of the land south of these counties and as far west as the Pecos River. This area (96,100 square miles) is greater than that of West Germany, which has 95,904 square miles containing 63 million people (1975). West Germany's population density is 659. The Negro state with some 26.5 million inhabitants would have a population density of 276, somewhat more than Nigeria's 210 per square mile, but much less than Haiti's 435.

E - South Florida is set aside as the second nation for unassimilable white minorities, including St. Lucie, Okeechobee, Highlands, Hardee and Manatee counties and all the territory to the south except for the Keys. The population of 5,170,000 would have an area of 17,209 square miles, larger than that of Denmark, whose 5.1 million Danes have 17,028 square miles. The country's population density would be 302 per square mile, the same as A's and the same as Denmark's.

The state of Hawaii should cede all of its islands except Oahu to several independent nations composed of Polynesians, Japanese, Koreans, Chinese, Vietnamese, Filipinos and other orientals. The population density of these independent nonwhite nations would average about 550 persons for each of their aggregate 5,831 square miles of territory, far less than the population density of their ancestral homelands, such as Japan, which has 749 persons per square mile, or Korea, with 877.

McCulloch allocated no territory to the Puerto Ricans who, he says, should be repatriated to an independent Puerto Rico.

Richard McCulloch's The Ideal and Destiny may be ordered from Towncourt Enterprises, Box 9151, Coral Springs, FL 33075. Price is \$20, plus \$1.00 shipping and handling.

A subscriber takes a second look at a much-bruited WW II atrocity tale

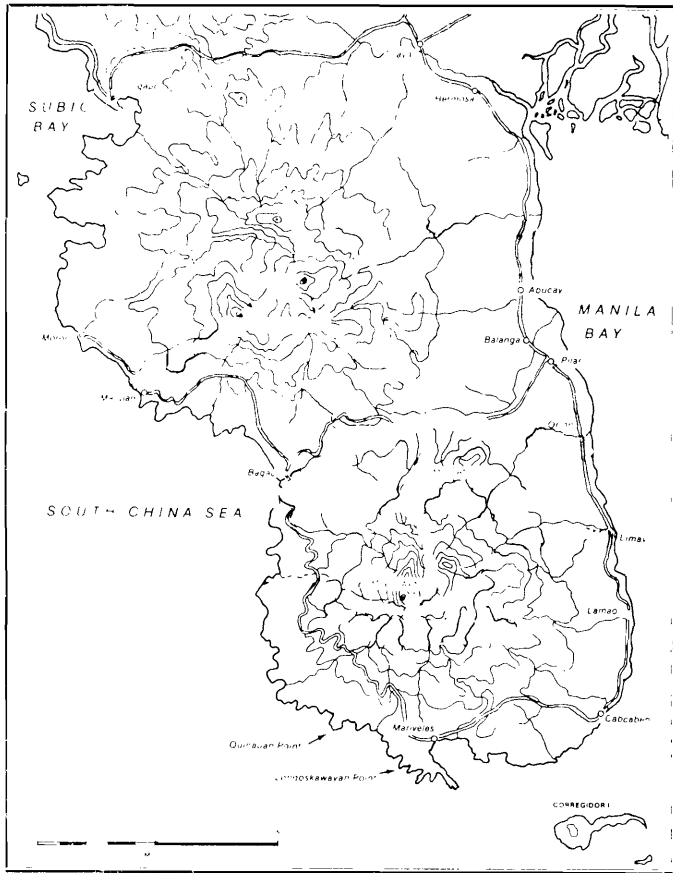
HOW DEATHLY WAS THE BATAAN DEATH MARCH?

At the risk of being tagged a Japanophile, I would like to comment on the piece in the June issue of *Instauration* re the pending claims of American citizens of Japanese origin for property lost in their removal to concentration camps (1942-45) and the invidious comparison of their internment travails to the 1942 "death march" of American prisoners of Imperial Japan from the southern part of Bataan peninsula in the Philippine Islands to a prison camp in Manila.

First the Japanese expulsion. There are two aspects to this, not one. Of the approximately 120,000 West Coast Japanese involved, about 50,000 of them were technically aliens, still citizens of Japan. Aliens living in countries with whom their homelands were at war had been subject to internment in World War I and their fate inspired a considerable literature. This policy was also adopted by all the warring nations in World War II, including Britain and France. Britain rounded up tens of thousands of enemy aliens and sent some for internment to Canada. We know of at least one disaster connected with this, the sinking of the *Arandora Star* (July 3, 1940), which was loaded to the gunwales with enemy aliens. Ironically, a German U-boat

was responsible for the loss of close to 1,100 lives.

The internment of some 50,000 Japanese aliens in the U.S. after December 7, 1941, took place within the conventionally understood laws of warfare. What is always papered over is the remaining 70,000 who, although U.S. citizens, were treated like aliens. To the extent that these Japanese Americans were losers of homes and property as a result of the Roosevelt administration's desire to stir up hatred of Japanese, they deserve compensation if they want it. Many do not. All of them, however, are at least due an apology for the roundup, even if old picarders and wartime self-serving porkchoppers like John J. McCloy are still bristling in fake outrage. Neither McCloy, assistant secretary of war at the time, nor another like him, has explained why, if the domestic populace of Japanese origin were such a menace to the war effort, were not the hundreds of thousands of Japanese in Hawaii also locked up? Hardly one of them was touched. But nothing, even by McCloy, has equalled the two revolting pieces in the Birch Society's magazine on how lovely it all was. What is most repellent about some circles of American right-wingers is their betraying blabbery in behalf of private property and



Bataan and Corregidor

the Constitution's holy origin, and their obscene haste to see both violated wholesale if it seems to be in their best interests.

Bataan

Instauration's editorial comment that perhaps we should balance the claims of Japanese Americans with a billion-dollar counterclaim against Japan for what happened to Americans in a "death march" which took place neither in Japan nor the U.S. is quite irrelevant. But this requires a review of this event, about which general ignorance is almost total. As to its location, it would be remarkable if one American in a thousand could even locate Bataan on a map, let alone recall what happened there 40 years ago.

It is regrettable that the U.S. ever got involved in the Philippines, an archipelago of 7,083 islands. But certain greedy factions did get this country mixed up in the affairs of these Asian regions, and few can say any good came of it -- certainly none whatever from the viewpoint of race. That the islands were and still are a vast slum is beside the point, although the American presence has loomed there from 1898 on. A sizable American armed force was there when the war maneuverings of the Roosevelt administration finally paid off with Japan's attack on the U.S. military and naval installations in Hawaii. The war quickly spread to the Philippines. Since Japan controlled Formosa (today we call it Taiwan) only a few hundred miles north, an invasion of Philippine territory was a relatively easy operation. It was done so rapidly that no assistance to the American garrisons could be provided. By the end of the spring of 1942

the entire region was essentially in Japanese hands.

One of the final campaigns of this brief war took place in western Luzon on a peninsula dropping down into the South China Sea and commanding the entrance to the large bay fronting the city of Manila. This was Bataan. And this is where our story picks up, a story told by a starchy proper Establishment figure, not some execrated "revisionist." This historian is Stanley L. Falk, and his book *Bataan: the March of Death* was published by the (fairly) respectable publishing house of W.W. Norton in New York in 1962. Falk has impeccable credentials in official U.S. military history circles, is currently with the U.S. Center of Military History and is a director of the super-Establishment American Committee on the History of the Second World War.

The American armed forces on Bataan in April 1942 consisted of some 78,000 troops, over 66,000 of whom were Filipinos. Their commander was Major General Edward P. King. They were defeated in a six-day battle, and the U.S. surrender took place shortly thereafter. The Japanese decided to remove their captives from southern Bataan province to a POW camp established northwest of Clark Field. Not every prisoner covered an identical distance in going from one place to the other, but it probably averaged out to 60 or so miles.

Falk had the full cooperation of the Defense Department in his search for all pertinent records. He interviewed many survivors and made use of their copious written material. So what follows is anything but soft on the enemy and does not seek in any way to absolve the Japanese of responsibility for what happened.

Of the roughly 11,000 Americans caught in Bataan, approximately 1,875 never participated in the march to Camp O'Donnell. Some of them were retained by the Japanese for work teams. Others included soldiers who never surrendered and drifted off into the jungle, along with thousands of Filipinos. Colonel Marshall, General King's personnel officer, later stated that some 9,921 Americans were involved in the death march. Only about 9,300 answered roll call upon its completion at the end of May. Neither Marshall nor any other Army source ever said that the 621 "no-show" Americans were put to death or died along the way. It was admitted they could just as well have been among those who had not surrendered and who had previously disappeared.

Falk could find no record that the Army knew how many died in the six days of fighting prior to the march. We do know, however, that some Americans were killed on the march. Falk further points out that after the cease fire in Bataan, at least 2,000 of the U.S. forces escaped to the island two miles south of the peninsula -- the island made famous in history as Corregidor. Another large group of Americans who were already on Corregidor remained there until May, when after a terrific battering General Wainwright, who was left in command after General MacArthur had been ordered to Australia, surrendered it to General Homma. The prisoners of war from Corregidor were moved to Manila by ship.

Falk was nonplussed by the many contradictions among his sources regarding the treatment of the Bataan prisoners en route to Camp O'Donnell, perhaps one-third of whom

rode, not marched, on trains and Japanese army trucks. Some say they were treated considerately; others reported incredible abuse. By far the worse treatment was handed out to the Filipinos, whose losses were 15 to 20 times that of the Americans. Apparently a Japanese detachment had previously been surprised at night by a Filipino outfit, the members of which proceeded to bayonet every Jap to death. The enraged Japanese seemingly took their revenge on Filipino soldiers on the march.

So a very large part of the universal horror about the Bataan death march is about what Asians did to Asians. The most horrendous of the atrocity stories were those by the celebrated Army Air Force officer, Colonel Dyess. Syndicated in newspapers all over the land, they comprise all but a tiny fraction of what ordinary Americans knew about the so-called death march. Few are aware that Colonel Dyess escaped from a Japanese prison camp, made his way back to the U.S. and was killed in an aircraft accident in this country before his atrocity stories were published, giving birth to a few dark suspicions his tale may have been spruced up posthumously in order to maximize the fury of American readers.* Surely none of the testimony of those treated tolerably by the Japanese was ever made public until Falk's book came out some 20 years later.

It is undoubtedly true that the Japanese in charge demonstrated incompetence in handling the large prisoner movement from Bataan. Many of the common soldiers responsible were excessively harsh, were partially panicked by the enormity of the responsibility and were badly officered and directed. Japanese intelligence services had been widely off the mark on the size of the forces on Bataan. They had thought about 40,000 to be the total troop strength under American command, when the U.S. armed forces plus their civilian auxiliaries were well over double that figure. (U.S. forces greatly outnumbered the Japanese throughout the fighting. At one point in March, until they were reinforced, there were only 3,000 Japanese front-line troops in Bataan. The Americans lost not because they were outnumbered, but because of semi-starvation, disease and lack of war materiel.) When the G.I.s surrendered, Japanese commanders were simply incapable of handling the extremely difficult logistical task they had inherited. Moreover, many captives started off on the march in terrible physical shape, which greatly exacerbated their ordeal.

Whether the Bataan imbroglio is in the same class as what happened to American citizens at the hands of American citizens in the U.S. mainland remains a big question mark. The hundreds of thousands of Japanese fried in the

* The *New York Times* (Dec. 23, 1943), reporting Dyess's death, said he had never been a Japanese POW, but had escaped from the Philippines and had been rescued by the Navy from a Pacific island in the summer of 1942. Four and one-half weeks later the *Times* carried an entirely different story in which Dyess's participation in the death march was affirmed. It was this story that became the "official version." Why the media waited until a month after Dyess's death to release his atrocity tale remains an open question. One answer was provided by Senator Dennis Chavez of New Mexico. He said the publication of the Dyess tale was timed to coincide with the opening of a big war bond drive by Treasury Secretary Morgenthau.

fire bombing of Osaka and Tokyo and the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki would seem to be ample revenge for Pearl Harbor and the despicable treatment given all those Americans on the well-publicized "death march." If there is to be any revenge, any compensation for what the Japanese did to Americans during World War II, it should be for what happened after the Bataan trek, not during it. At least half of the prisoners who survived the march, as well as at least half of *all* American war prisoners of Japan, died during captivity -- from disease, starvation, brutal treatment and, in the last year of the war, from American bombing of ships carrying prisoners to Japan. Only 1% of American prisoners of war in Europe died during captivity, yet media propaganda continues to give the impression that the Germans treated their captives much worse than the Japanese did.

Peoples Temple Echoes

I have seen paradise.

Charles Garry, Rev. Jim Jones's lawyer, on returning from Jonestown, Guyana, shortly before the tropic holocaust

Dear Jim,

Thank you for your letter. I enjoyed being with you during the campaign and do hope you can meet Ruth [Carter Stapleton] soon. Your comments about Cuba are helpful. I hope your suggestions can be acted on in the near future.

Rosalynn Carter, thanking Jim Jones for his help in the 1976 presidential campaign

Let me present to you a combination of Martin King, Angela Davis, Albert Einstein [and] Chairman Mao.

Willie Brown, Speaker of the California Assembly, introducing Jim Jones at a banquet in Jones' honor.

A week ago my wife was behind an iron door, my children were in Oklahoma. You, in your love, have moved the iron door.

American Indian Movement leader Dennis Banks thanking Jones and the Peoples Temple for donating \$20,000 bail money to get Banks's wife, Ka-mook, out of jail.

I come with the black hair of a raven. I come as God Socialist.

Rev. Jim Jones

The above quotes are to be found in Raven -- the Untold Story of the Rev. Jim Jones and His People by Tim Reiterman with John Jacobs (E.P. Dutton, N.Y., 1982).