

δύστανε, μοίρας ὅσον παροίχη.

Instauration®

VOL. 13, NO. 7

JUNE 1988



JUDGMENT AT JERUSALEM

Was this Ivan the Terrible, who led myriads of Jews to slaughter? Or was this the Ukrainian peasant lad, John Demjanjuk, who -- 45 years after the fact -- is being led to slaughter by three sworn-to-vengeance, hanging Israeli judges?

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

Only when black separatists come up with a program calling for separation and the winding down of integration and financial compensation will we be on the road to solving our problems.

566

An ABC News report noted that six million dolphins have been killed accidentally by tuna fishermen off America's west coast. How that number keeps coming up!

240

If we wanted to set up an organization, how would we prevent it from being filled with FBI pimps? I suppose a shot of truth serum plus hypnosis would not be good enough.

300

My own opinion of Will Durant's work is rather high, especially the volumes, *Our Oriental Heritage* and *Caesar and Christ*. I think he has been somewhat unjustly maligned in *Instauration*. Durant was a trained biologist and mathematician. In the two volumes I mentioned (published in 1934 and 1944), he writes forthrightly and logically about race. Both volumes address in some detail the influence of race on the rise and fall of several empires. Of course, in his latter volumes he does let his ingrown egalitarianism get the upper hand over his trained objectivity. (The final volume, *The Lessons of History*, is especially bad.) Nevertheless, giving credit where credit is due, Durant, with some help from his Jewish wife, left us with at least three volumes of history that are very readable and are quite a good place for a lay person to begin his acquaintance with the subject.

354

I am currently reading a biography of Lenin, *The Man from the Volga* (London, 1932) by F.L.P. Veale, the author of *Advance to Barbarism*. Veale's dead set against communism, of course, but he doesn't let that blind him to realizing that Lenin ranked as an extraordinary man. Not that Lenin thought so much of his comrades. "Among a hundred so-called Bolsheviks," he once declared, "there is one genuine Bolshevik with 39 criminals and 60 fools." I enjoyed Veale's description of H.G. Wells meeting with Lenin and how the two didn't quite see eye-to-eye:

For Mr. Wells's internationalism was quite superficial, and at bottom he was an Englishman, with an Englishman's wholesome contempt of all foreigners. His attitude to Lenin was rather like that of a famous Rugby footballer who comes across some little nigger boys kicking about an odd football outside some African kraal, and is amused to find that one or two of them show considerable promise. He noted Lenin's glimmerings of the truth with kindly interest. After all, what more could you expect from a Tartar from Astrakhan?

English subscriber

Why is it that Americans spend millions of dollars to see movies in which they know that guns will be wielded freely and that the main character (for whom the viewer is tacitly invited to feel strong empathy) will empty his revolver at his many enemies, killing them all, take a deep breath, and continue to walk on in life because of his bravery and defiance of unjust laws? Could it be that it is a reflection of the White American Dream? To live life like a man and not in the shadow of betrayers and lifelong sworn enemies? Could be.

480

As for those massive egos which Zip 317 deplures within "laughable organizations with three or four members," we know what he means! Nonetheless, that problem is disappearing here in Canada. Many interlocking groups have grown to the extent that the few natural chiefs and the many natural Indians are now established in their roles. These circles can range from a handful of loosely organized, semi-active talkers, to thousands of respectable, high-profile, permanent and well-informed troops. These people support such groups as Friends of South Africa, Immigration Association of Canada, Free Speech Leagues and The National Citizens' Coalition (30,000 members and growing).

Main interests vary also, but invariably overlap. Rehabilitation of the brain-damaged leftoids takes time, money and zeal.

It's all quite painful, of course. But no doubt "unfolding as it should."

Canadian subscriber

The letter about federal employees being "forced" to attend anti-Majority events (April 1988) brought a sad smile to my face. Of course they have a choice: they can stand up like men and make a public fuss in refusing to knuckle under, or they can quietly resign and maintain their dignity. The problem is that either of these actions means relinquishing the government teat, and they are not willing to give up a cushy, well-paid job for their own pride or that of their race.

Lest anyone think I criticize unjustly, let me state that I am a former federal government employee myself, and I consider that there are only a few valid reasons for committed racialists to hold such jobs. They could be gathering intelligence for our side, working to infiltrate our kind of people into sensitive positions, or sabotaging federal efforts to persecute and destroy us. Any other motivation -- especially time-serving just to get paychecks and civil service retirement -- seems unconscionable when our race is dying by inches every day.

303

Instauration

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

Annual Subscription

\$25 regular (sent third class)
\$15 student (sent third class)
Add \$10 for first class mail
\$38 Canada and foreign (surface)
Add \$15 Europe (air)
Add \$20 Elsewhere (air)

Single copy price \$3, plus 75¢ postage

Wilmot Robertson, Editor

Make checks payable to Howard Allen
Florida residents please add 6% sales tax

Third class mail is not forwardable.
Please advise us of any change of address
well in advance.

ISSN 0277-2302

©1988 Howard Allen Enterprises, Inc.
All Rights Reserved

CONTENTS

Judgment at Jerusalem.....	6
The Asians Are "Grinding" Us Under	11
Cultural Catacombs	14
Inklings.....	16
Notes from the Sceptred Isle.....	18
Thoughts from the White Tip	20
Satcom Sam Dishes It Out.....	23
Talking Numbers	25
Primate Watch.....	26
Elsewhere	28
Stirrings	33

□ About two months ago I was wandering around different eastern European cities. In one of them I bumped into this little store selling religious books and items to Jews. When I walked in, the manager seemed to be unsure about me. I am 6'2" with sky-blue eyes. But when I murmured something about my New York grandmother, the ice melted. After a short search I paid \$2 for Vasily Grossman's *The Hell of Treblinka*, a 62-page book describing in detail how 8 million Jews were gassed at that terrible place. The book was printed in 1945. Today the official number is 732,000 for Treblinka.

926

□ Although history vulgarizer Paul Johnson is indeed a prime shabbas goy, he once beautifully rebuked a black who complained to him about all the "prejudice" he'd suffered. That was nothing, said Johnson, to what he'd suffered since he was (a) a Roman Catholic, (b) left-handed and (c) red-haired. Johnson is pretty good on the race problem, too (though isn't it ominous when Jews and their lackeys start turning racist?). I'd rather have working-class Reds on my side.

905

□ With universal suffrage, elimination of the literacy test, the poll tax and property-holding qualifications, voting has lost any meaning or any relevance. Now one sees the lib-minners out registering "voters" in hobo camps. Bag ladies are driven to the polls. The mobocracy rules. Add to that the promiscuous bestowing of American citizenship to practically anyone in the world who now asks for it, and being an American has ceased to have any meaning. Roman citizenship in the time of Caligula and Nero was a tad different than it was even a century earlier!

403

□ My *Instauration* hero is Richard Swartzbaugh. Could he manage to say a few words each issue? He's the only one who tries to explain "why?"

935

□ Informative work on Knut Hamsun and superbly written. Why (so distressing) are those few geniuses who tell it straight destined for suffering and oblivion?

038

□ I read in *Inklings* (Dec. 1987) about that fairy congressman by the name of Gerry Studds. Well, I looked him up in *Who's Who in America* and he's definitely called Studds. So why did he sign "Studd" on that photo? Maybe deep down he wants to knock off another "d" and be thought of as a stud. Actually, I was more interested in examining his horse-like face. One type of fairy seems to be boyish in appearance; another seems to be horse-faced. I can think of one famous sodomite who resembled the un-studlike Studds, and that's John Maynard Keynes. To let you in on a secret, they both look Neanderthalish. And Neanderthal was descended from Kenyapithecus, of course, and he enjoyed rump intercourse -- again of course.

955

□ Glad to see John Nobull back on track. After Mexico, I felt he might have gotten hold of a batch of overripe green magma.

803

□ The surreal world of television is revealed on those days when I am incautious enough to watch the news. Incredibly, the beatings of Arab boys are explained away by a series of Uriah Heeps while the shootings of some 130 victims of all ages and both sexes are barely mentioned. It's as if a commentator were to go into great detail as to why Jack the Ripper couldn't avoid getting mud on the clothes of the women he murdered.

100

□ I greatly enjoyed the piece on Ann and Abby (Feb. 1988) and the photo that went with it. I was struck by how much Ann Landers resembled Margaret Thatcher, even down to the fiber-glassed peroxidized hair and the pearls weighing down her neck. Did she instruct her plastic surgeon to create a Maggie-like look? Funny enough, the two most prominent advice columnists (or "agony aunts") in this country -- Claire Rayner and Marjorie Proops -- are both Jewish. These gals are anything but identical, however. Clare is dwarfish and blubbery, while Marge is shovel-jawed and gangling. Hard to say which wins the ugly contest, though if pressed I'd give Marge the prize. She wins by a short nose (if that's the metaphor to use in this context).

British subscriber

□ I have a small correction for the "Wha's Like Us" article (*Instauration*, Jan. 1988). It was stated that the bicycle was invented by Kirkpatrick Macmillan of Scotland. In point of fact, Baron Karl von Drais of Germany designed the first two-wheeled vehicle with a steering device in 1816.

027

□ I must take strong issue with you regarding the favorable attitude expressed in *Instauration* (Sept. 1987) toward the half-ape, half-human monstrosity that was almost brought into being recently by a team of Italian Frankensteins. This attempt at playing God on the part of these pseudo-scientific dimwits is indeed, as the Jewish critic said, "bestial and repugnant." How on earth can you take the strong position you've taken for all these years against miscegenation and hybridization, pointing out the disastrous results of same, then turn around and cheer this "experiment" on the grounds that such creatures could solve the world's labor problems by doing all the "dirty work"? We have before us the historical record of millennia regarding the lazy, feckless and inept performance of such hybrids, who were always brought in by white men afraid to get their dainty hands dirty. In each and every case the result was only miscegenation and extinction -- from ancient Egypt and ancient Rome to the antebellum South and the Afrikaners of today.

900

□ I hear that the two Jimmies -- Swaggart and Bakker -- are co-authoring a book, *We Do More than Lay People*.

729

□ In February, Zip 229 wrote regarding my December Safety Valve blast at Greg Withrow's hate-filled approach to racialism. He said my love-centered emphasis is fine, but "we must also be able to cite the biblical statement that there's 'a time for love and a time for hate.'" Zip 229 will be interested to learn that I was married just last summer, and instructed the minister to read liturgically all of Ecclesiastes 3:1-9 ("For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven . . .").

Not only was this the only recommended scriptural selection for matrimony with which I agreed, but I was intrigued by what my Oxford Annotated Bible had to say about the book and its author:

Ecclesiastes contains the reflections of a philosopher rather than a testimony of belief. The author seeks to understand by the use of reason the meaning of human existence and the good which man can find in life. He questions many of the accepted beliefs of Hebrew tradition. To him God is the inscrutable originator of the world and determiner of man's fate Yet, though reason leaves him baffled, the author nevertheless affirms that life with its limitations is worth living. One must face facts, accept what cannot be changed, and enjoy whatever good things God permits until death brings oblivion The rationalistic tone of the book and its echoes of Greek philosophies point to a date about the third century B.C. . . . The inclusion in the Jewish canon of Scripture of a work so much at variance with its dominant teaching may be explained by the traditional [but false] association with Solomon, its sponsorship by influential "wise men," and the inclusion of an orthodox postscript (12:9-14) which lays down the religious position in the light of which it is to be understood.

There you have it: a "Greek" book in the Bible, with six Hebraic verses tacked onto the end!

124

□ *Instauration* improves with every issue. The Wolfe review was excellent. He is the only Big Apple resident who came out smelling like a rose. Somewhere in his library Allan Bloom has a copy of *The Dispossessed Majority*. There are enough good lines in *The Closing of the American Mind* to supply a quote a month! Bloom is the first academic with the courage to give names and dates of the craven behavior of the professors who gave in to the unreasonable demands of the student "leaders" of the 60s. I have not seen one critical review of Bloom's book. Gary Hartpence was in that group. Do you think you could get him to review the book?

306

□ Zip 809 is right that the Holofoax (his word) is a religion that cannot be overthrown by mere facts. What is needed is the re-demonization of the Jews, and they are now taking that great work upon themselves.

101

□ I like the way Instauration follows up on those "victims" of the "vicious" McCarthy, and lets us see how few of them ever really suffered as a result of dat ol' debbil. To the contrary, most enhanced their positions and/or fortunes as a result, those in the movie business probably doing better than the others over the long haul -- once they'd been "rehabilitated," of course. Any normal, healthy country in history, seeing what was transpiring right within its very borders, would have immediately vomited up the poison. All the U.S. did was take a huge gulp of kosher soothing syrup (which assured us that so many Jews involved in the mess was nothing more than a "coincidence") and pronounce itself well again.

782

□ According to film historian Robin Wood, Alfred Hitchcock once accepted a commission to make a compilation film about the "death camps" of the Holocaust from captured German footage. "The project reached the rough-cut stage," Wood informs us in *The Mystery Writer's Art* (1970), "and was abandoned there, for reasons I have not been able to discover . . ."

The most likely reason for the abandonment of the project would seem to be that there was simply nothing available from German sources that upholds the myth of the six million. Doubtless the master of suspense could have created an horrific account of the alleged Holocaust, but it would have been as fictional as any of his movies.

Wood bolsters the paucity-of-proof argument, and tantalizes all seekers after truth, by noting that Hitchcock's rough cut "now lies, inaccessibly, along with vast quantities of similar raw material, in the vaults of the Imperial War Museum." Why should captured Nazi footage of concentration camps be "inaccessible" unless it fails to pay proper homage to the fastest-growing religion in the world today -- Holocaustianity?

823

□ As a vegetarian, I enjoyed John Nobull's piece on health foods. When you read in this area you realize that there are 1,001 theories about the right foods to eat and you begin to think it a miracle that anyone lives past the age of ten without going down with a potassium overdose from eating too many bananas or whatever. I did think that the acid/alkali diet was a touch crankish (or a way of selling paperbacks), but seeing as Nobull recommends it, I'll give it a try.

334

□ I loved the penultimate letter in the Safety Valve (March 1988) about blacks being the, uh, monkey wrench in the IRS bureaucracy. If minorities are ruining the IRS's life along with everybody else's, haven't we at last found a most useful, serviceable and dignified place for them in society?

507

□ We had a little excitement outside my flat yesterday. Tutu and Co. staged a protest march. The police broke it up with water cannon and arrested the lot of them. But Tutu himself was careful to avoid the cannon and more careful to do as the police commanded him. The American Negro diplomatic representatives attended the service in the cathedral. All the foreign television crews and newspaper reporters were there and ready. It was all carefully arranged to break the law and so display South African police brutality.

South African subscriber

□ In Memphis the police have a department called "Crime Stoppers," which tries to prevent crime from happening by paying cash awards, usually in the \$50-\$100 range, for tips on who is going to do what and where. Latest joke: A black woman had an abortion. Crime Stoppers sent her a check for \$1,000.

381

□ What can one say about Reagan's truckling to Gorbachev and Walter Krankheit (on whose avuncular advice the Fairness Doctrine was axed) in the eleventh hour of his presidency? I can only think he's trying to leave office pleasing everybody. Some conservative president -- exit stage left!

708

□ I was in a local restaurant a few months ago and managed to overhear a conversation (monologue really) spoken by two Jews in the next booth. They weren't talking about the weather or baseball, but about that more interesting old standby -- anti-Semitism. Both emphasized the need for Jews to be gregarious and "always circulate -- always circulate." That way, even in a little town like this one, everybody would have at least a few Jewish friends. Then when the "inevitable bad times come," every Tom, Dick and Harry would remember "good old Morris down the block whom he couldn't let down" if there should be an outbreak of anti-Semitism. The problem, one of the Jews said, was that the younger generation was getting way too "precious." Not enough of that old backslapping, hustling Jewish spirit. As a result, a lot more young goys now had no Jewish friends. Another part of the conversation I jotted on my napkin was that only contempt must ever be shown toward the opponent and only respect to be shown to the ally! It is simply "life-and-death" for Jews always to wear the "right face." The foe always gets a sneer, the ally always gets a smile and a pat, no matter how one feels about them inside!

The above doesn't fully convey the flavor of how the two talked. As I read it, many Jews actually feel a lot more respect for people like Instaurationists than they ever dare let on. They feel obliged to sneer at us publicly, and this two-facedness must help make many of them neurotic. No wonder Jews comprise one-third of all Americans who go to shrinks! I swear on my Dispossessed Majority I heard this discussion.

542

□ David Duke stated that Jesse Jackson admitted to spitting in food he served to white folks when he was a waiter. I believe this, but I think it is important for us to know where and when Jesse said he did this. We must all be up on our facts. Please tell us when and where Jesse let his guard down. Otherwise, that revelation can fall into the realm of rumor, and lose its sting of truth.

804

Editor's Note: U.S. News & World Report (Nov. 16, 1987, p. 41).

□ A very interesting report from that traveling Instaurationist about boozing in Sweden. A friend lived there for a year and now believes they guzzle more than the Irish. Some socialist paradise! He also says it is an accepted fact that the Wallenbergs are Jewish.

025

□ Instauration has stated that a pro-Majority political candidate should be "purer" than the driven snow. If by that you mean that pro-Majority office seekers should avoid even the appearance of moral turpitude (such as Evan Mecham's acceptance of a large loan from a sleazy type like Barry Wolfson, which has been used by the liberal-minority mob to lynch him), then, of course, I fully concur. But if you are inferring that the potential Majority leader should have no record of open support of racialist causes or racialist associations, then you must know that such a thing could never be. In order to rise in the pro-Majority ranks, a man must first join those ranks. That, of course, means getting smeared and harassed by our enemies. There is just no way around this. Unlike Athena, leaders do not spring full-blown from the brow of Zeus. They must have a "racialist past," but must eschew any other kind of "past."

720

□ In setting George Bush up for Dan Rather's ambush, CBS producer Richard M. Cohen wrote the Vice-President that "your candidacy deserves special attention." This would seem to be analogous to the "special treatment" allegedly decreed by the Nazis for some Jewish concentration camp inmates. As Mr. Cohen is almost certainly cognizant of the Holocaust legend, he must have been smiling as he dictated those carefully chosen words.

317

□ O.K., ladies and gentlemen, here's where it's at: Sin is "in." No more abstinence until "lawfully wedded"; no more "faithful unto death do us part." Remember, confession is good for the soul. If you don't have a real, honest-to-goodness, bona fide sin to confess, use your imagination -- the raunchier the better. And if you are running for high or low public office, seeking a career of leadership or other exemplary status, or opting for an alternative lifestyle (whatever that is), you are eligible for our solid gold letter "S" (standing for Sinner) to be worn on the southwest side of the posterior as a symbol for your airhead sycophants who will doubtless line up, four abreast, and follow you even to the sea, where all will drown.

611

□ I was interested to see John Nobull joke about what might happen if his identity was discovered. I think he rather overplays it. Mrs. Thatcher is pulling the rug from under the more extreme forms of black racialism, and the Jewish influence is being seriously weakened by reactions to the Gaza-West Bank riots. It's a pity that Sir John cannot identify with a pro-English organization that is not necessarily overtly political. One is badly needed, and it would be difficult to brand it as racist if it concentrated on demanding for the English what is already demanded for the Irish, Welsh and Scots by the Liberal and Labour parties.

English subscriber

□ The proportion of militant black teachers in New York State schools is on the increase. There is the daily singing of "We Shall Overcome." The refusal of white students to join in is denounced by blacks and by school principals as blatant racism. In one school, a Chosenite teacher stomped through the classroom removing all Christmas (Christian) symbols. An Irish teacher responded by erasing all the six-pointed stars she saw. And so it goes.

142

□ Dukakis lived for 15 years with a pill freak -- and didn't know it. I wonder what else he doesn't know.

333

□ Negroes also had objections to The Murder of Mary Phagan (Instauration, May 1988), as proved by this letter (slightly abridged) that appeared in the Village Voice (Feb. 23, 1988):

In this TV movie, based on a story by Larry McMurtry, black men are stupid rapists and buffoons . . . [Who] would swallow the notion that in the segregated South of 1913, a year during which black men were lynched left and right, a white person would so fear a black man that he wouldn't identify him as a murderer until 60 years later, about 20 years after the black man's death?

344

□ I've decided to vote for that old Trilateralist, George Bush. I think he is really an intelligent person, not an empty-head like Reagan. Unlike Nixon, Bush will not send a boy to do a man's job, thereby becoming implicated in a minor burglary. Did Bush arrange Contragate? A really sophisticated operator would never use government personnel in an illegal or suspect operation. Military officers and spook types are jerks or time-servers. Don't give them a job more complicated than buying an overpriced coffee pot. A Bush presidency might widen the split between the Eastern Establishment and the liberal-minority coalition. Will the Trilateralists be able to be real conspirators or will they prove to be another group of Boy Scouts?

208

□ Cardinal O'Connor of Zoo City was shocked and saddened by the racist tone of the letters he received. It never occurred to him that giving his Social Security to blacks (non-Catholics) was racism.

113

□ You can rest assured that were David Duke or anyone like him elected to any office, a way would be found by our enemies to either bring trumped-up legal charges against him with the obligatory media smear, or simply to make the election null and void. Arizona Governor Mechem can testify to the truth of that!

766

□ I don't know why we are sympathetic to white South Africa. By employing and thereby propagating millions of blacks, South Africans are setting their country up for an inevitable black future, just as the white Southern planters in the U.S. did in the previous century. The sooner the regime is brought down the better, as far as the white race is concerned. Since the ordinary whites of South Africa can't stop the wealthy (many of them Jews) from hiring and propagating blacks, white South Africans who want a white future should leave and go somewhere else -- perhaps to Australia to help out before that country, too, is irretrievably lost. The only alternative would be for white South Africans to cut all ties with blacks in their country and form a totally white state with only white workers. This is not likely to happen, considering the greed of white businessmen who are all too willing to sacrifice the genetic future of their people for immediate profits.

652

□ Our "House Boy," J.J. Pickle, lib-minner extraordinaire, handpicked flunky of LBJ, now millionaire and congressman-for-life, maintains a (voting) residence in our precinct. He was in the doorway of the Democratic primary voting area glad-handing all us suckers as we left the voting machines. I decided to walk up and offer my two cents. I told him how shameful I thought our Israeli policy was and why didn't anyone in Congress have any backbone to stop the killing and especially the foreign aid? The squint in his beady eyes indicated he had a hot potato he had to throw away -- as far and as quickly as possible. At this point I quickly added the capper, "That, of course, is just one reason I voted for David Duke." In microseconds I got the back of a suit turned to me. Not so much as a "Thank you for your view, sir." It is always refreshing to be reminded anew how much we constituents are esteemed by our congressmen.

787

□ "The Zionization of Jesse Helms" (March 1988) was great. What a schmuck! To mind comes the exclamation, Et tu, Brute! We in South Africa had hoped that he would keep on backing South Africa. He looks dejected among the tall strong pillars.

South African subscriber

Editor's Note: Helms hasn't yet backtracked on his support for the white South African government. Not yet.

□ Though I am contemptuous of the profession, I recognize that we must make a great effort to study psychology. Any old black knows more of human nature than an auditorium full of white Ph.D. shrinks.

468

□ Anything as unnatural as race-mixing is bound to fail. As government aid to minority families mushrooms, minority families needing government aid mushroom. As government enforces equality and then favoritism for blacks, black rhetoric simply grows more intensely selfish and extreme. The idea seems to be, "The white man is on the run. If I can get this much by agitating a little, think what I can get by agitating a lot!" Now we see television shows where whites clean up after affluent, arrogant Negroes. We have a national postal service dominated by selfish, arrogant Negroes. We see our white youth learning to speak as Negroes, dance as Negroes and dissipate their energies as Negroes, always seeking the pleasure of the moment, forgetting discipline, respect, propriety and patience. It is very clear in Atlanta that blacks have become a special class, exempt from all civilized social responsibilities to whites and even to black authority figures. For some time now, only blacks have had the moral authority to take a black to task for any misbehavior. A local white retiring from the Atlanta police force relates that blacks routinely cried "racism" whenever he stopped them in traffic.

303

□ In reporting the ruling of the U.S. Court of Appeals that opens the doors of the Armed Forces to homosexuals, Instauration might have pointed out that the court, which is located in San Francisco, just followed the old weak-kneed custom of bowing to local pressure. We tend to forget that judges are the most political of political animals.

330

□ In early 1987, C.J. McLin, a black representative of the Dayton area, placed a bill in the Ohio state legislature demanding divestiture of all pension fund investments with companies doing business in South Africa. The state pension board estimated it would cost the fund a small fortune to comply. On June 26, 1987, this bill was defeated in the state assembly by the slim margin of two votes.

In April of 1987, State Senator Stanley Aronoff introduced a bill in the Senate that would "allow" all five state pension funds to invest in Israel bonds. Apparently all divestiture monies plus future investments would be "allowed" to be used to purchase such bonds. On October 1, 1987, this bill was passed and became law with few dissenting voices raised.

443

□ The latest civilization I've seen linked with Indo-Europeans is the Harappan, generally assumed to have been destroyed, rather than built, by blond beasts. An Indian scholar, B.S. Rao, has apparently deciphered their hieroglyphics and pronounced them a variant on Indo-European. Some British archaeologists have produced evidence showing that Indo-Europeans were around at the Harappan civilization's zenith. But what did they expect? That it was the creation of some Paki ruffraff?

British subscriber

□ I found this graffiti on an S-Bahn station: "Besser Waldheim als Bronfman."

Austrian subscriber

JUDGMENT AT JERUSALEM

We determine conclusively, without hesitation or doubt, that the accused is Ivan, who was known as "Ivan the Terrible," gas chamber operator at the Treblinka death camp.

Dov Levin, presiding judge in Jerusalem

The evidence [is] clear, convincing and unequivocal that Demjanjuk was "Ivan the Terrible."

Allan Ryan Jr., former head of the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations (OSI), who first brought Demjanjuk to trial.

I watched the first two witnesses for the prosecution on American television. They choked with emotion. They pointed a shaky finger at the accused, and uttered the grave words, "This is the man!"

Ecce Homo! . . .

I asked myself often during this past year how well I myself remembered the faces of the people who killed my parents and my sister-in-law, and who tortured me, and were set on killing me, too.

I have reached a conclusion. I don't remember them . . .

Do not bear witness where witness cannot be borne. Do not say again in the heart of the Land of Israel, "Ecce Homo!"

*Frank Stiffel, "righteous Jew,"
letter written on February 26, 1987*

Hundreds of weeping spectators . . . burst into rhythmic applause when the sentence was announced, chanting, "Death, death, death!"

*Reporter John Kifner,
New York Times, April 26, 1988*

This is going to be a curse on them [the Jews] and their children and their grandchildren, just as was the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

*Jerome Brentar, leading light
of the Demjanjuk defense effort*

ON APRIL 18, John Demjanjuk of Ohio was convicted in Jerusalem on all four counts: war crimes, crimes against the Jewish people, crimes against humanity, and crimes against persecuted people. On April 25, he was sentenced to death by hanging. The Demjanjuk family's worst nightmares were realized as American newspapers appeared with accusatory headlines conveying this message: IVAN THE TERRIBLE CONVICTED IN ISRAEL OF NAZI WAR CRIMES. An appeal is certain, but whether the impoverished defense can raise the money needed for more than a token effort is doubtful.

Without a miracle of Israeli enlightenment, it appears certain that Demjanjuk will now enter history books as the (imaginary) beast who sliced off Jewish noses and ears, poked out eyes, gouged pregnant women with his bayonet and placed live bodies on burning grills -- when he wasn't busy operating the "Diesel gas chambers" at Treblinka. In such manner he will enter history books, but someday those books will change, because historical

revisionism is already undermining all the major facets of the "Ivan" story.

A fateful, but perhaps inevitable, course was taken early on in the Demjanjuk case, when defense attorneys decided to challenge the defendant's identity as "Ivan" but not the real or unreal acts of the "Ivan" character. The May 1987 issue of *Instauration* described "25 Reasons Why John Demjanjuk Can't Be Treblinka's 'Ivan the Terrible.'" Recent consultations with experts on the case would now call for an update entitled "100 Reasons Why . . ." Equally significant, factual and publishable would be an article, "50 Reasons Why Nobody Could Be Treblinka's 'Ivan the Terrible.'"

Regrettably, this writer, primarily because of space considerations, will only be able to scrape the surface of what Ed Nishnic, Demjanjuk's son-in-law, has described as "the most lopsided case ever conducted anywhere in the world." Demjanjuk supporters maintain files with hundreds of pounds of exonerating documents, and someday books based upon these files will pop up like crocuses on a winter-blasted landscape. Already, two commendable preliminary books have been written by Hans-Peter Rullman of Hamburg and Dieter Lehner of Munich.

One of the principal accusations against the defendant, the "Ivan the gasser" story, was given the lie in the Spring 1984 *Journal of Historical Review*. Friedrich Paul Berg, an engineer and technical writer trained at Columbia University, painstakingly demonstrated that the Diesel engine exhaust allegedly used for purposes of mass murder at Treblinka is the unlikeliest substance imaginable for fatally "gassing" anyone. Yes, *theoretically*, 800,000 Jews could be killed with Diesel exhaust, or by endlessly throwing tennis balls at them, but the difficulties in either case would be staggering -- and pointless, given the ready alternatives. Quite forgotten by the atrocity mongers was the malodorous odor of Diesel fumes. Berg writes:

The intensity of the smell or stench has, no doubt, given rise to the thoroughly false impression that Diesel exhaust must therefore be very harmful. Although Diesel exhaust is not totally harmless it is, in fact, one of the least harmful pollutants anywhere except for some possible long-term carcinogenic effects . . .

It is hard to induce headaches with Diesel exhaust in an enclosed chamber, except over a long period of time. Further, anyone finally killed in this way would have a "cherry red" or "pink" coloring, as the huge toxicological literature shows, not the "blue" coloring described by the "witnesses of Treblinka's gas chambers."

More recently, an American physician with extensive experience in forensic and anatomic pathology found other grave problems with the Treblinka survivors' testimony. Dr. M.J. Dragan, working for the Demjanjuk defense team, noted that the "Diesel gas chamber" cadavers were called, variously, "yellow" or "purple-blue and swollen," but "should have been described as vivid pink or pale pink and looking almost alive and comfortable."

With regard to the world-famous accounts of Ivan slicing off the noses and ears of prisoners with his sword or bayonet, Dr. Dragan stated that these are thrusting or piercing weapons, made of a rather soft metal. Human auricular and nasal cartilages are extremely resistant to cutting, even with straight razors and high-

carbon surgical blades. Vincent Van Gogh made a botched job of his ear, but even he was not "bleeding profusely," as was the supposedly severely dehydrated David Auslander, whom Demjanjuk was accused of hacking. Dehydrated people bleed slowly due to increased blood viscosity. As for the tale of Ivan cutting off women's breasts with "his knife," Dr. Dragan said anyone with experience at the operating and/or dissection table knows,

a woman's breast can be easily slashed or perhaps with due diligence and skill cut off with a high carbon content steel implement, e.g., a surgical blade or a straight razor. However, even a grotesquely strong Ivan would not have been able to cut off the breast of a living and resisting person with "his knife."

Even Shmuel Krakowski, the director of the Yad Vashem Archives, called by the Israeli prosecutor as a witness, admitted that more than half of the "survivor testimonies" in his institute's possession are worthless because of faulty memory (Jerusalem Post, Aug. 17, 1986). A more neutral psychiatric literature suggests an unreliability quotient nearer 90%. Dr. Dragan's conclusion, based on his expert knowledge of this literature, was that "no survivor should be considered as a credible witness unless the Holocaust Survivors Syndrome [the utterly unreliable memory of the average survivor] has been excluded medically prior to his testimony on the witness stand."

Consider the case of Chaim Sztajer, a Treblinka survivor from Melbourne, Australia. He testified in 1980 that "Ivan the Terrible" was really a Chicagoan named Luidas Kairys. But when Sztajer came to Jerusalem during the Demjanjuk trial, he took one look at John Demjanjuk Jr. and changed his mind. Anyone who could produce a son who looked that much like Ivan had to be Ivan, Sztajer now exclaimed. Curiously, John Demjanjuk Jr. does not resemble in the slightest either his father today or his father during World War II! John Sr., even when poorly nourished, was always round-faced and plain; John Jr. has sharp, even handsome features.

What happened to Sztajer was -- charitably -- an attack of Holocaust Survivor Syndrome. Another famous case of HSS was Moshe Mayuni, a Greek Jew now living in Israel, who recently saw Kurt Waldheim's face in a photograph and declared, "I could never forget him!" Waldheim, said Mayuni, was the brutal German who beat the members of his family and confiscated their valuables. Of course, Mayuni had seen Waldheim's face in photos many times before without linking him to the 1944 trauma. It was the new *combined* stimulus of Waldheim's face plus the Holocaust allegations which brought forth the rush of "latent and inappropriate memories."

Once Demjanjuk was publicly identified as the "Ivan" suspect, Treblinka survivors around the world, often with heavy-handed prompting, began projecting their bizarre Holocaust fantasies on him. But as Frank Stiffel, a fair-minded American Jew who escaped in 1942 from Treblinka, noted, those who hoped to survive at the camp generally kept their faces down and avoided direct eye contact. Had he been confronted with his guards *at that time*, Stiffel claimed, he doubted if he could have identified them with certainty.

The curious and characteristic thing about HSS sufferers is that their recollection of details generally *improves* as the decades roll by. Consider Jankiel Wiernik's famous model layouts of Treblinka. Before his death in 1972, Wiernik produced a new, improved and somewhat altered version of the camp about every ten years. Yet Wiernik's last model was blown up as a huge stage prop for the Jerusalem show trial.

Frightened Ukrainians and Frightful Atrocities

Despite the kangaroo nature of Demjanjuk's civil trials in America and the criminal trial in Israel, the defendant might have

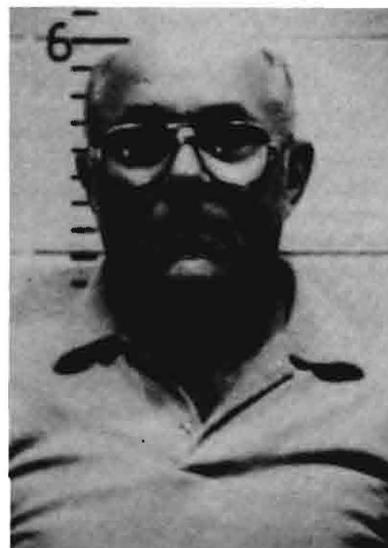
The Faces of John Demjanjuk



In West Germany, 1947



In Cleveland, 1958



In a U.S. jail, 1987

prevailed had he ever had a halfway competent defense team. The sad reality is that his own Ukrainian-American community let him down, with the cowardly Ukrainian lawyers and historians leading the way. Almost nobody wanted to get involved. "Fear of the Jews" is a living reality in the Ukrainian community. Its members will still tell an outsider, once they trust him, that the agents of Stalin who carried out the enforced famine of 1932-33, which killed seven million Ukrainians, were largely KGB goons of the Jewish persuasion. They will also tell you that the several widely reported "Ukrainian massacres of the Jews" in history have been wildly exaggerated. Some are convinced -- perhaps wrongly in the vaunted "American democracy," perhaps not -- that Jews will wreck the careers of the Ukrainian attorney or businessman who defends a "Nazi."

In desperation, the Demjanjucs looked first for a local black attorney, hoping by the display of color-blindness to ingratiate themselves with the liberal-minority Cleveland establishment. Thus they chose one John Martin, and ignored the risk that he might prove to be a complete cretin -- which was indeed the case. Almost as incompetent was his occult-minded successor, Mark O'Connor, whose bungling compromised the defense effort from 1982 until Demjanjuk was on trial in June 1987.

An Israeli named Yorem Sheftel then assumed command of the defense team. To hear the world press tell it, Sheftel is a courageous Jew who risked everything to defend a man whom most of Israeli society had long ago decided was guilty as charged. But to

hear one knowledgeable Ukrainian insider tell it, Sheftel is a brilliant but unethical individual who deliberately sought to win his client an acquittal on the narrowest technical grounds while seeing to it that he remained a monster in the eyes of the vengeful Israelis. According to this critic, among other subtle obstructions of the defense effort, Sheftel kept several useful witnesses from testifying in Demjanjuk's behalf.

Given the extreme hostility of the prosecutors and the awesome bias of the judges, Sheftel's half-hearted defense was the last straw for the accused. Nor were Sheftel's assistants, the soft-spoken American, John Gill, and the Ukrainian-Canadian Paul Chumak, of much help. The latter was presented in January with a key 117-page document in Yiddish, just spirited out of Warsaw. He bothered to translate only half a page, although it was the newly rediscovered 1945 Warsaw testimony of arch-accuser Eliyahu Rosenberg, concerning the wartime death of Ivan the Terrible, which was clearly vital to the defense. (This document, by the way, should not be confused with a second long statement of Rosenberg's regarding Ivan's death, given in Vienna in 1947, and known to the Demjanjuk defense team for some time.) As late as 1961, Rosenberg was publicly stating that Ivan had been "killed" in a 1943 revolt at Treblinka. It was only in 1964, he says, that he decided his imagination had gotten the best of him -- on the matter of Ivan's demise.

To understand the Demjanjuk trials, one should appreciate that three levels of expertise existed in the defendant's camp. On the inside, with the best access to the accused, particularly in his Israeli cell, were the various attorneys -- most of them weirdos, time-serving incompetents and unethical self-promoters. A second circle consisted of close family members and friends such as son-in-law Ed Nishnic, who were masterful at raising funds (\$700,000 in donations), and generally knew as much about the case as did the lawyers. But they knew a lot less than did a third, outer circle of key supporters who were constantly trying to get past mediator Nishnic so as to directly influence the attorneys' conduct of the trial. The third circle would tell Nishnic that O'Connor simply had to go. But almost one whole year went by before O'Connor was sacked. There were many other examples of procrastination and mixed signals.

Tolstoy Tolls a Warning Bell

An important piece of writing emerged from the Demjanjuk trial -- Count Nikolai Tolstoy's "J'accuse!" in the London Sunday Telegraph (December 13, 1987). Tolstoy, like American political pundit Patrick Buchanan and others, compared Demjanjuk's case to that of the Jewish Captain Alfred Dreyfus in turn-of-the-century France. Four days on the witness stand taught Tolstoy just how vicious Israeli "justice" could be. The three areas of evidence on which he was called to testify were the validity of Demjanjuk's alibi for the war years, the alleged "SS identity card" (see next page) which the Soviets had produced for Demjanjuk, and the postwar forced repatriation of Soviet citizens, which Demjanjuk had escaped by lying about his past to Allied investigators.

Tolstoy was brilliant in his support for Demjanjuk's undeniably vague and confused alibi. He explained in detail, "[W]hy I believed that Demjanjuk's story was both internally consistent and, insofar as it could be checked, reflected larger historical events." On the matter of the notorious "ID card" for the SS training camp at Trawniki, Tolstoy was solid if unoriginal, pointing to the dozens of orthographical and other errors which so many experts have described. In his third area of expertise, forced repatriation, Tolstoy, the author of two books on the subject, was again up to form. He gave scholarly support to Demjanjuk's contentions that he had been compelled to lie by the deadly realities of the "Operation Keelhaul" days. Tolstoy had no trouble showing that "Soviet refugees in 1948 had every reason to sustain the liveliest fear" of

forceful repatriation to the land of the Gulags.

The Israelis put four alleged "experts" on the stand to question Demjanjuk's wartime alibi and his postwar need to lie about his WWII experiences. As Tolstoy painstakingly demonstrated, it was Demjanjuk's simple, uncoached answers to questions, and not the experts' contrary versions, which reflected the realities of wartime. Demjanjuk had stuck to his guns, noted Tolstoy, "despite the strongest [courtroom] inducement to tailor his story to what appeared to be the facts."

It was only under cross-examination that Tolstoy fully learned what legal tricks the Israeli prosecutors and judges were willing to play. Rather than meet his arguments directly, counsel Yona Blattman invented from whole cloth a Nikolai Tolstoy who was a pogrom-loving neo-Nazi. When the exasperated Tolstoy's complaints to the three-judge panel had little effect, he threatened to leave, but was warned that by doing so he would cause all his testimony to be stricken from the record. When his ordeal was finally over, Tolstoy "departed for home deeply depressed." Later, in a series of newspaper articles, he exposed the travesty of Israeli justice to the British public.

Some observers believe that Tolstoy's testimony last fall was the high point of the trial. Though his testimony was often collateral or ancillary in nature, Tolstoy was the first defense witness with the gumption to stand up to the prosecution's bullying. Preceding his appearance on the stand, one witness had suffered a nervous breakdown, and another had attempted suicide, largely because of the brutal cross-examination of the Israeli lawyers. Tolstoy also proved that Demjanjuk, confused though he certainly was -- due to the passage of time and the poor legal strategy adopted by his attorneys -- did not lie, and that it was the Jewish historians whose testimony was either incompetent or prevaricating.

Silenced Voices

Tolstoy had a forum, limited though it was, but many other potential defense witnesses were shut out entirely. In the ranks of the silenced was one W. Dubovec of Passaic (NJ), Demjanjuk's captain in a platoon of General Andrei A. Vlasov's ROA (Russian Liberation Army), who remembered the accused from anti-Communist days spent together in wartime Austria. Dubovec's memory for details, unlike Demjanjuk's, was called "superbly accurate," and there were no major inconsistencies in his recounting of the times he was with Demjanjuk. A lieutenant from the same platoon, who now lives in the New York area, also ran into Demjanjuk in WWII. Both men were fearful of testifying in Jerusalem because they too had lied to win admittance to the United States. Yet one or both might have agreed to risk everything for Demjanjuk if the defense team had not behaved so rudely toward them. The significance of their testimony is that Vlasov's ROA had a strict policy of not admitting to its ranks anyone who had worked for the Germans in any concentration camp. Thus, proof of Demjanjuk's ROA membership might have helped to sway even bigoted minds.

Kurt Franz, today a prisoner in Düsseldorf, should also have been called by the defense. As the second-in-command at Treblinka and the leader of the guard unit there, he knew that the real "Ivan" was fortyish, not twentyish, and was nothing like the "Ivan the Terrible" of survivors' nightmares. Since Franz is serving a life sentence, and might have expected a break had he told the authorities what they wanted to hear about so critical a case, his refusal to identify Demjanjuk as Ivan, or to acknowledge as genuine the Soviet-supplied "Trawniki ID card," is noteworthy. Indeed, no Treblinka staffer, dead or living, has ever implicated Demjanjuk in any way.

In addition to Dubovec and Franz, other uninvited witnesses included:

- J. Parakhuniak of Astoria (NY). Like Demjanjuk, he was a

survivor of the Cholm POW labor camp. He never met Demjanjuk at Cholm, but was willing to go to Jerusalem to testify that Demjanjuk's account of life in the Nazi camp, contested by certain "experts," was accurate.

- Nicholas Nasadiuk, an attorney from Montreal, whose testimony about Demjanjuk's notorious wartime tattoo would have mentioned that guards at the Nazi camps did *not* have them, for which reason its presence was an exonerating, not an incriminating, fact. (On the other hand, many Ukrainian *civilians* have such tattoos.)

- Greg Pomeroy, the defense attorney in the Feodor Fedorenko trial in Florida, who would have testified about the unreliability of certain of the "professional survivors" who appeared both there and in Jerusalem.

- Goetz Polzien, a West German lawyer who, while allowed to testify on other matters, was prevented from addressing the parallel case of Chicagoan Frank Walus, the man who, through orchestrated false witnesses, was convicted of being a "major war criminal" before wartime associates cleared him with an ironclad alibi.

- Joaquín García Rives, the last known Spanish survivor of Treblinka, who remembers an "Ivan" who, when in his forties in 1943, was killed by a fellow prisoner. Though García Rives is himself a confused sufferer from advanced HSS, he is well-meaning and should have been brought forward to counter the malevolent witnesses who are mortally infected with the disease.

- Former Treblinka inmates Eugenia Samuel and Josef Wujek, both of Poland, who found no resemblance between Demjanjuk and the "Ivan" whom they remembered, but were forbidden visas to leave their country and testify.

- Jonathan Ramsey, a New England physician, whose manuscript, "The Case of the Missing Hyphen," summarizes many of the facts concerning the superiority of Western commercial faking of Nazi seals and documents to the incompetent bureaucratic efforts of the KGB.

- Various Israeli Jews, described by the Washington Post (Aug. 17, 1987) as being "fearful" of testifying in Demjanjuk's behalf. Some were said to believe they would have to be buried abroad if they spoke up for the accused.

- Archives, kept under lock in Warsaw and Koblenz, West Germany, and cited by Demjanjuk's son as "critical" to his father's exoneration. Yet the Jerusalem judges, as well as Yorem Sheftel, declined to ask that these files be opened for examination by the defense.

In several of these cases, the blame lies squarely on the prosecution; in others, the defense must be faulted; and, in still others, the locus of blame is complex or unclear. Malice is sometimes involved, though bungling also figures in the equation. This much is indisputable: many good people who should have come to Jerusalem and spoken up for Demjanjuk did not.

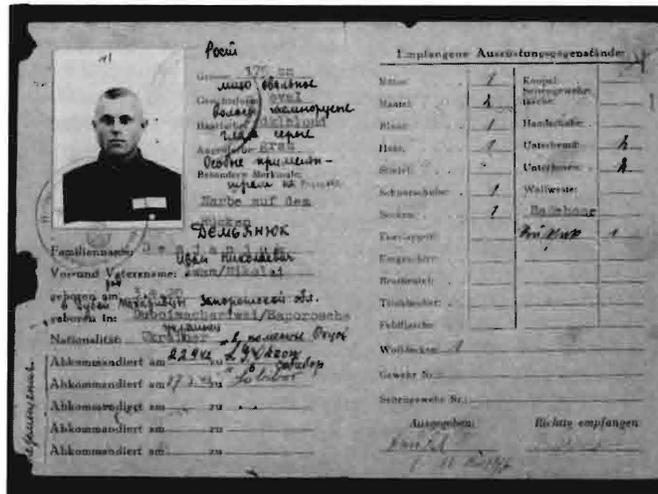
Message from the Russians?

With or without the key witnesses, even Judge Lynch might have acquitted Demjanjuk, given that the one and only piece of alleged documentary evidence against him, the ID card from the Trawniki SS training camp, was so transparently bogus. As Instauration (May 1987) noted:

Molod Ukrainy (Ukrainian Youth, circulation 1,000,000) contained an article (April 30, 1986) which obliterated any lingering credibility of the Trawniki ID card. It came to the defense's attention only because one Taras Hunczak, a professor of history at Rutgers University, spotted it as recently as last December. The Ukrainian article continued to place Demjanjuk at Sobibor rather than Treblinka, and, more importantly, displayed a different version of the ID card! The photo on the card is of a different man, and it appears on the opposite side of the card. Yet the two cards are supposed to be one and the same!

How in the world can the Soviets go on calling the man a guard at Sobibor, even as the Israelis continue to brand him "Ivan of Treblinka"? The Alice in Wonderland situation -- the greater the contradiction, the more it persists -- seems completely mad.

"Both nations have incredible chutzpah," said one non-Jewish trial observer. Reflecting further, he noted that the Soviets have actually said nothing about Demjanjuk for the past two years, since the revelations in Molod Ukrainy. The only thing resembling a Soviet statement during this time was the convenient appearance, in Israel last August, of three more Soviet-held "Trawniki ID cards," resembling the original Demjanjuk one, not the later version. ("Convenient" because the Demjanjuk defense had been loudly complaining that his ID card was one of a kind.) The cards, by the way, were flown in on Armand Hammer's private jet.



The ID card never mentioned Treblinka

The first of the two Demjanjuk IDs has the Ohioan's head sitting on top of a strange uniform -- but the crudity of the paste-on job is obvious. Demjanjuk's youthful face is lighted from above. The uniformed body beneath it -- obviously belonging to someone else -- is lighted from the left, and casts horizontal shadows. There is also something like a scar visible on the subject's neck, and Demjanjuk has no such "scar." As also pointed out in Instauration (May 1987), the alleged ID card contains errors of German spelling and word usage, a false height for its bearer, alterations and signs of tampering, plus other oddities.

Dr. Julius Grant, a British Jew who has written 28 books on forensic science, appeared in Demjanjuk's defense and declared his near certainty that the signature on the ID card was a forgery. Grant also noted that the card's paper was partly made of rags, a material so scarce during WWII that it "was hoarded like gold."

Equally curious is how Demjanjuk's card managed to survive. Experts told the court that carriers of such cards generally burned them after Germany lost the war, for obvious reasons. The Soviets have never offered any explanation of how Demjanjuk might have lost his card or where it was found.

Another point to consider: Demjanjuk might well have been executed by the Germans had they found him carrying so blatant a forgery. A special department of the Gestapo had the job of uncovering such frauds, which were usually the work of partisans, and summary execution was the penalty for those caught.

The Skull-Cracking Christian

In their verdict, the judges ruled that "eyewitnesses" Pinchas Epstein, Josef Czarny and Yechiel Reichman were especially credible. Credible? Here are a few excerpts from their testimony:

Epstein: "He would crack skulls, cut off ears. Eyes were gouged,

pregnant women were stabbed in the abdomen" (USA Today). "He would crack skulls and cut off ears and commit the most indescribable atrocities on the corpses." He'd also place live old women and newborns onto a fiery grill (New York Times). "Ivan split one head after another . . ." (New York Post).

Josef Czarny was singled out by Judge Norman Roettger, in the Florida Fedorenko case, as the most deplorable of the professional Treblinka survivors, a man who "would become more theatrical when he was aware the court was watching him closely." In Jerusalem, Czarny told of a "large vicious dog with brown spots" named Bari, who "had been trained to snap off genitals." As the Providence Journal-Bulletin reported (March 3, 1987):

A German guard "would call to his dog and point at someone and the dog would tear off the sexual organ, and the blood would flow all over the place. Can anyone understand this?" Czarny said, pulling out a handkerchief.

Czarny flashed a desperate look at Demjanjuk . . . and told the court the defendant killed his family.

"Why did you murder them?" the prosecution witness screamed. "What did they do to you? Why did you murder them? Why? Why?"

With his voice rising to the point that his testimony was almost unintelligible, Czarny apologized for losing control of himself.

"I am in Treblinka now," Czarny said through muffled sobs.

He halted his testimony for five minutes, weeping constantly.

"I'm sorry, your honor, but you must understand, I'm reliving Treblinka right now," said Czarny . . .

It is doubtful if one reader in ten thousand of this account knew about the American judge's assessment of Czarny.

"I am in Treblinka now," said Czarny -- and, indeed, many prominent Jews are determined that their people must Never Again leave the sacred precinct of the "gas chambers." Consider the words of Judge Dov Levin, read by Judge Zwi Tal at the death-sentencing on April 25:

[For Demjanjuk's crimes] there can eternally be no forgiveness -- no forgiveness in the law, nor forgiveness in the heart.

We must look upon these crimes as beyond time, as if Treblinka still existed and Jews in their tens of thousands were still being asphyxiated and crying out from torn lungs . . .

Ivan the Terrible still stands and poisons, stands and stabs, neither respecting the face of the old nor sparing the young. He slices off breasts, cuts open stomachs, shoots a boy, drills into living flesh.

Perhaps only a Howard F. Stein can make sense of this. He's the Jewish shrink who says that Judaism, in essence, is now and has always been a "group fantasy" of collective persecution. (See the Journal of Psychohistory, Fall 1978.)

By the judges' own peculiar logic, their heartless verdict will "continue to live" forevermore. An unforgetting, unforgiving people must, it would seem, finally produce the same mentality in others. If the trial and crucifixion of Christ could haunt the Jews for generations, perhaps Jerome Brentar is right to believe that the trial and hanging of Demjanjuk, the railroaded Christian, will produce a similar "curse" on his people.

The Buddha in the Circus

An Israeli Holocaust expert recently published a book about Treblinka and other camps and inserted the name "Demjanjuk" in the midst of old survivor testimony where only the name "Ivan" had appeared previously. Actually, there is no mention *anywhere* of "Demjanjuk" in original Treblinka memoirs, and virtually no mention of any "Ivan," "Terrible" or otherwise. A rare exception is the testimony of Jankiel Wiernik, the disturbed carpenter, who built the various models of Treblinka and claimed that "Ivan would nail our ears to the wall." He also said that Germans would

"tear a child in half" with their hands and use a woman's body for "kindling." Yet the delusional Wiernik was only a Little Liar.

The Big Liars in "Shoah business" are identified by their utter lack of concern about the origins of the scorching allegations. The same New York Times, which lately has been absolving all those kindly Jewish Bolsheviks sentenced to death in Stalin's show trials in the 30s, was not disturbed that the semi-secret deal between the Soviet KGB and the American OSI that launched today's Great Nazi Hunt was negotiated with none other than Roman Rudenko as the Soviet representative -- i.e., the same Roman Rudenko of Moscow show-trial infamy! It was the American Communist Michael Hanusiak whose pro-Soviet News from Ukraine, in 1975, first named the American and Ukraine patriot John Demjanjuk as a "war criminal," thereby, with additional prompting, stirring up the imaginations of all the Little Liars.

To the ranks of the Big Liars may now be added Demjanjuk's onetime lawyer, Mark O'Connor. On April 19, he told his hometown Buffalo News that his former client "could not have had a fairer trial" and "received as fair a trial as he could have gotten anywhere in the world." O'Connor said this *after* the court, in its verdict, had declared the surrealistic Trawniki ID card to be authentic!

A later member of Demjanjuk's defense team, attorney John Gill, says O'Connor should be disbarred because in five years he never found one usable witness for his client. Gill's own reaction to the verdict: "My God in heaven, according to the judges we didn't do anything right. They ruled against us on every single point." But O'Connor, apparently still seething over his dismissal, will long be quoted as the "defense attorney" who "admitted" that Demjanjuk "could not have had a fairer trial." (O'Connor also ominously noted that the Jerusalem trial record will be used as a major precedent in international law.)

The "fairness" of Demjanjuk's trial was not apparent to James Travers, the Montreal Gazette reporter who, last December 3, described a circus-like atmosphere of hectoring defense witnesses and lawyers harassed by the bench and openly threatened from the galleries. "Constant hysteria" is the way another observer described it. Even the Washington Post (Aug. 17, 1987) noted that "Americans at the trial, including attorneys . . . expressed shock last week" at the judicial conduct. Nor should one forget the harsh verdict of Nikolai Tolstoy.

Remarkably, the accused and his family seldom lost their cool. Demjanjuk's "Buddha-like calm" attracted the interest of the Washington Jewish Week (March 5, 1987): "He sits impassively, almost never reacting to the testimony against him, his large, bald face almost stupid in its calmness."

Though he blew up on rare occasions, Demjanjuk did most of his emoting in private. With his family in his cell, he wept freely. His closest relatives have taken the long ordeal very hard.

No priest was allowed to see the prisoner for two years, and he was watched around the clock by three guards and a TV camera. Communications were restricted at first, but for the past year Demjanjuk has been able to write uncensored letters, whose contents have been too kind to his captors.

The final word concerning the earthly fate of John Demjanjuk -- unless his appeal should succeed -- was spoken by Dov Levin, the trial's chief judge. During World War II, Levin belonged to Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's terrorist outfit, the Lehi/Stern Gang -- which took the initiative in pursuing Jewish collaboration with the Nazis and which committed crimes against innocent Palestinians that would make Ivan the Terrible, whoever he might have been, shudder. Shamir gave his old fellow murderer a boost -- and further fueled the trial's emotion -- when he appeared among the spectators near the start of the proceedings.

THE ASIANS ARE "GRINDING" US UNDER

IN HIS ESSAY, "On the Ignorance of the Learned," William Hazlitt skewers the sort of young man known today as a "grind." The "idler at school," he writes, is often the man of high spirits and a fuller vision, while the plodding scholar may only be he who lacks "sufficient relish or amusement in other things." Overstating the case a bit, Hazlitt suggests that "what passes for stupidity is much oftener a want of interest, or a sufficient motive to fix the attention and force a reluctant application to the dry and unmeaning pursuits of school-learning. The best capacities are as much above this drudgery as the dullest are beneath it." The author cites Shakespeare, Thomas Gray and William Collins as fine specimens of the "wayward," imaginative, unscholastic type, and sums up his case with a line of poetry: "Th' enthusiast Fancy was a truant ever."

Few would have predicted that the status of "grind" would suddenly become a red-hot political issue on campuses across America. But the massive East Asian immigration of the past 25 years has made it exactly that. Though Asians comprise barely 2% of the nation's college-age population, they already constitute 11% of the collective freshmen classes in the Ivy League, and 26% of the freshman class at Berkeley. Brains and selective immigration have had something to do with the trend. But so, to put it crudely but correctly, has *Asian nerdiness*. It was no accident that the movie, *Revenge of the Nerds*, featured large Asian and Jewish nerd contingents.

With all due respect (and a lot is due), few Asian Americans are exactly "big wheels on campus." One result of this is evident every Saturday night in college libraries from coast to coast. While white students are out enjoying those "high spirits" which Hazlitt praised, many of the Asians -- much like the nice sort of girl who always excelled in penmanship -- are obediently performing every last jot of work the professor assigned them. White students used to be (and usually still are) taunted mercilessly for this sort of bland conformism to educational authority. Yellow students generally get away with it. "After all, they're only gooks." The racial double standard that makes Asian but not white nerdiness "acceptable" permeates the groves of academe.

It's become a hot issue because Asian-American activists are now demanding that even more Orientals be let into the elite schools, and not held back because of their lack of extracurricular activities and "well-roundedness." When it comes to Asians, test scores should be the decisive factor, say men like Stephen Ho of the Chinese-American Legal Defense Fund and Henry Der of Chinese for Affirmative Action. Der's use of the term "affirmative action" is highly ironic (though he doesn't see it) because it is here being used to mean the precise opposite of what blacks and Hispanics intend. Logically, it is whites who could well demand "affirmative action" in the Ivy League to reduce the Asian quota from 11% toward 2%. But Der uses

it while calling for raising Asians from 11% toward 20%.

Both Der and Ho are truly malevolent. New to this country, in which they have flourished enormously, they both insist that the "real competition" for university places is between Asians and whites, not between Asians and blacks or Hispanics. Both are all in favor of "dummy" quotas for blacks and Hispanics and "smarty" quotas for their own kind. Squeeze the pathetic honkies at both ends is their credo -- though, of course, they express it more discreetly.

For decades, all we heard was that white "grinds" were a relatively worthless lot and should step aside for those "well-rounded" blacks who could fight, dance and dribble a basketball at the same time. Yale psychologist Robert J. Sternberg has even developed an elaborate, widely publicized but utterly phony theory of "intelligence" which declares "street-smarts" to be the intellectual equal of abstract reasoning ability or IQ. (Needless to say, Sternberg blithely ignores "farm-smarts" or "forest-smarts.") In recent years even the least trace of "grindness" was treated by admissions officers like the eighth deadly sin. By assuming that attitude, they "just happened" to boost the prospects of blacks and Hispanics who could sing in a glee club but could not handle calculus.

What's good enough for John White should be good enough for Charlie Chang. But now it's "here come the angry Asians" and our educational establishment's methods of judging student worth are in danger of being thrown 180° into reverse. Meanwhile, the free-riding blacks and Hispanics aren't loosening their grip from below.

Fantastic as it seems, whites will almost certainly end up with the worst of it at both ends. For, as Der and Ho insist, the "real competition" cannot be between Asians and blacks/Hispanics. It must be between (a) Asian supergrinds and well-rounded whites (favoring the former), and (b) white grinds and "well-rounded" blacks/Hispanics (favoring the latter).

At some Ivy League schools, the percentage of Majority males in the student body has collapsed from 80 or 90% to about 20% in a single generation. The Ders and Hos have joined the other minority sharks in their feeding frenzy. They want their share of the last 20%.

Ponderable Quote

Israel should bar the media from entry into the territories involved in the present demonstrations, accept the short-term criticism of the world press for such conduct, and put down the insurrection as quickly as possible -- overwhelmingly, brutally and rapidly.

Henry Kissinger, in a private meeting with prominent American Jews, February 1987

Uncovering the Black-on-White Crime Cover-Up

One of the worst deceptions in the deceptive web spun by the media and the political establishment to entangle a bemused and confused Majority in their not-too-hidden agenda of equalitarianism and antiwhite racism is the old wives' tale that U.S. crime is intraracial. Blacks concentrate on robbing, killing and raping blacks, we are told, and whites rob, rape and kill whites. In other words, crime is supposed to remain within the racial parameters of the criminals. It does in the case of whites. It definitely strays out of bounds in the case of blacks.

The way to get to the truth about racial crime would be to have the FBI or Justice Department list the number of crimes that blacks commit against whites and vice versa. But the government, though it has access to these figures, refuses to do this. If it did, the Majority's cataracts would be excised and the war blacks are waging against whites would come into clear view.

Criminologists and social scientists who write books on crime maintain the same stony silence on this matter as the government and repeat the same tired clichés. They know that if they should ever dig into the subject and report what they find, their careers would be in jeopardy.

Back in May 1984, Instauraton, by deciphering some Justice Department data and using racial identifications supplied by victim surveys, arrived at some astonishing

figures that showed a significant racial correlation in American wrongdoing.

Now, four years after the publication of Instauraton's article, and using the same mathematical detective work, a professor with late-blooming courage (which is better than no courage at all) has written a book that attacks black-on-white crime with that all but lost and forgotten virtue known as academic honesty.

In his book, *The Myth of a Racist Criminal Justice System*, Professor William Wilbanks of Florida International University, has not only put black crime under the microscope of thorough-going scholarship, but he has laid to rest, once and for all, the mountainous and baseless charges of racism against the criminal justice system by liberal-minority flacks. Wilbanks shows that police, judges, juries and prison wardens and guards often go out of their way to give blacks a break, if only to avoid being branded with the indelible stigma of racism.

But more important and more damning are Wilbanks's figures. He found that, in the years 1979 and 1981, 55.2% of black

crimes were committed against whites. The other numbers he comes up with (see box) demonstrate clearly that the racism most prevalent in the United States is black, not white.

Wilbanks's book should have been titled or at least subtitled, *The Racial Crime Cover-Up*. In recent times we've lived through busing cover-ups, Chappaquiddick cover-ups, Watergate cover-ups and Iran-Contra cover-ups, but nothing approaches the government's and the media's deliberate concealment of the extent of criminal acts perpetrated by blacks on whites. One reading of Wilbanks's book and Majority members can hardly fail to recognize the life-threatening situation they are facing on an almost daily basis. The argument that the contemporary crime wave affects all races equally no longer holds. What is really going on is a percolating race war against whites.

The *Myth of a Racist Criminal Justice System* can be obtained by writing Brooks/Cole Publishing Co., Monterey, CA 93940. Price is \$15.75 plus postage.

	Assaults 1981	Robberies 1981	Rapes 1981
Black-on-white	410,280	201,744	27,950
Black-on-black	382,000	113,760	19,764
White-on-white	578,452	225,094	92,560
White-on-black	70,984	20,304	5,346

Goings-On in America's Onetime Athens

Boston, like the nation, cannot rid itself of deep and enduring racial tensions. Each day, picking up the generally conservative Boston Herald, one reads of new complexities, difficulties and incidents related either explicitly or implicitly to race. Race is always there, behind the scenes, beneath the surface. People avoid discussing it and the local pols dance endlessly around it. But it's there. Boston has never gotten over the forced busing and racial confrontations of the 70s and its school system has not been able to overcome large-scale white flight. What is new is that racial tensions have again been stirred up due to three isolated events widely publicized by the media establishment.

Boston now has its very own Howard Beach. As Joe Sobran has said, an incident or an individual is deemed racist if the opinion cartel declares it or him so. Well,

the reigning pundits in Boston have had a veritable field day over a recent seemingly mild altercation between blacks and whites in the city.

It started when a group of young whites got into a fight with some blacks and chased them into the nearest subway stop in Dorchester, a predominantly black section of the city. The blacks claimed the whites used clubs and sticks. The incident was deemed racist and promptly assigned to the newly established police division that investigates racial crimes. The Mayor expressed his outrage and promised that the whites would receive the toughest prosecution possible under the law. The pundits cheered, especially when it was announced that a special prosecutor would be appointed. All this over one small gang fight with no significant injuries. Come on, guys, what about black-on-white crime in

the city, and the countless, daily car thefts by Negroes and Hispanics? What about the Boston University female jogger raped last year by a black in the Fenway? These crimes were not defined as racist only because the pundits and pols pushed them under the rug. Black-on-white crime never, never has racial underpinnings.

Another event which has stirred the fires of racism is the recently announced federal order to desegregate the all-white South Boston housing projects. The city, urged on by an all-powerful federal government, is determined to disrupt one of the few true communities left in Boston, all in the name of some supposedly higher or more noble goal. The citizens of South Boston are soundly against the government ukase. They obviously fear a rise in crime and violence in their community and have not been afraid to speak out about it. I, for one,

would not want to be the first black to move into this powder keg. Yet the city is pushing and pushing, convinced more than ever that it occupies the high moral ground. Opponents are obviously bigots and racists. If all this seems very familiar, Mayor Ray Flynn's role in the proceedings also gives one a distinct sense of déjà vu.

Mayor Flynn is a politician who prides himself on his working-class Southie roots. He grew up in South Boston and he and his family reside in the all-white district. The Irish working people who are his neighbors are primarily responsible for Flynn's success in politics and his swift rise to prominence. In the last election, however, Flynn won practically every district of the city except South Boston. Urged on by Jews and blacks in City Hall, Flynn, like so many

other white ethnic politicians, abandoned his own people.

The residents of South Boston know a traitor when they see one. It brings back memories of the Senior Senator from Massachusetts, who was heckled, jeered and forced from the podium during a speech advocating forced busing more than a decade ago. While Teddy was demanding that his Irish kith and kin send their boys and girls to school with Negroes, he had enrolled his progeny in exclusive, predominantly white prep schools. Both Kennedy and Flynn, to put it bluntly, are racial renegades.

The last incident in this series of events which has bounced race back again into Boston headlines is a new attempt by the city fathers to open up Boston's staid pri-

vate clubs to women and minorities. It now looks as if the city will revoke the liquor licenses of clubs which do not comply with civil rights laws and equal opportunity regulations. The Liquor Control Board, headed by an outspoken Jewess, is determined to batter down the clubs' right to choose their members -- one of the last redoubts of Yankee WASPdom.

Whites in Boston and elsewhere have come to believe it is useless and futile to resist the powers that be. We fear being labeled racist or worse. This denigrating process will continue until the Majority has the will to stand up to this blatant injustice. Like most other American whites, we Bostonians will go on being stepped on and ground down until we gather the courage to fight back.

The Jewish Scrubbing Industry

"Pardons by the Bushel" in the February Inklings, tickled my fancy. I'd like to expand on it.

The pages of the New York Times are increasingly filled with articles pertaining to the ongoing Soviet rehabilitation of the Jewish "purge victims" of the 1930s. A poem honoring that noble liberal, Nikolai Bukharin, was even printed in translation on January 19!

On January 7, the same paper interviewed a California philosophy professor who understands how the game is played: "Usually, American students . . . believe that Marxism has been abandoned by the Soviet Union and thus the Soviets aren't really such a great danger. I teach just the opposite," stated Ivan Svitak, who thinks that the Soviets today are a great danger because they have indeed strayed from the beneficent Herr Marx's doctrines.

Meanwhile, the East Germans are promising to make war reparations to the Jews, and the Poles are begging Israel for forgiveness for the (overdue) anti-Semitic wave which hit Warsaw in 1968-69.

The demi-Jew, Richard Grenier, ended a recent Washington Times movie review with this quip:

Another curiosity is that *Wall Street* is the first Hollywood film to have a Jewish villain. But can a Jew be really all bad? It makes you think.

It's no miracle, really. A simple scientific explanation suffices. The Jewish people happen to include perhaps 10,000 or so profoundly committed writers who labor night and day in all of the major white countries to keep history -- especially current history -- scrubbed squeaky-clean of Jewish villains. The 10,000 are not only

committed, but mentally organized, which is to say, able and willing to maintain extensive and accessible files of pertinent information. Just look at the Wallace/Wallechinsky family's three *People's Almanacs*, or the endless Jewish-compiled books of "lists" which are constantly appearing, if you question Jewish mental organization. (Where is the *first* almanac or book of lists for our crowd?)

As Inklings stated, "A few more centuries [like ours] and there won't be many Jewish criminals left in the history books." That future is now. Find me more than one or two clear-cut modern Jewish villains in the encyclopedia entries of today. Even the old Jewish bad guys in the Bible are being decriminalized. I have the documentation to show that plenty of such 19th-century villains existed, but it seems that only the Jewish breed of moneybags has the common or uncommon sense to realize that funding ethnocentric scholarship pays vast dividends in the present undeclared race war. Our own ethnocentric fatcats almost invariably fund the tub-thumpers, who just

as invariably leave nary a lingering trace behind when their particular tub has tipped over. Scholarship endures -- but our race's scholarly defenders are starving.

So count on a lot more Jewish saints and Majority villains in the decades ahead. The facts needed to effectively refute such characterizations exist in abundance -- in the form of newspaper clippings and other "establishment" sources. But such loose scraps of information can never enter the history books without an intermediate, labor-intensive step involving intelligent sorting, filing and compiling on a vast scale. At best, 1% of our side's job is now being done. I know for certain that we have a lot of the brains and energy called for -- and I also know that most of our talent is going unused for lack of intelligent funding of the right people. (The wrong people are doing much better.) It seems that our rich simply lack the long-range good judgment of their rich. So Jewish saints and goyish villains is what it will continue to be. A race gets what it pays for.

Ponderable Quote

It's a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years -- not in the life of most men who read this -- has there been so much grave and deep apprehension, never has the future seemed as incalculable as at this time. In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty. Russia hangs as usual like a cloud, dark and silent upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried. It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel indifferent -- which happily no man pretends to feel -- in the issue of events. Of our own troubles in America, no man can see the end.

Editorial from Harper's Weekly,
Oct. 10, 1857



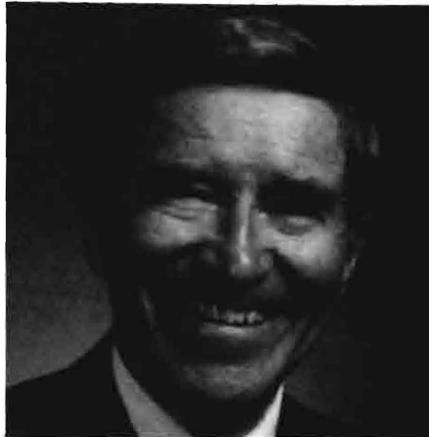
Democracy at Work in Arizona

In January 1987, Republican maverick Evan Mecham, a millionaire Pontiac dealer with a weakness for politics, was inaugurated as governor of Arizona. A member of that uninspiring species known as economic conservatives, Mecham was a WWII fighter pilot shot down and nabbed by the Germans. Elected governor, he took a flyer in a far less popular type of conservatism -- the cultural kind. The 62-year-old Mecham rescinded Arizona's Martin Luther King holiday that, against the wishes of the state legislature, had been proclaimed by Bruce Babbitt, the outgoing Democratic governor, in order to get blacks in the mood to support his rather unprofitable (as it turned out) race for the Democratic presidential nomination. This arbitrary use of power by a pandering liberal politico raised practically no hackles at the time. Scads of hackles, however, were raised when Mecham stuck to the letter and spirit of the law, and to his campaign promise, by remanding the King holiday decision to the state legislature, as the Arizona constitution required.

The media wrote up the rejection of King Day as if it were a mass lynching bee that augured the return of the state's relatively small black population (3%) to slavery. The liberal-minority coalition, not only in Arizona but nationwide, now had a cause right up its alley -- a clawing, clangorous crusade against a white racist governor. Fittingly, the chief crusader was a homosexual -- Ed Buck (Edward Buckmelter at birth), a male model who was once indicted for using a forged prescription to purchase drugs at a pharmacy. During the course of his get-Ev campaign, Buck had an altercation with a black policeman, whom he called a "fascist baboon." Questioned about the remark by a reporter, Buck sought forgiveness by saying, "I've slept with more black men than you've shaken hands with." Such is the man the media compared favorably to Mecham, whose 43-year marriage has produced seven children and 18 grandchildren.

Unskilled in the cloacal ways of contemporary American racial politics, Mecham fell into trap after trap as the press kept needling him. He announced he was being hounded by "a band of homosexuals." He remembered that in the old days it was not an ethnic slur to call Negro children "pick-aninnies." He enthused about Japanese getting "round eyes" when he told them about Arizona's multitude of golf courses. He let it be known that in the U.S., "Jesus Christ is the Lord of the land," which angered those lordlier lords, the Jews, and he made a couple of questionable appoint-

ments. He didn't realize until too late that it was impossible to fight back against his accusers because minority members, fags and white trucklers are uncrucible as such. He couldn't play his enemies' games by calling them racists, because that would make him a racist twice over. He also didn't realize until too late that in these obsessive times, the only way a public figure can respond to a charge of racism is to apologize and beg forgiveness from the racists who are calling him a racist.



Ex-Governor Ev

Mecham eventually tried to make some amends by proclaiming the third Sunday in January as a King holiday. But it wouldn't have been a paid holiday, and anyway the penance was too little and too late. He began to visit black churches and Jewish synagogues. All to no avail. The drug runners, the porn kings, the Arizona Republican establishment (which has close ties to mobsters), the Arizona Democratic machine, the Phoenix and Tucson newspapers and the New York-Washington media were out to get him -- and they did. More than enough signatures were obtained for a recall election. Impeachment proceedings were initiated by the Arizona House, and the Senate convicted him in the impeachment trial. Removed as governor, he was replaced by Rose Mofford, a platinum-haired Democratic wheelmare as heavily mascaraed as Tammy Bakker. Mofford herself has been negligent and omissive in filling out her own financial forms, but nothing, of course, will be done about this, especially after she made Andrew Hurwitz her chief aide and after she had called for the reimposition of the King holiday.

Meantime, a grand jury had indicted Mecham for improper itemization of a \$350,000 loan at 10% interest from a Jewish building contractor currently on trial for misuse of \$368 million worth of bonds for low-income housing. This charge, plus loaning \$80,000 of his inaugural funds to his own car agency, which was promptly

repaid with interest, and for sidelining the investigation of a death threat uttered by one of his supporters was the basis of the impeachment proceedings. The final blows came when the Arizona Supreme Court nixed the recall election, and 22 cars and three buildings of Mecham's Pontiac agency in a Phoenix suburb were vandalized.

Today, Mecham is in court being tried on six felony charges. If convicted on all counts, he can be sent to prison for 23 years. Without anyone being allowed to vote on the matter, without a recall election, with a governor removed by selective prosecution so noxiously ideological that even the ACLU raised some objections about it, Arizona citizens, who chose a Republican in the 1986 gubernatorial election, have ended up with an appointed Democratic captain of its ship of state, who will serve more of Mecham's four-year term than he did.

So goes the democratic process in Arizona.

Meese's Low Society

How much use should we have for a politician who borrows \$350,000 from a law-skirting Jew at 10% interest or at any usurious or non-usurious rate? How will that indebted pol act when the time comes, as it surely will, to raise America's annual tribute to Israel from \$3 to \$4 billion? Putting aside the financial obligations to a character like Barry Wolfson, we should retain an ounce or two of sympathy for Evan Mecham. Though not many of his friends are our friends, his enemies are our enemies.

We had the same mixed feelings about Nixon and have them about Edwin Meese III. Apparently the Attorney General couldn't take a walk in Lafayette Park without the advice and consent of his bosom pal, E. Robert Wallach, one of the sleaziest Jews this side of Capitol Hill. Everything that Wallach touched, from his attempt to stuff the wallets of Israeli leaders for permitting the building of an Iraq-Aqaba oil pipeline to his heavy role in the Wedtech scam (as a "consultant" his take was \$1,365,556), emitted an overpowering stench of fraud and underhandness -- so much so that Wallach, despite friends in the highest places, has been indicted and is now out on \$500,000 bail.

Wallach, an old law school classmate of Meese and somehow a longtime pal (though he is a knee-jerk modern liberal and Meese is a knee-jerk Reaganite). Working through Ariel Sharon, the pot-bellied scourge of the Palestinians, Wallach strengthened his "in" with the Attorney General by having the Jewish National Fund plant a grove of a thousand trees in Israel as a memorial to Scott, Meese's son who was killed in an automobile accident in 1982. It was Wallach who got Meese to recommend the marijuana-puffing, sex-

clubbing Douglas Ginsburg as a Supreme Court nominee. It was Wallach who persuaded Meese to appoint him (Wallach) U.S. representative to the UN Human Rights Commission, proving once again the ironic but ever blatant connection between the civil rights movement and flim-flamery. Was it Wallach who also persuaded Meese to order the closing of the PLO offices in Washington and New York, to speed up the Justice Department's Nazi-hunting and to crank up that farcical, Israeli-type sedition trial in Arkansas?

Wedtech was one of those minority-owned businesses which win government contracts on the basis of race and practically no other qualification. John Mariotta, born in Puerto Rico, was the founder of the company from which he filched \$12,025,000, but the chief wire-puller was Fred Neuberger (\$10,266,000), an Israeli with dual citizenship and presumably dual loyalty. Mario Biaggi, the New York congressman, was just one of several politicians who looted the company. Howard Squadron, a pillar of the Jewish establishment and onetime head of the American Jewish Committee, was Wedtech's lawyer and has been accused of helping cover up some of the company's illegal payoffs. Lyn Nofziger, an old-timey Reagan flunky, pocketed some \$880,000 by influence-peddling for Wedtech. W. Franklyn Chinn, a Chinese moneyman, received a large amount of cash from the company for services difficult to define. It was Chinn, now out on a \$1 million bond, whom Meese put in charge of his blind trust. Another indicted Wedtech skimmer is Dr. Rusty Kent London (real name Irving Lobsenz), a professional gambler, who was paid \$1,385,000 for his "advice." Involved in the pipeline deal, with which Meese was at least distantly connected, was Baruch (now Bruce) Rappaport, a Swiss-Jewish oil trader who has a record of woefully overcharging Third World countries for shipments of black gold.

In all, the Wedtech money tree cost U.S. taxpayers from \$50 to \$100 million. This is not exactly the right kind of a company for Meese to go to bat for in a special White House meeting, which ended with an additional \$32,300,000 Pentagon contract for a firm that was unqualified to get a cent's worth of business from anyone. Nor is it the kind of company Meese should have bought stock in, as he did two years later.

We don't fault Meese for his loyalty to Reagan and for facing down some of the worst liberal-minority coalitioners. We are quite aware he has been unfairly hounded by the left-wing media in their incessant hate campaigns against anyone and anything to the right of Dan Rather. But we will never forgive Meese, the nation's #1 lawyer, for surrounding himself with such incredibly low characters and con artists as his dear, dear friends, Wallach and Chinn.

Our Stop-Action Era

Ah, America, land of diversity! Norwegians in Minnesota, Mexicans in Texas. . . . *Room for all!*

Whoa, there. Let's say that your wife is on vacation and a master of stop-action photography brings back a picture of her being chased by a thousand-pound grizzly. You don't focus on the 20 feet of lovely Rocky Mountain wildflowers separating the two of them, and say, "Ah, Montana! *Room for all!*" No, you gasp and say, "Was she eaten?"

It's time for white Americans to gasp. The Mex-Express is running over us!

The latest news bulletin comes from small-town Minnesota. From Willmar in the center, to Blooming Prairie in the south, to Crookston in the far northwest, many, perhaps all, are being overrun with Mexicans.

Wait a minute -- *they were supposed to stay down there in Texas.* You know, enjoying all that "Tex-Mex" culture.

Texas in 1900 was only 3% Hispanic. Even in 1930, it was just a little more. Today a *majority* of the children entering kindergarten statewide are Hispanic. Soon the figure will be 80%. Soon after that most of the remaining "Anglos" will flee.

As for Minnesota, little Willmar has gone from almost no Hispanic students in 1980 to 112 in 1987. It's the same "rising tide of color" which Lothrop Stoddard was cursed for predicting in 1920. "It's freaking out the local Norwegian community quite a bit," admits a welfare official in Willmar.

Minnesota today is past the point which Texas had reached in 1900. Lest we forget, "Anglos" grabbed Texas from the native Indians, *not* from the *mestizo* Hispanic invaders -- who numbered only a handful back in Alamo days. But the Hispanics are stealing Texas from the U.S.

There is no room in post "Civil Rights Revolution" America for a group like the Norwegians. Not in Minnesota, not anywhere. Third Worlders and mixed-breeds will take everything in the end. (Historians have already documented how other white groups drove the Scandinavians from America's cities.)

Don't be fooled by the stop-action photography. The year 1988 is simply a meaningless way-station between the meaningful years of 1900 and 2050 -- the blinking of a cosmic eye.

The grizzly will be shot -- or he will have his fill.

Mixmasters' Revenge

Eloy Stock of Woodbury (MN) is a well-heeled retiree from the publishing business who strongly opposes intermarriage of both the racial and religious varieties. Acting on his beliefs, Stock, over the past 14 years,

mailed as many as 100,000 letters to mixed couples criticizing their getting together. It's the sort of thing minority busybodies do all the time, but only when a WASP gets busy do the liberals start howling.

Stock graduated in 1949 from Augsburg College, a Lutheran school in Minneapolis, to which he gave \$500,000 in the spring of 1987 toward the construction of a \$6 million worship, drama and communications building. Alas, this past winter, after the local media had reported the details of Stock's vigorous epistolizing, the mixmasters descended on him as wrathfully as the Israelis have been descending on West Bankers and Gazans.

Rev. Mark Hanson is pastor of the suburban Edina Community Lutheran Church. His connection, if any, to Augsburg College, was not made apparent in press reports. Yet Hanson promptly attacked Augsburg President Charles Anderson for not denouncing Stock hastily enough. He proposed a service for the "victims" of Stock's letters. Hanson's credentials? He is the father of four adopted mixed-race children, whom he foisted upon the 98% white community of Edina without ever stopping to ask one single citizen's permission.

With elders like Hanson whipping up the hysteria, 405 Augsburg students signed a petition in praise of interracial love. Others went further, demanding that Stock's \$500,000 wing on the new \$6 million building be devoted to "interracial media and theater," and that minority scholarships henceforth be named after Stock, the better to mock the man and his beliefs. (Note that Stock never put down other races, only racial mixing, which many minority groups do with gusto.)

Why not simply return to Stock the \$500,000 and be done with it? No, no, said President Anderson, the money has already been spent. Instead, it was decided to remove Stock's name from the wing he paid for.

One More Phony

Science fiction/fact writer Isaac Asimov is a tireless self-promoting Jew who claims more than 300 books to his credit, many of which are merely anthologies of other writers' works collected by people with names like Greenberg "and Isaac Asimov."

Asimov is a frequent guest on the TV talk-show circuit. One of his claims to fame in the science fiction community is the creation of "Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics," which have been widely accepted by other writers in the genre.

But Asimov himself let the feline out of the sack in a short contribution to *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (Harmony Books, 1977), in which he admitted that the laws were first formulated by John W. Campbell, editor of *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine.



The Ultimate Shame

Instauration once mentioned that Mother Teresa saw poverty in London to match Calcutta's. In the same vein was the report on Midwest American hunger, featured in the New York Times last September. Dr. Cornelia Flora, a professor of sociology at Kansas State University, was quoted as saying,

Third World conditions have reached the Middle West. The malnutrition and hunger we're seeing occur because people cannot earn a living in their own towns and they are too poor to go to the cities.

Yes, Dr. Flora, but why are they "too poor to go to the cities"? Answer: because America's cities are fast going colored, and a white couple needs plenty of money -- and guts -- these days to survive and raise kids in the cities.

"We're starting to see goiters and abscessed baby teeth in farm children," warned a relief worker in Nebraska. These are not the children of marginal "Okie" types, but of farmers with 500- and 800-acre spreads, who work like dogs and then take part-time jobs on the side. The profits of better days are now being used to pay off mountainous debts, which the bankers are aggressively recalling (while winking at the hundreds of billions owed by Latin Americans).

A random telephone survey made in Nebraska last year found more than 40% of farm families occasionally using "emergency pantries" in church basements to stave off outright famine. It was much better during the Depression, say the experts, when most farmers were partly self-sufficient. Alas, they heeded the bum advice of the Earl Butzes and narrowed their focus to two or three cash crops, while buying excessive machinery with huge loans. Today, many are too busy moonlighting to find the time for planting their vegetable gardens! And they're too proud to ask for food stamps.

And so the ultimate shame, the shame that couldn't happen in America, has happened. On the vast, bountiful farms of the great Midwest, tens of thousands of tow-haired youngsters are now going to bed hungry every night. It might be wiser and more considerate to send your relief dollars to Iowa, not India, Ethiopia or Israel.

Outdated Smile

Woody Allen is all bent out of shape because Hollywood technicians are coloring old black-and-white movies like *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and *It's a Wonderful Life*. Nobody is making anyone watch the new versions. The b-&-w originals are still

around for purists to enjoy. Yet Allen feels that "artistic creation" is being tampered with.

Imagine how he would feel if they took a film like *Zelig* and, rather than coloring it, actually changed the facial features of Leonard Zelig (played by Woody himself) -- perhaps making them "less Jewish."

Such outrages do occur in this country today, though not to men with the clout of Woody Allen.

The Edwardsville (IL) City Hall features a 1965 mosaic by the late Edward A. Kane Sr. of a smiling Negro freed from slavery. But the smile will soon be fading because this is the age of angry black men. "Racially demeaning," cried some town residents, and the city council was persuaded to sadden the man's expression and substitute a hoe for his broken rope.

Edward A. Kane Jr., the artist's son, sued on grounds of constitutional rights to free speech and artistic expression. But the county judge refused to grant an injunction. It isn't likely that Kane Jr. will prevail as his suit moves up to higher levels of jurisprudence.

This Juggernaut, Our Jugular

The "civil rights" legislation of the mid-1960s did not produce integrated neighborhoods overnight. In 1980 America was still replete with cities and towns in which blacks had their own enclaves. It was an open secret that real estate agents in such places still "steered" black buyers and renters to areas where they would "fit in." Consequently, it was easy for millions of Americans to conclude that the "civil rights revolution" was not quite the revolution it was cracked up to be. Even the typical Instaurationist, hearing or knowing about continued "steering" in his hometown, sighed with relief and concluded that there was a limit to the upheaval the feds were foisting on the American social order.

As 1990 approaches, however, it is clear that integrationist ideology is a jealous ideology and will have none other before it. America, say the society molders, must be racially remade from top to bottom. Whichever party occupies the White House, the push against racial "steering" practices in the housing market gains new momentum. The latest of many initiatives, announced in April by the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), calls for hundreds of black, Hispanic and white couples to be specially trained and sent out to all parts of the country as mock home-buyers and apartment-renters. Similar frauds have been perpetrated in the past, but this time the accent will be on very

subtle forms of discrimination. Intensive training will indeed be necessary so that the black, Hispanic and white hoaxers can spot the slightest differences in eye contact, enthusiasm and so on. Woe to the seller who does not positively leap for joy when minority buyers appear on his doorstep.

This juggernaut will not be stopped. America's largest cities will go nearly all-minority in housing, just as many already have in schooling. At this late hour, the one question left is: can the scattering of whites who will be left in the outer suburbs and the smaller cities somehow put together an effective resistance which will afford them minimal protection and minimal freedom of association? In other words, will the "great race" be permitted to salvage anything?

Quota Currency

Ed Schubert of Arizona State University is going places. He is the progenitor of a snide, anti-WASP proposal that calls for a radical change in the design of U.S. paper money. On the \$1 bill, Schubert, as a bow to feminists, wants to replace the face of Washington with that of Amelia Earhart. Condescendingly and somewhat reluctantly, he would allow Jefferson and Lincoln to escape the fate of Washington and continue to decorate the \$2 and \$5 bills, respectively. (Ever the good liberal, he prefers the third and sixteenth presidents to the first.)

But Schubert's affirmative actionitis really comes into play in his proposed redesign of the \$10 bill, on which he would substitute the countenance of Martin Luther King Jr. for that of Alexander Hamilton. The \$20



Must Hamilton make way for King?

bill would undergo a similarly radical alteration. Off with the head of Andrew Jackson, whom Schubert calls "America's most overrated president"; on with the head of Sacajawea, the Shoshoni squaw who col-

laborated with Lewis and Clark. Guess who Schubert wants on the \$50 bill, which at present features Grant? None other than Bombfather Albert Einstein. Like every good quotaizer, Schubert has room in his heart and on his new paper money for Hispanics. If he has his way, the face of Father Francisco Kino, the proselytizing Jesuit who brought the Pope's tidings to California Indians, would replace Ben Franklin's on the \$100 bill.

If things keep moving the way they are moving, Schubert may get his multiracial currency sooner than he dreams. He might even be rewarded with the post of Secretary of the Treasury in a future administration of a President Jackson he does approve of. And when the \$1,000 bills are printed again, as they surely will be in the not-too-distant future when \$100 won't be able to buy what \$10 buys today, Schubert will probably recommend that the portrait of the Rosenbergs or Ivan Boesky adorn a four-digit greenback.

Jack the Ripper -- a Polish Jew?

We will be hearing a lot about Jack the Ripper later this year, when the centennial of his ten-week reign of terror will be commemorated with at least one made-for-TV movie and numerous sensationalized reports in other media.

One aspect of the case we will almost certainly *not* be hearing much about is a piece of hard evidence unearthed late last year which indicates that the Ripper may have been a Polish Jew.

In his memoirs, Sir Robert Anderson, assistant police commissioner and head of the Criminal Investigation Division at the time of the Ripper murders, declared as "a definitely ascertainable fact" that the killer was a Polish Jew, but averred that disclosure of the name would not benefit the public. He went on to note that "the only person who ever had a good view of the murderer unhesitatingly identified the suspect the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence against him."

A copy of Anderson's book which belonged to Chief Inspector Donald Swanson of the Metropolitan Police, one of the officers who coordinated the hunt for the Ripper in 1888, was found by his grandson last year to contain a marginal note which named the culprit: one Aaron Kozminski.

Swanson also explains the reluctance of the witness to testify because he "was also a Jew and also because his evidence would convict the suspect, and witness would be the means of murderer being hanged which he did not wish to be left on his mind."

A longer note in the back of the book states that once Kozminski knew he had been identified, no more murders oc-

curred. In a short time he was sent to Stepney Workhouse and from there to Colney Hatch, an insane asylum, where he died shortly afterwards.

Kozminski is no stranger to "Ripperologists." He was one of three suspects identified in notes left by a later assistant commissioner, Sir Melville Macnaughten, which surfaced in the 1950s. Kozminski, he wrote, was insane and "had a great hatred of women, especially of the prostitute class, and had strong homicidal tendencies; he was removed to a lunatic asylum about March 1889."

For a new book, *The Crimes, Detection and Death of Jack the Ripper* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, London), author Martin Fido traced century-old records to determine that Kozminski had indeed been treated at the Mile End Old Town Workhouse in the Stepney area, but that he was not committed to Colney Hatch until 1891, three years after the Ripper murders. While Swanson says Kozminski died shortly after being committed, the records show he lived until 1919, and that he did not display a hatred for prostitutes or a tendency toward violence.

For these reasons, Fido discounted Kozminski as the Ripper, and focused on one David Cohen, another Polish Jew, who was admitted to the asylum at the right time and displayed the kind of violence one would expect from such a personality.

Instaurationists, with their sound working knowledge of racial dynamics, can easily understand the reluctance of the Jewish witness to testify against a coreligionist. Harder to comprehend, though, is the refusal of the officials in such a sensational case to share the identity of the Ripper with the world.

How to Become the Center of Attention

A Baltimore Sun article (March 20, 1988) should be of compelling interest to those revisionists who hold that no Jews were ever gassed in German concentration camps. The headline, IMITATION VIETNAM SYNDROME, could easily be read in another context by substituting "Holocaust" for "Vietnam."

In 1981 Congress mandated the establishment of centers for the support and treatment of Vietnam veterans who had suffered emotional trauma as the result of having fought in an unpopular war that ended in defeat. Following the dedication of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington and the box-office success of the movie, *Rambo*, in which Vietnam veterans were treated as betrayed heroes, there emerged a curious phenomenon -- the "veteran" who spoke dramatically and emotionally of his combat experiences.

Of one of these Viet vets, the Baltimore Sun reported, "Among his closest friends, he wept, sometimes so copiously they felt inept to comfort him. From his vivid experiences . . . it seemed only by miracle that he had survived . . ." There was just one hitch to all this melodrama. The man had never seen combat -- and had never set foot in Vietnam.

Why would anyone fabricate such a story? One reason is the change in the way society views Viet vets now, as compared to the dim view of them in the 1970s. Then there are more personal reasons:

- The desire of malingerers and draft evaders to cover up guilt feelings.
- The psychopath's wish to manipulate others. The alcoholic's habit of trying to excuse his addiction.
- To obtain special treatment by fantasizing combat experience.
- To seek attention or sympathy in order to boost self-importance.
- To avoid military duty or to collect benefits from the government by intentionally and knowingly mimicking the symptoms of stress disorders.

Since few *genuine* veterans enjoy recounting their experiences, veteran counselors become very skeptical "when clients claim to have served in special, elite units" or "to have been the lone survivor of a slaughter." Note the familiar parallel. How many Jews torture their listeners with repetitious claims of being the lone survivor of their families? Remember Simon Wiesenthal's 67 gassed relatives.

Imposters are busy cashing in on the new waves of sympathy washing over the once despised Viet vets. Their behavior enables us to uncover the motives of those Jews who claim to have escaped from the gas ovens of the Nazis. Nothing evokes more sympathy -- often forced sympathy -- than a tale of escape from certain death in a concentration camp. As the Italians say, *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*. If it's not true, it makes a good story.

Anti-Art

*The rabbis may not have forbidden
The making of images
For religious reasons.
Perhaps they foresaw
The leprous eyesores
Their unghettoed artists
Would flush
From chisel
And brush.*

Notes from the Sceptred Isle - John Nobull

Each of my recent visits to the U.S. has confirmed my thinking that American society is coming to a crossroads. Up to now it has been possible for the minorities to gain more and more control because so many individual Majority members have been able to create their own produce-and-consume solutions, benefiting materially in return for not rocking the boat of liberal consensus. But now Americans are not that much better off than Europeans -- indeed in some ways they are worse off. Already, holidays outside the Americas are becoming expensive for them, and if I am right in thinking that the dollar will fall by at least another 30%, then imports will rise in price to such an extent that worrisome inflation must result. Not everything necessary to a higher living standard can be produced any longer by American industry. Oil will have to be imported, for one thing, and so will other raw materials, not to speak of all those foreign manufactures which people have grown used to. As the squeeze gets tighter, welfare may have to be cut, even though it is technically "off-budget" and therefore taboo. And that will mean trouble with the blacks and Hispanics, who will riot, creating an inevitable reaction among the Majority. I think many middle-class Americans are going to ask themselves whether it is wise to leave all the important decisions to people who do not have their interests at heart.

There are, of course, many people who do not perceive the role of the Jews as pivotal, but I do not believe that there are any people of intelligence who do not recognise it as fundamental to the liberal consensus. All such observers must be affected to some extent even by the limited coverage of the Palestinian uprising by the American media. That will go some way to undermine the claim of the Jews to absolute moral supremacy in the light of the Hollow Caust. Certainly that claim has already been to some extent undermined in Europe, where we have heard a lot about Israeli troops burying four Palestinians alive (a Norwegian politician, though he apologised later for saying it, even remarked that the Germans had never done such a thing in all their occupation of Norway). We have actually seen Jewish soldiers holding an Arab boy down while one of their number smashed his arm with a stone. I don't say that many have found the courage to denounce such actions, but there is a feeling of unease abroad which must go far to counteract the moral blackmail which the Jews continually exert. Even the great American public is unlikely to be in a great hurry to send out its sons to die for Israel.

I did not come to my conclusions about the relative deterioration in American living standards lightly -- certainly not after merely seeing Detroit, which is an unrepre-

sentative hell-hole. No, I am basing them on Seattle, Dallas, rural Michigan, Boston, North Carolina, Atlanta and Florida.

The first thing that strikes one is the poor quality of American food in public places. A cost-cutting lowest common denominator seems to have been applied throughout the country, with preservatives more important than herbs, economies of scale more important than variety, and synthetic as opposed to natural products -- everywhere the same frightful sticky drinks and brackish, dishwatery coffee. Instaurationists have drawn my attention to the way in which all these phenomena are blamed by the European Right on American culture, as though Europe had no tradition of second-rate food for the masses. Particularly unacceptable are the articles by British rightists, who blame America for McDonald's and Burger King, while they eat in Pakistani restaurants. In Britain, second-rate food became institutionalized with the Jewish chain of Lyons corner houses, which were first established in 1894 and became ubiquitous between the wars. Douglas Reed, among others, describes the dreary sameness of food for the masses in that period. Back in Victorian times, Tennyson writes how "chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread" (*Maud*, Part I, Stanza X), though the roast beef and mutton of an earlier day seem to have been much more healthful (see Lord Nelson's comments on "happy England" as compared with poverty-stricken France, or read about the chop-houses of Dickens's day, so cheerful for the many who could afford them).

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the only Western country in which any political effort of any magnitude is being made in favour of the Majority is France, and in France they have a culinary tradition for all. In France, to be in favour of fast food means that you espouse all that is degenerate and un-French. Le Pen's journal always has articles on some "bon petit restaurant" where French nationalists may be sure of getting gustatory value for money.

But just as in England we have good food and drink in private houses, colleges and clubs, so in America healthful food is common at home. This time, I was particularly captivated by hot rolls in a napkin, California wine, key lime pies and steaks of a reasonable size. I didn't stay in one house where the food wasn't good, and I also managed to find good food in an eatery kept by three old ladies, not to speak of the restaurant of an extraordinary futuristic hotel, and an excellent Indian restaurant!

One of the things which pleased me most in America was that some Southerners still retain a feeling of historical continuity and belonging together. I was taken to see Stone



Mountain and the Cyclorama, which depicts the battles during Sherman's march with overwhelming forces on Atlanta. Johnston, the Southern general, did pretty well, wearing Sherman down from prepared positions, but Sherman always had more troops to outflank him. Johnston's replacement, Hood, ordered some skillful counterblows, but in my opinion the losses he inevitably suffered could not be justified militarily. The biggest Southern omission was failure to send out Mitchell's highly effective cavalry, which could have cut the railroad supplying the Northern forces.

I believe that the South had a legal right to secede, and I shall always refer to the so-called Civil War as the War Between the States. I like to hear the old Southern songs, just as I like to hear the old Jacobite songs in Scotland. Nevertheless, I know that many abolitionists (including Lincoln) had no intention of miscegenating with blacks. They wanted to send them to Africa, or at the very least to maintain apartheid in America. Besides, few cases have been known of masters or their sons failing to mix with their slaves in the end. This is what, together with mass immigration, brought down the Roman Empire. The Yellow Rose of Texas, for example, was in the original version a high yellow lady, "the sweetest rose of colour that this darkie ever knew."

Similarly, my sympathies for the Jacobites as representing old Scotland do not prevent me from realising that victory for either the Old or the Young Pretender would have meant England's subservience to the policies of France, not to speak of those of Rome.

In Atlanta, I stayed next to some quiet, well-behaved neighbours in a large cemetery. (Nearly all of them, judging by the names, were of British origin.) The memory of the Confederate dead is insulted by Martin Luther King Drive, which goes straight past the tombstones. Our enemies love these little touches. If and when we ever rise again, let us not do the same kind of thing to them. We must simply ignore their existence. It is the one thing they cannot bear.

Driving about in Florida was interesting. The whole state is crisscrossed by roads, like an enormous version of Manhattan Island, with the rectangles being gradually filled in, at least outside the Everglades National Park and one or two other wildlife refuges. Florida is a lot warmer than the Riviera in summer, but there are no mountains to prevent long fingers of cold reaching out from the heartland in winter. In recent years, the orange groves have died out as far north as Orlando, but south of that, you can still drink the best orange juice in the world (in large glasses, not the mean little ones of Europe) and eat a whole range of tropical fruits.

I visited the EPCOT Center, where I could have done without Walter Cronkite's version of world history, but where I enjoyed the futuristic exhibits. They reminded me of Japan. The best pavilion in the World Showcase was undoubtedly the Chinese, though the version of Chinese culture presented by a mediaeval Chinese poet in a film in the round was somewhat different from what I actually remember seeing in the People's Paradise.

The American exhibit was also quite good, with colonial architecture and the clean lines of furniture dating from the

same period. There was a restaurant in the Living Seas pavilion with wonderful fish swimming round it in a huge aquarium. That is the sort of thing one comes to Florida to see.

The European pavilions were embarrassing, presenting simplified versions of working-class culture. The British pub sold inferior beers made by the big British brewers at exorbitant prices (none of the real ales which win so many international prizes), while bogus pearly queens danced awkwardly in the street. I understand that East London has been popularised by an imported TV series, which I shall do my best to avoid.

The French sold good wines, also at inflated prices, and had three men dressed as fishermen with striped jerseys, playing accordions with cigarettes dangling from the corner of their mouths. The German pavilion was equally predictable, all pretzels and buxom barmaids, though the beer was better than at the British pavilion. Only the Italian exhibit had some character, with an enormously fat little man singing bel canto in a fine voice and bumping his large belly against the equally large bellies of the Americans of Central European origin looking on. So much for Western culture.

Later, on my way to Miami, I saw the hideous Moorish monstrosities that disfigure Palm Beach. However, the architecture was not nearly so hideous as its inhabitants. As for Miami, it was a nasty, dangerous Hispanic sink. No wonder land prices are falling there and increasing further north. When I saw the lovely bungalows, mostly owned by Majorityites, which are to be found in the protected bays and inlets up the east coast of the state -- above Palm Beach -- I realised that we must eventually reach more people like that if we are to make our instauration work.

Oscar Wilde once remarked that we have everything in common with the Americans, except, of course, language. Having met many Americans who had some difficulty in finishing their sentences, I used to think there was some truth in that aphorism. But Instaurationists are definitely above average. Several times I avoided using a rather recondite word only to hear it moments later from an Instaurationist interlocutor. There is no doubt that they are mostly members of what Colin Wilson calls the dominant 5% -- people with the character and intelligence to think things through. In every house I stayed in there were books I wanted to read and cassettes I wanted to hear.

However, if we are ever to reach out, we shall have to appeal to the masses through some kind of mythology. Thinking is so painful that most people seize on any kind of anodyne -- TV, newspapers, drugs, films, education -- which promises to alleviate their suffering.

I was particularly struck by the plight of the children of Instaurationists. Unprotected by the social groupings which in Europe provide us with so much in the way of society and help, they all too often find themselves isolated among liberals and minorityites, unable to make contact with wholesome girls of their own kind; while the wholesome girls, equally isolated, have no way of making contact with suitable boys. I therefore think that all older Instaurationists should go out of their way to encourage young folk to visit them, share their experiences, and introduce them to other young people they know.