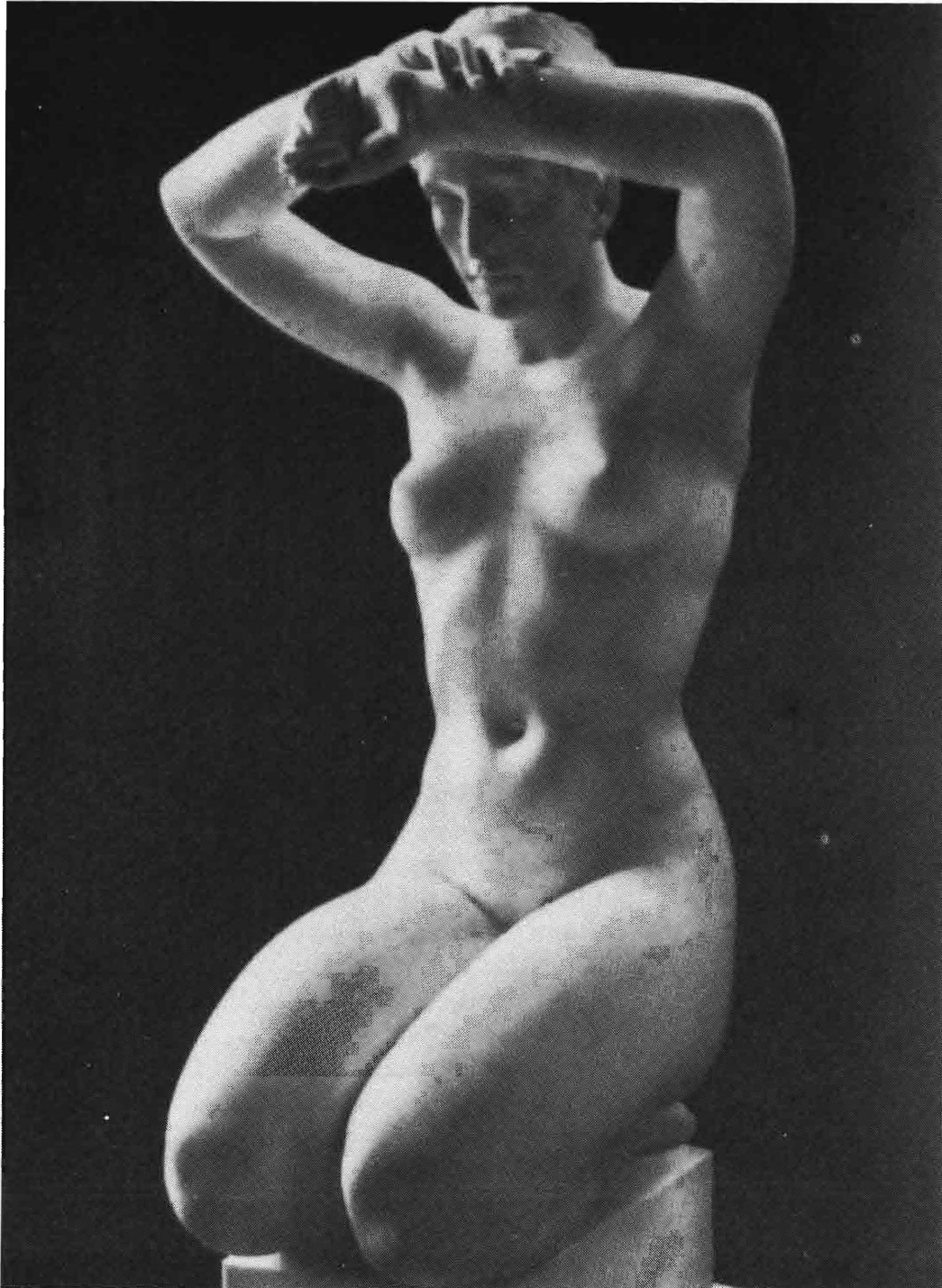


*illic heu miseri traducimur!*  
*Juvenal*

# Instauration®

VOL 8. NO. 9

AUGUST 1983



Kneeling Girl by Arno Breker

**ARNO BREKER AND THE DILEMMA OF MODERN ART**

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

In a way oddly reminiscent of E.T., the film Gandhi presented as its central protagonist a figure who is also the virtual antithesis of the Nordic hero, not only physically, but psychologically, philosophically and morally.

962

It would be much more useful to subscribers if *Instauration* would cite "non-controversial" sources. I have found again and again that when I quote a "neutral" source even the most hostile interlocutors are reduced to accepting the data as representing at least part of the truth.

British subscriber

I was delighted with John Nobull's piece about Roy Campbell, and the comparison twixt him and Hemingway. A friend who drooled over Papa's writings couldn't believe that he had a left-wing syncope. You can imagine my satisfaction in finding out that he supported the "Loyalists" in the Spanish mess and actually wrote for Pravda. I also liked the "ponderable quote" from the Daniel Martin novel by John Fowles -- the comparison between today's film industry and a neon-lit cat house. It reminded me of a guy who got up to speak at a dinner honoring an exec who'd just been canned. "Being fired from this studio is no particular dishonor," he said. "It's a little like a man who gets beaten up in a bordello. No decent man would be found dead in either one of 'em."

200

The music which almost everyone my age (24) listens to is absolutely atrocious. Whether recycled black speer-itch-you-alls or inexplicable grunts, groans, moaning and wailing (the wailing wall?), it's all noise pollution.

920

The white renegade 10% put Chicago Mayor Washington over the top in a close race. The renegade tenth undoubtedly included the usual suspects -- well-to-do Jews, deracinated white liberal-leftists, self-haters and know-nothing academics. Re this last faction, I was hardly surprised to hear that the only white group to vote overwhelmingly for Washington was -- you guessed it -- Ph.D.s! Nowhere is the liberal-minority rot more deeply rooted than in the groves of academe. Let the 10% figure remind us that, in a very real sense, our greatest enemies will come from our own ranks and the "fifth column" of the Chosen. But let us look with some satisfaction on that 90% white bloc vote. In spite of all the years of propaganda, all the "Rootses," all the gushings over St. Martin, all the blacks in TV commercials, all the nauseating appeals to brotherhood, all the fear and loathing directed towards any sign of a white reaction, the great majority of whites felt strongly enough about those long-suppressed and thoroughly reviled stirrings of racial solidarity to break their usual party affiliation and to vote their racial affiliation. (O.K., Cholly, -- I know Epton is Jewish!) Whatever else the vote meant, it proved the raw material is still there for a white rebound.

605

One good sign -- the exposure of the Franz Boas doctrine by the Derek Freeman book about the smug Mead "uplift" of the Samoan myth. Boas, Myrdal and Warren -- the trio of tripe -- stand in the way of history, which I like to regard as a message, not just a record of deeds.

303

Now that so many educational institutions are starting courses on Holocaust studies -- really courses in philo-Semitism -- how about an educated balance? I'd be quite willing to offer myself as a candidate for America's first Ph.D. in anti-Semitism.

701

De facto bigamy might solve the problem for our women. How the burden of raising children would be lifted if half the wives could stay at home! Day care centers would fade from existence, and those women who have a genuine yearning for a career could fulfill themselves, while bringing home that extra paycheck. Most ordinary and many quite above average women are faced with two choices: (1) Marry a jerk, if he's willing, and face a likely prospect of divorce in the future, or (2) Prolonged celibacy and frigidity. The latter is a certainty for women with integrity and idealism. Buying a sizable house with a basement is almost prohibitive without two paychecks. A house in the suburbs or small town is infinitely preferable to an apartment in a big, noisy, dirty city. What normal woman doesn't want a home? Only the bitter divorcees. I really don't think a lot of single men want the responsibility of raising children or supporting them. A lot of young, single men just want to be playboys. Those single men who feel left out have only themselves to blame. If they really wanted to marry, they could find a partner. I don't really believe that men have fragile egos or that they are afraid of women. Who wants a lazy Mama's boy, anyway? These delayed adolescents will have to grow up. If they are that brain-washed, chances are they are liberals, and so were their parents. If they are winnowed out, it is to the good of all. If we didn't have so many wishy-washy whites, we wouldn't have so much minority racism.

802

One of our toughest problems is what to call our race. I understand the editor's rationale for settling on "Majority," but I don't think it'll do for the long haul. Not sexy enough. "Indo-European" is far too cumbersome. "Aryan" is nice -- really nice -- but probably carries too much baggage from World War II. "Nordic" is too exclusive. In the end, we may have to go with "White," though you'll have to make it clear that this is a racial designation, not a description of skin color.

100

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□ Every gathering of more than two people protesting nuclear arms is conscientiously reported by the news media. Every precocious 11-year-old who has had dreams about the Bomb is doted on by blow-dried Phil Donahue types. "The freeze" is one of those noble causes given Grade A endorsement by the mediocrats, right up there with sodomy and miscegenation. Basically, it's just a slick new repackaging of the old unilateral disarmament scheme brought to you by those eager to accelerate the suicide of the West. Yet the Instaurationist should never forget the racial angle. We must oppose any suicidal confrontation of Teuton and Slav that would shatter the white race forever. In spite of the doomsday scenarios painted by the trimly bearded, wire-framed-glassed Jonathan Schells, one strongly suspects that the day after doomsday a tribe will crawl out of a Central African cave to, quite literally, inherit the earth.

908

□ The "E.T. Go Home" item in Cultural Catacombs (March 1983) struck home with me. "Instead of a crummy little worm come down from heaven or outer space . . . why not a visit from a lovely Nordic Princess?" Believe it or not, in the early 1960s I wrote just such a script about a lush Venusian princess who comes down to earth in a spaceship to seduce a science fiction writer. When he asks, "Why all the affection?," she replies, "For breeding purposes!" My script was sent to an agent and the rest was silence. Not too long afterward the TV production, My Favorite Martian, hit the tube, along with another show about a female robot from outer space. The astrogal in the latter kept saying, "That doesn't compute." My words, exactly, and also my story line. It seems my script was parlayed into two TV productions, thanks to some betraying ten percent. As the impresario in the movie The Red Shoes said, placating the young composer whose music had been stolen, "Look at it this way. It's better to be stolen from than to have to steal." I suppose it's some consolation to know your stuff is good (bad) enough to play on network TV. But it doesn't put any shekels in your money market account.

103

□ Once Britain was in India. Now India is in Britain. Once France was in Algeria. Now Algeria is in France. We're now "in El Salvador." El Salvador (half a million strong) is in us. Once we were in Vietnam. Now Vietnam (by the hundreds of thousands) is in us.

223

□ I took the civil service exam for clerk-typist this week. Nearly all the others were blacks or browns (mostly blacks). Some were non-citizens. Some couldn't even type. There were three blonde females in the room. The youngest and prettiest of the trio received more attention from the black administrator than any of the two dozen or so Negresses. After the test I went to the men's room. I was informed by a young black male, "there's a lady in there." Apparently our future typists don't have to be literate.

114

□ I disagree with Zip 234 about making Instauration smaller. I like Zip 400's idea better -- make each issue 100 pages.

076

□ Italians don't suffer from Third World invasions. Even the tourists are nearly all Northern Europeans. The occasional African is to be seen only in Rome or Milan, not in the smaller communities. I once took the train from Toulon to Gaeta. In my six-person sleeping compartment was a Moroccan student. Both the French and Italian customs officials gave this young man a very hard time. Some Europeans still have some racial horse sense. I saw it in their faces whenever they observed the Negro sailors stationed on my ship, complete with the usual flamboyant wardrobe, oversized radio with the volume turned all the way up. (But not when the Italian police were around -- they enforce their laws against disturbing the peace over there.) I did run into one woman who insisted on saying things like, "The Negroes are the real Americans." I didn't bother arguing with her. She's probably right. Just a little ahead of her time.

933

□ A hopeful sign is the appearance of isolated communities established to preserve Nordicism. This is analogous to medieval monks in fortified monasteries holding aloft the flickering light of learning.

774

□ From every angle the white race comes out a loser in racial intermarriage. Since the offspring of a white and nonwhite is a nonwhite, we don't suffer a "50% loss" in this equation: we suffer a 100% loss. The mulatto in America is always an addition to the American black community and a subtraction from the American white community.

441

□ Instauration has mentioned that white women have been kidnapped in broad daylight from bus stations and the parking lots of shopping malls. Well, here in Miami a white woman and her four-year-old baby girl were abducted while leaving the Orange Bowl. They were later dumped, much the worse for wear, outside a Miami radio station. The race of the kidnapper was not revealed, nor what he did to his two victims.

331

□ In April, after they had exhausted their legal appeals, five Mafia members in California were ordered to report to prison to begin serving sentences for racketeering convictions. U.S. District Judge Terry J. Hatter allowed the defendants "time to get their affairs in order" before beginning their sentences in June -- two months away! Compare this treatment with that given tax protestor Gordon Kahl.

959

□ It's Christian to forgive and even forget a wrong. But is it kosher?

902

□ Did anybody notice the conspicuous deaf and dumbness of that "fearless" and "outspoken" Ralph Nader while Israeli boats, jets and planes laid his ancestral homeland to waste last summer, butchering tens of thousands of his ethnic kindfolk in the process?

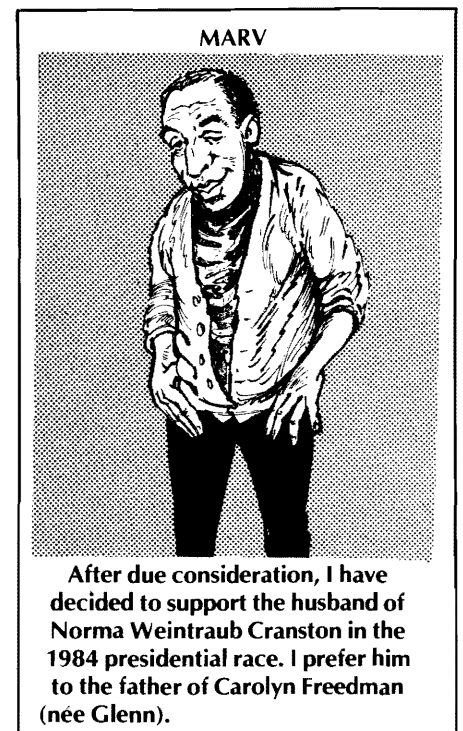
124

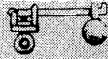
□ My political coming-to-consciousness took place as a teenager during the mid-sixties -- the heyday of civil rights, anti-Vietnamism, race riots and the generation gap. A perceptive teenager could sniff out the deeper currents and hatred embedded in those campaigns, even if he could not quite satisfactorily explain to himself exactly what was going on. Unfortunately, I became enmeshed in the standard conservative line and its piecemeal response to this attack, a reaction which I sensed would always be on the defensive, for conservatism remains committed to responding individually, collectively and situationally to the "organic whole" of the left-liberals. This is a road to nowhere that more than one of us has been down. To make a long story short, I was lucky enough to come across an ad for The Dispossessed Majority in Soldier of Fortune. I sensed immediately that it was what I had been looking for. I was not disappointed. Last year I subscribed to Instauration, ordering every available back issue. I have read them all, while experiencing that special thrill of feeling "no longer alone." Here was an ideology with which I was in unshakable accord. Instauration has raised a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. I honestly don't know how I could have faced the vicious shock of my sister's interracial marriage without the knowledge that out there were others like myself. For me your journal has an importance far beyond the editor's fond imaginings. It helped me to convert an event that once would have meant only the most profound demoralization into an equally profound commitment to Majority goals.

121

□ Five years ago the Fawcett Company paid \$2,250,000 for the right to reprint as a paperback Linda Goodman's Love Signs, a work which tells Americans when the stars are most favorable for bed-play. When will financially strapped Instauration learn how to titillate the common man?

287





□ In "Izzy's Attic Salt" (Instauration, June 1983), you might have given I.F. Stone's real moniker, Isador Feinstein. You might have also mentioned that scholar Izzy graduated 49th in his high-school class of 52 and was a University of Pennsylvania dropout. He is not only an ex-Stalinist, but before he put in a "few words" for Palestinians, he was a raging Zionist. As for his understanding of history, Izzy believes that the U.S. conspired with South Korea to start the Korean War.

032

□ Anyone who has watched F. Lee Bailey's TV show, "Lie Detector," should be aware of the potential of the polygraph as a force for political progress. All elected and appointed government officials in decision-making positions should be required by law to take periodic polygraph tests. All candidates for these positions should be tested before election or appointment and those already holding office should be tested as soon as possible. The corruption which exists at all levels of government threatens to collapse the entire system and can no longer be tolerated. While the polygraph is not infallible, its use would result in a vast improvement of our corrupt government and the greatest revolution in the character of government in the last 5,000 years. Truth and honesty are our only hope, and the polygraph is a current technology which can make that hope a reality.

921



□ Any Majority member who has walked through a crowd of black bucks pouring through a densely packed shelf of "skin books," featuring page after page of unclad white women, must have pondered the long-term implications. The blonde, blue-eyed woman is the ultimate visual display, not just for a pimp like Hugh Hefner, but for pornography as a whole. Those who would deny this only delude themselves. In a recent "Nightline" program, a black prisoner told of taping a Playboy centerfold to the back of a white man being gang-raped.

121

□ If a Majority state is carved out of and founded upon the rubble of the multiracial sewer that goes by the name of the United States, might I suggest that the state date its beginnings from December 1975, when the first issue of Instauration was published?

472

□ Instauration has mentioned frequently its disgust with pornography and the minority merchants thereof. How about a Southern woman's viewpoint on the subject? I declare that the Chosen and other minorities have control of and dominate the pornography business. But I also declare they couldn't stay in business very long without all those "blue-eyed blondes" who, after all, are hardly forced to pose for such degrading pictures. Instauration may be flogging the wrong cat.

221

□ At no time did I feel more schizophrenic as I did when I read John Nobull's column on Australia (Feb. 1983). In it, he spoke critically of Slavic immigration into Australia. My Anglo-Saxon half thundered agreement, while my Slavic half wished for the noble Nobull to stop and reconsider. Why sound off on this when the hooves of the limitless Asian hordes bang against the Aussie gate? Please, Nobull! One of your biggest fans is half Saxon and half Slav.

110

□ I don't think it's fair to say that there isn't a dime's worth of difference between a Republican and a Democrat. The G.O.P. is far more detrimental to our long-term interests. Aside from obvious reasons (the delusion that we won, we're in power), Supreme Court Justices Warren, Brennan, Blackmun, Powell and Stevens were all G.O.P. appointees. It was a G.O.P. president who forced Southern schools to integrate and, of course, the G.O.P. was the original party of civil rights and Negroes. Since Republicans have never been able to curb the inexorable long march of liberalism, what have they ever done of any consequence for the Majority?

666

□ I overheard a middle-aged, blue-eyed, red-haired Majority type counseling a young Hindu girl about job hunting. He told her to scream discrimination any time she didn't get the job she applied for. This is what our older generation is doing for us young folk. "Thanks a lot, old man," is what I felt like saying to him.

448

□ I myself have dark hair and dark eyes, but I'm the most fanatical "blondist" in my family, even more so than my red- and fair-haired sisters. We must never lose sight of what we are really striving for, not only the preservation of the highest of the species, but their advancement. I should be extremely content to see a world of people very much superior to me and all my ancestors. Isn't that what evolution is all about? This is not altruism or unselfishness; it's a recognition of reality, of truth (which Keats knew was inseparable from beauty). Why can't everybody recognize this truth? Because reality is just too unbearable for most small minds, for the man who's 5' 4" and resents anybody who's taller, for the person of average intelligence who resents anyone who's smarter. But the greatest resentment in this dark age is the resentment of beauty. U.S. News and World Report ran an article lamenting that "good-looking" people finish ahead of ordinary-looking people. Even if it were true (it isn't, look at the faces of the new breed of moneygrubbers), why resent it? The point is, there's definitely a campaign underway to undermine our ageless ideals of beauty. We'll probably soon be hearing about an Ugly Liberation Movement. A local magazine has run a cover story on the ugly heroes on prime-time TV -- Cannon, Kojak, etc. I've even seen a little cartoon-style book, Fat is Beautiful. Churchill was "large," not fat. Hitler was "skinny." "Churchill won the war."

072

□ The racial threat to the West is the most important fact of world history in this era, bar none. The threat of nuclear war has not materialized; the threat of Western racial destruction grows more ominous with each passing day. The white race cannot and will not rise to meet this awesome challenge as long as the Holocaust monkey remains on our backs. Whether purposefully or not, it is used to weaken the morale of Western man at a crucial time. The Holocaust grinds most fearfully on the minds of the declining population of one of the great nations of the West -- Germany. It is unquestionably a contributing factor in the demographic suicide of the German people. If, as is currently projected, the population of West Germany declines to about half the current 61 million in the next century, then the Holocaust will, in the long run, have helped to kill far more Germans than it allegedly killed Jews. For Western man at this stage in his history there is no more important task of historical investigation and effort than an impartial, objective and exhaustive examination of this question. If the verdict substantiates Jewish claims, the West must still confront the issue of whether its own decline and deterioration is an appropriate punishment. If Jewish claims are not substantiated, then the cause of those of us who seek to preserve the people and the civilization of the West from extinction, will receive an impetus of almost limitless significance and power.

411

□ Re the conservation article (Instauration, May 1983), I care little about conservation of wildlife. But I do care greatly about classical music. I'll make a deal. I will fight for the only race that will preserve wildlife if the nature lovers will fight for the only race that can make great music.

200

□ "To Save the Male Ego, Women Must Forbear" (Instauration, April 1983) is sophomoric stuff. One would think none of us had ever read D.H. Lawrence. All this talk about sexual functioning. What is missing and the root cause of the gathering mess between men and women is the absence of love. The American female is infamous all over the world as greedy, grasping, "me first," the boss. She is monstrous. A real chimera. What has happened to the men? They had American mothers, that's what. Reread Philip Wylie's *A Generation of Vipers*, especially the chapter on "Mom." In the education process one is bullied into sports and the money-making machine. There is no space for love, beauty or sensitivity. The brute is exalted. Greed is exalted. The girls get on the pill and sleep around. The American woman is hard psychologically. With all the money she spends on beauty aids she cannot make up for this harshness. Look at the "girls" in their fifties as they travel around. These white-haired tizzies are appalling. Psychologically the nineteen-year-old editions are identical. The American woman is a subject which has been given a great deal of attention for a long time. It is important that Instauration cross swords with this subject. Minorityites make our women's clothes and cosmetics as well as guide their thinking. Read *Glamour* magazine, which advises our emerging young women of, say 14 or 15 years, on what to do about their boyfriends' premature ejaculations. I couldn't find one word about loving and caring. It's all vile and deadly destructive. According to Hinduism this is the age of Kali, a goddess committing hara-kiri. Here in the benighted states we have the female in all her triumphant stupefaction while the race, as if transfixed, does nothing to save itself from obliteration.

937

□ I live near a city that's rapidly approaching 20% black. A new hotel just opened up as part of a downtown "revitalization" scheme. Soon after, blacks started screaming about "underrepresentation" in employment. They wanted 20% of the jobs, and 20% is what they got as soon as the craven owners caved in. The problem here is that people from the entire metropolitan area -- anybody within an hour's drive -- might well be interested in employment at that hotel. Within that radius, it's doubtful that the population is more than 2% or 3% black. The upshot is that in many such situations, blacks are being substantially overhired.

118

□ They used to say (in places like *Reader's Digest*) that "laughter is the best medicine." Then, to confound us, some crank came along and said that laughter is bad for the heart. I don't know about that, but forced laughter (the rule, not the exception in today's "humor industry") is bad for the soul.

077

□ I see where ABC-TV is now experimenting with simulcasting some of its shows over the radio in Spanish. Thus our Hispanic population can turn on the TV, turn down the sound, turn up the radio and watch TV with all the comfort of never leaving Mexico. This, of course, takes away the greatest incentive many of them have to learn English, as well as one of the best teaching tools.

287

□ Remember the scene in *South Africa* in which Gandhi and his white minister friend are walking along the sidewalk when confronted by several Afrikaner toughs, who are blocking the way? They want Gandhi off the sidewalk. It's readily apparent what's being done in this sequence: the contemporary view of Afrikaners as world pariahs is reinforced; the brutality, ignorance and racism of white people in general is suggested (the exception is that of the renegadish minister). The scene was virtually a photographic negative of the reality of crime and intimidation in urban areas of the West with large nonwhite populations. Nearly every white in or near a large urban area in the U.S. lives with a secret dread of exactly the opposite -- confrontation with a large gang of feral nonwhite youths on our contemporary city sidewalks. This ever-present fear has sunk deeply into the mind of white America. That scene in *Gandhi* stands that scenario on its head.

557

□ I recently completed a graduate course in modern American history, taught by a professor with a national reputation at a large northwestern university. This gentleman has a long list of honors, has published a shelf of well-received books, and received periodic reviewing assignments in leading academic publications. In short, the whole shebang of a successful career in contemporary American academia. Although I would not classify him (nor does he classify himself) as the usual sort of Schlesingeresque left-liberal, he attaches himself to most of the house orthodoxies. McCarthyism was bad, civil rights is good, and so on. Not much unusual here, I know. But something did go on in his class that should be of particular interest to Instaurationists. Several times during the course of the semester when he discussed civil rights and the Negro situation, he "summed up" his fawning lectures with a sort of grimacing reference to the inevitability of a physical amalgamation of the races at some time in the American future. His common phrase: "We'll all be a deeper shade of tan." After one class I confronted the Prof with a sort of low-keyed Instaurationist pitch. He gave a grudging acknowledgment to some of my points and admitted he was wrong to have been so "casual" in his presentation of the weighty issue of racial amalgamation. Yet he confessed that he saw little alternative to our eventual mulattofication and mestizofication, since to prevent it would require "a sort of South African police state." Ah, yes! That familiar leper state of South Africa! Far better we should witness the complete and final destruction of the U.S. than to adopt a single measure that might smack of apartheid.

762

□ Instauration's emphasis on Stephen Spielberg in recent issues prompts me to note an article that appeared in the June 25, 1983, issue of *TV Guide*. In describing how Hollywood hopefuls will do just about anything to break into the business, the article told of the young Spielberg, fresh out of film school, who would sneak onto the Universal studio lot every day and try to strong-arm anyone around to watch a film he had just made. He finally got in touch with the vice-president in charge of talent, who took a look at the film and hired Spielberg. The vice-president's name? Sidney Sheinberg.

302

□ Young Majority members who would like to become successful actors/actresses need to know how to get a foot in the Hollywood door. According to writer Alvin T. Guthertz, "Young talents can get their chance in motion pictures by acting in X-rated films." One porn star, Marc Stevens, says he's found the industry "attracts the sleazoid defectives from every dark corner in America. The instant they're set free from the asylum they grab a camera, a pair of starstruck gullibles and a phone to set up a printing and distributing deal with an equally pig-like distributor." While the pornlords are certainly piggish primates, "the talent they attracted was not perverted, or weird." So why do these jungvolk do it? To gain "that necessary film experience." Another reason may be found in what a critic said about one of the very worst X-rated films, in which Tab Hunter made an appearance, "Someone must have something on him." In the juvenile film, *The Outsiders*, for some obscure reason it was necessary to photograph the teen stars nude. Then these stills were killed (not destroyed, just not used). Now if the makers of the film don't need them, who does?

614

□ Phil Crane's brother couldn't win a seat in Congress in Indiana, so he goes to Illinois. Jim Buckley couldn't get reelected in New York (he should have considered that a compliment and retired from public life), so he turns up in his home state of Connecticut four years later and unsuccessfully runs for a seat. Robert Kennedy, instead of campaigning for the Senate in Massachusetts, ran in New York. Gore Vidal, long before he made his ridiculous pitch for votes in California, ran for the Hamilton Fish congressional seat (Duchess County) in New York. The Rockefellers, of course, have run everywhere. How much more evidence do we need to show that such men are utterly rootless and are the least qualified of all to represent those whom they are elected to represent?

556

□ I think it would be a worthy project for Instaurationists with an interest in history to compile a list of Jewish wars, including casualty figures in such wars for non-Jewish military and civilians. Wouldn't the millions of non-Jewish dead balance the six million figure?

293

□ Instaurationists should not rock the boat; they should sink the bloody thing!

823

□ A man like Ben Kingsley, who is a first-rate actor on the British stage, ever so subtly contributes to the belief that there is nothing wrong or dangerous about the increasing hybridization of the white race. After all, Kingsley's half-Indian and he's done a great job in Shakespearean roles. I would like to remind Kingsley lovers that the civilization of the West has a biological foundation; it depends upon the continued existence of the people of the West. The reasonably educated fellow in Britain who sees or reads about Kingsley has had his ideological opposition to racially assimilating with his country's growing Indo-Pakistani population undermined just a little bit, even if he doesn't realize it.

400

# ARNO BREKER AND THE DILEMMA OF MODERN ART

The modern art movement, which emits an odor that ascends to high heaven, puts the Majority artist in a bind. By and large the painters and sculptors are phonies. They prostitute their art to the demands of phony critics. They allow their work to be peddled by phony agents and gallery owners. And all the while, hidden in some trailer or garret in Peoria, Dundee, Perth, St. John's, Caen, Vigo, Verona, Bergen, Augsburg, Novgorod, Port Elizabeth -- never in the megalopolises -- are Majority artists of talent who are locked out of producing art for an appreciative audience of their own people. Because their paintings and sculptures are not "modern," the critics won't look at them and the galleries won't accept them. They and their art remain unknown and unlamented. They have no more chance in the modern art world than an honest wrestler has in today's grunt-and-groan circuit.

But there are deeper problems than the death grip on Western art imposed by an alien monopoly whose leading members were forbidden by their religion for nearly 3,000 years to have anything to do with graven images. We refer to technology, which has had about the same effect on artists as the atom bomb had on Hiroshima. The invention of photography, particularly color photography, practically knocked the props from under painting. Until the arrival of film, there was not just a spiritual hunger for painting; there was a tangible need for it. It was -- with sculpture -- the only means of preserving images of men and nature. When the tangible need vanished with the flick of a million shutters, the intangible demand remained. To satisfy it the school of impressionists came into being.

All art, of course, has always boiled down to the artist's impression of his subject. But until the latter half of the 19th century, almost all the high art of the West had been presented in a naturalistic frame -- a tree had to look like a tree, a house had to look like a house, a man had to look human. The impressionists -- led primarily by Monet, the greatest of them -- were the first artists to break through this artistic roadblock, which had already been undermined by 19th-century technology. Monet's water no longer really looked like water. It was simply his imaginative "impression" of water. It took a few long shudders for people to accept Monet, but once the blinders of tradition had fallen from their eyes, they knew they were in the presence of high art. As is so often the case when a genius is at the controls, the apparent often looked more beautiful, more intriguing and even more real than the real.

All the great impressionists were master painters who knew their craft as well as Rubens or Raphael. Had it not been for the camera, they might have spent their lives turning out anachronistic myriads of professional, second-rate "classical" paintings.

But once there is a breach in a cultural wall, it becomes easy for anyone to enter, including the enemies of culture. As modern art became a commercial racket, the pressure on artists -- and non-artists and anti-artists -- to widen the breach was

irresistible. Picasso, who could paint or draw anything, concentrated on the ugly, the deformed, the perverted, the political and the sub-Saharan -- and was rewarded with carloads of dollars, francs, pounds and marks. His works were eagerly bought up by all the world's museums, though in a civilized world they would belong in a museum of horrors. Less talented or talentless artists, scenting easy fame and money, followed down the Picasso trail until what went under the name of modern art could scarcely be distinguished from what went under the name of trash. Finally the point was reached where "artists" no longer had to know anything about drawing, design, perspective or mixing paint. All they had to do was squirt and splash.

This is the state in which Western painting finds itself today, with the fewest of exceptions, such as Andrew Wyeth, who somehow managed to get Hollywood film mogul Joseph Levine to promote his quiet, slice-of-life rural scenes. But what about Western sculpture? There is a slight difference here because technology has not yet come up with the machine or gadget to do away with three-dimensional stone or metal as the camera did away with two-dimensional canvas. Nevertheless, on a slower timetable, sculpture has followed the bottom-trending fate of painting. Rodin and Maillol, though they adhered to the basic standards of classical sculpture, flirted with impressionism, not so much in their subjects, but in their larger-than-life, intenser-than-life or more contorted-than-life works. Today, however, the vogue is the 5th millennium B.C. perforated blocks that Henry Moore informs us are "Reclining Women" or the matchstick monstrosities of Alberto Giacometti.

Meanwhile, the Majority sculptor with some sense of taste and proportion is consigned to the same isolation ward occupied by the Majority painter. He can either grind out non-art or he can get a job at McDonald's. Just as a very few painters survive on portraits (the only form of painting that still requires a measure of craftsmanship), a very few sculptors can eke out a living by doing busts or statues of prominent public figures (the only sculpture that still requires craftsmanship).

## **Totalitarian Art**

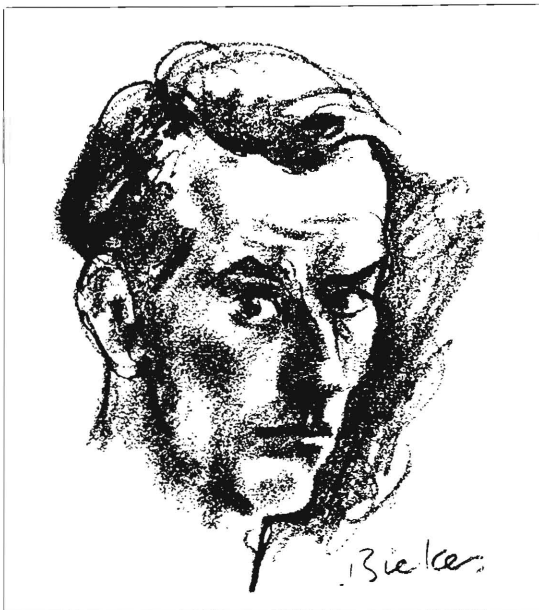
Franco, Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin chased the art pseudos out of their respective realms and freed their Majority painters and sculptors from their artistic gulags. But none of these dictators was able to solve the principal problem besetting modern art. By the time of the invention of the camera, painting had long reached a peak of technical perfection which could not be surpassed. In other words, whether the camera had come along or not, classical painting was just about through. What could any painter do after Leonardo, Michelangelo and Titian? Even more depressing, since a few of the incredibly beautiful Greek statues had survived (whereas all the great Greek paintings had disappeared), how could any sculptor top Praxiteles?

This is a question which has haunted serious sculptors since

the death of Greece. The obvious solution, which only succeeded up to a point, was to concentrate on different subjects, put them in different settings, use different materials or work different textures into old materials.

Sculpture flourishes best in an heroic age, when there are plenty of great men and plenty of great events to memorialize in stone or bronze. This is one good reason why modern sculpture has lagged behind modern painting. Where are today's heroes? The one authentic hero -- Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon -- hides out in the engineering department of a midwestern university, while politicians tout the glories of a black motel Lothario. In dictatorships, which specialize in cults of personality, sculptors are kept busy. Huge statues of Stalin dot or dotted the Soviet homeland and its conquered or subverted satellites. Mussolini fancied himself a reincarnation of Caesar and tried to prove it by commissioning almost as many statues and arches as his much more distinguished predecessor. Hitler rewarded and subsidized the likes of Arno Breker.

As with almost anyone or anything associated with Nazism, Arno Breker experienced years of glory and decades of infamy. He was probably the most acclaimed sculptor of the Third Reich and his glistening white statues bobbed up almost everywhere. During the German occupation he had a highly successful one-man show in Paris. In the *Götterdämmerung* American G.I.s broke into his several ateliers and destroyed about 90% of what they could find.



**Breker self-portrait (1918)**

Stifled by the negative requirements of modern art, which in its own way is as totalitarian as the art in Nazi and Communist states, liberated by Hitler and elevated to the artistic heights, then liberated back into obscurity by the Allies in post-World War II years, Breker never stopped shaping stone, though as the illustrated part of this article proves, he all too often shaped his work to the times. Rather than comment on his output, we offer photographs (see following two pages) of some of his more noted works so our readers can decide for themselves. We are not like Clement Greenberg, Harold Rosenberg and Leo Steinberg, who slyly tell us what to look for in art and therefore, not so slyly, dictate to the artist how to fabricate his art.

It took Breker some time to break out of his de-Nazification shell. Forbidden for years to take part in any large Western



**Breker at work on a bust of Winifred Wagner**

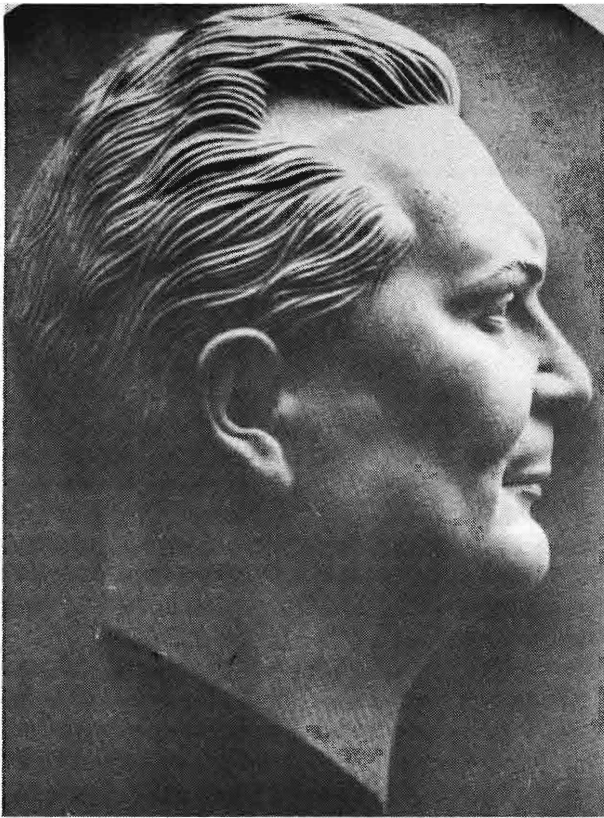
exhibition, he has shown his post-Hitlerian work in some underpublicized, one-man exhibits in Western Europe and the United States. The amazing thing is that Breker is still alive and still wielding his mallet and chisel in 1983, his 80th year.

As can be seen from the illustrations, Breker, compared to the typical "modern" sculptor of the 1980s, is a genius of the first water. But some qualifications are in order. His "nonclassical" work is above average, but nothing extraordinary. His classical statuary is as pure -- and cold -- as his stone is white. As a matter of fact, his purity of line and execution is such that many of his works would have been right at home on the Acropolis of 425 B.C.

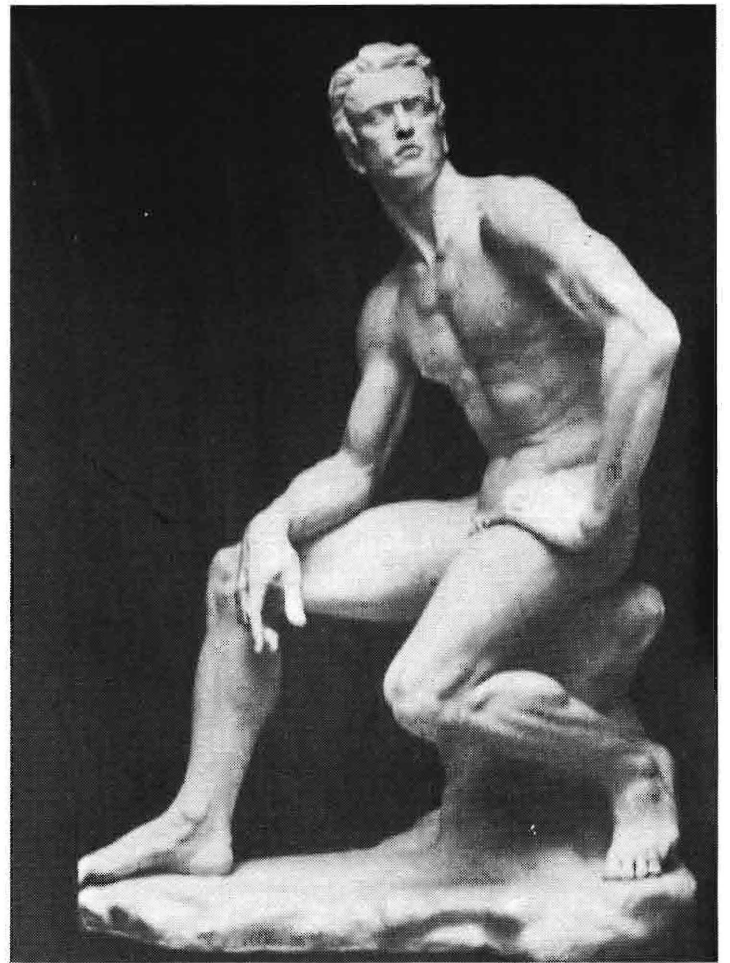
Today's world is by no means pure and by no means Greek. Neither is the world cold. Our hearts, if not our souls, are on fire, though few of us know the source of the raging heartburn. We have new materials, exotic new metals and wholly new ways of working and molding them -- for example, the extremely close tolerances provided by cutting tools like lasers.

We are grateful to Arno Breker and the sturdy few who belong to his school for their courage and integrity in bucking the trend of artistic degeneration and only occasionally surrendering to it. Although they have drilled a few holes in the hull in the worst of times, they have saved the ship from sinking. But what art needs today is not a salvage operation, but a fleet of entirely new ships skippered by a new generation of geniuses who, with only an occasional backward glance, will sail resolutely forward into new, uncharted artistic seas. Art is only truly meaningful, truly inspiring, truly lasting when it speaks to the spirit of the age and the spirit of the race. Hundreds of millions of Majority ears have been listening for nearly a century and have heard only silence. If they don't hear something soon, they may become forever deaf.

*To make Breker's work and career known to Americans, whose knowledge of the artist has been severely limited by the Jewish art mafia, the Arno Breker Society has been formed. Its address is P.O. Box 384, Snyder, NY 14226. Anyone who wants more information on Breker, the availability of various books illustrating his work, the price of membership, may write to the Breker Society, which will promptly send the information requested by return mail. At present the Society has three goals: (1) the publication of books, pamphlets and other printed material about its favorite sculptor, (2) the establishment of an Arno Breker library, (3) the founding of an Arno Breker Museum. Note: the photographs of Breker's pre- and post-Hitlerian works are copyrighted by Galerie Marco Editions, Bonn and Paris, and the Arno Breker Society.*

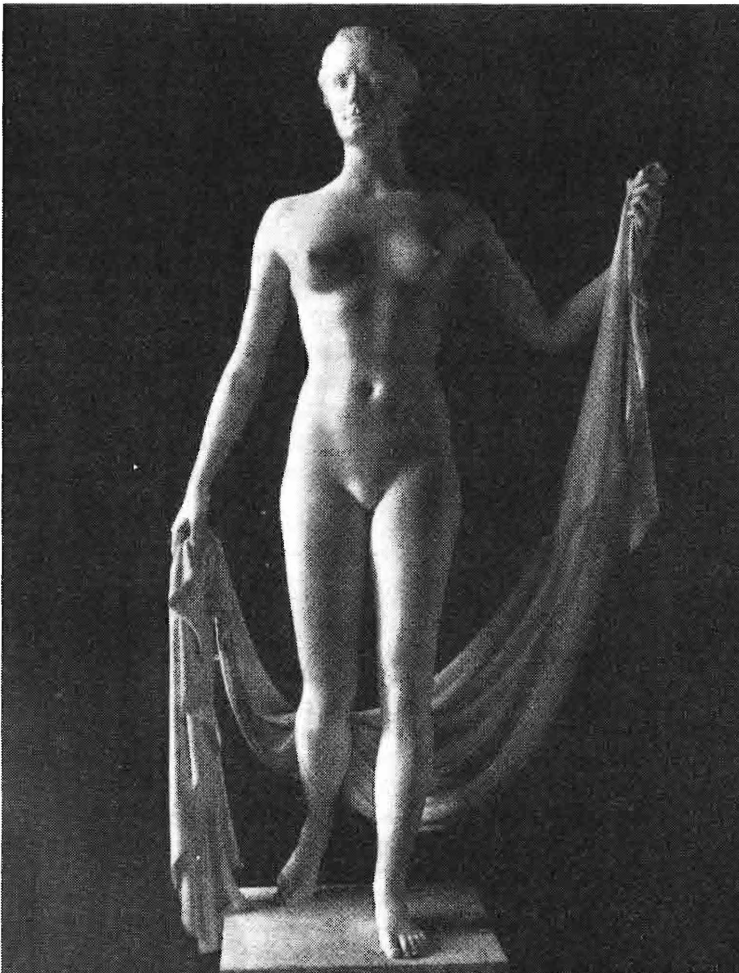


**Bust of Göring**

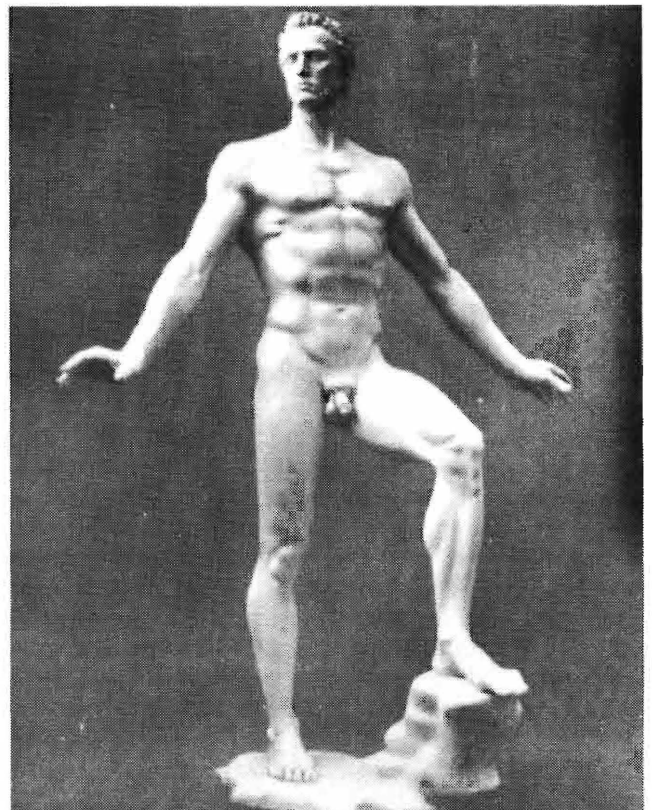


**Awaiting the Call**

## **Breker's Hitler Period**



**The Walker**



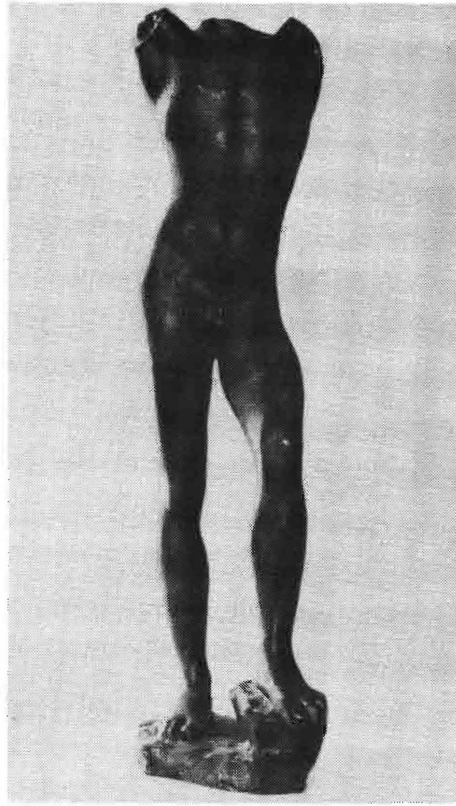
**The Victor**



# Pre-Hitler Period



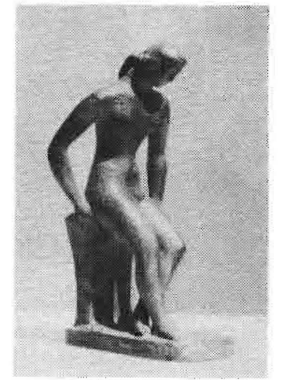
The Young Heinrich Heine



Torso of David



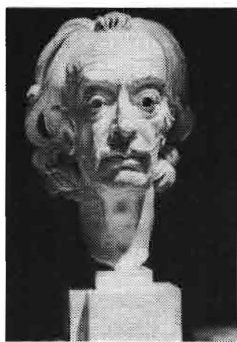
Little Dancer



Girl in Love



Ernst Fuchs

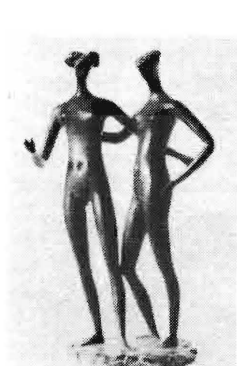


Salvador Dali



Ezra Pound

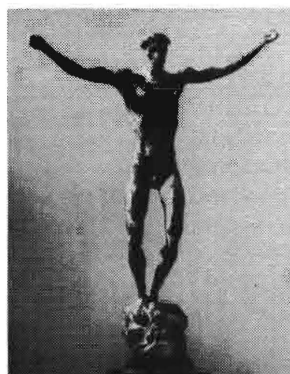
# Post-Hitler Period



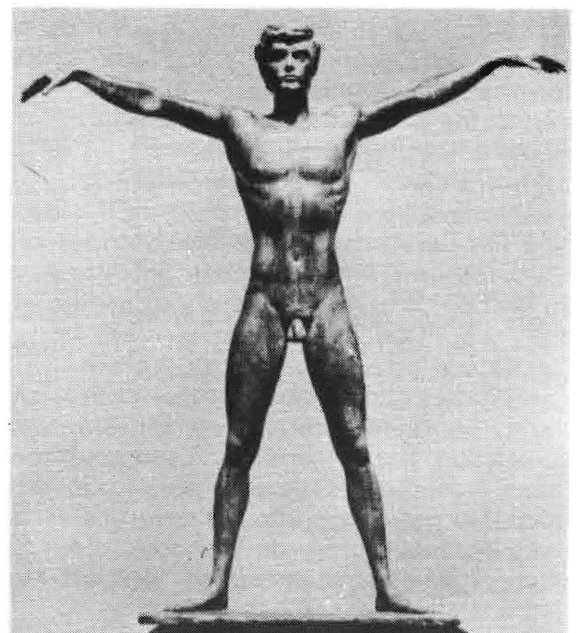
Girlish Dialogue



The Prophet



Ecce Homo



Olympia

## THE MOTHER OF THE WORLD PARLAYS WITH JAMES BALDWIN



*Were I the master of every language of earth, past master of all the dead tongues of the ages, a genius in the use of every epithet the rage of man ever spoke, still words would have no power to express my contempt for one who would betray his own race.*

Thomas Dixon, *The Traitor*

On August 25, 1970, Margaret Mead, the goddess of the Boas anthropology cult, met black writer James Baldwin. Over the next two days they spent a total of 7½ hours “rapping” in front of a tape recorder. The result was *A Rap on Race* (J.B. Lippincott, 1971).

The first two sessions revealed Mead as very much the traitor Dixon had in mind, for whom “every epithet the rage of man ever spoke” would not suffice. In her third and final encounter her cardboard villain whites could still do no right, her precious blacks no wrong, but here -- particularly in one amazing 35-page stretch -- she let Baldwin take control of the conversation



and carry her into unplumbed depths of illogic and mental brutishness.

Instead of being horrified by the unadulterated morosity of an acclaimed “intellectual,” Mead ignored Baldwin’s 1,001 mental gaffes and agreed that he was “a very bright cat” -- which provoked “Jimmy” to inform Mead that she was “in the brilliant zone.” The reviewers’ blurbs on the paperback edition’s back cover offer a frightening glimpse of how many people would like to join this powerful but pathetic mutual admiration society. The *Boston Sunday Globe* praised Baldwin’s “fine intellect.” *Look* noted the pair’s “brilliance,” Baldwin’s “profundity” and Mead’s “relentless, fiery logic.” The *Charlotte Observer* called the encounter “intelligent, knowledgeable.” *Publishers’ Weekly* defined it an “illuminating and richly human” dialogue between two “passionately honest . . . citizens of the mind.” Alfred Kazin, writing in the *Saturday Review*, said Baldwin is so “gifted” and “spellbinding” that “he manages, astonishingly, to slip past Margaret Mead’s friendly but obstinate questioning of his emotional position.” Actually, there was nothing the least bit astonishing about Baldwin’s elusiveness, because Mead rarely challenged him when he said one thing one minute and the opposite thing the next. His chaotic mode of argumentation was not the result of any deliberate attempt to be ironic, subtle or pseudo-profound (in the fashion of an Elie Wiesel expounding on the “infinite mysteries” of the “infinitely unknowable” Holocaust), but rather the result of primitive thought processes.

At one point Jimmy confessed that it was a “rather terrifying show.” Mead could only comment on how “in international conferences and committees . . . you could count on them [black Americans] as being the people who had more insight than other people and who did seem, in a sense, to be rather like the guardians of a greater democracy.” Actually, Baldwin’s ultra-primitive performance in his “rap” with Mead will stand

preserved for all time as an illustration of why Negroes, on their own, can never sustain a democracy.

In the main, the rap consisted of this sort of gobbledygook:

BALDWIN: There’s some faith in human nature, in what a person can become no matter what time he’s born in and no matter what’s behind him. We have to -- in every generation, every five minutes -- make human life possible. That’s the only importance of having a brain because it’s a metaphor for stamina, isn’t it? And finally it’s a metaphor for love.

“I’m not arguing against any of this,” was Mead’s typical response.

Only near the end of the riotous third session, when Baldwin’s non sequiturs and self-reversals began flying at the rate of five a minute, did Mead’s patience wear thin, once leading her to blabber helplessly, “I don’t know what we are talking about now.”

Baldwin’s words flew fast, furiously and fatuously:

BALDWIN: I agree with the Black Panthers’ position about black prisoners. I think that one can make the absolutely blanket statement that no black man has ever been tried by a jury of his peers in America. And if that is so, no black man has ever received a fair trial in this country. Therefore, I’m under no illusions about the reason why many black people are in prison. I’m not saying there are no black criminals. Still, I believe that all black prisoners should be released and then retried according to principles more honorable and more just. Do you see what I mean?

MEAD: Yes.

BALDWIN: What I am trying to get at is that the American terror of the world, of reality, the American attempt to deny and manipulate experience, I have always equated with the American terror of dealing with me as a human being, dealing with

Sambo. I have watched it all over the world now -- the way Americans treat other people. They are just as afraid of the Greeks and Turks and the Japanese, and even the French, as they are of me . . . .

They don't understand the Turks when the Turks hit the streets any more than they understood Birmingham when the blacks there hit the streets . . . . They don't know why, a few months ago, Turkish students lined up on the Bosphorus and forbade the Sixth Fleet to enter, drove them out. The Americans don't know why, but I know why.

MEAD: Yes, I see what you mean.

BALDWIN: I like London and even rather like the English -- but it occurred to me that perhaps London will have to disappear before the Africans cease referring to it. If you see what I mean?

MEAD: I understand it. You knock things down but have the memory of them around for two thousand years.

BALDWIN: I don't really mean literally the disappearance of London. And I'm not at all anxious to denigrate the English. That isn't what I really mean either. But the standards which England has represented for so long are now a very crippling set of standards, even for the English.

MEAD: Oh, for everybody.

BALDWIN: For everybody. And in some way they have to disappear.

BALDWIN: . . . I'm really neither black nor white. Neither are you, by the way.

MEAD: No.

BALDWIN: According to the West I have no history . . . . I have had to wrest my identity out of the jaws of the West . . . . We, the blacks, have been told nothing but lies. So have you been told nothing but lies.

MEAD: That's right. We have both been told lies.

BALDWIN: What is really terrible is to face the fact that you cannot trust your countrymen . . . . It is a terrible omen when you see an American flag on somebody else's car and realize that's your enemy. In principle it is your flag too, but the man who is flying the American flag is going to kill you. You, his brother. That is what that flag means. Ask Southeast Asia if you doubt me. That is a bitter, bitter, bitter pill, but it is like that.

MEAD: I am not denying any of these facts.

After some 200 pages of this, and not one defense of whites by Mead, the reader suddenly encounters the following:

BALDWIN: You have got to remember, however bitter this may sound, no matter how bitter I may sound, that I have been, in America, the Arab at the hands of the Jews.

MEAD: Oh, fiddlesticks! Tut, tut, tut. Just plain fiddlesticks! You are now making a totally racist comment, just because there have been a bunch of Jewish shopkeepers in Harlem.

BALDWIN: Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

MEAD: Yes, you are.

BALDWIN: No, I am not.

MEAD: I suggest we drop this because it gets us nowhere and will get us nowhere. These are just a set of imperfectly realized analogies. Frankly, it will get us nowhere.

BALDWIN: Wait a minute.

MEAD: I will have nothing to do with it. Nothing to do with it.

BALDWIN: Wait a minute.

MEAD: I am not a racist.

BALDWIN: There was a doctor named Dr. Meyer, who was our best friend in Harlem.

MEAD: Look, anecdotes --

This went on for some time, during which it turned out that Baldwin's "very best friend [other than the immediately forgotten Dr. Meyer] was a [young] Jew" -- and during which Mead cried "fiddlesticks!" so often that Baldwin finally gave up and never did take a serious pot-shot at the Jews.

This was the only real "confrontation" in a book that was heralded by the *New York Times* as "the only published confrontation of its kind." Mead conspicuously refrained from high dudgeon when Baldwin made the following points: Harlem is "a kind of concentration camp, and not many people survive it" . . . if America cannot "embrace the black face," it has no future . . . black speech is characterized by "dry understatement" . . . the "central fact" of American history is piles of black corpses . . . 100 million black slaves crossed the Atlantic . . . America "murdered nearly all my friends" . . . "If it demands blowing up the Empire State Building" to raise up blacks, that's just fine . . . "something like that [the Holocaust] is happening here" . . . "London also belongs to the black people, who paid as much for it, God knows, as any white Englishman did" . . . America's cowboy-and-Indian "legend" is an "insult to the human race."

While Baldwin's "rapping" was given to emotional outpourings, Mead favored the wacky hypothesis invented on the spot.

MEAD: . . . Of course, the Polynesians are people everybody thinks are beautiful. If you look at them very closely, they are not really the most beautiful people in the world by any absolute standard. Yet everybody thinks they're beautiful . . . I've now figured out why: that for maybe two or three thousand years they never saw anybody but themselves, and *they* think they're beautiful and they are so impressed with themselves that everybody else thinks they're beautiful. If you think you're beautiful, you move like a beautiful person.

BALDWIN: In a certain way, yes, that's right.

On the other hand:

MEAD: . . . [A] white skin is a terrible temptation.

BALDWIN: How do you mean, exactly? But I think I know what you mean.

MEAD: Because we look like angels, you know that?

Mead then launched into the story of how Pope Gregory (before he was pope), upon seeing Angles sold in Rome, said, "not Angles, angels . . ." Might this famous assessment have had something to do with the captives' fine Nordic features, lithe bodies, radiant eyes, golden hair and shining faces -- attributes which countless observers have praised? By no means!

MEAD: . . . Angels were white. The dead, you see, are white everywhere, because the bones are white and people associate the dead with skeletons and ghosts. Then you have angels and they are white.

So, Mead concluded, whites are likened to angels because they resemble skeletons and ghosts -- and *that* comparison "is not good for people's character." It makes them feel superior[!] and "behave very badly."

Later, Mead moved on to another of her mind-boggling theories -- that the global diffusion of electric lights would soon end racism!

MEAD: You see, I think it [racism] can be eliminated, now that we don't have to be afraid of the dark.

BALDWIN: Of course, but we have so many other things to be afraid of.

MEAD: Yes, but just the same, if brightness is something everybody can have from the time they're born --

BALDWIN: But it will take a long time before brightness becomes something everybody can have from the day they're born.

MEAD: We're all moving that way. Most people have electricity, acquaintance with electric lights. In the past no one knew that there was such a thing as immediate light flooding the world with brightness. A bunch of burning coconut leaves doesn't light anything. You know, it just makes a spot.

Mead's superiority complex regarding her own moral significance is common among liberals of her background. She was born in rural Buck's County, Pennsylvania, the granddaughter of a Union soldier. Her father

bought a farm that had been a station on the underground railroad. This history we regarded as very good, romantic, good Northern behavior . . . . My grandmother gave me lectures on how the mother of our Lord was a Jew. So I went out and collected Jewish children.

As a child, Mead was taught always to say, "We're sort of monglers," when asked about her ancestry. "Monglers is a Pennsylvania dialect word for a dog of mixed background. My mother would say that we were members of the intellectual proletariat." But "in the next breath she would say what she thought of the people in Pennsylvania that hadn't come over here until sixteen eighty!"

Though seemingly unaware of it, Mead, the racial backslider *par excellence*, retained much of her mother's suspicion of later white immigrants to America, as she demonstrated in this excerpt:

MEAD: You know, I'm not any more limited than you are in my use of English. I don't have as good rhythms as you have, but my rhythms go back ten generations to England. The culture in this country that is so limited, is most limited, is that of the second and third generations away from Europe. They have lost what they had and aren't ready to take on anything else. They are scared to death and so busy being American.

Mead's praise of black people is embarrassing in places. It seems that at one of those countless meetings she attended "during World War II," the Negroes present had "extraordinary heads and all sorts of diversity and character." New Guinea blacks, on the other hand, have "extraordinary hair." And black preachers in Liverpool have "this marvelous oratory." Regrettably, there is nothing the least bit marvelous about white Liverpudlians. When Mead said she had encountered black people there who could not dance, Baldwin couldn't believe his ears.

MEAD: No, you see they have white mothers. They had white lower-class mothers who were just sort of cold potatoes; their African fathers were sailors and didn't stay at all.

### Unending Slurs and Putdowns

The woman *Time* called "the Mother of the World" told Baldwin: George Washington had no children, which was good . . . world civilization is the "only hope" . . . there is only

one human race . . . black people must "feel perfectly free to touch" whites . . . black rhythm is caused solely by the way that black mothers hold their babies . . . the way that white mothers carry their babies leads to "anxiety and rigidity" . . . young people who lack all sense of the past are much stronger because of it . . . "I have never been in the position" of believing that whites have rights [soon after Baldwin had declaimed about "black rights"] . . . the white race in times past "built its sense of identity on the fact that it wasn't black." For most of seven hours, Mead tried to be the hippest of the hip. Back about 1945, she reminded Baldwin, she had told everyone to ignore race. "Absolutely ignore race. You know, we were all proud whenever we forgot it." This being the sophisticated year of 1970, however, Mead proclaimed, "skin color . . . is real." As for women:

BALDWIN: They come to you for the most part as though you're some exotic -- well, they really come to you as though you're some *extraordinarily* phallic symbol.

MEAD: As if you're nothing but a phallic symbol.

BALDWIN: As if you're nothing but a walking phallus.

MEAD: You don't have a head.

Cool Mama eventually got around to youth, and Woodstock's swarm of 300,000: "For the first time they [the young people] feel safe . . . . As they said about Woodstock, the sweet smell of grass was over it . . . . And they were protected by being with each other and not feeling like strangers." "Precisely," said Baldwin. Mama was so cool she even came out against the "melting pot" idea before it was fashionable to do so. "Who wants to be melted down?" she asked. And she "dug" it when Jimmy said he "hated" white hippies who try to use black expressions.

Halfway through *Rap*, Mead acknowledged how rotten young whites feel about themselves. She used to ask her anthropology students "to start off with saying who they are." The blacks always "identify themselves as black in the very first sentence."

MEAD: Now, I want to tell you about the other funny people in my class. I get a student who says, "Well, I don't know very much about my ancestors. I think they were sort of English, or Scotch or Welsh, or maybe some Dutch. I don't really know much about them." They are almost always Junior League-D.A.R. people. They actually know in every case. They probably can trace eight lines of ancestry, and they have been taught to be ashamed of it. So, they muddle around and look down.

When Mead claimed that "the greatest brain" is only one-tenth used, Baldwin's candid response threw her off stride.

BALDWIN: I never learned anything through my mind. I learned whatever I've learned from my heart and guts.

What of any value remains from this dismal dialogue? Baldwin made one telling point when he accused many whites of thinking that urban black rioters "could all be Harry Belafonte" if they only "washed themselves and straightened up." "This is the great illusion," warned Baldwin, one which "exacerbates the rage" of the lumpen blacks. Later, he admitted that when the white "tyrants" were finally overthrown, new ones (presumably black) would inevitably take their place: "I don't know what else can happen." Though America is a "terrifying country" for a black, "I don't pretend that any place else is any

better." Nevertheless, Baldwin was determined to "change" America -- and the world. The "alabaster Christ" he hated had to go.

Baldwin charged white America with caring more about white students killed at Kent State University than about the black students killed at Jackson State and Orangeburg. Mead actually admitted that blacks were more concerned about "their" dead students, but added, "I don't think you can blame people for caring more . . . when someone that they identify with . . . is killed." This was Mead's only real "lapse" in 256 pages. Baldwin, however, refused to yield and repeated that blacks cared more about blacks and said it was "sinister" if whites should care more about whites! Mead let it go at that. No angry "fiddlesticks!" or "tut, tut."

A *Rap on Race* is an important document of our time, because it shows up the thinking processes and intellectual cowardice of creatures like Margaret Mead in all their total repugnancy. Mead's books, like *Coming of Age in Samoa* (to be discussed in the next issue of *Instauration*), are filled with

obvious and not-so-obvious mistakes, but most of them proceed cautiously when it comes to the outright defamation of whites. A *Rap on Race* shows something of the real Mead -- the "classroom Mead," the "lecture-circuit Mead" -- to whom tens of thousands of impressionable young Majority members were exposed during more than half a century. This Mead is not a pretty sight -- and she may have been a lot worse when the tape recorder wasn't running.

What was Mead's reward for a lifetime of service to Franz Boas's mission of preaching the nonexistence of race? As she told Baldwin toward the end of their "rap," "Wherever I go . . . I am greeted with, on the whole, courtesy and kindness . . . . You see, I could go anywhere in the world. I can take any people in my arms . . . . I have never suffered." Baldwin had great difficulty believing it when Mead insisted she was truly popular in a largely white America. Her life had been one of great "felicity," she explained at some length. If so, her life leaves every white with a lot to ponder, and a lot to change.

## SALUTE TO THE RING



A scene from the 1942 Bayreuth Ring (Siegfried, Act III).

The only fit subject for tragedy, in the well-known view of Aristotle, is the decline and fall of a noble personage. Let's be presumptuous enough to try to improve on Aristotle. Wouldn't a fitter subject, in fact wouldn't the fittest subject, be the decline and fall of a noble race? And along with the high-sounding dialogue and mellifluous poetry and choral singing, as in the Greek drama, wouldn't the greatest, most sublime, most luminous tragedy be one in which all the vital elements were combined and expressed in one vast sunburst of music?

We think so. We even think that this great tonal epic already exists. It's titled *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.

Beginning with *Das Rheingold* on January 24, Wagner's *Ring* unfolded on the Public Broadcasting System on non-successive Mondays for a total of 17 hours of viewing time. It seemed perfectly permissible to break up the tetralogy into four separate sequences. But to divide *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* into two parts each left the video audience hanging. Better a four- or five-hour opera than one broken in

half. And better an opera that follows the wishes and specifications of the composer than one dressed up in fancy modern kitsch with Rhinemaidens as prostitutes, a black Valkyrie and a Siegfried who wears a tux.

But beggars can't be choosers. Having been all but smothered in the cultural detritus that nightly flashes from our living room's unwinking electronic eye, we are quite willing to clutch at straws, any straws, even brittle, gaudy ones which give us Wagner in a slick plastic container. The simple truth is that the *Ring* is so overpowering it can easily defeat conscious or unconscious attempts to subvert it. Its defeat of the televised Pierre Boulez-Chéreau 1976 Bayreuth centennial production is only the latest in a series of such victories.

The *Ring*, of course, is not perfect. Neither is *Hamlet*, nor *Faust*, nor Beethoven's *Ninth*. There are nodding and yawning moments, seat-shifting moments. The plot is by no means watertight. It is even possible, as one commentator, L.J. Rather, has said, that Wagner changed course in midstream while

working on the *Ring*, switching from the optimism of Feuerbach to the pessimism of Schopenhauer, who taught him to wish upon a dream of self-destruction. Gobineau, his second favorite mentor, instilled in him a similar brand of pessimism -- after the *Ring* had been written -- based on the "Passing of the Great Race." In fact, the *Ring* might be described as a musical premonition of what the composer would eventually learn from Gobineau.

No, the *Ring* is by no means perfect. Wagner's story line meanders both in theme and message. But the ambiguity is an advantage in that it doesn't "fix" the music in concrete. The magnificent strains of the instruments and of that most wonderful instrument of all, the human voice, are able to pile symbols on symbols, allusions on allusions, and in the process lift audiences into a higher state of consciousness than could possibly be accomplished by a straightforward exposition of character, plot and theme. Indeed, the leitmotifs that are repeated to excess throughout the *Ring* too often bring us down to earth by identifying characters and events too sharply. We would prefer to spend more time drifting.

We read into the *Ring* the death of a noble race. Others have read into it the triumph of money and greed; others the organic degeneration of mankind's gods and therefore mankind itself. Somehow these two latter readings seem to reinforce the cogency and verity of the first. We're not sure about this, of course, and we're not sure that Wagner knew exactly what he was up to. But in a letter he wrote to his patron, King Ludwig of Bavaria, he spoke of himself as "the last German who knew how to stand up as an art-loving man against the Judaism that is already getting control of everything."

Alberich, who put a curse on the *Ring*, a curse that eventually brings down god and man alike, is overloaded with non-Aryan characteristics and is one of the *Ring's* few survivors (note the curiously modern twist of the word). He belongs to a dark,

underground race of dwarfs who live and flourish on envy and revenge. Cutting away the sophistry, Wagner's enemies probably hate him more for Alberich than for all his "racist" writings.

In tune with modern racial prejudices, Siegfried is presented as a sort of cock of the walk, a James Cagney figure, who would be better cast as Loge. Only Mime acts like a Nibelung. Siegmund and Sieglinde, enmeshed in twin love, are fair and blond, and it was not too difficult to believe they carried the genes of gods. But the great glory of the "French" *Ring* is Brünnhilde, sung and acted to perfection by Gwyneth Jones, whose superb voice matched her superb and totally appropriate looks. Once rid of her armor, once she appeared with her long, flowing golden hair overflowing a long, flowing white gown with long, flowing sleeves, her performance was an incomparable, unforgettable, untoppable operatic feat that would have put an iceberg in a state of deep emotional shock. Goddess, Joan of Arc, loving daughter, enraptured lover, scorned innamorata, wild avenger, prophetess, Christ-like redemptress -- never have so many different souls occupied the same heart and never has anyone played or sung such a difficult role with greater elegance and inspiration. We were offered a rare glimpse of the empyrean that high art can reveal so much better than religion.

This is not a good time for people like ourselves to live. But for seven evenings on PBS, it was a good time, so good that it compensated for at least a year or two of bad times. Maybe we and our race will go down, as Wagner seems to predict. But if we do, we will know that one of us, who knew our fate well in advance, described it in such soaring terms that the memory of us will outlive men and gods and perhaps time itself. This knowledge and assurance, provided by the most ambitious artistic undertaking of all time, should offer us much surcease from sorrow as we gird ourselves for the worst.

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## SKULLDUGGERY IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

How honest is contemporary social science? One of the darkest opinions on the subject is held by the English writer Ralph Estling, who described his "principle of inverse irreversibility" for readers of the London weekly *New Scientist* last December 30:

A little evidence against [a scientific "law"] will cause agonies of doubt; moderate amounts will cause real concern and a pursing of lips; but irrefutable proof of his law's inaccuracy and untenability will cause the scientist to cling to it with the tenacity and singlemindedness of a barnacle.

Consider the fate of Hans Eysenck when he found in the 1950s that a large sample of patients undergoing psychoanalysis had an improvement rate of only 44%, against 64% for those receiving other psychotherapy, and 72% for those getting no treatment at all.

Aghast when the news first struck, psychiatrists quickly rallied, closed ranks, and conducted their own surveys -- which only confirmed Eysenck's mordant findings. At this point and with a sigh of profound relief, there being nothing else a true

scientist could do under the circumstances, psychiatrists the world over dismissed Eysenck and his findings on the grounds that Eysenck is a racist.

According to Estling, when a philosopher like Karl Popper assures us that science is not a set of facts but only a method which produces "a continuous abandonment of ideas shown by objective inquiry to be untenable," they are confusing "a beautiful concept" with ugly reality. Max Planck came closer to the truth when he wrote: "A scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light, but rather because its opponents eventually die and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it."

By this reasoning, for sociobiology to triumph, it is not enough that it be proven right on critical topics: rather, young people with limited time and imagination must invest a lot of time and imagination in sociobiology before family responsibilities come along and their minds go prematurely dim. Then they will have a personal stake in the welfare of sociobiology, just as the less adventurous students of Margaret Mead's generation long retained an emotional commitment to her shallow-rooted dogma. (One shudders at the fate of a generation

weaned on the research of present-day black historians.)

There is a small element of tongue-in-cheek -- painfully small -- when Estling postulates his "principle of inverse irreversibility." But William J. Broad and Nicholas Wade are perfectly serious when they describe science fraud in their new book *Betrayers of the Truth* (Simon and Schuster). Among the many studies of scientific bias which they recount is one by psychologist Michael J. Mahoney, who tested the "referee system" used by most scientific journals.

Given the fragmentation of knowledge, general editors can no longer hope to detect a would-be contributor's deficiencies in reasoning or technique. So they send copies of manuscripts to experts -- "referees" -- in the pertinent specialty. Mahoney's idea was to send "fictitious manuscripts on a hotly debated aspect of child psychology to 75 referees whose personal positions on the problem were known."

All the manuscripts described the same experimental procedure, but the purported findings were different, some favoring the reviewer's perspective, some refuting it. The result: "Identical manuscripts suffered very different fates depending on the direction of their data. When they were positive (in accord with the referee's particular bias), the usual recommendation was to accept with moderate revisions. Negative results earned a significantly lower evaluation."

Social scientists, it appears, are the most human of beings. In a related study,

two psychologists resubmitted 10 high-quality published articles on psychology to the very same journals that had published them some two years earlier -- first replacing the authors' real and sometimes prestigious names and affiliations with fictitious ones. The journal editors recognized only three of the manuscripts, and only four of 22 reviewers recommended publication.

So much for the vaunted "referee system," which is widely regarded as one of the three critical "safety nets" against fraud and shoddiness in social science. Broad and Wade find the other two nets -- the "peer-review system" and experimental replication -- no less full of holes. One recent study determined that the fate of grant applications under "peer-review" depends half on sheer luck and only half on the application's "merits" (with "merit" including, of course, all the biases of whatever money-dispensing elite is guarding the scientific gate).

When a faulty study does get funded and does get published, there remains (theoretically) one last guardian of scientific sanctity: replication of the study by an independent researcher. Every scientist is supposed to describe exactly how he carried out an experiment, including publishing his original data insofar as that is practical (it rarely is), so that others may confirm or refute his findings. Every philosopher of science insists that replication is the crucial test. But, warn Broad and Wade,

[R]eplication is not a regular part of the scientific process -- surprising as this fact may be to most laymen.

They continue:

There are several reasons why, in the real world, exact replication is an impractical undertaking. In the first place, published descriptions of an experiment are often incomplete. . . . Often a researcher deliberately omits vital details. A scientist who has made a new discovery will want to publish it so as to establish priority, but he may also wish to have the field to himself for a

time while he explores the consequences of the discovery. Both objectives can be attained by publishing a slightly incomplete recipe.

Moreover, repeating an experiment often requires a major investment of time and money. The costs, financial and otherwise, may seem too great. Most important, perhaps, is that the motivation to replicate may be lacking. In science, the prizes go for originality; being second wins nothing.

Two important studies suggest that scientists -- psychologists at any rate -- will not usually make their raw data available to fellow researchers. In 1962, Leroy Wolins and a colleague wrote to 37 authors of papers published in psychology journals asking for relevant data. Five authors never responded, while an astounding 21 claimed that their data had been "misplaced, lost or inadvertently destroyed" -- the old "my dog ate it" ruse familiar to grade-schoolers who neglect their homework. Now we are down to 11. Two of these, wrote Wolins, "offered their data on the conditions that they be notified of our intended use of their data, and stated that they have control of everything that we would publish involving these data." Two others lollygagged so long that their data arrived after the study was completed. Three submitted data filled with gross statistical errors. Only four sets of data (out of 37 requests) arrived in reasonable time and in good order.

One wonders *which* psychologists were both obliging and competent, and *which* were unobliging and incompetent -- especially in terms of their position on nature vs. nurture and other vital controversies. And one marvels that so sloppy and unscientific a group of individuals could collectively vilify the aging, lonely Cyril Burt, his eyesight failing, for having made some gross errors in his own data.

A second inquiry, much like Wolins's, was made in 1973 by James Craig and Sandra Reese. They had better luck, receiving some degree of cooperation from about half of the 53 newly published psychologists from whom they had requested data.

### **34 or 3,400 or 100,000 Skeletons?**

In an appendix, Broad and Wade list 34 "known or suspected cases of scientific fraud," but elsewhere they estimate that "for every case of major fraud that comes to light, a hundred or so may go undetected," and, again, that for every exposed fraud 100,000 others "lie concealed in the marshy wastes of the scientific literature."

Several recent and not-so-recent hoaxes have received considerable publicity:

- In July 1981, *Science* magazine published an article by Cornell biochemist (and former psychiatrist) Efraim Racker and his 24-year-old protégé with the "golden hands," Mark Spector, in which they claimed to have found how certain viruses turn normal cells into cancerous ones. For about a year, this "kinase-cascade theory" of cancer causation was taken seriously, though at least three respected researchers had independently determined that there was something rotten in Ithaca. It turned out that Spector was a convicted check-forgery who did not even have a B.A. degree, and that Racker, treating him like "the son I never had," let him cook up whole notebooks full of phony data without checking it. When the "kinase-cascade" fraud was finally exposed, it had "spread its web over the whole field of cancer research," wrote Broad and Wade.

- In 1978, another "promising young cancer researcher,"

Marc Straus, and at least eight members of his staff, were found to be manipulating data at Boston University. Straus was fired days later, but had no trouble moving on to New York Medical College and receiving a new \$910,000 federal grant. His team's fakery is now known as the "Boston University incident," and that institution, which should have been rewarded for its prompt, corrective action, has suffered instead.

- Back in 1926, the Viennese biologist Paul Kammerer, an "ardent socialist," committed suicide when a colleague discovered paint on a midwife toad and some salamanders whose "color-changes" Kammerer had been reporting for 20 years. Though Arthur Koestler came to Kammerer's defense with a book 45 years later, his lab assistant admitted: "I kept very exact records. That too annoyed Kammerer. Slightly less exact records with positive results would have pleased him more." Soviet Education Commissar Anatoly V. Lunacharsky ordered the production of the movie *Salamandra*, in which he played himself and which showed the martyr Kammerer being hounded by capitalist geneticists who favored Darwin over Lamarck. According to Broad and Wade, Lunacharsky "created the climate" for Lysenkoism, which all but wrecked Soviet biology from 1929 until 1965.

- In 1974, William T. Summerlin of Sloan-Kettering Institute pleaded insanity when it was determined that he had "painted" his lab mice to make it look like he had developed a successful skin-grafting technique. The insanity plea is gaining favor with disgraced scientists who cite the "devastating pressure" to obtain results (and money).

- Late last year, Dr. Joseph H. Cort of New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine admitted falsifying drug studies. He blamed his misdoing on financial insecurity. "Individual scientists shouldn't feel themselves so alone and so insecure about getting grant money." (Cort was also in the news in the 1950s, as a Communist Party activist at Yale. He had no trouble returning from his self-imposed exile in Czechoslovakia in 1977.)

- In another recent development, Philadelphia physician Harry Levin pleaded guilty to falsifying data on five proposed painkillers. One of these drugs, an analgesic called Zomax, has been marketed by a prominent drug company since 1980, in part because of Levin's phony testing. Levin probably will receive one year and one day in jail, making him only the third medico in the past 10 years to be imprisoned for falsifying drug tests on humans.

- The new science fraud regulations of the National Institutes of Health were applied for the first time in February against John R. Darsee, a Harvard heart researcher who admitted faking experiments with dogs. Darsee probably will be barred from federally funded research for 10 years, and the Harvard-affiliated hospital where he worked may have to cough up the \$122,371 which it received from the U.S. Treasury.

- Over at Yale, Professor Philip Felig, the chief of endocrinology, was dismayed by the discovery, in 1980, that his assistant, Dr. Vijay Soman, had faked and plagiarized data on several papers that Felig coauthored. Soman has vanished to his native India, while Felig was demoted.

- Much wilder was the odyssey of Elias Alsbati, a native of

Iraq, who in the late 1970s fooled various governments and U.S. research centers with his claims to advanced degrees, scholarly publications and new miracle drugs. Alsbati republished other scientists' papers wholesale, then vanished from sight. Some fear he is still conducting research on humans under an assumed name.

- One of the most destructive cases of alleged scientific fraud in recent years may be the Sobells' alcoholism study. Mark and Linda Sobell reported in 1970-71 that their "controlled drinking" techniques held new promise for confirmed alcoholics. In *Science* magazine (July 1982), Mary Pendery and Irving Maltzman vigorously disputed the Sobells' claim by showing that only one of their patients had really learned to moderate his alcohol consumption by following the Sobell regimen. In newspaper interviews, Maltzman has accused the Sobells of outright fraud.

### The Minority Preponderance

One can scarcely avoid noting how many publicized fraud cases of recent years have involved members of minorities. A page one report in the American Psychological Association's *Monitor* (November 1982), mentioned the Sobells, Straus, Kammerer, Felig and Soman and Summerlin -- in that order. Other recent surveys provide similar lists. But there is one curious feature in most of these surveys -- the invocation of Cyril Burt's name as the assumed archetype of scientific fraud. Thus, about 400 words into the 4,000-word *Monitor* article, before the Sobells and other alleged and admitted hoaxers have been introduced, we read: "With the exception of the Sir Cyril Burt affair, the taint of fraud generally has avoided the behavioral sciences."

Accompanying *Monitor's* overview of fraud is an in-depth examination of the Sobells -- and this second article ends with a mention of Burt! Some reviewers of the Broad and Wade book also seem to have a Burt fixation. Henry Kisor of the *Chicago Sun-Times* wastes little time noting (falsely) that Burt "got away [with his misdeeds] for half a century." Thankfully, Kisor closes by observing (correctly) that "Burt's philosophic opposite number, Margaret Mead, may have deceived herself and everyone else for 50 years."

Broad and Wade themselves fall victim to the anti-Burt propaganda:

Cyril Burt's data, supposedly proving the heritability of intelligence, provide an excellent example of a highly influential theory, supposedly proved, that influenced scientific debates and public policy for years. Burt's results were not tested or replicated or even seriously assessed by his colleagues or by anyone else.

This is patently false. As reported in *Instauration* last November:

Burt's distinguished student, Hans Eysenck -- among others -- has reanalyzed all of the *valid* published data which pertains to Burt's suspect data and has found the two sets to be "practically identical." Burt got away with his cheating for as long as he did [23 years rather than 50] because he made his phony results mesh perfectly with the honest findings of many others.

The false assertion that "Burt's results were not tested or replicated or even seriously assessed" by others -- false be-



cause here, for once, experimental replication was demanded and was achieved on a massive scale -- leads Broad and Wade directly to a pernicious conclusion, "Fraud has been a factor in studies that have influenced public attitudes and government action on matters of class, race, immigration and education." Since only Burt's shortcomings are mentioned in the modern abilities-testing field, the authors' implication is obvious.

Are Broad and Wade really unfamiliar with the infinitely greater falsifying of the environmentalist camp, which has culminated (so far) in the decade-long, multimillion-dollar swindle of Richard Heber's "Milwaukee Project" (*Instauration*, November 1982). Heber's was the hoax which convinced a presidential commission, the major news media and practically everyone else that black IQs could be raised by 33 points -- and did so without producing a scrap of supporting data! Surely these self-appointed hoax-hunters know the other side -- but then they both work for the *New York Times*, which happens to be the granddaddy hoaxter of them all in the nature/nurture pseudo-debate.

Looking at science, Wade and Broad pose the ancient riddle, "Who shall watch the guardians?" Sadly, one regards these unblushing champions of Stephen Jay Gould and Leon Kamin, these mockers of Jensen and Lewis Terman, and asks, "Who shall blow the whistle on the whistle-blowers?"

### Thanks!

About half of all Instaurationists sweeten the pot to the tune of \$5, \$10, \$25 or \$50 when they renew their subscriptions. In polite society, each case should call for a personal thank-you note from the editorial staff. But we just don't have enough people to observe the amenities and write letters to all those who have given a little -- or in some cases a lot -- extra. So we ask these generous subscribers to consider these printed words a heartfelt acknowledgement of their donations. We use the extra money primarily to buy photographs to brighten up our graphics and to pay the expenses (phone calls, stamps, trips to libraries, book purchases) accumulated by our unpaid writers.

## Finkish Immigration Bill

The Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1983 passed the Senate in May with little opposition. The House is expected to approve it by the end of summer. The bill would grant amnesty (legal status) to millions of illegal aliens who arrived here prior to January 1, 1980 (and to tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of later arrivals who will falsely claim to have beaten the deadline). The supporters of amnesty, led by Senators Edward Kennedy and Alan Simpson, claim it would be impossible to find and repatriate so many illegals. When pressed, they argue that, even if possible and practicable, enforcement of our immigration laws would be inhumane. The truth is, amnesty is quite popular with most politicians. Those who opposed it would have to support the rounding up and deportation of illegals, which would bring the wrath of the liberal-minority media down upon them. Only 21 senators voted to delete amnesty from the bill, even though every opinion poll has shown a large majority of Americans are against it.

The bill contains mild sanctions aimed at employers who hire illegals. Simpson and Co. believe that such sanctions will deter future illegal immigration so effectively that no future amnesties will be required. This view ignores the increasingly strong population pressures at work in many Third World countries. It also ignores a General Accounting Office study which found that penalizing employers for hiring illegals has been ineffective in other Western nations. Employer sanctions, while a necessary control measure, will not enforce themselves.

The Senate also voted overwhelmingly to remove a provision imposing border crossing fees on aliens, a means of generating badly needed revenue for the overworked

and underfunded Immigration and Naturalization Service. In view of the magnitude of the surrender embodied in the amnesty, the other control reforms in the bill are not worth mentioning.

One of the most depressing aspects of the fight to get immigration under control has been the performance of the largest restrictionist organization, FAIR (Federation for American Immigration Reform). After raising millions of dollars from citizens concerned about the nonwhite invasion, FAIR lobbied for the Kennedy-Simpson bill.

The coterie of liberal environmentalists who run the group decided that it would be bad for fund-raising if they could not claim a victory, even a Pyrrhic one. It's a fact, of course, that it would have taken some doing to overcome the media's all-out support for amnesty. But because the enemy is strong is not a sufficient reason to abandon or compromise the struggle.

FAIR is afraid of its members, most of whom are conservatives, populists and nationalists gleaned from the sucker lists of Republican mailing list brokers. The policy of the organization is set by its liberal staff and directors, not by its members. Grass-roots organization is kept to a minimum, perhaps because of fear of a takeover by the non-liberal rank and file. The California FAIR affiliate has already broken away from the national office because of the surrender to amnesty.

Only massive grass-roots agitation and unremitting pressure on politicians can bring immigration under control. FAIR sends well-scrubbed lobbyists swarming over Capitol Hill with hosts of attractively printed position papers. But the old pols know that FAIR is a paper tiger. Most congressmen get little constituent mail on the

issue, a pretty good indicator that no one is really stirring up the populace. Rumor has it that FAIR has only 20,000 members, a fraction of the membership of the numerous minority and liberal groups pushing amnesty.

It seems unlikely that the smaller, under-financed restrictionist organizations will be able to stop amnesty in the House, although, to their credit, they have been working hard at it for at least two years. Conservatives for Immigration Reform (P.O. Box 2607, Washington, D.C. 20013) has been distributing hundreds of thousands of anti-amnesty postcards to be sent to congressmen. AFFIRM, the breakaway California FAIR affiliate (P.O. Box 338, Van Nuys, CA 91401) has been organizing similar grass-roots activity.

NOTE: To be fair to the national organization of FAIR, the group did change its mind and come out *against* the immigration legislation, but only after it had passed the Senate and seemed destined to further watering-down in the House. By then it was too late. You don't call out the fire engines after your home has burned down.

### Incredible Quotes

But I think that, in the Middle East, the victim is Israel. The aggressor is the PLO, and the PLO is responsible for the invasion of Lebanon.

Cynthia Ozick,  
New York Times Magazine (4/10/83)

There's a kind of purity in her [Ozick's] work.

Elizabeth Hardwick,  
Ibid.